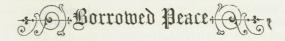
St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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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