

# We Three Kings

The Irish Rovers

We three kings of Orient are  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar  
Field and fountain, mure and mountain  
Following yonder start

Oh-oh  
Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to thy perfect light

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

Oh-oh  
Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to thy perfect light

Frankincense to offer have I  
Incense owns a deity nigh  
Bare and praising, all men raising  
Worshiping God most high

Oh-oh  
Star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to thy perfect light

Myrrh is mine, its perfume so sweet  
Blessed child, we kneel at they feet  
Alleluia, Alleluia  
Earth to the heavens repeat

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Star with royal beauty bright  
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