

Each Christian, and each patriot, too,
 Shall celebrate for years, the day,
 And show the world that they are true
 To virtuous worth, long pass'd away.

Oh, Ireland! for many years
 Unhappy thou hast been, and sore,
 But long, we're thankful thro' our tears,
 Sweet songs have sounded from thy shore.

While other lands in bitter strife
 Fought wildly for kingship or gold,
 The words of peace, the way of life,
 Within fair Ireland were told.

The Druid priests their rites forbore,
 And listen'd to the words that fell
 From Patrick's pious lips, as o'er
 The land he told his story well.

His lips told of the way of life ;
 His self-denying actions, too,
 Enforc'd the truth, where all was rife
 With wrongful rites of darken'd hue.

The people listen'd to his voice,
 And learn'd to love the faith he taught ;
 When fruits arose in after years,
 They bless'd the name of him who wrought.

Who wrought successfully to place
 Religion's light within the land—
 A benefit to all his race,
 At home, or on a foreign strand.

Religion's light shone clear and bright,
 And then the lesser lights appear'd ;
 Learning arose with quiet might,
 And simple minds it rais'd and cheer'd.