

St Molaga

Full fifteen centuries have rolled by
Since, neath the stately trees
In fair Bremore, he worshipped God
And cared for his flocks and bees.

Of Irish birth, for native isle
A patriot love he bore
And prayed for blessings on the land
Molaga of Bremore.

A king he cured of ulcer dread
His ills and pain relieved,
A royal gift, Bremore's broad lands
The gentle saint received.

A church he built, he toiled and prayed
And spread through wisdom's lore,
His presence sanctified the scene
Molaga of Bremore

by Paddy Daly (first published 1924)