

What is that cry?—O Reeds!
O Wind! O Nile! It is a baby's cry!
He weeps among the rushes. Mother Nile,
Give me this babe and I will teach him words
Swifter than arrows, sharper than a spear.
The lore of all the ages on his lips
Shall be most musical. He will convince
Men by the passion of his voice, the light
Within his eyes. . . .

Where art thou, little babe?
He sleeps, dreaming his careless mother comes.
How I will mother him and shape his hands
To heal the sick; to lift the heavy load
From weary shoulders; open wide the gates
Of guarded cities. There shall be no more
Woe and wide lamentation in the world.
His feet shall be announcement of the spring,
And with his laughter many fountains vie.
Because of him all temples and all thrones
Must tremble till their towers tumble down;
And where they fall children shall come to play,
Making their flower-garlands where the blood
Of sacrifice was vainly poured or kings
Took tribute. . . .

Babe, O little babe! my babe!
Where art thou hiding? Reeds, O faithful reeds,
Tell me your secret! Hath he eyes of Egypt?
Or do they catch the colour of the sky?