

Down the mountain, up the valley, from the riverside
and glen
Throng the cheery-chatting people, stately women, stal-
wart men ;
Guard, oh, guard them, God of Erin ! bitter sorrow
theirs, alas !
Many a heart shall bleed in exile ere another Christmas
Mass.

Lift thy drooping face, my Erin, God has heard thy
bitter moan,
Tho' His hand rest heavy on thee, 'tis to make thee more
His own.
Faith has died where nations flourished,—earthly gain
His gifts surpass
When He greets His gathered people at the early Christ-
mas **Mass.**