

## 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-

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