

O Patrick, Hail

Sir Seaghán Leslaigh (1885-1971)

"Éire" - H. Stanley Taylor (1902-1973)

1. O Pa - trick, hail, who once the wand' - ring race
2. In dreams thou heard'st thy dis - tant child - ren cry
3. Christ was thy sword, thy breast - plate and thy shield,
4. Christ was thine eye, and Christ thine ear and tongue,

Didst win to be God's faith - ful rest - ing place,
To bid thee, ho - ly one of God, draw nigh,
And Christ the liv - ing strength that helped thee wield
And Christ the peer - less song thy brave lips sung,

And Ire - land's love to soothe his wound - ed face.
Lest all the Gae - lic clans but live - ed to die.
A sac - red spell o'er hill and lake and field.
And Christ thy chall - enge to the Dru - ids flung.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

5. O lone - ly strife no man can ev - er tell,
 6. Yet Ul - ster's plain thou chos - est for thine own,
 7. But now be - hold thy sons are scatt - ered far,
 8. Yet comes a day to ease thy peo - ple's pain,

The years thou bar - est cross and staff and bell,
 Ar - mags thou mad - est be and thy roy - al throne,
 Thy west - ern chil - dren wea - ry wand' - ring are,
 Thy saints shall rise from glen and sea and plain,

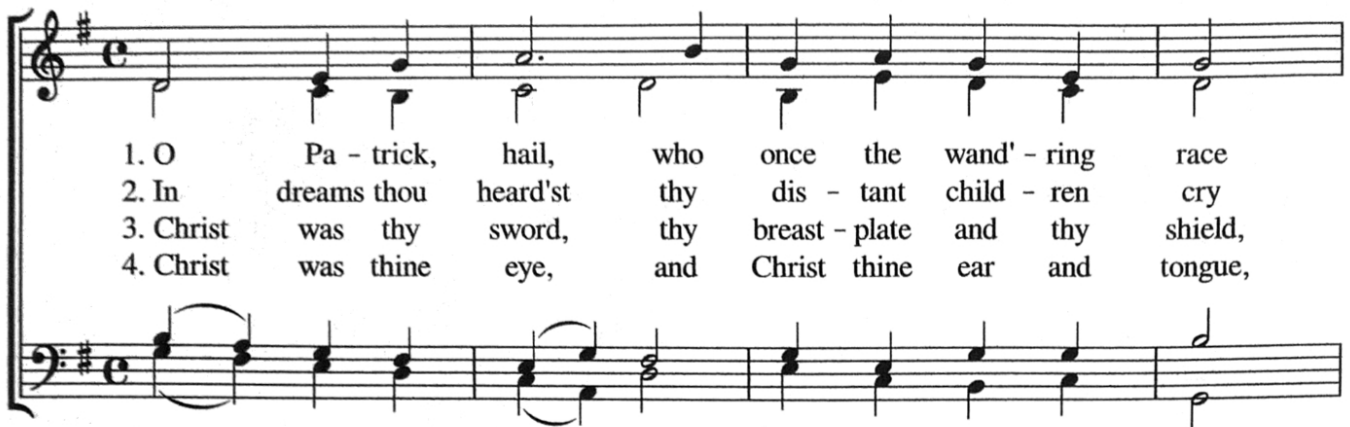
To war with all the pow'rs and hate of hell.
 To ho - ly Down thou left'st thy bur - ying stone.
 And lone thy priests be - neath the south - ern star.
 When thou with Christ, in glo - ry, com'st a - gain.

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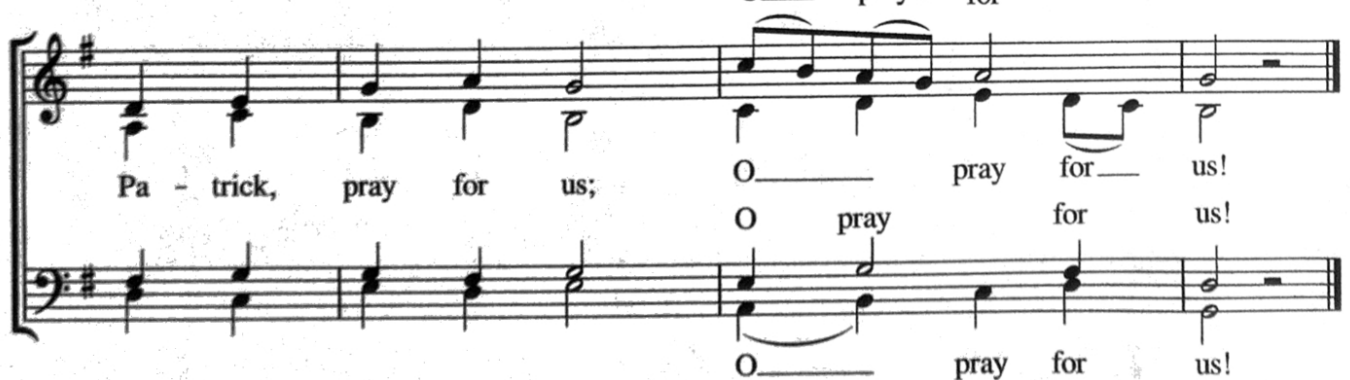
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