

# Manx Notes 632 (2023)

F. KELLY

“AN EXILE’S LAMENT”

(1899)

Of in pleasant thought I’m sailing back again to Mona’s Isle,  
And the lovely scenes arising all my lonely hours beguile.  
There’s the wild and rugged Snaefell just above my village home;  
Nought on earth will ever tempt me back in distant lands to roam.

All romance has left the bosom that once heaved to say “farewell”  
To the dear old loving homestead in that charming fairy dell;  
All those youthful, wild ambitions long ago have ceased to burn,  
And the wish I cherish dearest is an early, safe return.

See the village green still pleasant where I spent my happiest days,  
And the children playing round it warble forth their mirthful lays;  
Hawthorn bushes, fresh, luxuriant, sending forth a fragrance rare,  
Perfumes such as one can never meet with in this desert air.

I can hear the thrush and linnets as to higher boughs they rise,  
Pealing forth their notes of welcome to their rural paradise,  
And the blackbird joins the chorus ere he hies away to rest,  
Whilst the herds are slowly winding to their peaceful homes of rest.

Beauteous streams still flowing onward through the shaded glens and dales,  
Every creek and turn familiar when I think of fairy tales;  
Oh, what joy it is to wander as I did in days of yore,  
Watch the streamlet foam and bubble till it reach thy sylvan shore.

See the grand old honoured fathers, where the fire of youth still burns,  
Slowly travelling to that homeland fair, from whence no one returns.  
Let us strive to smooth their journey till they reach the gate ajar:  
Sail with them through storm and tempest, see them safely o’er the bar.

Foreign lands may boast their beauty, point to scenes both rich and rare,  
Nature never decked a valley that with Laxey can compare!  
Let me kneel and sip thy waters, so refreshing, pure, and sweet,  
Feel the throb of youth arising when my lips the nectar meet!

Strange that fate should make us exiles, drive us into storm and strife,  
Strive in vain to break the tether that must bind us all through life!  
After all these years of absence and the long, long years of toil,  
Yearnings never cease to prompt me rest at last on native soil.

F. KELLY.

Matappo Hills, Matabeleland, S. Africa, Rhodesia.

F. Kelly, "An Exile's Lament." *Isle of Man Examiner* 20 January 1899: [5]g.

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