

We Three Kings

Steven Curtis Chapman

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

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

Frankincense to offer have I
My gift of love and sacrifice
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, 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