

James Montgomery

Belief, C.M.

English Melody

1. When Je - sus left His Fath-er's throne, He chose a hum - ble birth;
 2. Sweet were His words, and kind His look, When moth - ers round Him pressed;
 3. Safe from the world's al - lur - ing charms, Be - neath His watch - ful eye,
 4. When Je - sus in - to Sa - lem rode, The chil - dren sung a - round;
 5. Ho - san - na our glad voi - ces raise, Ho - san - na to our King!

A - like un - ho - noured and un - known, He came to dwell on earth.
 Their in - fants in His arms He took, And on His bos - om blessed.
 Thus in the cir - cle of His arms May we for ev - er lie!
 For joy they plucked the palms, and strewed Their gar - ments on the ground.
 Should we for - get our Sa - viour's praise, The stones them selves would sing!