



Exile of Erin.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of 'Erin go bragh.'

O, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not for me.
Ah! never again on those green shady bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike the sweet numbers of 'Erin go bragh!'

Oh! Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends I shall never see more.
And thou, cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me,
In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chase me?
Ah! never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin door, so fast by the wild moor
Sisters and sire did weep for its fall;
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all.
Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did I doat on a fast fading treasure?
Fears, like the rain, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw;
Erin! and exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
Land of my forefathers, 'Erin go bragh.'
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin mavourneen, sweet Erin go bragh.

Swindell Printer, Manchester.