
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

Let me each day anew
My outward voyage pursue
For the Far Islands and the Apple Lands.
Till through the breaking gloom
Some evening they shall loom,
With one pale star above the lilac sands.

Ah, that day I shall know
How the shy wood-flowers grow
In the deep forest, turning to the light;
Untrammelled impulse still
With glad obedient will
The only guide out of ancestral night.

Oh, I shall comprehend
Truth at my journey's end, —
What being is, and what I strive to be, —
What soul in beauty's guise
Eludes our wistful eyes,
Yet surely is akin to you and me.