Three Kings from Persian Lands Afar

How brightly shines the point-ing star:
And this the quest of the travel-lers three, Where the morn-ing star!
With grace and new-born King of the Jews may be. Full roy-al gifts they bear for the truth from heav'n a-far Our

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King; Gold, incense, myrrh are their offering.

Jesse tree now blow—

The star shines out with a steadfast ray; The kings to Bethlehem

Soprano

Alto

Of Jacob's stem and

Tenor

Bass

make their way, And there in worship they bend the knee, As Mary's

David's line, For thee, my
Verse 3

child in her lap they see; Their royal gifts they show to the Bridegroom, King divine, My King; Gold, incense, myrrh are their offering.
soul with love o'erfloweth.

Thou child of man, lo, to Bethlehem

Thy word, Thy word, Thy word,
The kings are travelling, travel with them!

The star of mercy, the star of grace, Shall lead thy heart to its resting place. Gold, incense, myrrh thou canst not bring; Offer thy heart to the

In - ly feeds us, Right - ly leads us,

Life bestow - ing. Praise, O
 infant King, Of fer thy heart!

 praise such love o'er flow - eth.