Rob Halford "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

Oh, oh, 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 plain Gold I bring to crown Him again King forever, ceasing never Over us all to reign

Oh, oh, 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 most high

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

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gloom Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying Sealed in a stone cold tomb

Oh, oh, 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 Heaven sings Alleluia Alleluia, the earth replies

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

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