

Oh Christmas Tree Farm, Langley, B.C.

We Three Kings

We three kings of orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star.

Oh, star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright.
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide with thy perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown him again
King for ever, ceasing never over us all to reign.....

Frankincense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity nigh
Pray'r and praising, all men raising,
Worship him, God most high, oh.....

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom.
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Glorious now behold him arise, king and God and sacrifice
Alleluia, alleluia, heaven to earth replies...