
THE WORD AT ST. KAVIN'S

How soon, my friends, how soon
We should obtain the boon
Of shining peace for which the toiler delves,
If only we would give
Our spirit room to live, —
Be, here and now, our brave untarnished selves;

If only we would dare
Espouse the good and fair
Our soul, unbound by custom, still perceives;
And without compromise
Or favour in men's eyes
Live by the truth each one of us believes!

Bow not to vested wrong
That we have served too long,
Pawning our birthright for a tinsel star!
Shall the soul take upon her
Time-service and mouth-honour?
Behold the fir-trees, how unswerved they are!