We Three Kings

1. We three kings of Orient are
2. Born a king on Bethlehem's plain,
3. Frankincense to offer have I,
4. Myrrh is mine: Its bitter perfume
5. Glorious now behold Him arise,

Bearing gifts we traverse afar.
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
Incense owns a Deity high.
Breaths of life, gathering gloom.
King and God of Israel take Him captive.

Field and fountain, moor and mountain,
King forever, ceasing never
Prayer and praising, all men raising,
Alleluia, Alleluia

Following us all to reign.
Worship Him, God on high.
Sealed in stone cold tomb.
Sounds through the earth and skies.

Tuning: D-F#-A

(1857) John Henry Hopkins, Jr.
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O star of wonder, star of night,

Star with royal beauty bright,

Westward leading, still proceeding,

Guide us to thy perfect Light.