

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Borrowed Peace

*We do not know what morrow but someday
We shall rejoice in living once again;
Not as of old—no piper shall betray
Our foolish feet to every flowery lane.*

*Too long the distance duped us—far away
Death rode the air and harvested the sea;
We lived on borrowed peace nor thought to pay
Our debt to peoples in Gethsemane.*

*Only the shadows touched us; nations crept
Bleeding and scourged their way of Calvary;
Men groaned and children hungered while we slept:
(How cheap we hold our freedom who are free!)*

*Must youth alone go burdened with our need?
Is there no service that the old may share?
Teach us, O God, the kindlier word and deed—
Lead us the way of sacrifice and prayer.*

—Lucy Gertrude Clarkin