## 93. WE THREE KINGS OF ORIENT ARE

Text and Music: John Henry Hopkins (1820-1891)



- 4. Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom; sorr'wing, 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.