

We three Kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar,
field and fountain, moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

*O Star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright,
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King of Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring, to crown Him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense own a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising, all are raising,
worship Him, God most high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and sacrifice
'Alleluia, alleluia!'
earth to heaven replies.