

The Cradle on the Nile

Alfred Hough, 1911.

Robert Lowry, 1876.

Just a baby in a cradle  
In the waters on the Nile,  
Then a leader moves a nation,  
Like an army, rank and file.  
This is how God works His wonders,  
Without trumpet or display,  
And we know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

Who will solve the nation's problems,  
Level mountains, tame the seas,  
Crystallize in splendid action  
Visions of the centuries!  
Who will lead the world tomorrow  
In its upward, onward way?  
Hush! we know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

Lips are molding now in silence  
The illuminating word  
Hearts are beating splendid measures  
That we never yet have heard.  
Comes a face with light upon it  
God, behind a face of clay  
Oh, we know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

On some Nile, amidst the rushes,  
Dreaming, hidden from our view,  
There may be a master workman  
Who shall make this old world new.  
Scorn the fear of craven spirits,  
Heed no word the doubters say,  
For they know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

When the night is at its deepest,  
And the darkness Heaven fills,  
There is morning somewhere molding,  
Back behind the eastern hills.  
Never yet has lived a pharaoh  
But some Moses broke his sway,  
And we know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

Earth is full of strange surprises,  
In her near and distant isles,  
For the hand of God is moving,  
Through the rushes, on the Niles,  
Working out new movements, slowly,  
As the older forms decay,  
And we know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

God, a boy, one woman moving  
In a path to her unknown,  
May emancipate a nation,  
And strike down an ancient throne,

Purposes divine are shaping,  
Without haste, without delay,  
And we know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

See, a princess from the rushes,  
Takes one of an alien race,  
Clothes him with the royal purple,  
Sets him in a lofty place.  
He will bide his time in silence,  
Wait to hear what God will say  
Oh, we know not what is rocking  
In the cradle of today.

To the future step right boldly,  
Hail with hope the coming years,  
There is little room for doubting,  
There is little cause for tears;  
With the day's need comes the needed,  
At the need hour, on its way,  
For we know not is rocking  
In the cradle of today.