

- 1. 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.
- 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
 Myrhh ye also offer.

