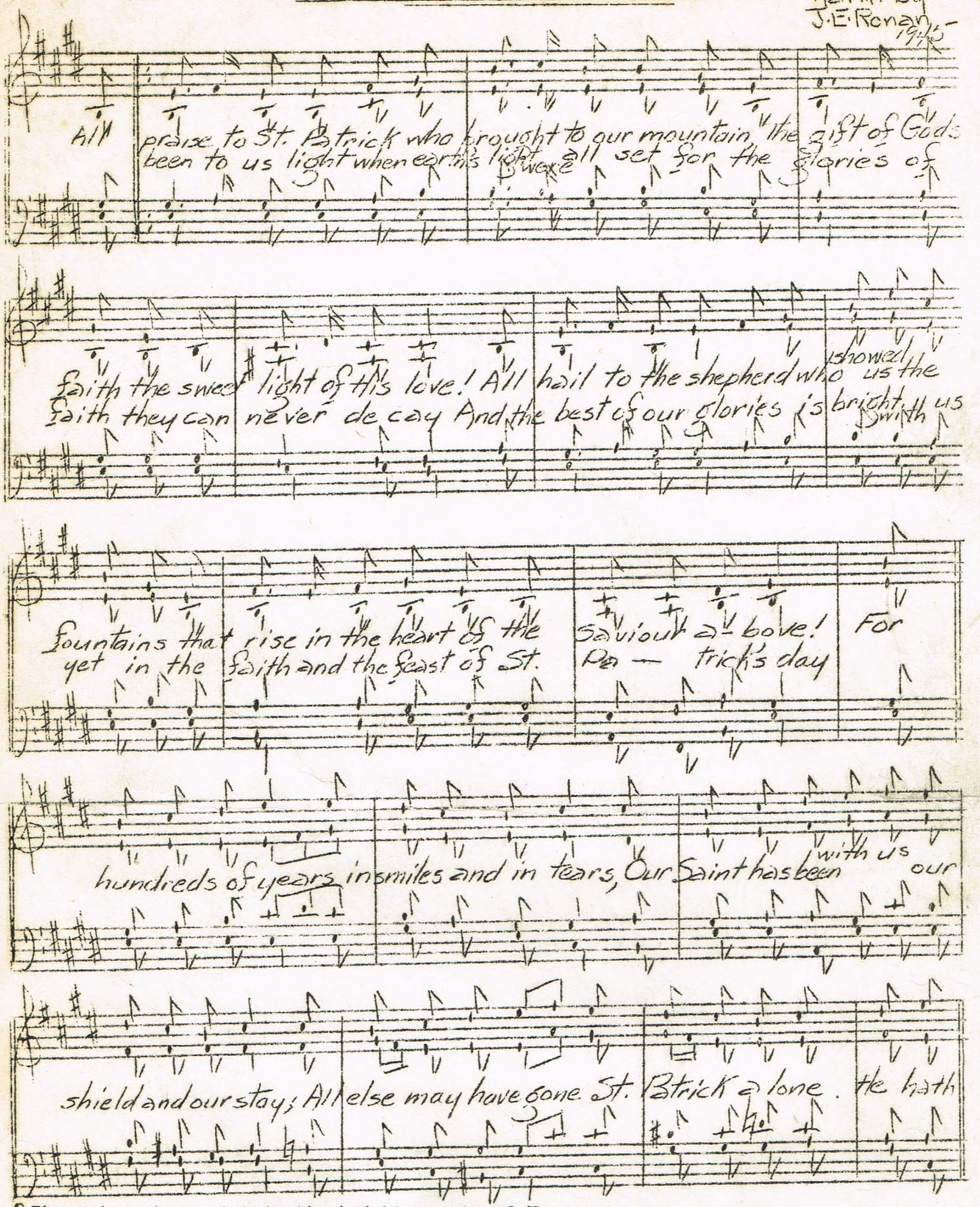
4.7.b.

ALL PRAISE TO ST. PATRICK

Harm. by J.E. Ronan, 1915

2. There is not a saint in the bright courts of Heaven
More faithful than he to the land of his choice.
Oh well may the nation to whom he was given
In the feast of their Sire and Apostle rejoice
In glory above true to his love, He keeps the false faith
From his children away; the dark false faith, Far worse than death.
Oh, he drives it far off from the green sunny shore
Like the reptiles that fled from his curse in dismay
And Erin, when errors proud triumph is o'er
Will still be found keeping St. Patrick's Day.

3. Then what shall we do for thee, heaven sent Father
And what shall the proof of our loyalty be?
By all that is dear to our hearts, we would rather
Be martyred dear Saint than bring shame upon thee
But oh, he will take the promise we make
So to live that our lives by God's help may display
The light that he bore To Erin's shore,
O yes, Father of Ireland! no child wilt thou own
Whose life is not lighted by grace on its way;
For they are true Irish, Oh yes, they alone.
Whose hearts are all true on Saint Patrick's day.