

WHAT CHILD IS THIS?



What child is this, who, laid to rest,
On Mary's lap is sleeping,
Whom angels greet with anthems sweet,
While shepherds watch are keeping?
This, this is Christ the King,
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing;
Haste, haste to bring Him praise,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Come, have no fear; God's son is here.
His love all loves exceeding.
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through,
The Cross He bore for me, for you;
Hail, hail, the Saviour comes,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh;
Come, peasant, king, to own Him!
The King of kings salvation brings;
Let loving hearts enthrone Him!
Raise, raise the song on high!
While Mary sings a lullaby.
Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
The Babe, the Son of Mary!

