We Three Kings of Orient Are

1 We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we bring
2 Born a king on Beth-le-hem's plain, gold I bring to thee
3 Fran kin-cense to offer have I, in-cense owns a spice
4 Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume breathes a life of grace
5 Glorious now behold him arise, King and God and King

Verse

transverse afar, field and fountain, moor and mountain,
crown him again, King forever, ceasing never,
decy thy night; prayer and praising, voices raising,
gather the ring gloom: sorrow, sighing, bleeding, dying.
Sacrifice; Alleluia! Alleluia!

Refrain

following yonder star.
over us all to reign.
worshiping God on high. Star of wonder,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb. Sounds through the earth and skies.

star of night, star with royal beauty bright, westward
leading, still proceeeding, guide us to thy perfect light.

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