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

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

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

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

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

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

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light

Glorious now behold Him arise
King and God and Sacrifice
Alleluia, Alleluia
Earth to heav’n replies

O Star of wonder, star of night
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading, still proceeding
Guide us to Thy perfect light
We Three Kings of Orient Are

John H. Hopkins

All 1. We three kings of Orient are; Bearing gifts we traverse a-

Melchior 2. Born a King on Beth-le-hem's plain, Gold I bring to crown Him a-

Gaspar 3. Frank-incense to offer have I, Incense owns a De-i-ty

Balthazar 4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume Breathes a life of gather-ing

All 5. Glorious now behold Him arise, King and God and sac-

far, Field and fountain, moor and mountain, Following yon-der star.
gain, King for-ev-er, ceas-ing nev-er, O-ver us all to reign.
nigh, Pray'r and prais-ing, all men rais-ing, Wor-ship Him, God most High.
gloom; Sorrow-ing, sigh-ing, bleed-ing, dy-ing, Seal'd in the stone-cold tomb.
fice; Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Earth to the heav'n re-plies.

CHORUS

O star of wonder, star of night, Star with roy-al beau-ty bright,

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