

## What Child Is This

Francesca Battistelli

The first Noël  
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

Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël  
Born is the King of Israel  
Noël, Noël, Noël, Noël  
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.