
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

Of old, men walked by fear;
And if their God seemed near,
It was the Avenger unto whom they bowed, —
A wraith of their own woes,
Vain, cruel, and morose,
With anger and vindictiveness endowed.

Of old, men walked by hate;
The ruthless were the great;
Their crumbling kingdoms stayed by might alone.
Men saw vast empires die,
Nor guessed the reason why, —
The simple law of life as yet unknown

As love. Then came our Lord,
Proclaiming the accord
Of soul and nature in love's rule and sway,
The lantern that he set
To light us, shining yet
Along the Perfect Path wherein we stray.