

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:
come, greet the infant Lord,
the Babe, the Son of Mary!

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, spears, shall pierce Him through,
the cross be born for me, for you:
hail, hail the Word made flesh,
the Babe, the Son of Mary!

So bring Him incense, gold and myrrh,
come peasants, 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!