

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

What joybells can we sound across the snow
To wake a heart grief-bound, and lift the eyes
Heavy with tears and dull with ancient woe,
Repeated sorrow of the centuries,
Called by the name of war? We hang on high
A cross vicarious, and we bid men gaze
Into the cradle of his earliest days,
While still and cold in Flanders earth there lies
A dearer sacrifice.

To those who know at heart no joy or peace,
Whose sad, precarious path henceforth must wend
By lonely ways, let Honor bear heartsease,
Swift-footed with bright blossoms in her hand,
Opening every door and bidding home
Each empty memory that seeks to rove,
Warmed at a nation's heart, no more to roam,
Comforted with our love.