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L. M.

- 1 "WHAT means this glory round our feet,"
The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"
And voices chanted clear and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."
- 2 "What means that star," the shepherds said,
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
- 3 'Tis eighteen hundred years and more
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for Him like them of yore;
Alas, He seems so slow to come.
- 4 But it was said in words of gold,
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.
- 5 All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our willing hearts incline
To that sweet Life which is the Law.
- 6 So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

J. R. LOWELL.