1. We three kings of Orient are; 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.

5. Glorious now, behold him arise, King, and God, and sacrifice!

Heaven sings Alleluia, Alleluia the earth replies:

FINE
2. Born a king on Beth-le-hem plain, Gold I bring, to crown him again
3. Frank-incense to offer have I; Incense owns a deity nigh:
4. Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gloom:

King for ever, ceasing never, O'er us all to reign:
Prayer and praising, all men raising, Worship him, God most high:
Sor-row-ing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb:

O star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright,

Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.

(3rd time)

D.C. al FINE