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FOR THE OPENING OF THE
WILLIAM DINSMORE BRIGGS ROOM*

Stanford University

May 7, 1942

Because our Being grows in mind,
And evil in imperfect thought,
And passion running undefined
May ruin what the masters taught;

Within the edge of war we meet
To dedicate this room to one
Who made his wisdom more complete
Than any save the great have done:

That in this room, men yet may reach,
By labor and wit's sullen shock,
The final certitude of speech
Which Hell itself cannot unlock.

YVOR WINTERS

* A room equipped for reading and for social gatherings for graduate students in English, in memory of the late head of the Stanford English department.

P O E M

Call in the oxen and bed the lambs,
Blow out the light on the stable door;
Come is the night, and the moon is throwing
Puddles of cream on the kitchen floor.
Pause in the doorway to stroke the puppy,
Say goodnight to the nearest star.
Home are the dreams that roamed the meadows,
Gathering fay-flowers near and far.
Loosen the buttons on your apron. . . .
(Who is to know it's the flesh you shed?)
Kiss all the sleeping little faces,
Blow out the candle; deep is the bed.

ISOBEL MCBRIDE SARVIS