

# We Three Kings



We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star

Chorus:
O Star of wonder, star of night
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.

Chorus

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, voices raising
Worship Him, God most high

Chorus

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

Chorus

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and sacrifice
Heaven sings, 'Alleluia!'
'Alleluia!' the Earth replies

Chorus