

We Three Kings

Blackmore's Night

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, morr and mountain
Following yonder Star
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising
Worship Him, God on High
O, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to the perfect light
Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain
Gold we bring to crown Him again
King forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign
O, star of wonder, star of might
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to the perfect light
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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