



**AN ELEGY
ON THE DEATH
OF
OUR HOLY FATHER,
POPE PIUS IX.**

Cold winter is here and the shamrock in the morning,
Hangs its drooping head in the fields all alone ;
A funeral knell has given solemn warning,
That from his christian children our Holy Father's gone
All that are bless'd with true faith are weeping,
Their hopes in the dear Virgin Mary are keeping,
That with the blessed saints their lost one is sleeping,
He'll never be forgotten till time is no more.

His Holiness was born in a little town in Italy,
The thirteenth day of May Seventeen Ninety-two ;
He was a worthy son of a noble family,
The welfare of the Catholic church he always had in view.
He was only young when the army of Napoleon,
Broke into the Monasteries and Chapels nearly every one,
Whose downfall was caused by the wickedness that he
had done,
But so humbly he repented upon a foreign shore.

Our Holy Father lived thro' many days of sorrow,
When enemies to Rome, grew fast on every hand,
And when the King of Italy with other foes did follow,
By our grand religion so nobly he did stand.
He put his whole trust in our Lady and the Savior,
He stood by the Altar no soldier could be braver,
He fought for the rights that St. Peter had gave her,
But now our Holy Father is gone for evermore.

Tho' humble and kind he was a noble scholar,
The children of the Church was always in his mind ;
He has left an example for other men to follow,
Even to his enemies he was good and kind.
And when Garibaldi on Rome was advancing,
Their sabres and bayonets in the sunlights glancing,
He prayed at the feet of the Virgin so entrancing,
The rebels they were beaten and driven from the shore.

For Eighty-six years he was the Lords anointed,
And ruled his children from St. Peter's chair,
He stood by the faith to which he was appointed,
And sorrow or trouble couldn't make him despair.
His manners to all were fatherly and friendly,
A kind smile would greet you ere away he'd send ye,
From spiritual dangers his prayers would defend ye,
Our Father is in Heaven and gone for evermore.

With the Saintly Apostles his Holiness is sleeping,
No cares or worldly troubles can disturb him now,
He has won the Crown of Glory the Saints for him were
keeping,
And now it is encircling his Angelic brow.
We need not weep for him he is happy and contented,
The work of his long life will never be repented,
The name of our Saviour he never has offended,
May he rest in peace is our prayer for evermore.

