

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Why are ye Fearful?

They were afraid that hour the tempest found them
And waves grew mountainous on Galilee,
The winds shrieked high like evil things around them,
They were afraid and Christ slept quietly;
New-born to faith they could but see he slept
And they, His chosen few, long vigil kept.

How could He sleep?—Did He not know they perished?
He said He loved them well, yet in their need
He had forgotten all He loved and cherished;
Their need for Him was great, yea, great indeed
So did they call aloud in mortal fearing
Forgetting all His weariness and pain,
They were but human men and death was nearing
Had they renounced all things for Him in vain?

He woke, commanded stormy winds, and saith
Why are ye fearful? Ye of little faith!

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.*