

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

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

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

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

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

9

S. *mp* *cresc.* *rall.*
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

A. *mp* *cresc.* *rall.*
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

T. *mp* *cresc.* *rall.*
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

B. *mp* *cresc.* *rall.*
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

17 **A** *a Tempo* *p*

S. *p* blade. When U - ladh's three cham - pions lay sleep - ing in

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

T. *p* blade. By the red cloud o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - -

B. *p* blade. By the red cloud_ o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - -

26 *cresc.*

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

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

T. *cresc.*
ing, By the bil-lows of war, which so of - ten, high swell-ing, Have waft - ed these he-roes 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-roes 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. *f* *p*
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*
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 wreck'd on the

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

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

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

49

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

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

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

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

57

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

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

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

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

62

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

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

T. *a tempo* *ff* *più lento.*
hopes, our af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

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