

The Shuffler

She shuffled in the morning,
She shuffled in the night,
She shuffled in the afternoon
With all her strength and might.
She had no time for wedding bells,
For kitchen work or kids,
And friends who watched her closely
Feared she headed for the skids.
But alas, she passed away,
While tears and moans were muffled,
And in the village churchyard stands
A tombstone labeled "Shuffled."

— *Frank H. Rowe*
