

## St Brigid and the Baker

As Brigid was walking  
the old narrow track  
she passed by a baker  
with bread in his sack.

She put out a hand  
from the fold of her cloak,  
and these are the words  
she softly spoke:

*“Please give me a loaf  
for my sisters and me,  
and we’ll share it tonight  
as we sit to our tea.”*

But the baker, he muttered  
and shook a mean head.

*“If you want to eat, sister,  
then bake your own bread.”*

She looked in his eyes then,  
but all that she found  
was a stare that was hard  
as the stones on the ground.

So Brigid passed quietly  
along the hard track  
as the bread turned to stone  
on the baker’s back.

*Tony Mitton*