

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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The Lost and Dear

They are gone as the winds after a day's wild storming;
The mem'ry of them is sweet in this dull afterglow:
They were the joys of years — gold in the sun of morning,
The sparkle and spur of youth, but gone — I let them go.

Many a time they wove a solace for my grieving,
(Who wears the rose of life must bleed on thorns of pain,)
One dream that held my heart was lovely past believing —
A dream and a mighty hope that will not come again.

So they have passed like winds that die when sun is dying
After the storm and stress when day is shadow-cold;
Sometimes in the chant of song, while organ notes are sigh-
ing,
My heart cries out again for that dream I could not hold.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.