

TO PARNELL.

**O** SADLY we mourn thee our penitent chief,  
O sadly we think of the close of thy years,  
Our hearts are o'erladen with passionate grief  
Which lieth too deep for the shedding of tears.

T'was not for thy sin we condemned thee the most,  
We loved thee, we loved thee in spite of it all,  
And fiercely we hated the clamouring host  
Who brutally cheered at thy terrible fall.

Alas, 'twas to know thou wert only a slave,  
To know that our idol had crashed from its height.  
We looked to thy leadership dauntless and brave  
To help us, so helpless to win in the fight.

For we trusted thee, hoped in thee, e'en to the end,  
A Saviour, we called thee to raise the oppressed,  
The cause of thy people to staunchly defend,  
And lo! thou wert human and weak as the rest.

O God, it was bitter to think of thee soiled,  
To hear thee condemned as a creature of lust,  
O willingly, willingly, would we have toiled  
To save thee from dragging thy name in the dust.

But there ! thou art dead and forever ~~has~~ <sup>at</sup> past  
Away from thy people who mourn thy decease,  
O Chief, we forgive thee, are glad that at last  
Thy heart with its sorrow is resting in peace.