

## Lo, the pilgrim magi

Lo! the pilgrim magi  
leave their royal halls,  
and with eager footsteps  
speed to Bethlehem's walls;  
as they onward journey,  
faith, which firmly rests,  
built on hope unswerving,  
triumphs in their breasts.

O what joy and gladness  
filled each heart, from far  
when, to guide their footsteps,  
shone that radiant star;  
o'er that home so holy,  
pouring down its ray,  
where the cradled infant  
with his mother lay.

Costly pomp and splendor  
earthly kings array;  
he, a mightier Monarch,  
hath a nobler sway;  
straw may be his pallet,  
mean his garb may be,  
yet with power transcendent  
he all hearts can free.

At his crib they worship,  
kneeling on the floor,  
and their God there present,  
in that Babe adore;  
to our God and Savior  
we, as Gentiles true,  
give our heart o'erflowing,  
give our tribute due.

Bringing of our substance,  
gold unto our King;  
pure and chastened bodies  
to our Christ we bring;  
unto him, like incense,  
vow and prayer address;  
so with meetest offerings,  
him our God confess.

Glory to the Father,  
Fount of Life alone;  
who unto the Gentiles,  
made his glory known.  
Equal praise and glory,  
blessed Son, to thee,  
and to thee, blest Spirit,  
evermore shall be.