We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are,
Bear-ing gifts, we traverse afar.
Field and fountain,

Moor and mountain Following yonder

Star. O Star of Wonder, Star of

---

arranged for Public Domain by Barbara F. Gregory
We Three Kings

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

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

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume,
Breaths a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Glorious now, behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice.
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Earth to the heavens replies.