

# A Modern Russian Christmas Carol

[Michele A. Berdy's The Word's Worth](#)

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**Pixabay**

We three☒kings — rich men we are  
Bearing☒gifts we traverse afar.  
From☒villas with fountains, across the mountains,  
Bringing☒our gifts to the царь!

О царь of wonder, царь of night,  
Царь with royal beauty bright,  
Westward once, but now no more  
Countries fear our awesome might.

The first king speaks:  
Born I was in a family poor,  
Gold I bring to crown him once more,  
Царь forever, ceasing never  
Over us all to reign ... and reign.

The second king speaks:  
Ладан\* I bring for a minister's wife,  
Incense lifts the quality of life.

Gifts and praising we're always raising,  
Hoping to avoid all strife.

The third king speaks:

Мирра\*\* is mine: Its bitter perfume  
Breathes some life in the gathering gloom.  
Presents, trinkets, perfume and jewelry...  
Fill up our splendid back rooms...

But when we brought in our baskets of loot  
All ran off, when they saw there no fruit  
Rules are changing! Is power waning?  
What's a poor oligarch to do?

О царь of wonder, царь of night,  
Царь with royal beauty bright,  
Westward once, but now no more  
Countries fear our awesome might.

С Рождеством Христовым! Merry Christmas to all celebrating on December 25!

\* Frankincense

\*\*Myrrh

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