

Yet not enough. Once more the king denied
his given word;

He dared the wrath of Heaven, and he made
his heart as steel;

Then all the lights of God went out, and no man
even stirred—

But stayed companioned by his fear, in dark-
ness he could feel.

So had each dreadful day gone by, each slow
departing night,

And the queen stood now at sunset alone with
grief and shame,

When one came running towards her through
the failing crimson light,

A little lad, with Egypt's eyes—but hair like
golden flame.

“Thou has been long, Beloved!” she cried, and
frowned all tenderly,

“Indeed I have not seen thee since the burning
noon took wing.”

“Mother of mine,” he answered, “I have been
where I should be

These burdened times of Egypt—beside my
Lord the King.