

Bride, We Three Kings

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse so far
Field and fountain, moor and mountain
Following yonder star

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

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

Frankincense and myrrh have I
I give the love in sacrifice
Prayer and praising, all men rising
Worship Him, God most high

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Star with royal beauty bright
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