

AN IRISH ROSARY

'TIS Rosary time in Ireland,
And looking across the years,
A picture unfolds before me,
('Tis dimmed with a mist of tears)
For sure it lacks gorgeous setting,
No wealth of color it boasts,
But Rosary time in Ireland
Is envied by angel hosts.

Ah, never was rank or station,
Or fame of glorious deeds,
As dear as this scene in Ireland,
When mother took down the beads;
And readily would I barter
The trophies the years have won,
To kneel by that hallowed fireside
When the day's rough task is done.

I care not for stately temples,
Or glamor of service grand,
I'd rather one prayer in Ireland,
For isn't it God's own land?
The smell of the turf for incense,
And Love for the sacred light—
Ah, Rosary time in Ireland?
My heart is with you to-night.