

“SHE TOLD HER BEADS”

BY

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

She told her beads with down-cast eyes,
 Within the ancient chapel dim;
 And ever as her fingers slim
 Slipt o'er th' insensate ivories,
My rapt soul followed, spaniel-wise.
 Ah, many were the beads she wore;
 But as she told them o'er and o'er,
 They did not number all my sighs.
My heart was filled with unvoiced cries
And prayers and pleadings unexpressed;
 But while I burned with Love's unrest,
She told her beads with down-cast eyes.