
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

Light-hearted as a bird,
I will obey the word
That bade the earth take form, the sea subside, —
That bids the wild wings go
Each year from line to snow,
When Spring unfurls her old green flag for
guide, —

That bids the fleeting hosts
Along the sl. iving coasts
Once more adventure far by sound and stream, —
Bids everything alive
Awaken and revive, —
Resume the unperished glory and the dream.

I too, with fear put by,
Confront my destiny,
With not a wish but to arise and go,
Where beauty still may lead
From creed to larger creed,
Thanking my Maker that he made me so.