

Dan Fogelberg, We Three Kings

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 forever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign

Oh...

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

[Repeat]

Guide us to thy perfect light