



Lines on the death of **MISS FANNY PARNELL.**

AIR—Exile of Erin.

A flower that was cherished has fled from our bosom,
And shrunk up the balm leaves that illumed our dear isle,
Our hearts deep affection with a tear moist the blossom
That weeps o'er the grave of the sweet rose of toil ;
In sorrow I mourn the loss of our fair one,
The love that we bore her there's no tongue can tell,
Our hearts deep devotion flows over the ocean,
With a prayer for the soul of Miss Fanny Parnell.

Oh ! where is the light that in darkness was breaking ?
Or where is the glory that enlightened the brave ?
Alas ? oh, 'tis gone 'neath the willow, it's sleeping,
A home it had found in the cold silent grave ;
Oh ! Father look down from thy throne on our sorrow,
And comfort the mother who her child loved so well,
My sympathy will follow the light of the morrow,
With a prayer for the soul of Miss Fanny Parnell.

Oh ! Father have mercy on this stainless daughter,
That died far away from our own native shore,
Far away from the home where her tutor had taught her,
To love dear old Ireland and love nothing more ;
The harps sweetest notes are now muffled in muteness,
The hearts that were blissful are gored to the knell,
All hopes are now fruitless and left down in dutifulness,
Since we lost our cheftainess Fanny Parnell.

No more through the green fields or valleys she'll wander,
No more through the mountains she'll roam with delight,
No more will her sweet notes round Avondale squander,
Or cherish the hearts that are lonely to night ;
Then to the bereaved ones our condolence of sympathy
We send from old Ireland, her woodlands and dell,
May the Lord in His glory meet thee, maid of story,
And bring to His kingdom Miss Fanny Parnell.

The tears of a nation moist the grave of this rare one,
Such a soft tender heart there had never been seen,
A Shamrock we'll send to plant o'er this fair one,
That crowns her a daughter from Erin the Green ;
May God in His glory receive this pure blossom,
May the angels and saints surround her as well,
May the voice of a nation gain supplication,
For the soul of our cheftainess Fanny Parnell.

P. HANLEY

