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 quard 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 ass are feeding? Good Christian, fear, for sinners here The silent Word is pleading This, this is Christ the King Whom shepherds quard and angels sing Haste, haste to bring Him laud The babe, the Son of Mary Nails and spears shall pierce Him through The cross He bore for me, for you So hail, hail the Word made flesh 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 Raise, raise the song on high The virgin sings her lullaby Joy, joy for the Christ is born The babe, the Son of Mary