

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick, dear saint of our isle,
on us thy poor children bestow a sweet smile;
and now thy art high in the mansions above,
one Erin's green valleys look down in thy love.

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

Hail, glorious Saint Patrick! Thy words were once strong
against satan's wiles and an infidel throng;
not less is thy might where in heaven thou art;
O 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, in prayer,
their banner the Cross which they glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a shore,
shall love and revere thee till times be no more;
and the fire thou hast 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 wert on earth,
and our hearts shall yet burn, wheresoever we roam,
For God and Saint Patrick, and our native home.