

1. What child is this who, laid the 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 laud, the Babe, the son of Mary!

2. Why lies he in such mean estate. Where ox and ass are feeding?

Good Christians fear: for sinners here the silent word is pleading.

Nail, spear shall pierce him through, the cross be borne from me, for you;

Hail! Hail, the word made flesh, the Babe, the son of Mary!

3. 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 son of high! The virgin sings her lullaby.

Joy! Joy, for Christ is born, the Babe, the son of Mary!