

## 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 Am  
I stood in a-mazement to hear her sad wail.

C Em G Am  
Her heartstrings burst forth with wild ascents up-roarious,  
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 Em Am  
The rights of old Ireland, my Blackbird did sing.

Em G Am  
Ah, but woe to the hour, with heart light and ai-ry,  
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 Em Am  
While I here in sorrow, his absence be-wail.

Em G Am  
Oh, it grieves me to think that the walls of Kil-mainham,  
C Em G C  
Sur-round my dear Blackbird of sweet Avon-dale.

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

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

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