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St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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Prayer

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Lord, let me wear this sorrow like a rose upon my breast,  
And let me feel that of all pain this is, for me, the best;  
Help me to walk in gallant way with shining, fearless eyes,  
My sorrow like the colors worn by knights of high emprise:

And set a seal upon my lips that no one else may know  
Of the dark fear that shadows me wherever I may go;  
Compel my voice to laughter, Lord, in seeming make me gay,  
And give me tasks to fill the hours of every dreary day.

Let me stand upright in the sun that all my world may see  
The beauty of this crimson pain—this rose I wear for Thee,  
But in the night, Ah, in the night when all who love me sleep,  
Let me be just a frightened child to weep, Dear Lord, to weep!

LUCY G. CLARKIN