

## 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 meek and lowly  
Lived on earth our Saviour holy.

And through all His wondrous childhood  
He would honour and obey,  
Love and watch the lowly mother  
In whose gentle arms He lay.  
Christian children all should be  
Mild, obedient, good as He.

We, like Mary, rest confounded  
that a stable should display  
heaven's Word, the world's creator,  
cradled there on Christmas Day,  
yet this child, our Lord and brother,  
brought us love for one another.

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 gentle,  
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.