

## Bing Crosby

### "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 might,  
Star with royal beauty bright,  
Westward leading, still proceeding,  
Guide us to the perfect light.

Born a babe on Bethlehem's plain;  
Gold we bring to crown Him again;  
King forever, ceasing never,  
Over us all to reign.

Chorus

Frankincense to offer have I;  
Incense owns a Deity nigh;  
Prayer and praising, all men raising,  
Worship Him, God on High.

Chorus

Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying  
Sealed

Chorus

Glorious Now behold Him arise  
King and God, and sacrifice  
Heaven sings Alleuia  
Alleuia the Earth replies

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