

We Three Kings

Harry Connick, Jr.

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

R: O, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to the perfect light

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

R:

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, God on High

R:

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

R:

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and sacrifice
Heaven sings, "Hallelujah!"
Hallelujah!" Earth replies

R: