C112 C

Once In Royal David's City

Words: Cecil Frances Humphreys Alexander, *Hymns for Little Children*, 1848.

Music: "Irby," Henry John Gauntlett (1805-1876), 1849

- C
 2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
 C
 And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall;
 F
 C
 G
 G
 C
 F
 C
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.
- C
 3. And through all His wondrous childhood, He would honor and obey,

 C
 Love and watch the lowly maiden, In whose gentle arms He lay:

 F
 C
 C
 Christian children all must be, Mild, o-bedient, good as He.
- C
 4. For he is our childhood's pattern; Day by day, like us He grew;
 C
 He was little, weak and helpless, Tears and smiles like us He knew;
 F
 C
 And He feeleth for our sad-ness, And He shareth in our gladness.
- C

 5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;

 C

 Em

 C

 For that Child so dear and gentle, Is our Lord in heaven a-bove,

 F

 C

 G

 C

 And He leads His child-ren on, To the place where He is gone.
- C
 6. Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing by,
 C
 Em
 C
 We shall see Him; but in heaven, Set at God's right hand on high;
 F
 C
 Where like stars His child-ren crown-ed, All in white shall wait around.

C112 G

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- G
 1. Once in royal David's city, Stood a lowly cattle shed,
 G
 Where a mother laid her Baby, In a manger for His bed:
 C
 G
 D
 G
 Mary was that mo-ther mild, Jesus Christ her lit-tle Child.
- G
 2. He came down to earth from heaven, Who is God and Lord of all,
 G
 And His shelter was a stable, And His cradle was a stall;
 C
 G
 D
 G
 With the poor, and mean, and lowly, Lived on earth our Savior holy.

- G
 5. And our eyes at last shall see Him, Through His own redeeming love;
 G
 For that Child so dear and gentle, Is our Lord in heaven a-bove,
 C
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 G
 And He leads His child-ren on, To the place where He is gone.
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 6. Not in that poor lowly stable, With the oxen standing by,
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 We shall see Him; but in heaven, Set at God's right hand on high;
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 Where like stars His child-ren crown-ed, All in white shall wait a-round.