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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