We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are

Bearing gifts we traverse afar

Field and fountain, moor and mountain

Following yonder star.

Star of wonder, star of night

Star with royal beauty bright

Westward leading still proceeding

Guide us to thy perfect light.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
   Gold I bring to crown Him again
   King for ever, ceasing never
   Over us all to reign.

3. Frankincense to offer have I
   Incense owns a Deity nigh
   Prayer and praising, all men raising,
   Worship Him, God most high.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
   Breathes a life of gathering gloom.
   Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
   Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

5. Glorious now behold Him arise,
   King and God and Sacrifice!
   Alleluia, alleluia
   Heaven to Earth replies.