

## Hymn - We Three Kings

{ Lyrics: John Henry Hopkins Jr. (1857) }

**Em**                      **B7**                      **Em**  
We three kings of Orient are  
**Born a King on Bethlehem's plain:**  
**Frankincense to offer have I:**  
**Myrrh is mine: it's bitter per- fume**  
Glorious now be- hold Him a- rise:

**B7**                      **Em**  
Bearing gifts we traverse a- far –  
**Gold I bring to crown Him a-gain,**  
**Incense owns a Deity nigh;**  
**Breathes a life of gathering gloom –**  
King and God and Sacri- fice;

**D**                      **G**                      **D7** **G**  
Field and fountain, moor and moun- tain –  
**King for- ever, ceasing nev- er,**  
**Prayer and praising, all men rais- ing,**  
**Sorr'wing, sighing, bleeding, dy- ing,**  
Alle- luia, allelu- ia!

**Am**                      **Em**                      **B7** **Em**  
Following yon- der star.  
**Over us all to reign.**  
**Worship Him, God on high.**  
**Sealed in the stone- cold tomb.**  
Earth to heav'n re- plies.

### CHORUS:

**D D7 G**                      **C**                      **G**                      **C**                      **G**  
**O----- star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright,**  
**Em**                      **D**                      **G**                      **C**                      **G**                      **D**                      **G**                      **C**                      **G**  
**Westward lead-ing, still pro-ceed-ing, guide us to Thy perfect light.**