

Then was that heart love-broken; he lay dead;  
His soul in love without its pain, adores  
The source of love to which he thus hath fled.

E. C. M. I.

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### THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

Oh Erin sweet Erin, I fondly remember  
Thy green-tinted fields and thy bright azure skies,  
And as I thus muse, recollections all tender  
Of happy days by-gone within my heart rise.

For thou art a country where holiest feeling  
Towards homestead and fatherland dwell in the soil,  
And thy visions of love around us come stealing.  
In far distant lands 'mid our troubles and toil.

Thy sons are the bravest that the sun ever shines on  
So generous and loyal to God and to thee,  
Thy daughters are the fairest that fancy can think on,  
As brilliant and pure as the pearls of the sea.

How often I've wandered on bright sunny evenings,  
By the emerald meadows and clear purling streams  
And my poor heart beat quicker as then I remembered  
How soon I must leave thee, thou land of my dreams.

But though these dear mem'ries bring sorrow and sadness  
To the heart that's away in a far-distant clime  
I'll repine not, for soon God will change all to gladness  
'Midst our loving, loved friends, beyond earth's border-line.