

Over Trackless Regions

Translated by John Brownlie, 1907.

Folk melody.

Over trackless regions, from the morning land,
Bearing costly treasures, came a seeking band
Wise men with devotion, from the morning land.
Wheresoe'er the star led, in the ebon sky,
Thither pressed those wise men, with uplifted eye,
Following the star light in the ebon sky.

They would find the young king whom the star foretold;
They would render homage, and their gifts unfold,
Bowing low before Him, whom the star foretold.
Jesu, Son of David, God's Incarnate Word,
Endless, unbegotten, by the wise adored
We would bow before Thee, God's Incarnate Word.

Not without an offering would we seek our king;
But with true devotion what is noblest, bring
With a gift so precious, would we seek our king.
Jesu, King eternal, Son of God, divine,
Man, yet still remaining of the Godhead Trine
See, our hearts we give Thee, Son of God, divine.