

FIRST PRESTERIAN CHURCH
ROSWELL, NEW MEXICO

Hymns for Sunday, December 20, 2020

JESUS CHRIST: BIRTH

Once in Royal David's City 140

1 Once in roy - al Da - vid's cit - y stood a low - ly
2 He came down to earth from heav - en who is God and
3 Je - sus is our child - hood's pat - tern; day by day like
4 And our eyes at last shall see him, through his own re -

cat - tle shed, where a moth - er laid her ba - by in a
Lord of all, and his shel - ter was a sta - ble, and his
us he grew; he was lit - tle, weak and help - less; tears and
deem - ing love; for that child so dear and gen - tle is our

man - ger for his bed: Mar - y was that moth - er
cra - dle was a stall; with the poor and meek and
smiles like us he knew; and he feels for all our
Lord in heaven a - bove; and he leads his chil - dren

mild; Je - sus Christ, her lit - tle child.
low - ly, lived on earth our Sav - ior ho - ly.
sad - ness, and he shares in all our glad - ness.
on to the place where he is gone.

Like "All Things Bright and Beautiful" (see no. 20), this popular Christmas hymn was written by an Irish poet to illustrate for children the various articles of the Apostles' Creed. It is not known which of several English villages the composer had in mind when naming this tune.

What Child Is This



1 What child is this, who, laid to rest, on Mar-y's lap is sleep-ing?
 2 Why lies he in such mean es - tate where ox and ass are feed - ing?
 3 So bring him in - cense, gold, and myrrh; come, one and all, to own him.



Whom an - gels greet with an - thems sweet while shep - herds watch are keep - ing?
 Good Chris - tian, fear; for sin - ners here the si - lent Word is plead - ing.
 The King of kings sal - va - tion brings; let lov - ing hearts en - throne him.



This, this is Christ the King, whom shep - herds guard and an - gels sing;
 Nails, spear, shall pierce him through; the cross be borne for me, for you.
 Raise, raise the song on high. The vir - gin sings her lul - la - by.



haste, haste to bring him laud, the babe, the son of Mar - y!
 Hail, hail, the Word made flesh, the babe, the son of Mar - y!
 Joy, joy, for Christ is born, the babe, the son of Mar - y!



This Victorian text gains scope and power by having the original second halves of stanzas two and three restored. They give a stark forward glimpse of what lies ahead for this "babe, the son of Mary!" The tune is much older, dating from Tudor England.

Gentle Mary Laid Her Child 146

1 Gen - tle Mar - y laid her child low - ly in a man - ger;
 2 An - gels sang a - bout his birth; wise men sought and found him;
 3 Gen - tle Mar - y laid her child low - ly in a man - ger;

there he lay, the un - de - filed, to the world a strang - er.
 heav-en's star shone bright - ly forth, glo - ry all a - round him.
 he is still the un - de - filed, but no more a strang - er.

Such a babe in such a place, can he be the Sav - ior?
 Shep-herds saw the won-drous sight, heard the an - gels sing - ing;
 Son of God, of hum - ble birth, beau - ti - ful the sto - ry;

Ask the saved of all the race who have found his fa - vor.
 all the plains were lit that night; all the hills were ring - ing.
 praise his name in all the earth; hail the King of glo - ry!

This 20th-century Christmas text by an English-born Canadian clergyman was originally a poem called "The Manger Prince." It gains a certain antique flavor by being set to a late medieval song associated with springtime. (The tune name means "The flowering time is near.")