We Three Kings

John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

Gm  D7  Gm  Gm

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

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to crown Him again. King forever, ceasing never, over us all to reign. all men raising, worship Him, God on high.

Francisco incense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity night; Prayer and praising bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb. al-le-lu-ia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes an life of gathering gloom: Sorrowing, sighing, God and sacrifice; Al-le-lu-ia,

Glo-rious now behold Him arise, King and

O star of wonder, star of night. Star with royal beauty bright.

Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to Thy perfect light.