

Postscript

Yours O Lord is cradle never
Too small for receiving the word
Itself becoming flesh

Yours O Lord are the loving arms
Too ample for so tender still
A heart as Mary's

Yours O Lord are only riches
That never need fear the least dearth
Of a shepherd's gift

Yours O Lord are but riches that
Lie not within the pale of most
Royal three wise men

Yours O Lord is that one truth which
Is fenced in by the muted lips
Of a blinded heart

Yours O Lord are but leftovers
And crumbs of self-deluding deeds
Of me you can beg

Else only naught can I offer
You beggar of God

—Gabriel Vahanian