

There came three kings

Charles Vincent (1852 - 1934)

1. There came three kings by God's own hand Led by a star from Morn-ing land, To

SOLO VOICE OR
SEMI-CHORUS

6 Christ - ward thro' Hie - ru - sa - lem, Un - to the crib at Beth - le - hem: God

10 - san - na! Ho - san - na in the high - est!
bring us to you Babe al - so, Him for to wor-ship ev - er - mo!

2. Within the star so great and sheen,
A golden-crownèd Babe is seen;
His sceptre is a crown of gold,
His face like sunshine to behold.
God, evemore to man below,
Light from yon blissful star bestow.
3. From eastern land, in haste the while,
They journey many a weary mile;
O'er hill and vale, through sleet and snow,
By frith and fen, on, on they go.
God, may the pathway never be
Too tough and hard that leads to Thee.
4. Though Herod welcome bade the kings,
Their hearts are full of other things,
Forth from the stately court in speed,
They to the lowly crib proceed.
God, nought till death, whate'er betide,
Us from the right road turn aside.
5. Now when the kings came to the stall,
Before the Babe they straightway fall;
Each saintly pilgrim then presents
His gold, or myrrh, or frankincense.
God, take our gifts, at best but small,
Goods, body, soul, life, heart, and all.
6. By frankincense the three proclaim
That God Almighty is His Name;
Myrrh, to the Son of Man they bring,
And gold, in token of her King.
God, keep us steadfast in this creed,
From heresy and schism freed.
7. Our Lady fain the kings doth greet,
E'en bids them kiss her baby sweet;
Viaticum it was, in fay,
To cheer them on their homeward way.
God, grant, when death shall us depart,
This heav'nly bread may cheer our heart.

(Source: Carols old and carols new, Boston, 1916)