We Three Kings of Orient Are

1. We three kings of Orient are, Bearing gifts we bring
2. Born a King on Beth-lehem's plain, Gold I bring to Thee
3. Frankincense to offer I, Incense owns a crown
4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of sorrow
5. Glist'rous now behold Him arise: King and God and

Verse

transverse afar— Field and fountain, morn and mornage—
crown Him again, King forever, ceasing never,
Dead is He tonight; Prayer and praise, all men raising,
Gather the ring gloom— Sorrow, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sac - ri - fice; Alle - lu - ia, Alle - lu - ia!

We Three Kings of Orient Are

Verse

Follow wing yonder star,
Over us all to reign,
Worship Him, God on high.
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb,
Earth to heav'n replies.

Verse

Star of night, Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading still,
Proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.