



The Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered for:

	at the request of:
Rev.	by
Date:	on



Nails

Whenever the bright blue nails would drop Down on the floor of his carpenter shop, Saint Joseph, prince of carpenter men, Would stoop to gather them up again; For he feared for two little sandals sweet, And very easy to pierce they were As they pattered over the lumber there And rode on two little sacred feet.

But alas, on a hill between earth and heaven One day—two nails in a cross were driven, And fastened it firm to the sacred feet Where once rode two little sandals sweet; And Christ and His mother looked off in death Afar—to the valley of Nazareth, Where the carpenter's shop was spread with dust And the little blue nails, all packed in rust, Slept in a box on the window-sill; And Joseph lay sleeping under the hill.



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