

Erin Go Bragh.

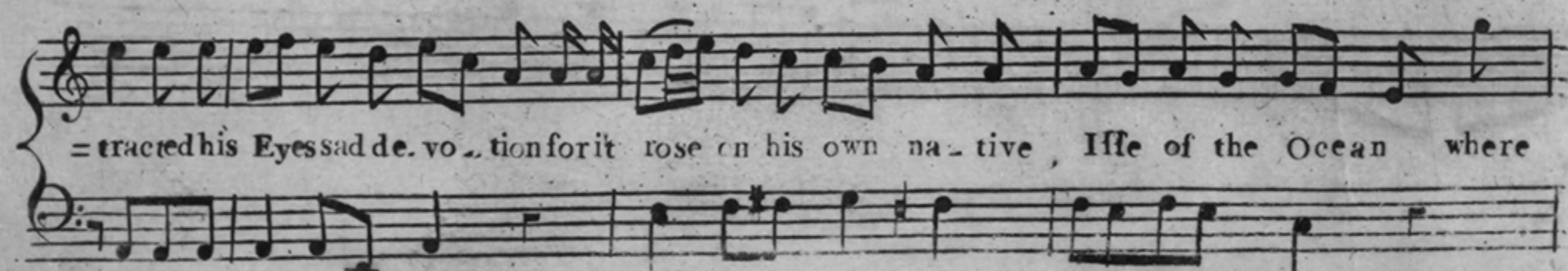
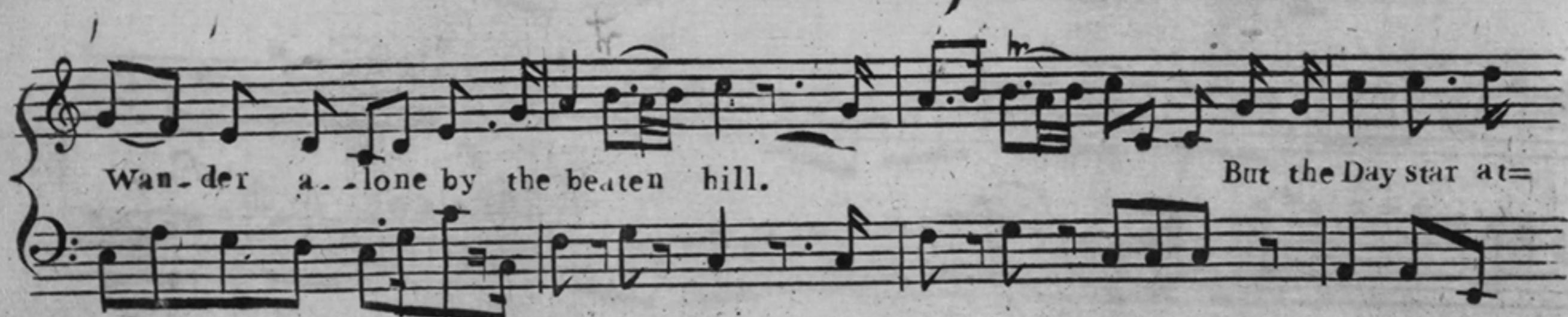
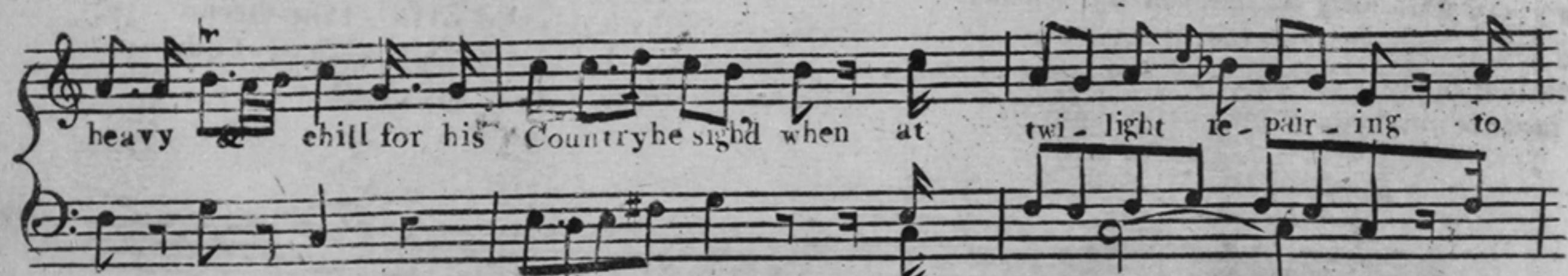
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Andante

There



once in the flow of his youthful emotion he sung the bold an them of
E'rin Go bragh.

2
Oh sad is my fate sail the heart broken stranger
The wild Deer and Wolf to a cover can flee
But I have no refuge from famine and danger
A home and a country remain not to me
Ah ne'er again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours
Or cover my harp with the wildwoven flowers
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.

3
Where is my cabin door fast by the wild wood
Sisters and sires did ye weep for its fall
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood
And where is the bosom friend dearer than all
Ah my sad soul long abandoned by pleasure
Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure
Tears like the rain drop may fall without measure
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall

3
E'en my country though sad and forsaken
In dreams I revisit thy sea beaten shore
But alas in a far foreign land I awaken
And sigh for the friend who can meet me no more
Oh cruel fate wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace where no peril can chase me
Ah ne'er again shall my brothers embrace me
They die to defend me or live to deplore.

5
But yet all its fond recollections suppressing
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw
E'en an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing
Land of my forefathers E'en go bragh
Buried and cold when my heart stills her motion
Green be thy fields sweet Isle of the Ocean
And thy harp stricken bards sing aloud with devotion
E'en mavourneen E'en go bragh

FLUTE

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