

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

gave to re - li-gion and learning their spoil, When valor and mind to - geth - er combined; But

wherefore lament o'er the glo - ries de-part - ed? Her star shall shine out with as vivid array, For

ne'er had she children more brave and true - heart-ed Than those she now sees on Saint

Patrick's day.

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,
And treason surrendered what valor had held;
But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,
Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.
Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,
Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;
But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,
Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted.
But long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
On daughters as fair, and sons as true-hearted,
As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's Day.

Oh! blest be the hour, when begirt by her cannon,
And hail'd as it rose by a Nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irishmen, *Irish Laws*.
Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards, who mock at her cause;
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children, inspired by those glories departed,
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in her cause like the brave and true-hearted,
Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's Day.