## We Three Kings



- 2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again King for ever, ceasing never Over us all to reign.
- 4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gloom. Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Sealed in the stone cold tomb.
- 3. Frankincense to offer have I Incense owns a Deity nigh Prayer and praising, all men raising, Worship Him, God most high.
- 5. Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and Sacrifice! Alleluia, alleluia Heaven to Earth replies.