What child is this?

J. T. Field



- 2. Why lies He in such mean estate, Where ox and ass are feeding? Good Christian, 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!
- 3. 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,
 The Virgin sings her lullaby:
 Joy! joy! for Christ is born,
 The Babe, the Son of Mary!