We Three Kings of Orient Are

1 We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we bring,
2 Born a king on Beth-lehem's plain, gold I bring to King and God and Son,
3 Frankincense to offer have I, incense owns a crown;
4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume breathes a life of deity and grace;
5 Glorious now behold him arise, King and God and Son,

transverse afar, field and fountain, moor and mountain,
crown him again, King forever, ceasing never,
deity night; prayer and praising, voices raising,
gather ring gloom: sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sacrience; Alleluia! Alleluia!

Refrain

following wonder star,
over us all to reign.
worshipping God on high. O star of wonder,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb. sounds through the earth and skies.

star of night, star with royal beauty bright, westward

leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

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