

Hail Glorious St. Patrick

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, dear Saint of our Isle,
On us thy poor children bestow a sweet smile;
And now thou art high in thy mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

On Erin's green valleys, on Erin's green valleys,
On Erin's green valleys, look down in thy love.

Hail glorious St. Patrick, thy words were once strong
Against Satan's wiles and a heretic throng;
Not less is thy might where in Heaven thou art;
Oh, come to our aid, in our battle take part!

In the war against sin, in the fight for the faith
Dear Saint, may thy children resist unto death.
May their strength be in meekness, in penance and prayer,
Their banner the Cross which they glory to bear.

Thy people now exiles on many a shore,
Shall love and revere thee till time be no more.
And the fire thou has kindled shall ever burn bright,
Its warmth undiminished undying its light.

Ever bless and defend the sweet land of our birth,
Where the shamrock still blooms as when thou
were on earth,
And our hearts shall yet burn,
wherever we roam,
For God and Saint Patrick and
our native home.

*Hymn by Sr. Mary Agnes
McSweeney, Convent of
Mercy, Charleville,
Co. Cork, 1853*

Pádraig Naofa

Statue of St. Patrick,
St. Patrick's Church, Rome

