

Blackbird of Sweet Avondale

C Em G Am
By the sweet bay of Dublin, while carelessly strolling

C Em Am
I sat myself down by a green myrtle shade

C Em G Am
Re-clined on the beach, as the wild waves were rolling

C Em G C
In sorrowful con-doling, I saw a fair maid

Em G Am
Her robes changed to mourning, that once were so glorious

C Em C G Am
I stood in amazement to hear her sad wail

Em G Am
Her heartstrings burst forth with wild ascents up-roarrious

C Em G C
Saying, "Where, where is my Blackbird of sweet Avon-dale?"

Em G Am
"In the fair counties Meath, Wexford, Cork, and Tipper-ary,

C Am Em G Am
The rights of old Ireland, my Blackbird did sing

Em G Am
Ah, but woe to the hour, with heart light and airy

C Em G C
A-way from my arms, to Dublin took wing"

Em G Am
"The fowlers way-laid him in hopes to en-snare him

C Am Em G Am
While I here in sorrow, his absence be-wail

Em G Am
Oh, it grieves me to think that the walls of Kilmainham

C Em G C
Sur-round my dear Blackbird of sweet Avon-dale"

Em G Am
"Oh, Ireland, my country, a-wake from your slumbers
C Am Em G Am
And give back my Blackbird, so dear unto me
Em G Am
And let everyone know, by the strength of your numbers
C Em G C
That we, as a nation, would wish to be free"

Em G Am
"The cold prison dungeon is no habi-tation
C Am Em G Am
For one, to his country, was loyal and true
Em G Am
Then give him his freedom, with-out hesi-tation
C Em G C
And remember he fought hard for freedom and you"

Em G Am
"Oh, Heaven, give ear to my consul-tation
C Am Em G Am
And strengthen the bold sons of Old Granu-aile
Em G Am
And God grant that my country will soon be a nation
C Em G C
And bring back my Blackbird to sweet Avon-dale"