We Three Kings

John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

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, cease ing never, over us all to reign. all men raising, worship Him, God on high. bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Fran in cense to offer have I, incense owns a Deity night; Prayer and praising life of gathering gloom: Sor rowing, sighing, God and sacrifice; Alle lu ia.

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes an al le lu ia! Sounds thru the earth and skies.

Glorious now behold Him arise, King and O__ star of wonder, star of night. Star with royal beauty bright.

West ward lead ing, still pro ceed ing, guide us to Thy perfect light.

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