

We Three Kings of Orient Are

Kings:

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.**

Melchior:

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

Balthazar:

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Pray'r and praising, voices raising
Worshiping God on high.

Caspar:

Myrrh, a gift of bitter perfume,
Healing balm, all darkness consume.
As our newborn Christ does emanate,
Roses of hope now bloom.

All:

Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Earth to heav'n replies.