**We Three Kings of Orient Are**

[All:]
We three kings of orient are,
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field 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.

[Melchior:]
Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again
King for ever, ceasing never
Over us all to reign.

[Casper:]
Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Worship Him, God most high.

[All:]
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

[Balthazar:]
Myrrh is mine,
Its bitter perfume breathes
A life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

[All:]
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice!
Al-le-lu-ia, al-le-lu-ia,
Heaven to earth replies.

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