



LINES ON THE EXPECTED

Testimonial of his Grace the late much
LAMENTED MOST
REV'D DOCTOR O'CONNOR
BISHOP OF SALDIS
BY JOSEPH SADBER

It is true he is gone now the noble & faithful,
His absence left many a heart sad & sore,
A man of the Lord & a Prince wise & gratsfal
Was Doctor O'Connor alas he's nomore
You may t lk of warrior ay of other ages,
The Nile Waterloo & father of regions,
Pth this pious prelate he braved greater danger
The worlds alurements si nsin death & hell

The winter is past & summer surrounds him
Thesweets of his labours he is gone for to taste
True to his post I hope God has found him,
A night or a day he was nea'r known to wast
In defence of his Mast-r he wo'k'd lae & early
Wining a uls to the Lord it was all his glo'y
H s b oks every leaf he examin'd most carefully
Which leaves him a crown now this world never
seen,

Shall he now be forgot as if he never lsv'd here
With no testim'n al to tll his swee't name,
O no he has freinds tha' will nob'y ape'r
For he was a l'ver of Heavens blest fame,
Limrick may boast he was born in that City,
A child of benediction & true charity,
Practising at tee same time while preaching
humility,

But Doctor O'Connor we now may deplore,

Its true Ir'shmen they have lost a protector,
The tents of July eighteen sixty seven,
A ter four sc re & one old Erin he left her,
His bright soul ascended I hope then for heaven
Up with his monument & let it be neatly,
Its only but right to his dear memory,
All this he well earn'd yon may see it clear'y
For Doctor O'Connor in his heart lov'd the poor

Pray for him now for you he pray'd here
And now that he's gone O make no del'y
In the regions of bliss I hope he is th re,
Imploring for sinn-rs & Eriu to day,
If in hea-ven to night may he look down upon her
On ear h she wa' lov'd by Doctor O'Connur
His dea native land he of en greiv'd of her,
May I never depart til I see his monument

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