

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Clipped Wings

Return, my gallant heart of youth,—
My courage gay and bold—
That we may go adventuring
As in the days of old;
Come, saddle up the milk-white steed—
The winged steed of dreams—
And we'll explore the hills of dawn,
And wade in crystal streams.

Up, and away the golden sun
Is no less gold today
Than when in joyous life we rode
Along this meadow way;
Still gentle winds of morning stir
The fragrant dew-wet lea;
All things are as they were, and yet
They do not seem to be:

Some chord is silent in the strain
That wakes the woodland glen,—
Some beauty vanished from our world
That will not come again;
Our steed, once buoyant as a flame,
Must now be spurred to soar;
Ah, that high rapture that was youth
Shall come no more—no more.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin

in

The Canadian Bookman.