

The Fugitive.

And—The Exile of Erin.

BY T. M'CONNELL.

There came to my door a poor child of oppression,
The hoar on his locks, for the night air was chill;
He sigh'd as he whisper'd his faltering confession,
And begged but a crust and a shelter from ill.
I wept when he told me the tale of his sorrow,
And I bade him to stay and repose till the mor-
row,
While guilt to my heart sent her deadliest arrow,
And "shame to my country," I cried in de-
spair.

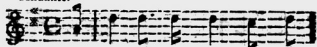
I warmed him, I fed him, I soothed his afflic-
tions,
I led him to rest in my humble abode,
And I slept, oh, how sweetly! as rich benedic-
tions,
Arose from his heart to the throne of our God.
But scarce had the earliest gushes of morning,
With azure and gold, the horizon adorning,
Shed their lustre around when a shrill note of
warning,
Resounds through the grove on the clear morn-
ing air.

'Tis the hound on the track of the travel worn
stranger;
'Tis the cry of the hunter—t' e hunter of men;
But, trembling brother, thou art free from all
danger,
The tyrant shall shackle thee never again.
Secure is thy slumber, though humble thy sta-
tion,
Not all the black engines of hate and oppres-
sion,
That darken the sky of this merciless nation,
Shall tear from his covert, the fugitive slave.

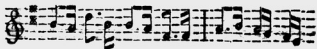
But the sun in the west sinks in silence and sor-
row,
And night spreads her mantle of darkness
around,
Arise noble brother, the dawn of to-morrow,
Shall light thee to Liberty's hallowed ground.
Yonder star in the sky be thy guide and director,
The God of the poor be thy friend and pro-
tector;
Take courage, my brother, thou'lt surely prove
victor,
God speed to the land of the free and the
brave.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

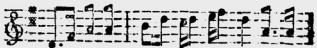
Andante.



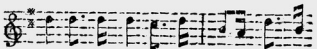
There came to the beach a poor



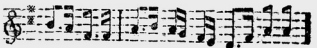
Exile of Erin; The dew on his



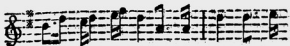
thin robe was heavy and chill, For his



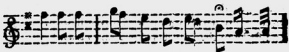
country he fight'd, when at twilight re-



pairing, To wander alone by the



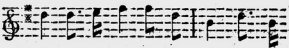
wind beaten hill. But the day star at-



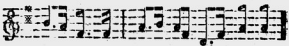
tracted his eye's sad devotion, For it



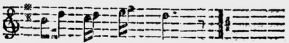
rose on his own native isle of the ocean ; Where-



once in the glow of his youthful c-



motion, He sang the bold anthem of



" E - - KIM GO BRAH."*

* "Erin go brah," in English, is, Ireland forever. This Ballad is supposed to have been written during the late disturbances in that country.