

St Patrick's Day in the Morning

From The Remick Favorite Collection of Old Home Songs (1909),

Oh! blest be the days when the Green banner floated,
Sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfail,
When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted,
Defied the invader to tread her soil.
When back o'er the main they chased the Dane,
And gave to religion and learning their spoil,
When valor and mind, together combin'd,
But wherefore lament o'er the glories departed?
Her star shall shine out with as vivid array,
For ne'er had she children more brave and true hearted
Than those she now sees on Saint Patrick's Day.

Her scepter, alas! passed away to the stranger,
And treason surrender'd what valor he held,
But true hearts remain'd amid darkness and danger,
Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quell'd.
Oft, oft thro' the night flash'd gleams of light,
Which almost the darkness of bondage dispell'd;
But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,
Not the the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,
but long to shine down with its hallowing ray,
Oh daughters as fair, and sons as true hearted
As Erin beholds on Saint Patrick's Day.

Oh! Blest be the hour when he girt her by cannon,
And hail'd as it rose by a nation's applause,
That flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,
Asserting for Irishmen Irish Laws.
Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave,
Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause
And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,
Her children, inspired by those glories departed:
No longer in darkness desponding will stay,
But join in the cause like the brave and true hearted
Who rise for their rights on Saint Patrick's Day.

St Patrick's Day

Hymn attributed to Fr Frederick W Faber (1814-1863)

All praise to St. Patrick, who brought to our mountains
the gift of God's faith, the sweet light of his love!
All hail to the shepherd who showed us the fountains
that rise in the heart of the Savior above!
For hundreds of years, in smiles and in tears,
Our saint has been with us, our shield and our stay;
All else may have gone, Saint Patrick alone,
He hath been to us light when earth's lights were all set,
for the glories of faith they can never decay;
And the best of our glories is bright with us yet,
In the faith and the feast of Saint Patrick's Day!

There is not a saint in the bright courts of heaven
More faithful than he to the land of his choice;
Oh, well may be nation to whom he was given,
In the feast of the 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 error's proud triumph is o'er,
will still be found keeping Saint Patrick's Day.