

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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Mind of March

Not wind—this is a clarion call
March sends across the land,
The stark and snow-enshrouded trees
Awake and understand.

Dark, prisoned waters stir and strain
Against their icy bars
In eagerness for warming sun
And friendliness of stars.

Cold roots entombed in wintry graves
Give heeding to the call;
The crocus bulbs arouse and wait,
They hear it first of all.

Always these temptest-tones belie
The promises they bring:
A grim precursor this who cries
"Make way— make way for Spring!"

—*Lucy Gertude Clarkin.*