

# We Three Kings

Harry Connick, Jr.

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

Following yonder star  
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's plain  
Gold, I bring to crown Him again  
King for ever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign

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 star of wonder, star of night  
Star with royal beauty bright  
Westward leading, still proceeding  
Guide us to thy perfect light  
Myrrh is mine, it's bitter perfume breathes

A life of gathering gloom  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying  
Sealed in the stone cold tomb

Oh star of wonder, star of night  
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

Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia  
Heaven to earth replies  
Oh 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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