
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

For I would shun no task
That kindliness may ask,
Nor flinch at any duty to any kind;
Praying but to be freed
From ignorance and greed,
Grey fear and dull despondency of mind.

So I would readjust
The logic of the dust,
The servile hope that puts its trust in things.
Ephemera of earth,
Of more than fleeting worth,
Are we, endowed with rapture as with wings.

(Type of the soul of man,
The slight yet stable plan!
Those creatures perishable as the dew,
How buoyantly they ride
The vast and perilous tide,
Free as the air their courses to pursue!)