

# Jingle Bells

## The Roches

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

Refrain

O star of wonder, star of light,  
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 forever, ceasing never,  
Over us all to reign.

Refrain

Frankincense to offer have I;  
Incense owns a Deity nigh;  
Prayer and praising, voices raising,  
Worshipping God on high.

Refrain

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

Refrain

Glorious now behold Him arise;  
King and God and sacrifice;  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Sounds through the earth and skies.

Refrain

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written by JOJIC, BORIS / PIERPONT, JAMES N

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