

PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER

Voices of prophets pleading for the light,
Songs of glad minstrels making joyous sound,
Blood of brave martyrs crying from the ground,
Woe of all women weeping through the night,
Bear witness to the truth: There is a might
Greater than bannered armies; a profound
Vaster than thought or earth's diurnal round,—
One holy, one unalterable *Right!*

For this a princess dared a king's decree,
Found shelter for a babe lost in the reeds,
And gave a palace for a peasant's hut
To him who on the granite tables cut
Laws that outlast the pyramids—who heeds
Time in the face of such eternity?