

John Mcdermott

"What Child Is This"

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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 worship 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?
Come have no fear, god's son is here,
His love all loves exceeding.
Nails, spear, shall pierce him through,
The cross be borne for me, for you:

Hail, hail, the saviour comes,
The babe, the son of mary.

So bring him incense, gold and myrrh,
All tongues and peoples own him.
The king of kings salvation brings,
Let ev'ry heart enthrone him.
Raise, raise your song on high,
While mary sings a lullaby;
Joy, joy for christ is born,
The babe, the son of mary.

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