
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

Therefore, towards that supreme
Knowledge, that unveiled dream,
That promise of our life from day to day,
The grace of joyousness
Abide with us to bless
And help us forth along the Perfect Way!

The voice of the good priest
In benediction ceased;
The congregation like a murmur rose;
And when I set my pack
Once more upon my back,
'Twas light as any thistle-down that blows.