

10) *LO, THE EASTERN SAGES RISE*

Lo! the eastern sages rise,  
At a signal in the skies,  
Brighter than the brightest gem,  
'Tis the star of Bethlehem.

Balaam's mystic words appear  
Full of light, divinely clear;  
And the import wrapp'd in them,  
Is the star of Bethlehem.

Rocks and deserts can't impede,  
On they press, no aid they need ;  
Day and night a guide to them,  
Is the star of Bethlehem.

Now the holy wise men meet  
At the Royal infant's feet;  
Offerings rich are made by them  
To the star of Bethlehem.

Joyful let us quickly rise,  
Still the signal's in the skies;  
David's rod of Jesse's stem,  
Is the star of Bethlehem.

*Lyver Hymnys ha Salmow, no. 72*

Tus fur howldrevel a sef  
Orth arweth dyworth an nef,  
Splanna es gem an splanna,  
Stere'n Bethlehem yma.

Geryow Balaam yn ur-ma  
Mur a wolow a dhysqua,  
Oll an styr gwryoneth bew  
Stere'n Bethlehem yth yu.

- Traditional carol from Cornwall.
- The first translation into Cornish had only verses 1, 2 and 5.
- So did Ken George's translation of 1987.
- Now Ken George has translated the other two verses (2024 Apr 16).

Gwren ny sevel lowenek,  
Whath yma'n arweth nevek,  
Gwelen Davyth, bar Yesu,  
Stere'n Bethlehem yth yu.

Trelyans gans Ken George

Ott! Tuz fur a sev yn-bann  
Orth an sin a Nev a-vann,  
splanna es an splanna gemm,  
otta stere'n Vethlehem!

Ott! A Valaam 'teu an ger  
leun a wolow sans ha kler;  
ynno styr gwiryonedh byw,  
stere'n Vethlehem yth yw.

Meyn, difeythtir, ny wrons lett;  
heb ryz gweres, 'th ons-i sket;  
aga gidyans nos ha dydh  
stere'n Vethlehem a vydh.

Ott! An dhoethyon sans a dhe'  
byz dhe'n Fleghik yn y le;  
dhodho rohow drudh a rons;  
stere'n Vethlehem yn-hons.

Sevyn lowen oll yn-bann  
orth an sin a Nev a-vann,  
gwelenn Dhavydh, barr Yesu,  
stere'n Vethlehem yth yw.