

*We Three Kings of Orient Are*  
*Text by John Hopkins*

We three kings of Orient are;  
Bearing gifts, we traverse afar  
Field and fountain, moor and mountain,  
Following yonder star.

Refrain:

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's plain,  
Gold I bring, to crown Him again,  
King forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign.

Refrain

Frankincense to offer have I,  
Incense owns a Deity nigh.  
Prayer and praising all men raising,  
Worship Him, God most high.

Refrain

Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume  
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;  
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,  
Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Refrain

Glorious now behold Him arise,  
King and God and Sacrifice,  
Alleluia, Alleluia,  
Earth to the heav'ns replies.

Refrain



PDF by Kyle Coughlin

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