

## WE THREE KINGS

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

cho: Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty  
bright.

Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide with thy perfect light.

(Melchior) Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,  
Gold I bring to crown him again  
King for ever, ceasing never over us all to reign. ....

(Casper) Frankincense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity  
nigh

Pray'r and praising, all men raising,  
Worship him, God most high, oh.....

(Balthazar) Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes a life of  
gathering gloom.

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone cold  
tomb.

(all Glorious now behold him arise, king and God and  
sacrifice

Alleluia, alleluia, heaven to earth replies. ....

