

Royalty

“And what will you do, papa dear?”
“Of course, I’ll lift my hat.”

He came, with wife and daughters fair,
In robes of richest dye;
He saw me well, but turned his head,
And coldly passed me by.

By stainless instinct fresh from heaven
His haughty heart was read—
“That’s not a good, great man at all,”
My little daughter said.

I cannot tell how strange I felt
With mingled shame and pain;
Such conduct scarred my sense of right,
And roused a just disdain.

We entered church, and so did he,
To celebrate the praise
Of One, a King, who lowly came
To teach men lowly ways.