

We Three Kings

Sam Tsui

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

Following yonder star
Myrrh is mine: Its bitter perfume

Breaths a life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying
Sealed in a stone-cold tomb
O star of wonder, star of night

Star of royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy light
We three kings of Orient are

Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder
Following yonder
Following yonder star