

Elegiac verses. In loving memory of Hannah O'Leary-
who died on the 9th day of July 1903. M. S.

On the 9th of July there passed away.
As the sun was unable to cast a ray.
A soul whose light made Heaven more bright.
O God, to me what a melancholy sight.

Silence, she throbs, she's no more.
One deep breathe and she's left our shore.
Could I imagine! what mournful cries.
As her soul fluttered to Paradise.

A youthful family of a mother bereft.
Has Almighty's hand committed a theft?
His claim its needles to dispute.
His stain leaves annals to dilute.

A mother, she was to me so dear.
For God, she always made me fear.
And when the tidings reached my ears;
I was only nature burst in tears.

Needless it is for me to surmise.
That she was an angel in disguise.
Needless it is for me to claim;
That her character is without a stain.

A question is this verses matter.
Have I attempted, my mother to flatter?
Did God really commit a crime?
Was He deprived us of a being so divine.

The answer, I can in a word disclose.
No. And now I'll leave her in repose.
She's gone, not to be forgot.
Where she died. Blessed is the spot.

His claim is needless
His stain leaves annals to dilute.

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She's gone, not to be "forgot."
Where she died. Blessed is the spot.

Her last request, to place her side by side;
With that fair creature who to Christ died.
I remember, when she gave her a farewell kiss.
And now our Sacred King has fulfilled her imploring wish.

Hil'murry! Hil'murry! what a treasure you do bear.
An indispleasable treasure your turf engulfed this year.
To the doctrine of your Chapel she was our faithful guide.
Within your mouldering bosom her remains will ever abide.
D. J. O'Leary
H. M. D. Hor