

# Manx Notes 458 (2020)

## THE MANX NATIONAL ANTHEM

“TO THE EDITOR”  
PEEL CITY GUARDIAN  
(1 JUNE 1907)

(I)

SIR,—The following verses sung to the tune of “Auld Lang Syne” at the annual gathering of the Manchester Manx Society, further illustrates the desire of Manx folk for a musical and poetical expression of their patriotism, which Mr W.H. Gill has so splendidly, and it is to be hoped successfully, endeavoured to satisfy:

Dear native land, my island home  
Amidst the sparkling sea,  
The happy memories of my youth  
Bring back my heart to thee.

Chorus.

I'll ne'er forget my island home  
Away across the sea;  
Its hills, and glens, and crystal streams  
Are ever dear to me.

Thy history, through the ages shows  
Thy sons, for ever free,  
And eager for the good and true  
And loving liberty.

Thou hast the sweetest spots on earth,  
Encircled by thy sea,  
The kindest hearts, the fairest forms  
In all the world for me.

Oh! lovely isle, may I once more  
Thy peaceful beauties see,  
Live o'er again my youthful days,  
And rest at last in thee.

X.

Pseud [initialled as “X”], “[Letter to the Editor] Manx National Anthem,”  
*Peel City Guardian* 1 June 1907, [3]b.

(2)

O Isle of the Manxman and home of the free,  
Thou fairest of Islands, thou gem of the sea,  
We love thee, dear Mona, and in thee rejoice  
And loud in thy praises we lift up our voice.

Though ages have swept their fierce storms o’er thy face  
Of youth thou retainest the sweetness and grace,—  
Thou standest in grandeur of graces sublime  
Thy features unmarked by the fingers of time.

The rage of the sea thou hast stood in the past,  
The rocks round thy coasts are deep-grounded and fast,  
The billows come foaming and spring with a roar  
But fall back all broken and dead on the shore.

’Twas here our ancestors on mountain and plain  
Did labour and struggle in snow and in rain:  
And out on the sea in frail barques they did ride,  
And fought ’gainst the storms of the wind and the tide.

Our fathers and forefathers, sturdy and brave,  
Who walked on the mountain and rode on the wave,  
Fought hard for their freedom and won in the fight,  
Because, on their side, they had God and the right.

And shall we their children lose heart and sit still?  
We cannot, we all have a work to fulfil,  
We patriots, proud of our country, must wage  
A hand-to-hand fight ’gainst the wrongs of the age.

No men are more loyal than we to our King  
To him we our homage and services bring,  
But our’s is a duty—a course to pursue,—  
A work that the King for his people can’t do.

Let’s never forget what our fathers have done  
And take up the work that those heroes begun

And do for our country what duty demands  
With wisdom and loyalty guiding our hands.

Our duty is patent to patriots true.—  
Reforms that are urgent stand full in our view,  
And first we must give Mona's people a voice  
To put into office the men of their choice.

And then let us work for pure laws of reform,  
And get them by plausible means or by storm.—  
We must, in high office, get men we can trust  
Broad-minded and sober, pure-hearted and just.

Ye natives of Manxland take heart and be strong  
To wage the fierce battle of right against wrong,  
Remember your fathers so long in the grave  
Died fighting your birthrights from tyrants to save.

Be true to your country, be true to your name,—  
The Manxman is noted for valour and fame,  
The spirit and courage that heroes inspire  
Urge onward the Manxman through flood and through fire.

To every true native tins Island is dear,  
Her bracing sea breezes and sweet mountain air;  
Her grandeur so varied from mountain to strand,  
There's no place like Mona, our fair native land.

And when o'er the seas we reside on the earth,  
We ne'er can forget the dear land of our birth;  
Her mountains, her valleys, her plains and her streams,  
To us they appear in our visions and dreams.

PATRIOT.

May 27th, 1907.

Pseud [signed as "Patriot"], "Ellan Vannin." *Peel City Guardian* 1 June 1907, [3]b.

\*

STEPHEN MILLER, RBV

