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CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

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Not love of self alone,  
Struggle for lair and bone,  
But self-denying love of mate and young,  
Love that is kind and wise,  
Knows trust and sacrifice,  
And croons the old dark universal tongue.

In Nature you behold  
But strivings manifold,  
Battle and conflict, tribe warring against tribe?  
Look deeper, and see all  
That death cannot appal,  
Failure intimidate, nor fortune bribe.

Our brothers of the air  
Who come with June must dare,  
Be bold and strong, have knowledge, lust, and  
choice;  
Yet think, when glad hosts throng  
The summer woods with song,  
Love gave them beauty and love lends them voice.