

### Three Kings' Song

Translated by Sabine Baring-Gould(1834-1924)

French Flanders melody.

The Magi came out of the Orient land,  
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby!  
They rode over rock and they rode over sand,  
Right glad, then were those three.

And as they went riding, a star went before,  
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby!  
The form of a glorious infant it bore,  
Right glad, then were those three.

And when to Jerusalem city they came,  
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby!  
They saw not the star with its glorious flame,  
How sad, then were those three.

And as they were sitting at dinner one day,  
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby!  
An angel of Heaven appeared and did say,  
Right glad, then were those three.

"Go, Magi, once more from the town to the wild,"  
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby!  
"For Herod is seeking the life of the Child,"  
How sad, then were those three.

But when from the city they hastened in fear,  
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby!  
The star went before, shining brightly and clear,  
Right glad, then were those three.

They came to the stable at Bethlehem town,  
Now rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye, pretty baby!  
They poured out their treasures, and lowly kneeled down,  
Right glad, then were those three.