

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 laud.
The babe, the Son of Mary.

Why lies he in such mean estate
Where ox and ass are feeding?
Good Christian, fear, for sinners here
The silent word is pleading.
Nails, spear, shall pierce him through
The cross he bore for me and you;
Hail, hail the word made flesh,
The babe, the Son of Mary.

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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,
The Virgin brings her lullaby,
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The babe, the Son of Mary.