



Lines written on that splendid Cathedral of
St. Mary and Michael's Church,
 RATHDRUM.

One pleasant morning all things most charming,
 All to Rathdrum I took my way,
 A grand cathedral is there erected,
 Refulgent beauty it does display.
 It is surrounded and grandly bounded,
 A limpid river springs transparent,
 Along the valley does gently glide.
 This site of gaudeur was freely granted
 By Earl Fitzwilliam of high renown
 To Dr. Grant and Father Galvin,
 Of fair Rathdrum and Wicklow town.
 The former lives in that ancient abbey.
 Where truth and virtue did there abound,
 For great talent and education
 I'm sure his equals could not be found.
 That church and spire are much admired,
 It's architecture unparalleled.
 For symmetry and grand proportion
 Most other buildings it has excelled.
 When first you enter that holy temple,
 All things most glorious you may behold.
 Our blessed Saviour and the glorious Virgin,
 Who crushed the serpent in days of old.
 The altar pillar does there exhibit
 Archangel Michael, as all do know,
 That wicked demon he has defeated
 His wiles pernicious did overthrow.
 Eight grand pillars are there established
 For to support this resplendent pile,
 Then those pedestals, floor, windows, and doors,
 Are all completed in splendid style.
 Our church most holy is far extended
 From the rising of the sun to his going down,
 From Erne to Clunas it's most delighting
 To see it flourish in every town,
 From east to west it's propagated,
 Through every part since our Saviour came,
 Through many parts of the British island,
 From the regions unto Rathdrum.
 Celestial greatness be on him waiting,
 Our Father McKenna, that blessed divine,
 A large donation he gave most freely,
 In bliss immortal will ever shine,
 For that pure charity and kind demeanour,
 I'm sure his equals could not be found.
 He was respected, revered, and honored
 In every part of the country round.
 Father Galvin should be exalted
 And be rewarded in future days.
 His grand influence preponderating,
 He is well deserving of honored praise,
 May health and greatness be on him waiting,
 On our holy father of his renown,
 Who in conjunction with Father Redmond,
 All vile assassins he will put down.
 That dreadful tyrant is now combining,
 Old Garibaldi and many more,
 For to destroy that church most holy,
 Its holy limits I will explore.
 Our glorious temples are now extended
 Through every part of our native isle.
 Our supreme Pontiff and Bishop Cullen,
 For words most glorious will ever shine.
 All who assisted as benefactors,
 This holy temple of the Lord to raise,
 Brave worthy Byrne and Caumford,
 Its but my duty to extol their praise
 With Father Galvin, likewise his curate.
 Father O'Neill for to guide their flock,
 To be daily vouchsafed in this new Cathedral,
 For pious Christians on Saint Peter's Rock.

