

*ST. PATRICK'S DAY.*

H. children of exiles to-day we foregather

To crown a sweet hour with enjoyment and cheer :

Though far from its heather and despite the rough weather

We meet to pledge troth to the land we hold dear.

In her recurrent woes,

Her struggles, her throes,

Our hearts have beat with her in joy and in fear :

The earth does not hold

In its girdling fold

One gem half as fair as our sire's lovely island,

She gleams bright to our gaze, though she shines far away :

In pleasure or sorrow our own natal Ireland

Shall be queen of our love on St. Patrick's Day.

By oppression constrained, like clouds storm-riven

Our fathers sought refuge remote from their home,

But, sanctioned by Heaven, to our people was given

To prosper wherever their footsteps might roam.

The sun's molten face

To our sea-sundered race

Resplendently smiles from all sides of his dome.

Oh, our shamrock's vine

In beauty can twine

Over sundering mountains and oceans dividing

To flourish and bloom in fraternity's ray,

Enough of the fervor of blood is abiding

To weld us as one on St. Patrick's Day.

Her grand cause cannot die, for its breath is divine,

It will flame in our breasts until life is no more ;

Though a hope genuine for a moment may pine

Yet the following hour finds it strong as before.

As the glimmering stream

Undivided we deem