

THE EXILE OF ERIN,

(A)

D U E T,

for Two Trebles,

THE POETRY BY

Thomas Campbell Esq.

the Music by

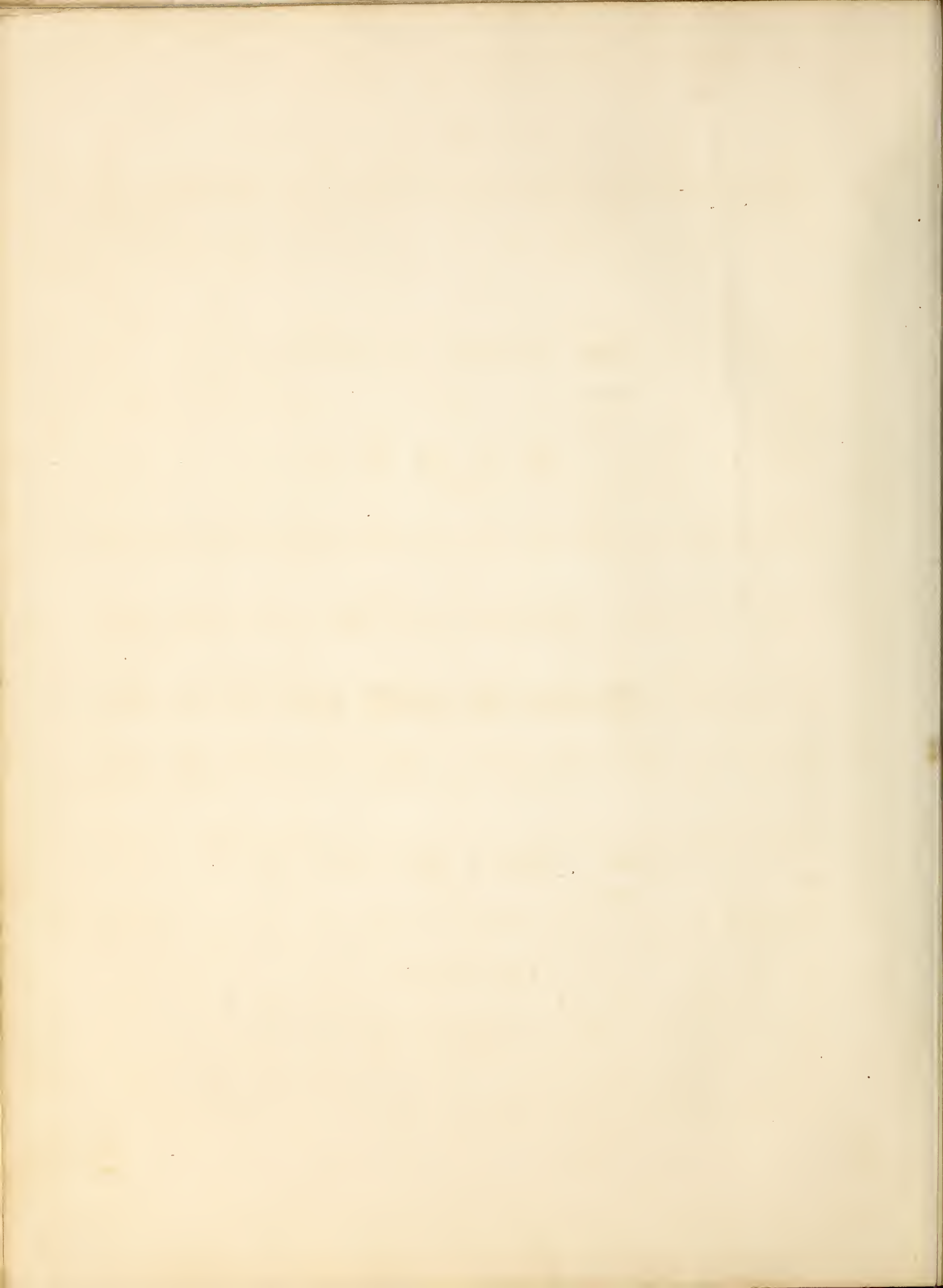
D^R. CALLCOTT.

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L O N D O N :

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MODERATO.

PIANO
FORTE.

pia *cres* *dim.*

There came to the beach a poor Ex-ile of E--rin, The dew on his

There came to the beach a poor Ex-ile of E--rin, The dew on his

pia

thin robe was hea-vy and chill: For his coun-try he sigh'd, When at

thin robe was hea-vy and chill: For his coun-try he sigh'd, When at

twi--light re--pair-ing To wan-der a-lone by the wind-beat-en hill.

twi--light re--pair-ing To wan-der a-lone by the wind-beat-en hill.

But the day-star at-tract-ed his eye's sad de-vo-tion, For it

But the day-star at-tract-ed his eye's sad de-vo-tion, For it

rose o'er his own na-tive isle of the ocean, Where once, in the fire of his

rose o'er his own na-tive isle of the ocean, Where once, in the fire of his

for
youthful e-mo-tion, He sang the bold an-them of E-rin go bragh!

for
youthful e-mo-tion, He sang the bold an-them of E-rin go bragh!

for

2^d VERSE.

Sad, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger, The wild deer and

Sad, sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger, The wild deer and

wolf to a cov-ert can flee; But I have no re-fuge from

wolf to a cov-ert can flee; But I have no re-fuge from

fa-mine and dan-ger, A home and a country re-main not for me..

fa-mine and dan-ger, A home and a country re-main not for me.

Ne-ver, ne-ver a--gain, in the green sun-ny bow-ers, Where my
Ne-ver, ne-ver a--gain, in the green sun-ny bow-ers, Where my

fore-father's liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or co-ver my harp with the
fore-father's liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours, Or co-ver my harp with the

for
wild-woven flowers, And strike to the numbers of E-rin go bragh!
for
wild-woven flowers, And strike to the numbers of E-rin go bragh!
for