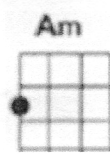
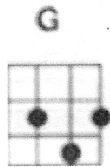
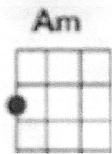


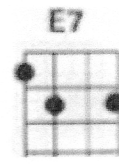
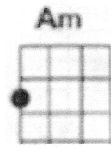
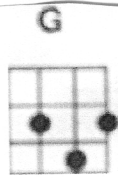
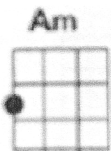
What Child is This?

William C. Dix Old English Air

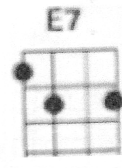
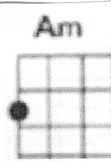
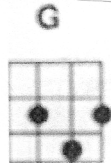
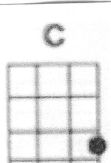
uke: GCEA



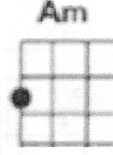
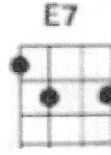
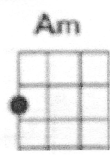
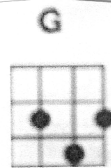
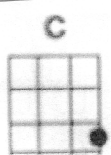
1. What child is this, Who, laid to rest On Ma-ry's lap, is sleep-ing?
 2. Why lies he in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feed-ing?
 3. So bring him in-cense, gold and myrrh, Come peas-ant, king to own him,



Whom an-gels greet with an-thems sweet, While shep-herds watch are keep-ing?
 Good Chris-tian, fear, for sin-ners here The sil - ent Word is plead-ing:
 The King of kings, sal - va - tion brings, Let lov - ing hearts en-throne him.



This, this is Christ the King, Whom shep-herds guard and an-gels sing:
 Nail, spear, shall pierce him through, The cross be borne, for me, for you:
 Raise, raise the song on high, The Virgin sings her lullaby:



Haste, haste to bring him laud, The babe, the son of Ma-ry!
 Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, The babe, the son of Mar-y!
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born, The babe, the son of Ma-ry!