

What Child Is This?

Rod Stewart

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

Why lies He in such mean estate
Where ox and donkeys are feeding?
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here
The silent Word is pleading
Nails, spears shall pierce him through
The cross he bore for me, for you
Hail, hail the Word made flesh
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 a song on high
The virgin sings her lullaby
Joy, joy for Christ is born
The babe, the Son of Mary

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Whom shepherds guard and angels sing:
Haste, haste to bring Him laud
The babe, the son of Mary