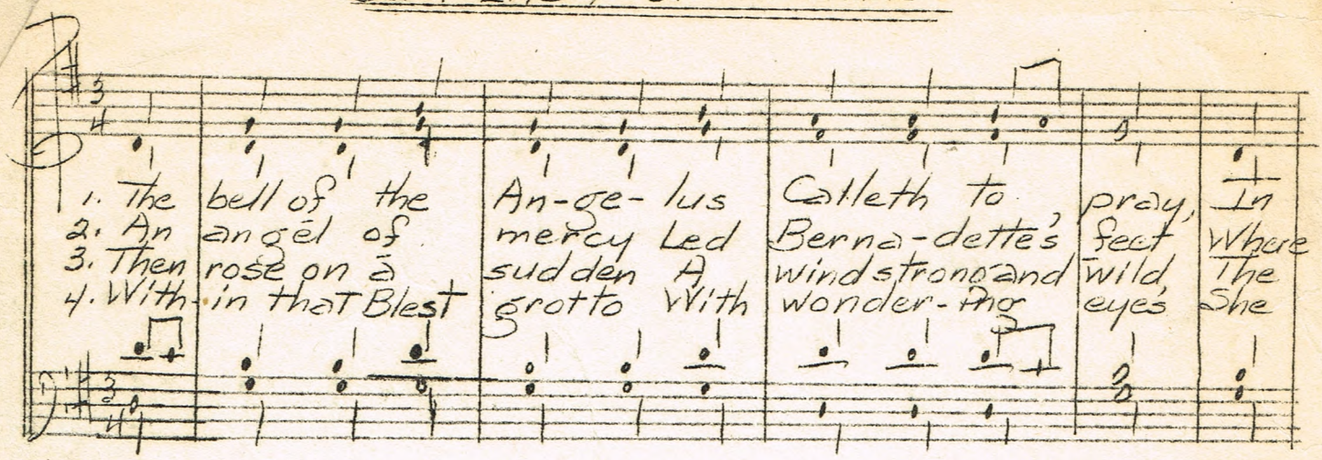
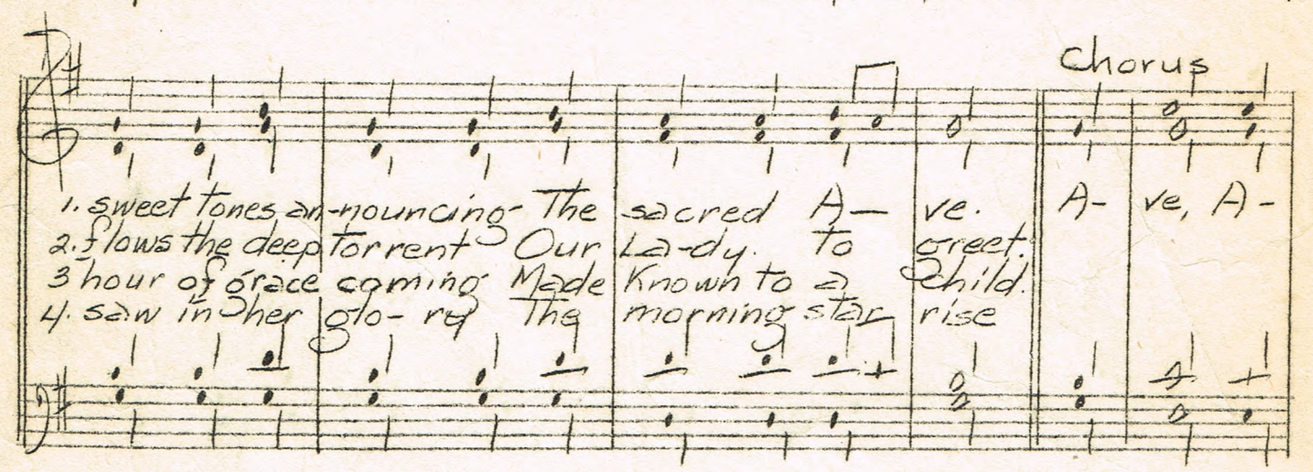
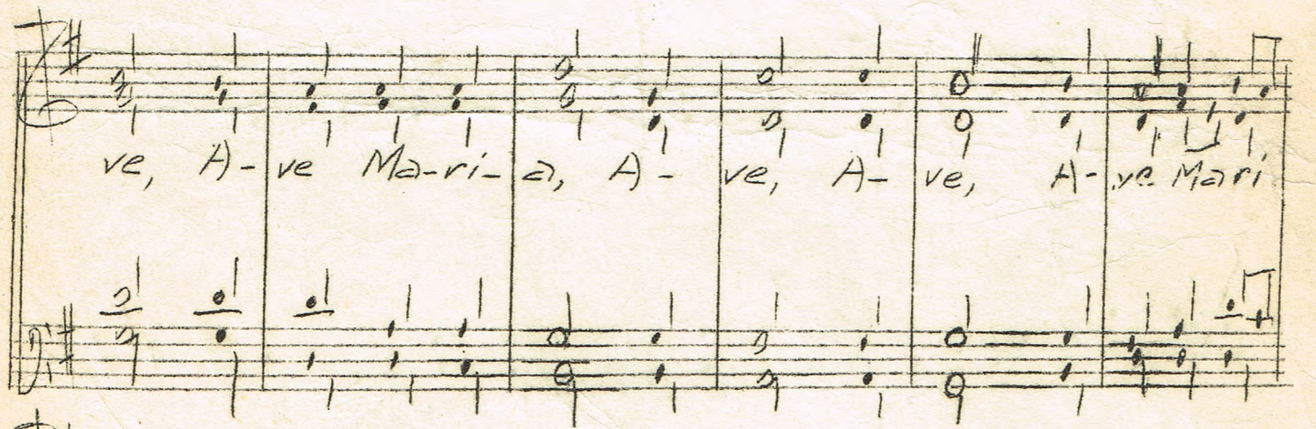
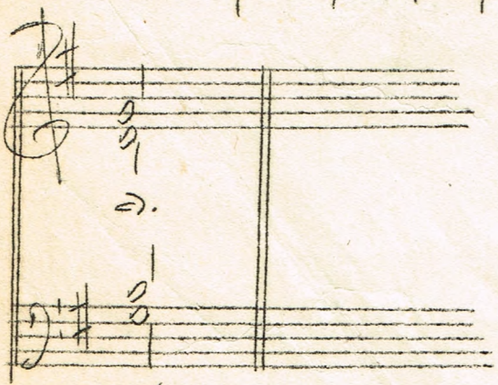
OUR LADY OF LOURDES









5. A face bright with sweetness
All burning with love,
And shining clouds round her
From heaven above.

6. Upon her a glory
From God was displayed,
As smiling, she murmured,
"Child, be not afraid."

7. She wore a robe whiter
Than lily-flower hue,
Her waist was encircled
With heaven's own blue.

8. A golden rose crowneth
Her virginal feet
From meadows of paradise,
Fragant and sweet.

9. A rosary, shining
With silvery sheen,
Marks gently each Ave,
Her fingers between.

10. With heart palpitating,
And soul rapt away,
The happy child softly
Repeated, "Ave!"