

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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OLD BIRCHES

Out in the fields where rain-pools glisten
Spring comes picking her dainty way;
Listen, O cold bare birches, listen,
Spring is singing a roundelay!

On with your veils of misty greenness;
Billow and drape with right good will.
Hasten, birches, cover your leanness,
Spring is coming across the hill!

Why do you loiter? Woodlands hurry
Into their gowns of verdant hue:
Maybe you've grown too old to worry,
Spring means nothing at all to you.

—*Lucy Gertrude Clarkin*

The Chatelaine, May, 1929