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

2. Within the star so great and sheen,
A golden-crowned Babe is seen;
His sceptre is a crown of gold,
His face like sunshine to behold.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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