

O'er Bethl'hem's Hill, in Time of Old  
Mark Pearse, 1879.  
Livesey Carrott.

O'er Bethl'hem's hill, in time of old,  
Came wise men from afar,  
Bringing their costly gifts of gold,  
For they had seen His star.  
In princely pomp, with presents meet,  
They came to worship at His feet.

The silvery lamp thro' all the night  
Led on their eager way,  
Until upon His lowly home  
Was shed its gentle ray;  
And there they found the Infant King,  
And on the ground fell worshipping.

So, gracious Spirit, by Thy light,  
Shine Thou upon our way;  
To guide our feet to Christ the Lord,  
Who would our homage pay;  
For He who is the children's king  
Will not disdain what children bring.

For gifts, we give ourselves to Thee,  
Our hearts shall be Thy throne;  
For gold, we give Thee all our love,  
O make it all Thine own!  
As incense sweet Thy praise we sing,  
And bless Thy name, our Savior King.