

# We Three Kings

John Henry Hopkins, Jr.

We three kings of O - ri - ent are, bear - ing gifts we trav - erse a - far.  
Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain, gold I bring to crown Him a - gain.  
Fran - in - cense to of - fer have I, in - cense owns a De - i - ty nigh;  
Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume breathes an life of gath - er - ing gloom:  
Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and sac - ri - fice;

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Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, fol - low - ing yon - der star.  
King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, o - ver us all to reign.  
Prayer and prais - ing all men rais - ing, wor - ship Him, 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 thru the earth and skies.

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

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West - ward lead - ing, still pro - ceed - ing, guide us to Thy per - fect light.