

Annie Haslam

"We Three Kings"

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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.
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.
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 night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.
Myrrh is mine, it's bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom
Sorr'wing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
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;
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Earth to heav'n replies.
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.

