

## CHRISTMAS 1914

SURELY the bells to-day will not be rung,  
Nor glad *Venite Adoremus* sung.  
We will not deck with holly-leaves and pine  
The temples where is worshipped Christ divine;  
For lo, once more the Prince of Peace is slain.  
How can we sing *Good-will to Men* again?  
The children all must cease from song and play;  
And music must be mute this Christmas Day.

Only one solemn bell let there be tolled  
To sound a mournful dirge that shall unfold  
The sorrows of the dying and the dead—  
The grief of those who weep uncomforted.  
Let requiem be sung—ashes for incense strown;  
And let the golden organ sob and moan,  
And softly call the children from their play;  
And hush the chiming bells this Christmas Day.

'Twas but a dream! They did not hear aright  
Long, long ago, on that first Christmas Night,  
The music of a star-bright angel-band  
Above those hills in the Judæan land.  
Songs of a dream they heard: *On earth be peace.*  
*Good-will to men. Let wars for ever cease.*  
O call the little children from their play;  
And let us silent be this Christmas Day.

No Belgian child this day will sing or dance;  
No feasting will there be in merry France;  
And none will ring the carillons, nor tell  
The shepherd-story of *Noël, Noël*.  
How can we light the altar and the tree  
While the Destroyer sweeps o'er land and sea?  
Ah, children, we can only weep and pray;  
We cannot laugh or sing this Christmas Day.

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