

We three kings of Orient are

John Henry Hopkins (1820-1891), alt. The Editors.

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1. We three kings of Orient are;
bearing gifts we travel 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 your perfect light.*

2. Born a King on Bethlehem plain,
gold I bring, to crown him again,
King for ever, ceasing never,
over us all to reign.

3. Frankincense to offer have I,
God on earth to glorify,
prayer and praising, gladly raising,
worship him, God most high.

4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
breathes a life of gathering gloom;
sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

5. Glorious now behold him arise,
King and God and sacrifice;
alleluia, alleluia,
earth to the heav'ns replies.

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01449 738827