



We Three Kings of Orient Are

JOHN H. HOPKINS

mf

1. We three kings of O - rient are; Bear - ing gifts we tra - verse a - far,
 2. Born a King on Beth - le - hem's plain. Gold I bring, to crown Him a - gain,
 3. Frank - in - cense to of - fer have I, In - cense owns a De - i - ty night,
 4. Myrrh is mine, its bit - ter per - fume Breathes a life of gath - er - ing gloom,
 5. Glo - rious now be - hold Him a - rise, King and God and sac - ri - fice

mf

Field and foun - tain, moor and moun - tain, Fol - low - ing yon - der star.
 King for - ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, O - ver us all to reign.
 Pray'r and prais - ing, all men rais - ing, Wor - ship Him, God most high.
 Sorrow - ing sigh - ing, bleed - ing, dy - ing, Seal'd in the stone cold - tomb.
 Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le lu - ia, Earth to the heav'n's re - plies.

CHORUS *ff a tempo*

Q star of won - der, 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.

WE THREE KINGS

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2.19B

Begin in D-minor

1. (All, mf, with Audience) 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 light,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light.*

2. (Baritone, mp) Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
Gold I bring to crown Him again,
King forever, ceasing never,
Over us all to reign.

Change Key to G-minor

3. (Tenor, mp – enter octave above last note of 2)
Frankincense to offer have I;
Incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, voices raising,
Worshipping God on high.

4. (Bass, mf – octave lower than tenor)
Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breathes a life of gathering gloom;
Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Change Key to D-minor

5. (All, forte, with Audience) Glorious now behold Him arise;
King and God and sacrifice;
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Sounds through the earth and skies.

*O star of wonder, star of light,
Star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding,
Guide us to thy perfect light. (Repeat last 2 lines)*