

# The Exile Of Erin / Air: I Mo Sheasamh Ar An Tra (As I Stand On The Beach)

Andy M. Stewart

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin.  
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing.  
To wander alone by the winds beaten hill.  
But the day-star attracted his eyes sad devotion,  
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
When once in the fire of his youthful emotion,  
He sang the loud anthem of Erin-go-Bragh.

" Sad is my fate !" said the heart-broken stranger :  
The wild-deer and wolf to a convert can flee.  
But I have no refuge from famine and danger-  
A home and a country remain not to me.  
Never again, in the green sunny bowars,  
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,  
Or cover my harp with the wild -women flower,  
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-Bragh.

" Erin, my country ! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea beaten shore:  
But alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
And sigh for the friend who can meet me no more  
O ! cruel fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me?  
Never again shall my brothers embrace me ?  
They died to defend me, or live to deplore !

" Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?  
Sisters and sire, did you weep for its fall?  
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood ?  
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all ?  
O! my sad heart! long abandoned by pleasure,  
Why did it doat on fast-fading treasure ?  
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall with-out measure,  
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

" Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,  
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw  
Erin ! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing !  
Land of my foreathrs. erin- go- bragh!  
Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
Green be thy fields, sweetest Isle of the ocean !  
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion-  
Erin Mavourneen !-Erin-go-Bragh."