We three kings of Orient are

1. We three kings of Orient are; bearing gifts we bring, to crown him again;
2. Born a king on Bethlehem plain, gold I owns a dignity nigh;
3. Frankincense to offer have I; incense life of gathering gloom;
4. Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom;
5. Glorious now, behold him a rise, King, and gifts we traverse afar field and fountain,

moor and mountain, following yonder star:
ceasing never, over us all to reign:
all men raising, worshipping him, God most high:
bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb:
lucky alleluia the earth replies:

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