



We three kings of orient are

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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 on Bethlehem plain
Gold I bring, to crown Him again
King for ever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign:

Refrain

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high:
Refrain



Myrrh is mine: its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealer in the stone-cold tomb:

Refrain

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God, and sacrifice!
Heav'n sings alleluia,
Alleluia the earth replies:

Refrain

