We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar. Field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star.

Born a King on Bethlehem’s plain, gold I bring to crown Him again. King forever, ceasing never, over us all to reign.

Fran incense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity nigh; Prayer and praising, all men raising, worship Him, God on high.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes an life of gathering gloom: Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb. alleluia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

Glorious now behold Him arise, King and al-le-lu-ia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

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

Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to Thy perfect light.

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