

## 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: