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

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to crown Him again. Cessing never, over us all to reign. All men raising, worship Him, God on high.

Franincense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity night; Prayer and praising life of gathering gloom: Sorrowing, sighing, God and sacrifice; Alleluia, Alleluia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes an almighty voice; Alleluia! Alleluia! Phantoms of the skies;

Glorious now behold Him arise, King and Sovereign, now on high, in the midst of yon deacon's song, Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

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