O'er the hill and o'er the vale

Come three kings together;
Caring nought for snow and hail,
Cold and wind and weather;
Now on Persia's sandy plains,
Now where Tigris swells with rains,
They their camels tether:
Now through Syrian lands they go,
Now through Moab faint and slow,
Now o'er Edoms' heather.

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2. O'er the hill and o'er the vale,
Each king bears a present:
Wise men go a child to hail,
Monarchs seek a peasant:
And a star in front proceeds,
Over rocks and rivers leads,
Shines with beams incessant:
Therefore onward, onward still,
Ford the stream and climb the hill:
Love makes all things pleasant.

3. He is God ye go to meet;
Therefore incense proffer:
He is king ye go to greet;
Gold is in your coffer:
Also man, he comes to share
Ev'ry woe that man can bear -
Tempter, Railer, Scoffer:
Therefore now, against the day,
In the grave when him they lay
Myrrh ye also offer.

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