



The Curate of Clonmore,

Pitts printer, toy and marble warehouse,
6 great St Andrew street seven dials

COME all you good people and with me bewail
To join in this tragedy it is a dismal tale,
It is of a noble clergyman alas who is no more,
Whose name was Father Mullen the Curate of Clonmore

His loss with any pen I am not able to indite,
If Homer and Virgil together would combine,
He might have stayed the grievance which spread the coun-
ty o'er
Since we lost our darling Mullen the Curate of Clonmore

As for worthy Father Kelly ne has reason to lament,
On the duty of his Parish both night and day he spent
In execution of the same great slavery he bore
He may be well regretted in Kilquiggin and Clonmore

As for his worthy Mother that reared such a son.
The hearts of all both great and small, the rich and poor
he won,

She may be well contented to have him gone before
I hope he'll open heaven for the people of Clonmore

There's the deaf the dumb, the lame, the blind, its no
they must complain,

I likewise the afflicted which feels an inward pain
And those who had other wounds and scars may welter in
their gore, (more,
Since they lost their skilful doctor the Curate of Clon-

Its those that were afflicted he instantly cured,
And fed the weak and hungry that went from door to
door.

Those that went blind for many years their sight he did re-
store,
That wandered thro' the nation enquiring for Clonmore,

His friends from the King's county they came then in dis-
guise,

And stole away his best remains to our sad surprise.
Where the people all gathered and they need not be moan'd,
If they follow his example in the chape of Clonmore,

