

Christmas, We Three Kings Of Orient Are

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar
Fields and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star
O star of wonder, star of night
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
O star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light