

Old Tara's heathen temple rung  
With sounds, whose waves are rolling yet,  
From which unmeasur'd good has sprung,  
Which grateful hearts will not forget.

The triple leaf—St. Patrick's flow'r—  
Long may it grow, long may it bear  
Those symbols of the mighty Pow'r,  
That rules the sea, the earth, the air.

The Shamrock ! may our hearts entwine,  
And meet in one, as it, tho' three ;  
And may your patron Saint, and mine,  
Our patron saint forever be.

THE END.