

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