

What Child Is This?

Steven Curtis Chapman

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
Why lies He in such humble place
Where ox and sheep are feeding
Come, have no fear, God's Son is here
His love, all love's exceeding
This, this is Christ the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste, haste to bring Him laud
The Babe, the Son of Mary
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
His mother sings her lullaby
Joy, joy for Christ is born
The Babe, the Son of Mary
This, this is Christ the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste, haste to bring Him laud
The Babe, the Son of Mary
This is our God
This is our King
This is our Savior
We will forever sing
He is our God
He is our King
He is our Savior
We will forever sing
This is our God

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