

The poverty-stricken millions  
Who challenge our wine and bread,  
And impeach us all as traitors,  
Both the living and the dead.

And whenever I sit at the banquet,  
Where the feast and song are high,  
Amid the mirth and music  
I can hear that fearful cry.

And hollow and haggard faces  
Look into the lighted hall,  
And wasted hands are extended  
To catch the crumbs that fall.

And within there is light and plenty,  
And odors fill the air ;  
But without there is cold and darkness,  
And hunger and despair.

And there in the camp of famine,  
In wind, and cold, and rain,  
Christ, the great Lord of the Army,  
Lies dead upon the plain.

— LONGFELLOW.