

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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## ❧ The Hard-won ❧

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When it returns, the dear familiar peace,  
That fled beyond our careless certainty,  
When this, our long gethsemane shall cease  
And we be lifted from our agony,—  
When ruthlessness is driven from our skies—  
And, unafraid, the lark of morning sings,  
How we shall feed the hunger of our eyes  
On the lost loveliness of quiet things.

Green shadows sleeping in a garden-pool,  
The patch of moonlight on a bedroom floor,  
A woodland road serene, and sweet, and cool,  
Such things our troubled eyes shall see once more;  
When we have won the stricken world's release  
We will have learned the preciousness of peace.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*