
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

And I would keep my soul
Joyous and sane and whole,
Unshamed by falsehood and unvexed by strife,
Unalien in that clear
And radiant atmosphere
That still surrounds us with a larger life,

When we have laid aside
Our truculence and pride,
Craven self-seeking, turbulent self-will,
Resolved this very day
No longer to obey
The tyrant Mammon who begods us still.

All selfish gain at best
Brings but profound unrest
And inward loss, despite our loud professions.
Think therefore what it is,
What surety of bliss,
To be absolved from burdensome possessions!