

Francesca Battistelli

"What Child Is This?"

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The first Noã«l
The angels did say
Was to certain poor shepherds
In fields as they lay

In fields where they
Lay keeping their sheep
On a cold winter's night
That was so deep

Noã«l, Noã«l, Noã«l, Noã«l
Born is the King of Israel
Noã«l, Noã«l, Noã«l, Noã«l
Born is the King of Israel

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 a song on high,
The virgin sings her lullaby.
Joy, joy for Christ is born,
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.

