HYMN

(Written in the Red Square, Moscow, under the Kremlin Wall.)
When God was lord, and Tsar was king,
This wall entomb'd the world,
And from the ramparts of its pride
The shafts of fury hurl'd.
When God was king, and Tsar was lord,
    These towers eclipsed the sky—
These golden crosses dar’d the stars
    Their splendor to defy.

When God was God, and Tsar was Tsar,
    And God and Tsar were one,
Here, in this templ’d citadel
    The doom of men was done.
Now Tsars are dead, and God denied,
   And lo, this mound of stone
A barricade of Liberty
   For humble men and lone!

O Thou, whose spirit moves the deep,
   And tells the toll of days,
Thou askest not for name or sign,
   Thou seekest not for praise.
Unrecognized, unseen, unknown,
Thou waitest patient still,
Content if men unwittingly
Contrive to do thy will.

J. H. H.
With Christmas Greetings
from
Mr. & Mrs. John Haynes Holmes