

Has that prayer been heard?—let history tell :—  
 For fourteen hundred years,  
 That Church has breasted wind and wave,  
 Through blood, and death, and tears.

It has borne fruit—ay ! an hundred fold,  
 And spread throughout the earth,  
 Showing forth in every passing age  
 The splendor of its birth.

And its faith has been ever purified  
 By persecution's flame ;  
 Till the proud oppressor wrought his worst,  
 Then stopped for very shame.

There is scarce a spot where man may tread,  
 But St. Patrick's sons are seen,  
 And wherever they go they plant the faith,  
 And keep it fresh and green.

In the trackless wilds of this western world,  
 They raise the cross on high,  
 And where nations meet in the crowded mart.  
 Their church-spires pierce the sky.

They stand at the altar in every clime,  
 And they preach in every tongue,  
 And they work the vineyard of the Lord  
 Earth's countless tribes among.

A Catholic heart is the Celtic heart,  
 Ay ! to its inmost core,  
 And our pride is the good old simple faith,  
 That our fathers had of yore.

And now that the persecutor's lash  
 Is again before our eyes,  
 The world shall see the Irish faith  
 In its majesty arise.

And "the Celtic race" shall gird their loins  
 And await the coming fight,  
 —Shielded by St. Patrick's prayers,  
 "For God, and for the right."

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