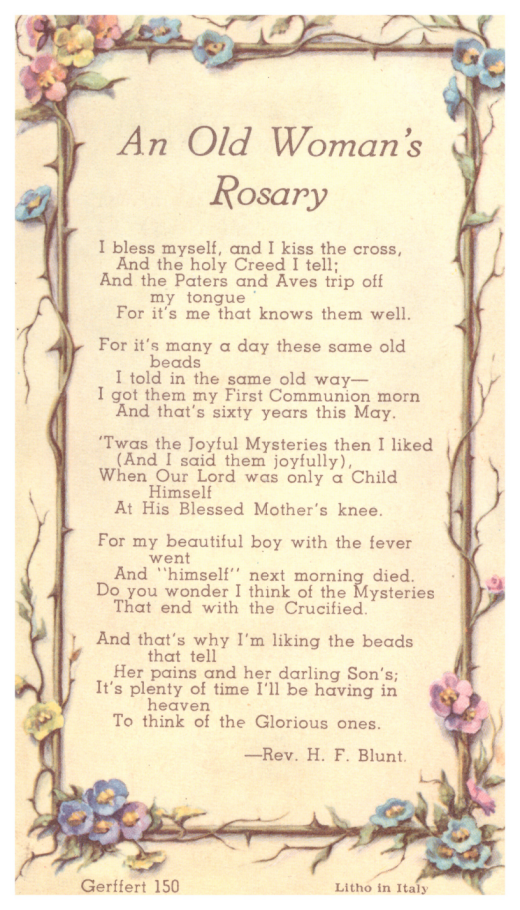




An Old Woman's Rosary

I bless myself, and I kiss the cross,
And the holy Creed I tell;
And the Paters and Aves trip off
my tongue
For it's me that knows them well.

For it's many a day these same old
beads
I told in the same old way—
I got them my First Communion morn
And that's sixty years this May.

'Twas the Joyful Mysteries then I liked
(And I said them joyfully),
When Our Lord was only a Child
Himself
At His Blessed Mother's knee.

For my beautiful boy with the fever
went
And "himself" next morning died.
Do you wonder I think of the Mysteries
That end with the Crucified.

And that's why I'm liking the beads
that tell
Her pains and her darling Son's;
It's plenty of time I'll be having in
heaven
To think of the Glorious ones.

—Rev. H. F. Blunt.