

IN the ancient Celtic tongue is still preserved that wonderful prayer which St. Patrick offered up as he wended his way his mind filled, no doubt, with conflicting hopes and fears, to Tara. And thus has the lamented Jas. Clarence Mangan invested it with English dress.

## ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour.

I call on the holy Trinity!  
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,  
The God of the elements, Father and Son.  
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the  
One,

The ever-existing Divinity!

AT TARAH TO-DAY I call on the Lord,  
On Christ the Omnipotent Word,  
Who came to redeem from Death and Sin  
Our fallen race

And I put and I place  
The virtue that lieth and liveth in  
His Incarnation lowly,  
His Baptism pure and holy,  
His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,  
His dolorous Death—His Crucifixion,  
His Burial, sacred and sad, and lone.

His Resurrection to life again,  
His glorious Ascension to Heaven's high  
Throne,

And lastly, His future dread  
And terrible coming to judge all men—  
Both the Living and the Dead.

AT TARAH TO-DAY I put and place  
The virtue that dwells in the Seraphim's  
love,

And the virtue and grace  
That are in the obedience  
And unshaken allegiance  
Of all the Archangels and Angels above,  
And in the hope of the Resurrection  
To everlasting reward and election,  
And in the prayers of the Fathers of old,  
And in the truths the Prophets foretold,  
And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,  
And in the Confessors' faith and teachings,  
And in the purity ever dwelling

Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,  
And in the actions bright and excelling  
Of all good men, the just and the blest.

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this fateful hour,  
I place all Heaven with its power,  
And the sun with its brightness,  
And the snow with its whiteness,  
And fire with all the strength it hath,  
And lightning with its rapid wrath,  
And the winds with their swiftness along  
their path,  
And the sea with its deepness,  
And the rocks with their steepness,  
And the earth with its starkness,

All these I place  
By God's almighty help and grace,  
Between myself and the Powers of Darkness.

AT TARAH TO-DAY

May God be my stay!

May the strength of God now nerve me!

May the power of God preserve me!

May God the Almighty be near me!

May God the Almighty espy me!

May God the Almighty hear me!

May God give me eloquent speech!

May the arm of God protect me!

May the wisdom of God direct me!

May God give me power to teach and to  
preach!

May the shield of God defend me!

May the host of God attend me,

And ward me,

And guard me,

Against the wiles of demons and devils,

Against the temptations of vices and evils,

Against the bad passions and wrathful will

Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,

Against every man who designs me ill,

Whether leagued with others or plotting  
apart!

IN THIS HOUR OF HOURS,

I place all those powers

Between myself and every foe,

Who threaten my body and soul

With danger or dole,

To protect me against the evils that flow

From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations.

From Heresy's hateful innovations,

Be those my defenders,

My guards against every ban—

And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;

In fine, against every knowledge that renders:

The light Heaven sends us dim in

The spirit and soul of Man!

MAY CHRIST, I PRAY,

Protect me to-day,

Against poison and fire,

Against drowning and wounding,

That so, in His grace abounding,

I may earn the Preacher's hire!

CHRIST, as a light,

Illumine and guide me!

CHRIST, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!

CHRIST be under me! CHRIST be over me!

CHRIST be beside me!

On left hand and right!

CHRIST be before me, behind me, about me!

CHRIST this day be within and without me!

CHRIST, the lowly and meek,

CHRIST, the All-powerful, be

In the heart of each to whom I speak;

In the mouth of each who speaks to me!

In all who draw near me,

Or see me or hear me!

AT TARAH TO-DAY, in this awful hour

I call on the Holy Trinity!

Glory to Him who reigneth in power,

The God of the elements, Father and Son,

And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,

The ever-existing Divinity.

Salvation dwells with the Lord,

With Christ the Omnipotent Word.

From generation to generation,

Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation.