

# CAROL OF THE WISE MEN

The star we've waited for so long  
To tell us of his coming,  
Is here! Is here! And we must go.  
With trumpets and drums drumming!  
The star we follow on this night  
Will lead us to the cradle,  
Where he was born that holy night  
In poor and lowly stable.  
The way is long, the way is cold,  
We cannot tarry longer,  
The birth of him the star has told  
The way is still much longer  
A King is born this holy morn  
And gifts to him we're bringing.  
The child we've waited for is born!  
Oh hear the angels singing!

