

THE GOOD WINE

JUANITA O'CONNOR

In youth's fair day Thou gavest love's red roses,
The laughter of the world, tumultuous tears,
The urge of dawn, the courage which discloses
The soul's high aim throughout the tangled years.
Thou gavest vaulting dreams to tempt us higher,
The stars for pilots, with the wind for friend,
And ecstasy consumed by its own fire, . . .
But Thou has kept the good wine to the end.

For, after all the unavailing splendour,
The fierce affray, our little show of might,
There shall be healing in earth's soft surrender
Before the tranquil presence of the night;
And when the last faint shadow slowly passes
Within the dark of an eternal deep,
Beneath the soothing silence of the grasses
We each shall find God's last best gift is sleep.