



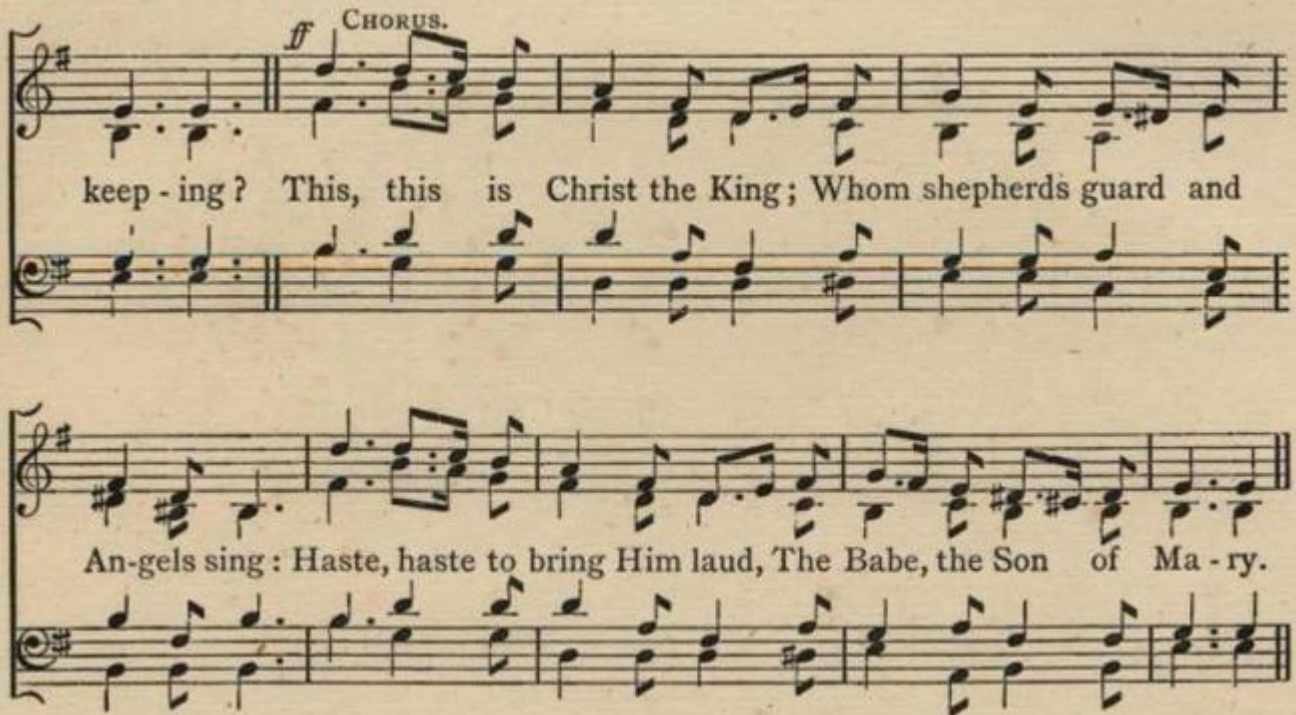
XIV.

What Child is this?

What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Ma - ry's lap is

sleeping? Whom An - gels greet with anthems sweet, While shepherds watch are

ff CHORUS.



keep - ing? This, this is Christ the King; Whom shepherds guard and
 An-gels sing: Haste, haste to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Ma - ry.

2.

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 be borne, for 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 song on high,
 The Virgin sings her lullaby:
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!