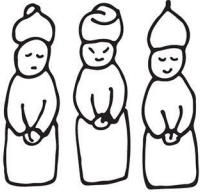


We Three Kings

by John Henry Hopkins Jr.

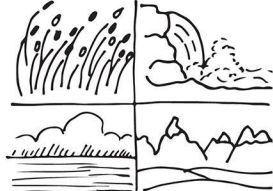
verse 1



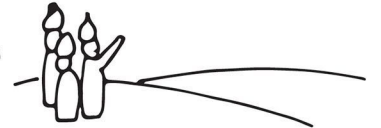
We three kings
of Orient are



Bearing gifts we
traverse afar

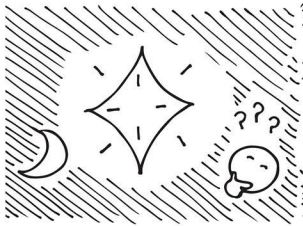


Field and fountain,
moor and mountain

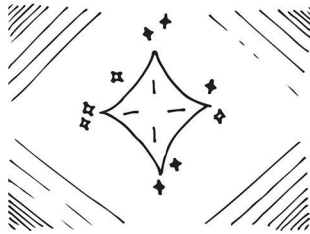


Following yonder star

chorus



O Star of wonder,
star of night



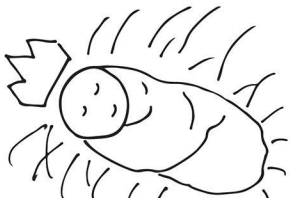
Star with royal
beauty bright



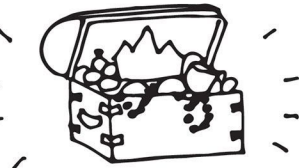
Westward leading,
still proceeding

Guide us to
thy Perfect Light

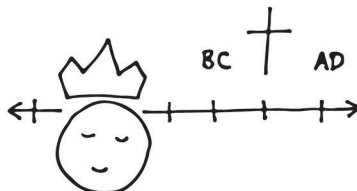
verse 2



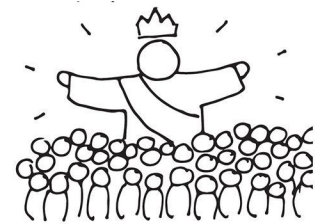
Born a King on
Bethlehem's plain



Gold I bring to
crown Him again

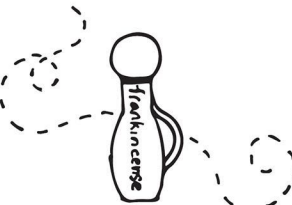


King forever,
ceasing never



Over us all to reign

verse 3



Frankincense to offer
have I



Incense owns
a Deity nigh



Prayer and praising,
all men raising

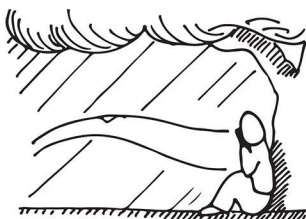


Worship Him,
God most high

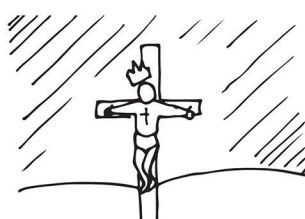
verse 4



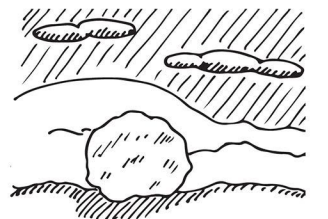
Myrrh is mine,
its bitter perfume



Breathes of life
of gathering gloom



Sorrowing, sighing,
bleeding, dying



Sealed in the
stone-cold tomb

verse 5



Glorious now
behold Him arise



King and God
and Sacrifice



Alleluia, Alleluia



Earth to heav'n replies