Finis Coronat Opus

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Finis Coronat Opus

Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 4, Spring, 1959.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1959/iss1/2
In youth
I will be lost;
Strike out the gaining years
That mark the tender brow
With lines of toil and fears!
This pledge I do avow:
I will not give them leave,
That vibrant youth decay
And make so soon a yester-eve
Of youth's too blissful day.
Too great
I count the cost
That's burning, carefree youth
To barter for a dimming mind,
To give if one must grasp the Truth,
A bargain poor designed.

FINIS CORONAT OPUS
CLARENCE A. AMANN

But hold!
Shall I but think
Whose Hand it is that dulls
The blade that is young thought . . .
Who toil and care annuls
And decrees with these be bought
A gem of greater worth,
A mind content, more earned
Than childhood's borrowed mirth;
A purpose clearer too discerned?
Too small
A price to pay
For Wisdom, to learned elders rife,
Is Youth; for power to apprehend
Be careful, honest, humble strife
Youth that knows no end!