

THE EXILES.

Words by DORA GILLESPIE.

Music by SUCHET CHAMPION.

1st VOICE. *p*

2nd VOICE. *p*

PIANO. *Andantino.* *Molto legato.*

1. Ah, for the old sweet days Once that were ours;
3. When shall we see a - gain Our heath - clad hills?

cres. *f* *p*

All then seem'd hap - pi - ness, Sun - shine, and flow'rs! No cloud to
List to the wood-birds' song And purl - ing rills? Climb the steep

cres. *f* *p*

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

cres. *f*

cast its shade O'er our bright hea - ven stray'd, Joy seem'd too bright to fade
rock - y ways, Sail o'er the sun - ny bays, As in the hap - py days

cres. *f*

cres. *f*

a tempo. *p* From our dear Home! *f* Love's sweet - est smiles e'er made
 Ere we left Home? What joy once more to gaze *rall.*

a tempo. *p* From our dear Home! *cres.* Love's sweet - est smiles, Love's smiles made
 Ere we left Home? What joy once more, once more to gaze *f*

rall. FINE. Glad our dear Home!
 On our lov'd Home!

rall. FINE. Glad our dear Home!
 On our lov'd Home!

FINE. *rall.* *f a tempo.*

SECOND VOICE (Ver. 2). *un poco più mosso.*

2. Here in a stran - ger land, Friend - less we pine;

mf

cres.

Stars that are stran - ger still Now o'er us shine ;

cres.

Strange voi - ces fill the air, Strange birds with plu - mage rare

cres.

f Flash round us ev - 'ry - where— Yet 'tis not Home!

ten.

f

f Though all is bright and fair— Yet 'tis not Home!

molto rall.

f *molto rall.* *colla voce.*