

## 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.

And through all his wondrous childhood  
He would honour and obey,  
Love and watch that lowly maiden,  
In whose gentle arms he lay:  
God's own 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.