We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to crown Him again.
Fran incense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity high;
Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes an life of gathering gloom;
Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and sacrifice;
Field and fountain, Field and fountain, following yonder star.
We Born Fran Myrrh Glo three kings of Orient are, bearing
Kings cense mine, its bitter perfume breathes an life of gathering gloom;
God and sacrifice; Alleluia, Moor and mountain, following yonder star.
All men raising, worship Him, God on high.
Bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Alleluia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.
O 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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