

What Child Is This

Lyrics by William C. Dix, 1865; tune "Greensleeves," 1871

verse 1



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,

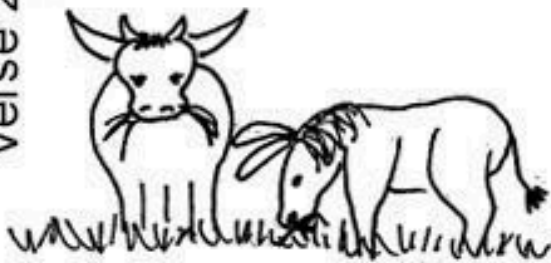


Whom shepherds guard
and angels sing;



Haste, haste,
to bring Him laud,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

verse 2



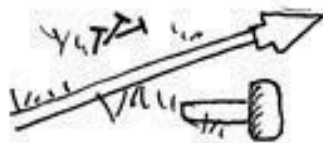
Why lies He in such mean estate,
Where ox and ass are feeding?



Good Christians, fear,
for sinners here



The silent Word
is pleading.



Nails, spear shall
pierce Him through,

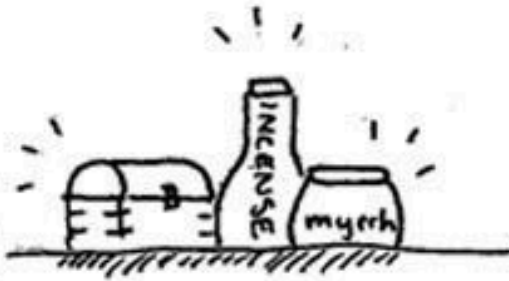


The cross be borne
for me, for you.



Hail, hail the Word
made flesh,
The Babe, the Son of Mary.

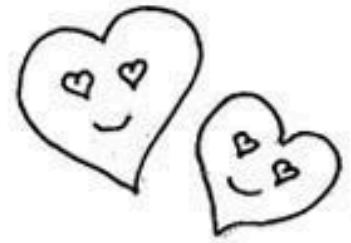
verse 3



So bring Him incense,
gold and myrrh,
Come peasant, king to own Him;



The King of kings
salvation brings,



Let loving hearts
enthroned Him.



Raise, raise a song on high,



The Virgin sings
her lullaby.



Joy, joy for Christ is born,
The Babe,
the Son of Mary.

