

## **Hymn Lyrics – Large Font**

### **Hymn 173 – We three kings**

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

Refrain:

O star of wonder, star of light, star of royal beauty bright, westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

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

Refrain

3. Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh, prayer and praising, voices raising, worshipping God on high.

Refrain

4. Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom, sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stonecold tomb.

Refrain

5. Glorious now behold him arise, King and God and sacrifice: hallelujah, hallelujah, sounds through the earth and skies.

### **Hymn 175 – Brightest and best of the stars on the morning**

1. Brightest and best of the stars of the morning, dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid; star of the east, the horizon adorning, guide where our infant redeemer is laid.

2. Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining, low lies his head with the beasts of the stall; angels adore him in slumber reclining, Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

3. Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion, odours of Edom and offerings divine, gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean, myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation, vainly with gifts would his favour secure; richer by far is the heart's adoration; dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5. Brightest and best of the stars of the morning, dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid; star of the east, the horizon adorning, guide where our infant redeemer is laid.

### **Hymn 145 – In the bleak mid-winter**

1. In the bleak midwinter, frosty wind made moan; earth stood hard as iron, water like a stone; snow had fallen, snow on snow, snow on snow, in the bleak midwinter, long ago.
2. Our God, heaven cannot hold him, nor earth sustain; heaven and earth shall welcome him when he comes to reign: in the bleak midwinter a stable place sufficed the Lord God incarnate, Jesus Christ.
3. Angels and archangels may have gathered there, cherubim and seraphim thronged the air; but his mother only, in her maiden bliss, worshipped the Beloved with a kiss.
4. What can I give him, poor as I am? If I were a shepherd, I would bring a lamb; if I were a Wise Man, I would do my part; yet what I can I give him: give my heart.

### **Hymn 151 – Lo, how a rose e'er blooming**

1. Lo, how a Rose e'er blooming from tender stem hath sprung, of Jesse's lineage coming, as prophets long have sung. It came, a floweret bright, amid the cold of winter, when halfspent was the night.
2. Isaiah 'twas foretold it, the Rose I have in mind; with Mary we behold it, the virgin mother kind. To show God's love aright, she bore to us a Saviour, when half spent was the night.
3. This flower, whose fragrance tender with sweetness fills the air, dispels with glorious splendour our darkness everywhere. True flesh, yet very God, from sin and death he saves us and shares our every load.
4. O Saviour, child of Mary, who felt our human woe, O Saviour, King of glory, who dost our weakness know, bring us at length, we pray, to the bright courts of heaven and to the endless day.