We Three Kings

John Henry Hopkins, Jr., 1857

1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse afar,
   Falling fountains, moor and mountain, Following yonder star.

2. Born a King on Bethlehem's plain Gold I bring to crown Him there,
   Praying and praising, voices raising, Worshiping God on high;

3. Frankincense to offer have I; Incense owns a Deity
   Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gathering gain,
   Star of wonder, star of light, Star with royal beauty bright,

5. Glorious now behold Him arise; King and God and sacrifice
   Alleluia, Alleluia, Sounds through the earth and skies.

Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light.

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