

SIX IRISH FOLKSONGS.

No. 4. THE SWORD OF ERIN

(Air.- "Cruachan na feine")

(Op. 78)

Thomas Moore(1779-1852)

Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

Allegro con fuoco

f



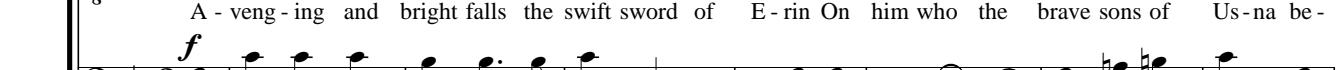
A - veng - ing and bright falls the swift sword of E - rin On him who the brave sons of Us-na be -



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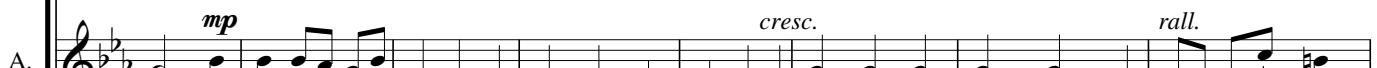
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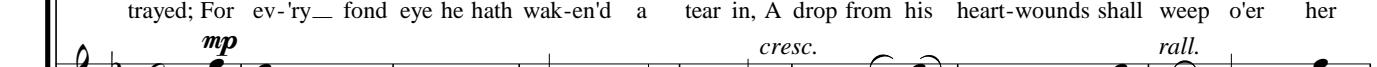
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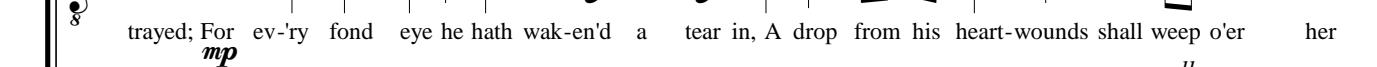
trayed; For ev'-ry fond eye he hath wak-en'd a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her



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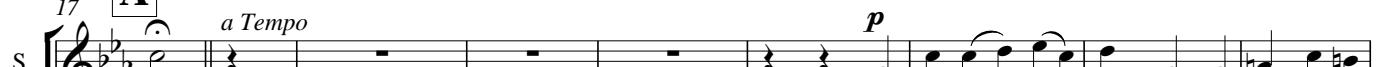
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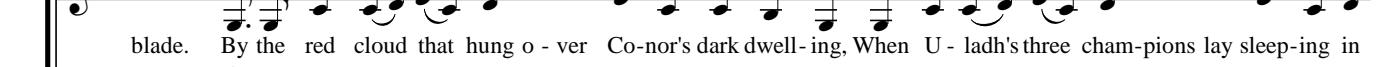
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When U-ladh's three cham-pions lay sleep-ing in



blade. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co-nor's dark dwell-ing, When U - lad'h's three cham-pions lay sleep-ing in



blade. By the red cloud o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - - -



blade. By the red cloud o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - - -

26

S. *cresc.*
gore, By the bil-lows of war, the bil-lows of war, Have waft-ed these he-roses to vic - to-ry's

A. *cresc.*
gore, By the bil-lows of war, the bil-lows of war, Have waft-ed these he-roses to vic - to-ry's

T. *cresc.*
8 ing, By the bil-lows of war, which so of-ten, high swell-ing, Have waft-ed these he-roses to vic - to-ry's

B. *cresc.*
ing By the bil-lows of war, which so of-ten, high swell-ing, Have waft-ed these he-roses to vic - to-ry's

34 *f* *p* *poco a poco rall.*

S. shore, We swear to re-venge them: No joy shall be tast-ed, The harp shall be si-lent, the maid-en un-

A. shore, We swear to re-venge them: No joy shall be tast-ed, The harp shall be si-lent, the maid-en un-

T. *ff* *p*
8 shore, We swear to re-venge them: _____ The harp shall be si-lent, the maid-en un-

B. *ff* *p*
shore, We swear to re-venge them: _____ The harp shall be si-lent, the maid-en un-

42 *f* *a tempo.*

S. wed, Our halls shall be mute, our fields shall lie wast-ed, Till ven-geance is wreak'd on the

A. wed, Our halls shall be mute, our fields shall lie wast-ed, Till ven-geance is wreak'd on the

T. *f*
8 wed, Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast-ed, Till ven-geance is wreak'd on the

B. *f*
wed, Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast-ed, Till ven-geance is wreak'd on the

49

S. mur - der - er's head. Yes, mon - arch! Tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet we the

A. mur - der - er's head. Yes, mon - arch! Sweet we our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the

T. 8 mur - der - er's head. Yes, mon - arch! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the

B. mur - der - er's head. Yes, mon - arch! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' sweet are the

57

S. tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friend - ships, our

A. tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friend - ships, our

T. 8 tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friend - ships, our

B. tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friend - ships our

62

a tempo

S. hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

A. hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

T. 8 hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

B. hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

più lento.