

Pealed and crashed, till souls, afraid,
Ran to seek the forest shade.
Nor at Bethlehem's village plain,
Where sang the heavenly seraph train
The song of peace and praise most high,
When Christ was born, for man to die.
But look, that Infant in the manger
Now is on a throne of grandeur,
By brilliant rainbow arched o'er,
And built upon a solid floor
Of changeless truth, o'erlaid with pearls
Of love, so many-coloured, fancy whirls!
That throne is theme for lofty chapter,
Those hands once pierced hold the sceptre,
That form from which the blood-drops rolled,
Is regal now with power untold;
Those feet that bled on flinty ways
Stand now within the Gates of Praise;
The Christ who suffered all alone
Now sits upon His Father's throne;
Crowned forever! A Prince! A King!
To whom the Universe shall bring

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