

# What Child Is This? / The Holly and the Ivy

## Bing Crosby

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 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  
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 sing her lullaby:  
Joy, joy, for Christ is born  
The Babe, the Son of Mary

(Chorus)

Oh, the rising of the sun and the running of the deer  
The playing of the merry organ, sweet singing in the choir

The holly bears a blossom as white as lily flower  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to be our sweet savior

(Chorus)

The holly bears a berry as red as any blood  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ to do poor sinners good

(Chorus)

The holly bears a prickle as sharp as any thorn  
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ on Christmas Day in the morn

(Chorus)

The holly bears a bark as bitter as any gall

And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ for to redeem us all

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>