

# Manx Notes 636 (2023)

ALICE EAVES  
“AN EXILE’S LAMENT”  
(1940)

Well-known pathways, mile by mile,  
Stately foxgloves on the green banks,  
Frail wild roses, fuchsias sweet,  
Gorse, whose gold outvies the sunbeams,  
Glens where sun and shadow meet.  
Or a cottage quaintly nestling  
The clear call of some Manx farm girl  
'Mid gay flowers and stately trees,  
Wafting on the evening breeze,  
As from dewy, pleasant uplands  
Slowly wend the cattle home.  
Quiet dells, where after darkness  
Dance wee fairy, elf and gnome,  
In the wind that sets a-quivering  
Poppies in the field of corn,  
Till farm dwellers stir, thus breaking  
The silence of the early morn.

O lovely Manxland, we are yearning  
For thy beauty, but in vain—  
Now is added to our longing  
The intolerably bitter pain  
That alien and unfriendly footsteps  
Tread the paths we fain would tread,  
Unfriendly eyes view all thy glory,  
Seek thy pleasures in our stead.  
But brave through this indignity,  
Thy dignity shall greater be,  
And we shall love thee more than ever  
Dear valiant Island of the Sea.

ALICE EAVES.

Alice Eaves, “An Exile’s Lament.” *Isle of Man Weekly Times* 28 September 1940: 9c.

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