

Via Vita Veritas

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VERITAS

WE watch the bud in spring, inclining ear
To hear the young leaf lisp in the sheath;
We count the shimmering moments, underneath
The shadow of the summer's fluttering gear;
Our labour care, lest blight or blast should sear
Or shake our fragrant, petal-precious wreath;
Till the hour come in which we would bequeath
The leaf that hangs the last, of all most dear.

O Life, when there is nought betwixt Thy cross
And client, save Thy blood and deathly sweat,
Then sink the good, the ill; the gain, the loss;
Occasion or excuse to joy or grieve;
Fall all the leaves of life without regret;
O Way, O Truth, it is enough to live.

JOHN GRAY