

## WITHIN A QUIET CLOISTER GARTH

*By BRO. GREGORY HEROLD, O. P*

Within a quiet cloister garth  
I found a seed one day,  
Whatever it might chance to be,  
As yet, I could not say.

But I did plant it deeply there—  
A hope of future years—  
And warmed it with my sunny smiles,  
And wet it with my tears.

Then sing, O Voice, in happy song,  
For at some golden hour,  
The seed took root, and springing up  
Burst forth into a flower!

And now, no matter where I go,  
Its petals sweet impart  
Their tender fragrance deep within  
The dwelling of my heart.