

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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## FALL

As bloodhounds from their master's leash will flee,  
Dashing through the woods, their freedom gained,  
The cold winds wind across the barren lea  
And God displays His strength, His might untamed.

A host of leafy nymphs cross o'er the road  
In gay ballet, in rhythm with the gale;  
And sweeping through the meadow with its load,  
The wind transports them through a blighted vale.

In low obeisance to the winds, uncrossed  
An old oak bends her boughs all acorn-tipped;  
Those plants still living wither from the frost,  
And any hands unmittened soon are nipped.

And now the snow drifts down—Away, the Fall!  
Your reign now ends; your fury now recall!

—J. E. TRAINOR '49