1 Once in royal David's city stood a lowly cattle shed, where a mother laid her God and Lord of all, and his shelter was a baby in a manger for his bed: Mary stable, and his cradle was a stall: with the help- less, tears and smiles like us he knew: and he gentle, is our Lord in heaven above: and he was that mother mild, Jesus poor and meek and lowly lived on feels for all our sadness, and he leads his children on to the Christ her little child. earth, our Saviour holy. shares in all our gladness. place where he has gone.