

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 for ever, 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!
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,
Heaven to earth replies.

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Star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

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