
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

Therefore, my friends, I say,
Back to the fair sweet way
Our mother Nature taught us long ago, —
The large primeval mood,
Leisure and amplitude,
The dignity of patience strong and slow.

Let us go in once more,
By some blue mountain door,
And hold communion with the forest leaves,
Where long ago we trod
The Ghost House of the God,
Through orange dawns and amethystine eves.

There bright-robed choristers
Make music in the firs,
Rejoicing in their service all day long;
And there the whole night through,
Along the dark still blue,
What glorying hosts with starry tapers throng!