

Hail, glorious Saint 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 (3) Look down in thy love. Hail, glorious Saint Patrick Thy words were once strong

Against Satan's wiles and An infidel throng

Not less in Thy might Where in heaven Thou art

Oh, come to our aid (3) In our battle take part

In a war against sin In the fight for the faith

Dear Saint, may thy children Resist to the death

May their strength be in meekness In penance and prayer

Their banner the Cross (3) 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 hast kindled Shall ever burn bright

Its warmth undiminished (3) 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 St. Patrick (3) And our native home