

We three kings of Orient are John Henry Hopkins

We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we traverse afar;
field and fountain,
moor and mountain,
following yonder star.

*O star of wonder, star of night,
star with royal beauty bright;
westward leading, still proceeding,
guide us to thy perfect light.*

Born a King on Bethlehem 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,
prayer and praising gladly raising,
worship him, God most high.

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,
earth to heav'n replies.