

Silly Wizard, The Blackbird Of Sweet Avondale

By the sweet bay of Dublin, while carelessly strolling
I sat myself down by a green myrtle shade
Reclined on the beach, as the wild waves were rolling
In sorrowful condoling, I saw a fair maid

Her robes changed to mourning, that once were so glorious
I stood in amazement to hear her sad wail
Her heartstrings burst forth with wild accents uproarious
Saying, "Where, where is my Blackbird of sweet Avondale?"

"In the fair counties Meath, Wexford, Cork, and Tipperary,
The rights of Old Ireland, my Blackbird did sing
Ah, but woe to the hour, with heart light and airy
Away from my arms, to Dublin took wing"

"The fowlers waylaid him in hopes to ensnare him
While I here in sorrow, his absence bewail
Oh, it grieves me to think that the walls of Kilmainham
Surround my dear Blackbird of sweet Avondale"

"Oh, Ireland, my country, awake 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 dungeons is no habitation
For one, to his country, was loyal and true
Then give him his freedom, without hesitation
And remember he fought hard for freedom and you"

"Oh, Heaven, give ear to my consultation
And strengthen the bold sons of Old Granuaile
And God grant that my country will soon be a nation
And bring back the Blackbird to sweet Avondale"