We Three Kings of Orient Are

1 We three kings of Ori-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 Fran-kin-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 gal-thering gloom:
5 Glo-rious now be-hold him a-rise, King and God and Sac-ri-fice;

field and foun-tain, moor and moun-tain, fol-low-ing yon-der star.
King for-ever, ceas-ing ne-ver, o-ver us all to reign.
prayer and prais-ing, voi-ces rais-ing, wor-ship-ping God on high.
sor-rowing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.
Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! sounds through the earth and skies.

Refrain

O star of won-der, star of night, star with ro-yal beau-ty bright,
west-ward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, guide us to thy per-fect light.

Text: John H. Hopkings, Jr. (1820-1891), alt.
Tune: John H. Hopkings, Jr. (1820-1891)

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