



## The Magi.

*Evening fell—*

**A**ND lo! their star come softly gleaming  
 O'er the Eastern Princes' way,  
 Till its rays, divinely guided,  
 Rested where Emmanuel lay!  
 Entering, with unsandall'd footsteps  
 Bethlehem's lowly, hallow'd Cave,  
 And bending low, their Orient treasures  
 To the Infant Saviour gave!

Burnished gold was Gaspar's offering,  
 Precious gift from Persian mine;  
 Let us kneel with him and offer  
 Love to Mary's Babe divine,  
 Love to Jesus and to Mary,  
 Love we trust shall ne'er grow cold.  
 Our Infant Saviour smiles His welcome,  
 'Tis to Him the purest gold!