

DARKNESS INTO DAWN

When into desolation cast,
We weep for joy that now is past,
Flimsy, futile, former things,
And think that these alone can bring,
Some love, some hope,
Whereof to start
A pulseless heart.

When memory clouds the mind and will,
As if to make life bitter still,
An endless coil winds within,
To make a soul a prey to sin;
And grips us like a prison chain,
As if not free to laugh again,
When searching still,
We look about,
And pale courage stands unrest,
For easy exit,
A hasty route,
Vacillating . . . which is best?
Fumbling for mendacious peace,
We seek some hand outstretched to reach,
To help a soul, so troubled still;
Remember Man, preserve your will.

For darkness has been turned to joy,
By many a child's simple toy,
And peace can only reign within
A mind that's free from outside din.
Don't take all things so heavily,
Just fade them in eternity;
Lift up your heart in mirth and song,
'Tis always darkest before the dawn.

—THOMAS RILEY, '54