
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

Give Beauty her sweet will,
Make love your mistress still,
You lovers, nor delay! God's time be yours.
Make low-born jealousy
And doubt ashamed to be,
And cast old envious gossip out-of-doors.

Believe the truth of love,
Enact the beauty of love,
Praise and adore the goodliness of love.
For we are wise by love,
And strong and fair through love,
No less than sainted and inspired with love.

Remember the new word
The Syrian twilight heard,
That marvellous discourse which John records,
The one last great command
The Master left his band,
"Love one another!" And our time affords