THE THREE SHIPS

1. As I went up the mountain side The three

2. Ye have heard the song, how these must ply From the

3. Yet as I live, I never knew That

4. From the heights above the bel-fried town I

5. The sun and the wind they told me there How

6. They have mixed their shrouds with the golden sky, They have

sea be-low me to the glitter'd wide, And
har-bors of home to the ports o' the sky! Do ye
ever a song could ring so true, Till I
saw that the sails were patched and brown, But the
good-l-y a load the three ships bear, For the
faded a-way where the last dreams die. Ah

east-ward, far-ther away, I spied On
dream none know-eth the whither and why On
saw them break thru a haze of blue On
flags were a-flame with a great renown On
first is gold and the second is myrrh, On
yet, will ye watch, when the mist lifts high On

WORDS BY ALFRED NOYES (1180-1958)
MUSIC BY COLIN TAYLOR (1881-1973)
Christmas Day, on Christmas Day, The three great ships that
take the tide On Christmas Day in the morning.
sailing by On Christmas Day in the morning?
flags they flew On Christmas Day in the morning!
golden crown On Christmas Day in the morning.
cense most rare, On Christmas Day in the morning.
sailing by On Christmas Day in the morning?