

We Three Kings

Paul Brandt

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

O star of wonder, star of light
Star with royal beauty bright,
 Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, voices raising,
Worshipping God on high.

Myrrh is mine,
Its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Glorious now behold Him arise;
King and God and sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Sounds through the earth and skies.