

Kelly Price, What Child Is This

Sometimes I just wonder how it must have been to actually have lived in ancient times. I mean imagine what it would of been like to actually walk the streets of Bethlehem and hear that a child had been born who's King of kings and Savior of the world. Now I can imagine saying, What child is this? What child is this? Who would leave a legacy so strong that even today we still celebrate His life. What child is this?

What child is this?

Who laid to rest on Mary's lap is sleeping

Whom angels greet with anthem 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

Sometimes I just think about it

Um, I just sit and think about the baby boy born in a manger

Sometimes I just want to shout it

Shout joy to the world

Sometimes

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

Sometimes I just think about it

Oh, I sit and think about the baby boy born in a manger and wrapped in swaddling clothing

Sometimes I just want to shout it

O'er the hills and every where

Sometimes

This, this is Christ the King

Whom shepherds guard and angels sing

Haste, haste to bring Him laud

The Babe the Son of Mary

Sometimes I just think about it

Oh, sometimes I wonder

What child is this?

Sometimes I just want to shout it

I want to go and tell it on the mountain

Sometimes

Every now and then

Sometimes I just think about

I think about the Christ Child

What child is this?

And then again sometimes

Sometimes I just want to shout it

I just want to tell the world

Sometimes

{Ad-libbing until fade}