



### TO FATHER FRANCIS

Well may we mourn, father and kindly friend  
The death which to your soul propitious brings  
Its heaven, far beyond all sufferings  
Where sanctity is your immortal end;  
For 'tis on us, the souls you would amend  
The weight of sorrow rests, and all but wrings  
From our proud lips inspired summonings,  
By your blest zeal, our thwarted hearts to mend.  
Yet in the chapel's self, where late nath stood  
The echo of your voice, are prayer and praise—  
O sweet reward and unsurpassing good—  
It is not ours to mourn the length of days.  
So you who in His presence move and live  
Your intercession for your children give.

—Marty—