



Six Irish Folksongs

Opus 78

No. 4

# The sword of Erin

Air: CRUACHAN NA FEINE

Charles Villiers Stanford

(1852-1924)

# The sword of Erin

C. V. Stanford

**Allegro con fuoco**

S  
A  
T  
B

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

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

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

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

5

S  
A  
T  
B

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - trayed; For

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - trayed; For

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - trayed; For

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - trayed; For



# The sword of Erin

9

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

13

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

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

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

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

17 *a tempo*

S *p* When

A *p* By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co - nor's dark dwell - ing, When

T *p* By the red cloud o - ver Co - - -

B *p* By the red cloud o - ver Co - - -

## The sword of Erin

22

S U - ladh's\_ yhree\_ cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore, By the

A U - ladh's\_ three\_ cham - pions lay sleep - ing in gore, By the

T nor's dark dwell - - - - ing, By the

B nor's dark dwell - - - - ing, By the

26

S *cresc.* bil - lows of war, the bil - lows of war, Which

A *cresc.* bil - lows of war, the bil - lows of war, Which

T *cresc.* bil - lows\_ of\_ war, which so of - ten, high swell - ing, Have

B *cresc.* bil - lows\_ of\_ war, which so of - ten, high swell - ing, Have

30

S waft - ed\_ these\_ he - roes to vic - to - ry's\_ shore, *f* We

A waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's\_ shore, *f* We

T waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's\_ shore, *ff* We

B waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's\_ shore, *ff* We

# The sword of Erin

34

S swear to re - venge them: No joy shall be tast - ed, The

A swear to re - venge them: No joy shall be tast - ed, The

T swear to re - venge them: The

B swear to re - venge them: The

*p*

38

S 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

*poco a poco rall.*

42

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

A halls shall be mute, our fields shall be 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

*f a tempo*

## The sword of Erin

46

S ven - geance is \_\_\_\_\_ wreak'd on the mut - der - er's \_\_\_\_\_ head.

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

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

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

S Yes, mon - arch!\_ Tho' \_ sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' *dim.* *p*

A Yes, mon - arch! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' *dim.* *p*

T Yes, mon - arch! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' *dim.* *p*

B Yes, mon - arch! Sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho' *dim.* *p*

54

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'

# The sword of Erin

58 *poco rall.*

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 -

62 *più lento*

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!

Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin  
On him who the brave sons of Usna betrayed;  
For ev'ry 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 over Conor's dark dwelling,  
When Uladh's three champions lay sleeping in gore,  
By the billows of war, which so often high swelling,  
Which have wafted these heroes to victory's shore—

We swear to revenge them: No joy shall be tasted,  
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwed,  
Our halls shall be mute, 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)

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