

Prologue

MOTHER and maiden! on the natal night
Embowered in bliss of roses red and white,
Westward three Magi move to minister
To Him with gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Those Pagans gazing on the Heavenly Host
Were blest of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST;
And me, though I be as an heathen Mage,
Thou wilt accept in this my pious page.