

What Child Is This

Kelly Price

{Sometimes I just wonder how it must have been actually
Have lived in ancient times, I mean imagine what it would of been like
To actually walk the streets of Bethlehem and hear that a Child
Had been born who's King of kings and Savior of the world} {Now I can imagine saying, what Child is this?
What Child is this? Who would leave a legacy
So strong that even today we still
Celebrate His life? What Child is this?} What Child is this?
Who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping
Whom angels greet with anthem 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 Sometimes I just think about it, um
I just sit and think about the Baby Boy born in a manger
Sometimes I just want to shout it
Shout joy to the world, sometimes 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 Sometimes I just think about it, oh, I sit and think about
The Baby Boy born in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothing
Sometimes I just want to shout it
Over the hills and every where, sometimes This, this is Christ, the King
Whom shepherds guard and angels sing
Haste, haste to bring Him laud
The Babe, the Son of Mary Sometimes I just think about it
Oh sometimes I wonder, what Child is this?
Sometimes I just want to shout it
I want to go and tell it on the mountain, sometimes Every now and then, sometimes I just think about
I think about the Christ Child, what Child is this?
And then again sometimes, sometimes I just want to shout it
I just want to tell the world, sometimes

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