

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Another Spring

They know, the gaunt, unlovely trees
Whipped by each icy blast,
That spring will come with gentle breeze,—
That winter cannot last:
Again, in warmth of earth and sun,
The sap, the living sap will run:

So do we know, when life has crushed
The blossoms of our dream;
When songs within our hearts are hushed,
And gloom obscures the gleam
Of hope, that made our toiling fair,
That beauty waits for us—somewhere:

We know that strength is born of stress,—
'Tis true of trees as men,—
And in some hour of tenderness
Peace shall return again;
Sustained by this remembering
We, too, await—Another Spring.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.