We Three Kings of Orient Are

1. We three kings of Orient are, Bearing gifts we traverse afar;  
   Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Following yonder star.

2. Born a King on Beth-lehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again;
   King forever, ceasing never Over us all to reign.

3. Fran-ince to of-fer have I, Incense owns a deity night;
   Prayer and praying, all men raising, Worship Him, God on 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. Glo-rious now behold Him arise, King and God and Sacrifice;
   Alleluia, Alleluia, Peals through the earth and skies.

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