We Three Kings

Celtic Woman

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

Born a King on Bethlehem's 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

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Glorious now, behold Him arise King and God and Sacrifice Alleluia, Alleluia Earth to heav'n replies

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