

# St. Dunstan's Red and White

*Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia*

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## Heart's Garden

Of beauty there is left no single trace;  
Bare, barren fields and trees are sorrowing;  
What is there in this winter-ravaged place  
To greet the Risen King ?  
He walked within a garden that far day,  
And fragrant petals kissed His wounded feet;  
Why is there nothing left but this decay  
Our Risen Lord to greet ?

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He who shall call the earth to blossoming  
For our delight, seeks further for His own,  
'Mid buds that burgeon in Eternal Spring,  
By the soul's travail sown:

There would He walk—in the heart's garden close  
Apart and silent, He would linger there;  
Ah, sweeter than the lily or the rose  
To Him—our prayer.

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin.