

## Ray Conniff

### "Greensleeves"

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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 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 ass are  
Feeding?  
Good Christians, fear, for sinners here The silent Word  
Is pleading.  
Nails, spear shall pierce Him through, The cross be  
borne  
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  
Enthroned 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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