



## We Three Kings

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

O 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.

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