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

Born a King on Beth-lehem'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. bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb. Alleluia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes an life of gathering gloom: Sor - rowing, sighing, Alleluia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

Glo -rious now behold Him arise, King and God and sacrifice; Alleluia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

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