

## What Child Is This?

Steven Curtis Chapman

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

Why lies He in such humble place  
Where ox and sheep are feeding  
Come, have no fear, God's Son is here  
His love, all love's exceeding

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, the song on high  
His mother sings her lullaby  
Joy, joy for Christ is born  
The Babe, the Son of Mary

This is our God  
This is our King  
This is our Savior  
We will forever sing  
He is our God  
He is our King  
He is our Savior  
We will forever sing  
This is our God