

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY

Once in royal David's city stood a lowly cattle shed,
Where a mother laid her baby in a manger for his bed:
Mary was that mother mild, Jesus Christ her little child.

He came down to earth from heaven who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable, and his cradle was a stall;
With the poor and mean and lowly lived on earth our Savior holy.

And through all his wondrous childhood He would honor and obey,
Love and watch the lowly maiden in whose gentle arms he lay:
Christian children all must be mild, obedient, good as he.

For he is our childhood's pattern, day by day like us he grew,
He was little, weak, and helpless, tears and smiles like us he knew:
And he feeleth for our sadness, and he shareth in our gladness.

And our eyes at last shall see him, through his own redeeming love,
For that child so dear and gently is our Lord in heaven above;
And he leads his children on to the place where he is gone.

Not in that poor lowly stable, with the oxen standing by,
We shall see him, but in heaven, set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned all in white shall wait around.