

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Amor Christi.

When murdered Hope has lost her crown;
When Reason reels—when Faith is strained;
When dark night on the Soul comes down,
By One alone am I sustained.

When nameless terrors out of Hell,
Encompass me with mortal fears,
Through moonless forest—darkest dell,
One Form to comfort me appears.

Though Demons walk on every side,
And bid me to their fatal tryst,
One still remains to be my guide,
That Stoutest Soldier—Love of Christ.

—J. R. H. F.