

The Shamrock's Speech.

To see the King the stranger priest
Came up to Tara from the coast,
With speech of One Who in the East
Was slain by them He loved the most.

The white-haired Druids called: "A sign
Of Three in One, and One in Three!"
Then blossomed by the power divine
This emblem of the Trinity.

With hallowed fingers from the sod
That verdant bloomed about his feet,
Saint Patrick plucked the flower of God—
The little three-leaved shamrock sweet.

He held it up, and cried: "Behold
The triune sign of Christ's belief!"
Then Dubhthach left his harp of gold,
And King knelt down with slave and chief.

The lightning rived the Druid's oak;
The idols fell in house and hall;
And bowing to the Saviour's yoke,
The land from East to West was thrall.

Nor fire nor force of savage sword
Can change our Erin's faith and will,
While green, like God's undying word,
The shamrock grows on mead and hill.

P. J. C.