
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

See rich and poor be fed!
Break up thy soul for bread,
Be loaves and fishes to the hungry heart,
That a great multitude,
Receiving of thy good,
May bless the God within thee and depart!

You workman, love your work
Or leave it. Let no irk
Unsteady the laborious hand, that still
Must give the spirit play
To follow her own way
To beauty, through devotion, care, and skill.

How otherwise find vent
For soul's imperious bent,
Than thro' these hands for wonder-working made,
When Love the sure and bold
Guides to the unfortold?
Blessed the craftsman who is unafraid!