

Kings of the Orient

Marian Froelich, 1885

Asa Hull

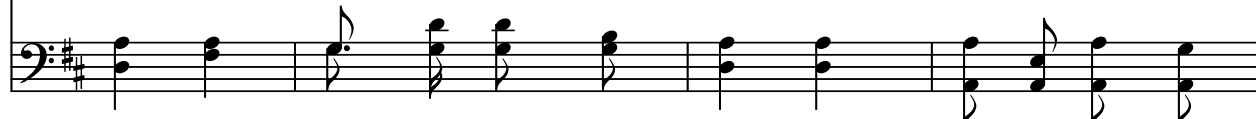
♩=85



1. O kings from east - ern shore, Why speed ye on your
2. The trap - pings of your steeds, The splen - dor of your
3. Why bear ye in your hands, Yon gold and spice and



way? What have ye gained of lore, Ye rest not night nor
state, The Star that on - ward leads, Tell of a pur - pose
gem? Why haste from dis - tant lands, T'ward lit - tle Beth - le-



day? The heav'n - ly sign have we Read o'er with ea - ger
great! "Je - ho - vah gave a sign, And us with wis - dom
- hem? "The mys - tic scroll pro - claims The Star as Ju - dah's



eye, And writ - ten there we see The King of kings is
blessed, And while yon light shall shine, Our jour - ney's t'ward the
own, And Da - vid's ci - ty names, Where He shall set His



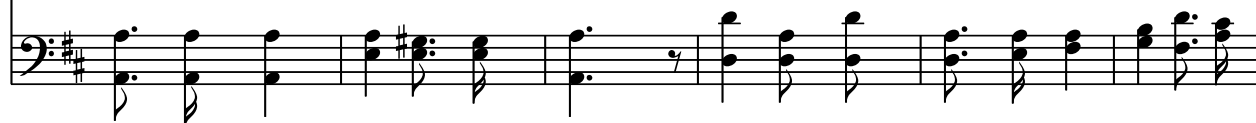
Full Chorus

nigh!
west!"
throne!"

Kings of the Or-i - ent, hi-ther ye come! Out of the



dark-some East, is that your home? Tid-ings most won-der-ful to us ye



bring! Wel-come, wel-come, wel-come we sing!

