



1 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.

2 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 Saviour holy.

3 And through all his wondrous childhood
 He would honour and obey,
 Love, and watch the lowly Maiden,
 In whose gentle arms he lay;
 Christian children all must be
 Mild, obedient, good as he.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

Cecil Francis Alexander, 1818-1895