King Pharaoh. [Gypsy Christmas Carol.]



[Original version]

King Pharim sat a-musing,
A musing all alone;
There came a blessed Saviour,
And all to him unknown.

"Say, where did you come from, good man,
Oh, where did you then pass?"
"It is out of the land Egypt,
Between an ox and an ass."

"Oh, if you come out of Egypt, man, One thing I fain I known, Whether a blessed Virgin Mary Sprung from an Holy Ghost?

For if this is true, is true, good man,
That you've been telling to me,
That the roasted cock do crow three times
In the place where they did stand."

Oh, it's straight away the cock did fetch, And feathered to your own hand, Three times a roasted cock did crow, On the place where they did stand.

Joseph, Jesus and Mary
Were travelling for the west,
When Mary grew a-tired
She might sit down and rest.

They travelled further and further,
The weather being so warm,
Till they came unto some husbandman
A-sowing of his corn.

"Come husbandman!" cried Jesus,
"From over speed and pride,
And carry home your ripened corn
That you've been sowing this day.

For to keep your wife and family
From sorrow, grief and pain,
And keep Christ in your remembrance
Till the time comes round again."

[Restored version]

King Pharaoh sat a-musing,
A-musing all alone;
There came the blessed Saviour,
And all to him unknown.

"Say, where did you come from, good man?
Oh, where did you then pass?"
"It is out of the land of Egypt,
Between an ox and ass."

"Oh, if you come out of Egypt, man,
One thing I ween thou knowst:
Is Jesus sprung of Mary
And of the Holy Ghost?

For if this is true, is true, good man,
That you have told to me,
Make this roasted cock to crow three times
In the dish that here we see!"

Oh, it's straight away the cock did rise,
All feathered to the hand,
Three times the roasted cock did crow,
On the place where they did stand.

Joseph, Jesus and Mary
Were travelling for the west,
When Mary grew a-tired
She might sit down and rest.

They travelled further and further,
The weather being so warm,
Till they came unto a husbandman
A-sowing of his corn.

"Come husbandman!" cried Jesus,
Throw all your seed {away,}
aside,}
And carry home as ripened corn
That you have sowed this {day;}
tide;

For to keep your wife and family
From sorrow, grief and pain,
And keep Christ in remembrance
(Till the time comes round again.)
Till seed-time comes again.