

# We Three Kings

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

O star of wonder, star of light  
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

Frankincense to offer have I  
Incense owns a Deity nigh  
Prayer and praising, voices raising  
Worshiping God on high

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

Glorious now behold Him arise  
King and God and sacrifice  
Alleluia, Alleluia  
Sounds through the earth and skies