

WE THREE KINGS

VERSE ONE

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

CHORUS

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

VERSE TWO

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

CHORUS

VERSE THREE

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

CHORUS

VERSE FOUR

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

CHORUS

VERSE FIVE

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Earth to heav'n replies.

CHORUS