



LINES WRITTEN ON THE HOLY MISSION OF
LONDONDERRY

You pious christians who incline to apply your powers of mind
To the study of divine revelation,
Com' join my simple theme while here I do explain,
How the mission Fathers chang'd our Irish nation,
Saint Patrick in his days cross'd o'er the raging seas,
Being guided by divine inspiration,
And in our holy Isle religion he made smile,
And the Cross first planted in our nation,

Our mission Cross so grand most gloriously did stand,
Triumphant o'er every opposition,
In triumph it has stood against every storm & flood,
And still brighter blooms by our new Londonderry mission
Londonderry long will mind how their holy sires divine,
With meekness & sweet words of persuasion,
They mildly did impart how each one must give his heart,
And be converted to obtain his salvation

They assembled every day to instruct & preach & pray,
And expound the ways of heaven to all sinners,
And begged them to refrain from every thing profane,
In the prize of life at last they'd be the winners,
They proved to age & youth their ways were way of truth
Which in succession from Saint Patrick they inherit,
That no windy storm or shock can remove them of rock
Whose foundation is the great eternal spirit,

Like the holy men of old these pious fathers did unfold
The way of life unto the congregation,
And bid them live in peace & sinful steps retrace
In order that they might obtain salvation,
Peace to men of good will was the doctrine taught by them,
And to avoid all strife and contention,
For they proved that party strife was the bane of christian life,
And that Satan claim'd the fame of its invention,

If our people would adhere to the teaching most sincere,
Which these pious Fathers through the land are teaching,
No fears might be asail as no harm can prevail,
Against the flock that's guided by their teaching,
The promise that was given by our seeing gracious heaven,
Shall never fail till all things shall be hurl'd
Into the gulf of time with the wreck of all mankind,
And the dazzling splendor of these wicked world,

Now Brethren, of the flock whose truth is founded on a rock,
Rejoice and be happy in your station,
You'll have reason to rejoice when you hear the Angel's voice,
Sounding the loud trumpet of salvation,
Salvation unto those who did at us wise dispose,
When he spread the gilded bait of superstition,
All Christians now inclin'd will sure salvation find,
If they are guard'd by the Londonderry mission

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