

Ye Pyramids are but a tomb  
Wherein did toiling mortals build  
Death's utter darkness ; 'tis his gloom,  
Not peace, wherewith your depths are filled.  
Ye Sphinxes, to the world of old  
Could Life's enigma ne'er unfold ;  
'Tis solved for ages yet to be  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Syria's earthly Paradise,  
Fair Schiraz' gardens of the rose,  
Ye palmy plains 'neath Indian skies,  
Ye shores where soft the spice-wind blows,  
Death stalks through all that looks so fair,  
I trace his shadow everywhere ;  
Look up, and Life's true Fountain see  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

Thou Kaaba, black desert-stone,  
Against which half the world to-day  
Still stumbles, strive to keep thy throne  
Lit by Thy Crescent's pallid ray ;  
The moon before the sun must pale,  
That brighter Sign shall yet prevail,  
Of Him whose cry of victory  
Is Bethlehem and Calvary !

O Thou, who didst not once disdain  
The childish form, the Manger poor ;  
Who once to take from us our pain  
All pain didst on the Cross endure ;  
Pride to Thy Manger cannot bend,  
Thy Cross doth haughty minds offend,  
But lowly hearts draw close to Thee  
In Bethlehem and Calvary !

The Kings approach, to worship there  
The Paschal Lamb, the Shepherd race ;  
And thitherwards the nations fare  
As pilgrims to the Holy Place ;  
The storm of warfare on them breaks,  
The World but not the Cross it shakes,  
When East and West in strife ye see  
For Bethlehem and Calvary !