



E L E G Y ' S

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM,

Who breathed his last on Monday the 7th of November, 1881 at St. Jarlath's, in the 56th Year of his Episcopacy the 67th of his Priesthood, and the 90th. Year of his Age, JOHN McHALE, was Born at the Village of Tubbernavine. in the County of Mayo, in the 1791, he was Consecrated on the 5th. of June, 1825. to the Coadjutor Bishopric of Killala, with the Title of Bishop of Maronia, For Nine Years his Lordship the Most Rev Dr. McHALE, discharged his high Episcopal Functions in Killala. In 1834, The Most Rev Dr. Kelly Dying in Rome, Dr. McHALE, was, Translated to the Archiepiscopal See of Tuam. He was the Oldest Ecclesiastic adviser in Ireland.

The dead bells are toiling, all over the earth,
To day do we mourn, for virtue and worth,
And woo's o'er our Island, with winter winds spread,
As we hear that our Patriot Prelate is dead.

He is dead oh let Ireland mourn o'er his tomb,
The bright star is set that shone forth to illumine
The world with his Wisdom and love of mankind
For learning and piety dwelt in his mind.

The Father and Friend of the faithful is gone,
In meekness and patience, he lived with us long,
To the realms of peace, his pure spirit has flown,
In that sweet land of Refuge where sorrows unknown,

Yes mourn the brave lion of Judah's true fold,
Whose virtues can only by history be told,
The sentinel who on the watch-towers kept,
His vigil unwearied while thoughtless ones slept.

Mourn O Erin, thou Star of the West
Fair Island of saints which kind Heaven hath blessed
Thou hast by spoliation been robbed and bereft.
Of all but the faith which St. Patrick has left.

And so long as religion, shall gloriously shine,
His memory shall float down the streamlet of time
And the Good Shepherd's spirit, shall watch o'er the flock
Which no hireling dare snatch, while they cling to the
rock.

SILVIES.

He is gone, he is gone, from this world of woe,
To where sorrow and troubles unknown;
To those mansions of peace, where we all hope to go,
Which the Father prepared for his own,
But his memory shall live thro' us no more,
In our hearts shall his name be enshrined,
And while o'er his grave, his sad loss we deplore,
His soul to the Lord he resigned,

Oh, sad is the scene, there's a cloud all around,
For his loved voice, no longer we hear,
There is grief on each brow, there silence profound,
And in every eye there's a tear,
For our Pastor's departed, our priest is laid low
Our friend is from earth passed away,
No words of grief spoken, nor tears that may flow,
Can tell how we miss him to day.

He is gone from the Earth, all his troubles are o'er
But he sleeps where the weary find rest,
The place he once loved knows his footsteps no more,
For his dwelling is now with the blest,
Let us hope that the seed he has anxiously sown,
Shall spring up in the heart manifold,
And his name shall be heard when long years have flown,
In the dwelling; he often consoled.

The heart that was burned with grief, he made light,
The youth of his flock were his care;
The path of the aged, seemed cheerful and bright,
For their sorrows with them he would share.
Eternal rest be, to the soul that has fled,
The teacher and guide of mankind,
Long, long they will mourn the friend that is dead,
For his equal they rarely can find.

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