

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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IN AUGUST

A vagrant wind went roving
Across a summer lea;
An elfin wind—a merry wind
That left a swaying field behind,
A ruffled clover field where dined
The gourmand honey bee.

Be sure the wilful rover
Had motive in his glee.
From bee and bloom he pelfed a share
Of honeyed breath and odors rare,
He gathered sweetness everywhere.
And shared the spoils with me.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin*