We Three Kings

1. We three kings of Ori-ent are; bear-ing gifts we
   tra-verse a-far, field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain,
   fol-lo-wing yon-der star.

2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, gold I bring to
   crown him a-gain, King for-e ver, ces-ing ne-ver,
   o-ver us all to reign.

3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I; in-cense owns a
   De-i-ty nigh; prayer and prais-ing, voices rais-ing,
   wor-shi-ping God on high.

4. Myrrh is mine; its bit-ter per-fume breathes a life of
   ga-the-ring gloom; sor-rowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing,
   sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5. Glo-rious now be-hold him a-rise; King and God and
   sac-ri-fice: Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia,
   sounds through the earth and skies.

Refrain

star of light, star with roy-al beau-ty bright, west-ward
lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, guide us to thy per-fect light.

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