What Child Is This

Shedaisy

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
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
The Babe, the Son of Mary, Mary
And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them
And the glory of the Lord shone 'round about them
And they were sore afraid
And the angel said unto them, "Fear not
For behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy
Which shall be to all people
For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior
Which is Christ the Lord"
And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe
Wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger
And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly host
Praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest
And on earth, peace, good will toward men"

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