

## **WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE**

Bearing gifts we travel 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's plain  
Gold I bring to crown Him again:  
King forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign:

Frankincense to offer have I;  
Incense owns a Deity nigh:  
Prayer and praising, all men 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.  
Heaven sings 'Alleluia!'  
'Alleluia!' the earth replies.