

"AVENGING AND BRIGHT."

Boldly.

AIR—O'ROOGHAN A VENGEANCE

1. A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Co-nor's dark

E - rin, On him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd— For ev - ry food
dwelling, When U - lad's three champions lay sleep - ing in gore— By the bil - lows of

eye he hath wa - ken'd a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.
war, which so of - ten, high swelling, have waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore—

3 We swear to reveng them i - no joy shall be tasted, Yes, monarch, tho' sweet are our home recollections,
The harp shall be silent, the maiden unwe'd, Tho' sweet are the tears that from tenderness fall;
Our halls shall be mute, and our fields shall lie wasted, Tho' sweet are our friendships, our hopes, our affec -
Till vengeance is wreak'd on the murderer's head, Revenge on a tyrant is sweetest of all! [tions,

* The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, I am told, properly written CRUACHAN NA FEINTE—i.e. the Fenian Mount or Mount of the Fenian heroes, those brave followers of FIN 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 "Dartula" 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 Emain. "This 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 'Tourman'; The death of the children of Lear—(both regarding Tuath de Danann;) and this, 'The death of the children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." It will be recollected that, on a previous page of these Melodies, there is a ballad upon the story of the children of Lear, or Lir—"Silent, O'Moyle!" &c.

Whatever may be thought of those sanguine claims to antiquity, which Mr. O'Flanagan and others advance for the literature of Ireland, it would be a lasting reproach upon our nationality if the Gaelic researches of this gentleman did not meet with all the liberal encouragement they so well merit.

‡ "O Nasail view that cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Emain green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red."