

We Three Kings of Orient Are

Antony Pitts & Tonus Peregrinus

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 of 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 rein

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star of 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

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

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes of life of gathering gloom
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying

Sealed in the stone-cold tomb
O Star of wonder, star of night
Star of royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light
Guide us to Thy perfect light
Guide us to Thy perfect light

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