We Three Kings Of Orient Are

We three kings of Orient are, Bearing gifts we traverse afar,

(Gaspar) Born a King on Bethlehem plain, Gold I bring to crown Him again,

(Melchior) Frankincense to offer have I, Incense owns a Deity high.

(Balthazar) Myrrh is mine; its bitter perfume Breaths a life of gathering gloom;

5. Glorious now behold Him arise, King, and God, and sacrifice;

Field and fountain, Moor and mountain, Following yonder star.

King forever, Estonia never Over us all to reign.

Prayer and praising All men raising, Worship Him, God on high.

Sorrowing, sighing, Bleeding, dying, Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

Heaven sings Alleluia; Alleluia the earth replies.

Chorus

O star of wonder, star of night, Star with royal beauty bright.

Westward leading, still proceeding, Guide us to thy perfect light. Amen.

Words and Music by John Henry Hopkins, Jr. (1820-1891)

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