

# 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.