
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

There in some deep ravine
Whose walls are living green,
A sanctuary spacious, cool, and dim,
At earth-refreshing morn,
The pure white clouds are born, —
The incense of the ground sent up to Him.

No slighted task is there,
But equal craft and care
And love in irresistible accord,
The test and sign of art,
Bestowed through every part;
No thought of recognition or reward.

In that diviner air
We shall grow wise and fair,
Not frayed by hurry nor distraught by noise, —
Learn once again to be
Noble, courageous, free, —
Regain our primal ecstasy and poise.