

York Minster Choir, Once In Royal Davids City

Once in royal Da-avi-id's city, Stood a lowly ca-attle-le shed
Where a mother lai-aid her-er Baby, In a manger for-or Hi-is bed
Mary was that mother mild
Jesus Christ her li-ittle-le Child

He came down to ear-earth fro-om heaven, Who is God and Lor-ord o-of all
And His shelter wa-as a-a stable, And His cradle wa-as a-a stall
With the poor, and mean, and lowly
Lived on earth our Sa-avior-ior holy

And through all His wo-ondrou-ous childhood, He would honor a-and o-obey
Love and watch the lo-owly-y maiden, In whose gentle ar-arms He-ee lay
Christian children all must be
Mild, obedient, goo-ood a-as He

For He is our childhood's pa-attern, Day by day, like u-us He-ee grew
He was little, wea-eak a-and helpless, Tears and smiles like u-us He-ee knew
And He feeleth for our sadness
And He shareth i-in ou-our gladness

And our eyes at la-ast sha-all see Him, Through His own redee-eemi-ing love
For that Child so dear-ear a-and gentle, Is our Lord in hea-eaven above
And He leads His children o-on
To the place where He-ee i-is gone

Not in that poor low-owly-y stable, With the oxen sta-andi-ing by
We shall see Him bu-ut i-in heaven, Set at God's right ha-and o-on high
Where like stars His children crowned
All in white shall wa-ait a-around