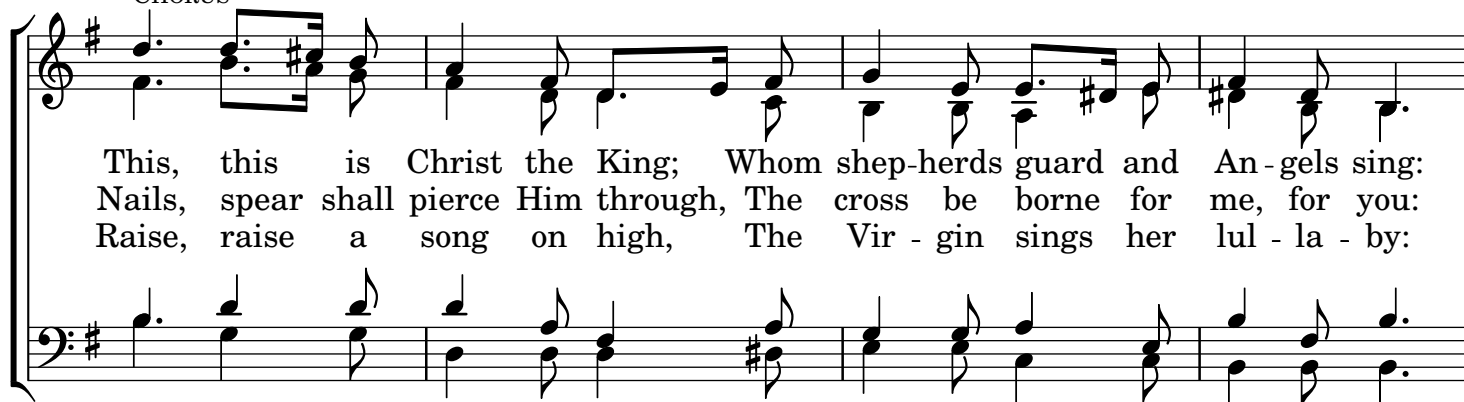


1. What Child is this, who, laid to rest, On Mar-y's lap is sleep-ing?
 2. Why lies He in such mean es - tate, Where ox and ass are feed - ing?
 3. So bring Him in - cense, gold and myrrh, Come pea-sant, king, to own Him:

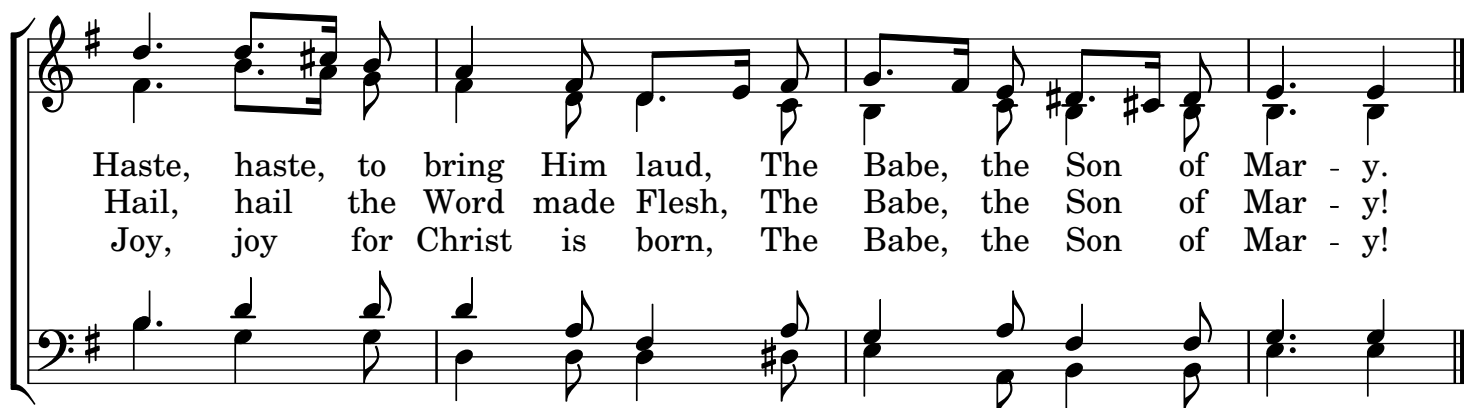


Whom An - gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep - ing?
 Good Chris-tian, fear, for sin-ners here The si - lent Word is plead - ing:
 The King of kings sal - va - tion brings, Let lov - ing hearts en-throne Him.

CHORUS



This, this is Christ the King; Whom shep-herds guard and An-gels sing:
 Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The cross be borne for me, for you:
 Raise, raise a song on high, The Vir - gin sings her lul - la - by:



Haste, haste, to bring Him laud, The Babe, the Son of Mar - y.
 Hail, hail the Word made Flesh, The Babe, the Son of Mar - y!
 Joy, joy for Christ is born, The Babe, the Son of Mar - y!