The Australian Exile - song lyrics

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THE AUSTRALIAN EXILE.
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Beneath a far off Australian sky an Irish exile lay.
The sand from out his glues of life was ebbing fast away;
The friends that stood around his bed his eyes could scarcely see,
His thoughts, which soon would be at rest, were for across the sea.
In spirit once again he stood upon his native sod,
Where as a child And as a man, his foot had lightly trod:
In fancy he could feel upon his brow the mountain air.
And from his parted lips there issued forth the exile's prayer:

Chorus.
Luy me on the hill side with my face towards the West.
Towards that sacred island, the land that I love best;
Let a bunch of shamrocks green be planted o'er my grave,
My dying prayer is: May God bless the island of the brave!

Eviction foul and cruel, 6ent him far across the foam,
From that sweet spot which Irishmen, where'er they may be, call home;
The land whose hall have felt the tread of princes and of kings,
Whose harp once wooed the world is now a mass of broken strings.
They were forced to leave the land which gave their fathers birth,
As strangers and as outcasts to wander o'er the earth;
Tin- time came back to him again, when he was but a child,
With mem'ries of sweet rambles through her wood and valleys wild.-Chorus

Each eye was wet with briny tears, his words had touched the heart.
For they were exiles, too, and time had failed to heal their smart;
In every clime beneath the sky the Irish race are seen.
Yet still their every thought is fixed upon that isle of green.
He calls his friends around him, for the end is drawing near,
And from his pale and haggard check they wiped away a tear;
Another victim of misrule has felt the hand of death,
God bless you Ireland! were the words which filled his dying breath.-Chorus.