

# Blackmore's Night, We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are  
Bearing gifts we traverse afar  
Field and fountain, morn and mountain  
Following yonder Star

Frankincense to offer have I  
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

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