We Three Kings of Orient Are

1. We three kings of O-ri-ent are; Bear-ing gifts we tra-verse a-far—
2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain; Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain,
3. Frank-in-cense to of-fer have I, In-cense owns a De-i-ty nigh;
4. Myrrh is mine, its bit-ter per-fume Breathes a life of ga-the-ring gloom—
5. Glo-ri-ous now be-hold Him a-rise: King and God and Sac-rifi-ce;

Field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain— Fol-low-ing yon-der star.
King for-ever, ces-ing ne-ver, O-ver us all to reign.
Prayer and prais-ing, all men rais-ing, Wor-ship Him, God on high.
Sorr’-wing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia! Earth to heav’n re-plies.

O star of won-der, star of night, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,

West-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, Guide us to thy per-fect light.

Text: John Henry Hopkings, Jr., 1820-1891
Tune: John Henry Hopkings, Jr., 1820-1891

Irregular

KINGS OF ORIENT

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