

Once In Royal David's City

For sixth verse, soprano's sing descant, all other voices sing soprano melody

Arr: Gauntlet/Mann/Willcocks

♩ = 100

SOPRANO DESCANT (Sixth Verse Only)

6. Not in that poor low - ly sta - ble with the ox - en stand - ing by.
We shall see him but in hea - ven set at God's right hand on high.

SOPRANO

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty stood a low - ly cat - tle shed.
Where a moth - er laid her ba - by in a man - ger for his bed.

ALTO

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty stood a low - ly cat - tle shed.
Where a moth - er laid her ba - by in a man - ger for his bed.

TENOR

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty stood a low - ly cat - tle shed.
Where a moth - er laid her ba - by in a man - ger for his bed.

BASS

1. Once in roy - al Da - vid's ci - ty stood a low - ly cat - tle shed.
Where a moth - er laid her ba - by in a man - ger for his bed.

5

S. Desc.

When like stars his child - ren crowned all in white shall wait a - round.

S.

Mar - y was that moth - er mild. Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

A.

Mar - y was that moth - er mild. Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

T.

Mar - y was that moth - er mild. Je - sus Christ her lit - tle Child.

B.

Mar - y was that moth - er mild. Je - sus Christ her lit - tle 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