

# We Three Kings

Dan Fogelberg

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

Born a king on Bethlehem's plain  
Gold I bring to crown Him again  
King forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign, oh

Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to thy perfect light

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