

We Three Kings

The Irish Rovers

We three kings of Orient are
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, mure and mountain
Following yonder start

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's 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
Bare and praising, all men raising
Worshiping 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 perfume so sweet
Blessed child, we kneel at they feet
Alleluia, Alleluia
Earth to the heavens repeat

Oh-oh
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Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to thy perfect light

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