

As with gladness men of old  
did the guiding star behold,  
as with joy they held it's light,  
leading onward, beaming bright.  
So, most gracious God, may we  
evermore be lead to Thee.

As with joyful steps they sped,  
to that lowly manger-bed,  
there to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore,  
so may we with willing feet  
ever seek Thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts most rare  
at the manger rude and bare,  
so may we with holy joy,  
pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
all our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

Holy Jesus, every day  
keep us in the narrow way;  
and, when earthly things are past,  
bring our ransomed souls at last  
where they need no star to guide,  
where no clouds Thy glory hide.

In the heavenly country bright  
need they no created light,  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
there for ever may we sing  
alleluias to our King.