

Patti Smith

"We Three Kings"

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(From the album "A Very Happy Christmas")

We three kings of orient are, bearing gifts we traverse
afar

Field and fountain, moor and mountain, following
yonder star.

cho: Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal
beauty bright.

Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide with 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

Pray'r and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high, oh.....

(Balthazar) Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes a
life of

gathering gloom.

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the
stone cold tomb.

(all Glorious now behold him arise, king and God and
sacrifice

Alleluia, alleluia, heaven to earth replies.

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