



The Blackbird of Avondale ;

Or, the Arrest of

PARNELL.

By the sweet bay of Dublin whilst carelessly strolling,
I sat myself down by a green myrtle shade,
Reclined on the beach as the wild waves were rolling,
In sorrow condoling I saw a fair maid ;
Her robes changed to mourning that once shone so glorious—
I stood in amazement to hear her sad wail,
Her heart-strings burst out in wild accents uproarious,
Oh, where is my Blackbird of sweet Avondale.

In sweet county Meath, Wexford, Cork, and Tipperary,
The rights of old Erin my Blackbird did sing,
But woe to the hour when with heart light and airy,
When he from my arms for Dublin took wing.
The fowler way-laid him in hopes to ensnare him,
While I here in sorrow his absence bewail,
It grieves me to hear that the walls of Kilmainham,
Surrounds the dear Blackbird of sweet Avondale.

Oh, Erin my country, awake from thy slumber,
And bring back my Blackbird so dear unto me,
Let every one see by the strength of your number,
That you as a nation would wish to be free ;
The cold prison dungeon is no habitation
For one to his country so loyal and true,
Then give him his freedom without hesitation,
Remember he fought hard for freedom and you!

The linnet and thrush may now warble in sadness,
It grieves me at eve for to hear their sad tone,
The thoughts of my Blackbird oft drives me to madness,
To think that I here must sit pensive and lone ;
The birds of the forest for me has no charms,
Not even the voice of the shrill nightingale,
Their notes when most sweet fill my heart with alarm,
Since I lost my Blackbird of sweet Avondale.

Alas ! oh my country, in sorrow I'll wander,
While sadly I make supplication to thee,
For absence they say makes the heart grow the fonder,
So that makes my Blackbird more dear unto me.
Oh heaven ! give ear to my supplication,
And strengthen the bold sons of old Granuaile,
God grant that my country will soon be a nation,
And bring back my Blackbird to sweet Avondale.

