

We Three Kings

Blackmore's Night

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

Frankincense to offer have I
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, God on High

O, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to the perfect light

Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain
Gold we bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

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