
CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. KAVIN'S

And evermore must Love
Hearten, foresee, approve,
And look upon the work and find it good;
Else would all effort fail, —
The very stars avail
Less than a swarm of fireflies in a wood.

Take love out of the world
One day, and we are hurled
Back into night, to perish in the void.
Love is the very girth
And cincture of this earth,
No stitch to be unloosed, no link destroyed.

However wild and long
The battle of the strong,
Stronger and longer are the hours of peace,
When gladness has its way
Under the fair blue day,
And life aspires, takes thought, bids good increase.