



Avenzing and Bright

AIR: CROOGHAN A VENEE

michael william balfe
(1808-1870)

Moderato

Piano

avenging and bright

S
A - veng - ing_ and_ bright fall the swift sword of E - rin On

A
A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin On

T
A - veng - ing_ and_ bright fall the swift sword of E - rin On

B
A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin On

Pno.
pp

S
10 him who_ the_ brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!- For

A
10 him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!- For

T
10 him who_ the_ brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!- For

B
10 him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd!- For

Pno.
10

Avening and Bright

14

S ev - 'ry fond eye he hath wak - en'd a tear in A

A ev - 'ry fond eye he hath wak - en'd a tear in A

T ev - 'ry fond eye he hath wak - en'd a tear in A

B ev - 'ry fond eye he hath wak - en'd a tear in A

Pno.

18

S drop from his heart - wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

A drop from his heart - wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

T drop from his heart - wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

B drop from his heart - wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

Pno.

avenging and bright

22

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p

pp

By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark dwell - ing, When

By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark dwell - ing, When

By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark dwell - ing, When

By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark dwell - ing, When

Avenge and Bright

31

S U - lad's_ three cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore- By the

A U - lad's three cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore- By the

T U - lad's_ three cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore- By the

B U - lad's three cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore- By the

Pno.

35

S bil - lows_ of ___ war, which so of - ten, ___ high_ swell - ing, Have

A bil - lows of war, which so ___ of - ten, high swell - ing, Have

T bil - lows_ of ___ war, which so of - ten, high swell - ing, Have

B bil - lows of war, which so of - ten, high swell - ing, Have

Pno.

dawning and bright

39

S waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore—

A waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore—

T waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore—

B waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore—

Pno.

rall.

43

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p

avenge and bright

S We swear to a - venge them! - no joy shall be tast - ed, The

A We swear to a - venge them! - no joy shall be tast - ed, The

T We swear to a - venge them! - no joy shall be tast - ed, The

B We swear to a - venge them! - no joy shall be tast - ed, The

Pno. *pp*

S⁵² harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our

A harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our

T harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our

B harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our

Pno. ⁵²

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

56

S
halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till

A
halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till

T
halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till

B
halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wast - ed, Till

Pno.

60

S
ven - geance is wreak'd on the *rall.* mur - der - er's head.

A
ven - geance is wreak'd on the *rall.* mur - der - er's head.

T
ven - geance is wreak'd on the *rall.* mur - der - er's head.

B
ven - geance is wreak'd on the *rall.* mur - der - er's head.

Pno.

Avening and Bright

64

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p

S

A

T

B

Pno.

p

Yes, mon - arch! Tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'

Yes, mon - arch! Tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'

Yes, mon - arch! Tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'

Yes, mon - arch! Tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'

pp

avenging and bright

73

S
sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'

A
sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'

T
sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'

B
sweet are the tears that from ten - der - ness fall; Tho'

Pno.

77

S
sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re -

A
sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re -

T
sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re -

B
sweet are our friend - ships, our hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re -

Pno.

AVENGING AND BRIGHT

81

S
venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

A
venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

T
venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

B
venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

Pno.
81

rall.

rall.

rall.

rall.

rall.

J. Alfred Novello
(1859)

Michael William Balfe (1808-1870) was born in Dublin, Ireland, and studied music in Ireland and London. At age 16, he became violinist in the Drury Lane orchestra and was celebrated as a singer throughout the region. His patron, Count Mazzara, took him to Italy, where he studied composition in Rome and Milan. His first dramatic piece was produced in Milan in 1826. He sang at the Paris Italian Opera and in Italian theaters until 1835, also producing several Italian operas, and sang in New York City in 1834. He returned to England and was a successful composer of English operas, at times residing in Paris and Vienna. He retired in 1864 and died in Rowney Abbey, Hertfordshire. His compositions include a number of operas, cantatas, glees, and part-songs.

Avenging and bright fall the swift sword of Erin
On him who the brave sons of Usna betray'd! —
For every fond eye he hath waken'd a tear in
A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.

By the red cloud that hung over Conor's dark dwelling,*
When Ulad's** three champions lay sleeping in gore —
By the billows of war, which so often, high swelling,
Have wafted these heroes to victory's shore —

We swear to avenge them! — no joy shall be tasted,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted,
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head.

Yes, monarch! though sweet are our home recollections,
Though sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Though sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affections,
Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all!

Thomas Moore (1779–1852)

The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written *Cruachàna Fèine*,
i.e. the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes, those brave followers of *Finn Mac Cool*, so celebrated in the early history of our country.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the Lamentable Fate of the Sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'Flanagan (see vol. I. of *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Dublin*), and upon which it appears that the "Darthula" of Macpherson is founded. The treachery of Conor, King of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "The story (says Mr. O'Flanagan) has been, from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are, 'The death of the children of Touran,' 'The death of the children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha de Danane) and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that among these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear or Lir: "Silent, oh Moyle!" etc.

* "Oh Nasi, view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman-green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." — Deirdri's Song.

** Ulster.

From *Moore's Irish Melodies*

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