

We Three Kings

Feeling Left Out

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

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

Myrrh is mine, it's bitter perfume
Breaths a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding dying
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb

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

Glorious now behold him arise
King and God and Sacrafuce
Alleluia, alleluia
Heaven to Earth replies

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