

THE MANX NATIONAL ANTHEM

“TO THE EDITOR”
PEEL CITY GUARDIAN
(11 MAY 1907)

(I)

SIR,—According to promise I send you a copy of Mr Fred Kelly’s song, “My Mannin, Machree,” a song which inspires a love of country and home, and one truly patriotic. Certainly it has not behind it a distinguished patronage to impel it along, or influence public opinion in its favour, yet nevertheless it has an intrinsic merit in both the words and the tune, and that is, it is pleasing and easily comprehended, which most eventually render it popular, particularly on all festive occasions. I firmly believe it has come to stay.

MANNINAGH, Ramsey.

“My Mannin Machree”

O Mona Veg Vellish, my Island divine,
This land has no comforts to offer like thine,
How dismal and dreary life’s journey would be,
Without thee, my darling, “My Mannin Machree.”

Undying devotion throbs deep in my heart,
This noble tradition can never depart,
Forgetful “dear Mona”—no, never of thee,
Thou Island of beauty, “My Mannin Machree.”

Thou “Star of the Ocean” in Great Britain’s belt
A guide to thy wandering sons on the veldt,
Devoted and faithful, in spirit they see,
Thy lustre and splendour “My Mannin Machree.”

When clouds hover darkest, be ever my star,
To lead me and guide me, when straying afar
In absence “Dear Mona,” I’m fonder of thee,
Thou angel of guidance, “My Mannin Machree.”

Chorus

O' Boghy Veg Villish, what love you inspire.

In exiles now roaming through Britain's Empire,

Encouraged when thoughts stray homeward to thee.

Thou gem of the ocean, "My Mannin Machree."

Pseud [signed as "Manninagh"], "[Letter to the Editor] The Manx National Anthem," *Peel City Guardian* 11 May 1907, [6]d.

(2)

SIR,—In consequence of our new National Anthem causing so much discussion and that other poems are being printed which purport to be national, I think I may venture to give you a little poem of the same nature for the Press. It was composed by a Manxman, and I got possession of it a day or two ago. It has never been under the eye of the public in printer's ink, and so far has avoided being pierced by the sharp eye of the critic.—Yours, &c,

ELLAN VANNIN.

May 6th, 1907.

God bless our native Isle,

Let Thy parental smile

Rest on us all.

Help us to keep Thy laws,

Save us from all our foes,

Lei nothing give us cause

In grief to fall.

For blessings rich and free

For peace and liberty,

Thy name we praise.

With courage brave and true,

And brighter days in view,

We cheerfully pursue

Life's rugged ways.

Lord, bless our industries,

Let those who plough the seas

Have great success.

May those who till the soil

Be saved from blights that spoil

The fruits of care and toil,—

Their labours bless.

Remember those that mourn,
The friendless and forlorn,—
For help they call.
Our children fatherless,
Our widows in distress
Our poor in wretchedness,
Lord, bless them all.

For us who legislate,
Lead them on Thee to wait
For light divine,
That they with motives pure
May labour to secure
Just laws that shall endure,
Like those of Thine.

Lord, bless our worthy king,
To Thee in prayer we bring
Both he and his.
Give him to understand
The laws of Thy command;
Guide Thou his ruling hand,—
Thou King of bliss.

Hasten the happy day
When all earth's nations may
Learn war no more.
Let strife and tumult cease,
Let love and joy increase,
Let monarchs reign in peace,
From shore to shore.

Pseud [signed as “Ellan Vannin”], “[Letter to the Editor] The Manx National Anthem.” *Peel City Guardian* 11 May 1907, [6]d.

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STEPHEN MILLER, RBV

