

We Three Kings Of Orient Are

We three kings of orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star.

Chorus

Oh - star of wonder, star of night, 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.

Chorus

Oh - 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, incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising, worship Him, God most high.

Chorus

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

Myrrh is mine, Its bitter perfume, breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Chorus

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

Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and Sacrifice!
Heaven sings A-le-lu-ia, A-le-lu-ia, the earth replies.

Chorus

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