

HYMN

(Written in the Red Square, Moscow,
under the Kremlin Wall.)

When God was lord, and Tsar was king,
 This wall entomb'd the world,
And from the ramparts of its pride
 The shafts of fury hurl'd.

When God was king, and Tsar was lord,
 These towers eclipsed the sky—
These golden crosses dar'd the stars
 Their splendor to defy.

When God was God, and Tsar was Tsar,
 And God and Tsar were one,
Here, in this templ'd citadel
 The doom of men was done.

Now Tsars are dead, and God denied,

And lo, this mound of stone

A barricade of Liberty

For humble men and lone!

○ Thou, whose spirit moves the deep,

And tells the toll of days,

Thou askest not for name or sign,

Thou seekest not for praise.

Unrecognized, unseen, unknown,
 Thou waitest patient still,
Content if men unwittingly
 Contrive to do thy will.

J. H. H.

With Christmas Greetings

from

Mr. & Mrs. John Haynes Holmes

