

# O'er the hill and o'er the vale

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*Joyfully*

1. O'er the hill and o'er the vale Come three kings to - geth - er, Car-ing nought for  
snow or hail, Cold, and wind, and weath - er; Now on Per-sia's san-dy plains,  
Now where Ti-gris swells with rains, They their cam-els teth - er; Now through Syr-ian  
lands they go, Now through Mo-ab, faint and slow, Now through E-dom's heath - er.

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.  
Thefore 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  
Every woe that man can bear.  
Tempter, Railer, Scoffer:  
Therefore now against the day,  
In the grave where Him they lay,  
Myrrh ye also offer.

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