

We Three Kings

Halford

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

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 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
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, 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 bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
Sealed in a stone cold tomb

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Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

Glorious now, behold Him arise
King and God and sacrifice
Heaven sings Alleluia
Alleluia, the earth replies

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Star with royal beauty bright
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Guide us to thy perfect light