

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Before Dawn

A guard speaks

"Such gentle sounds I heard as petals make
Falling from roses; stirs that spilled perfume
Beyond all fragrance sweet around the tomb:
(My comrades slept, I watched for dawn to break:)

And there were lights enumerable that seemed
Melodious motion; swift, ecstatic flames—
Hues of a loveliness no mortal names;
All these I saw—men told me that I dreamed.

Nay, every sense was wakeful and aware
Of mystery in this Man crucified.
They called Him Lord of Life and He had died.
We sealed the tomb and He was prisoned there.

Yet Heaven pressed about me in that hour;
I was companioned by immortal things.
Warmed by the Sun of Everlasting Springs
The seed of faith within me came to flower.

My soul proclaimed Him God before His might
Was manifest, and wiser men shall say
Of glory that befell at break of day,
Mine is a record of that holy night."

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.