A Child Of The King

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My Father is rich in houses and lands; He
My Father's own Son, the Savior of men, Once
I once was an outcast stranger on earth, A
A tent or a cottage why should I care? They're

hold eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of
wandered o'er earth as the poorest of them! But
sinner by choice and an alien by birth! But
building a palace for me over there! Tho'

rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold, His
now He is reigning forever on high, And will
I've been adopted; my name's written down. I'm
exiled from home, yet still I may sing: "All

coffers are full He has riches untold!
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
glory to God, I'm a child of the King!"

I'm a child of the King! A child of the King! With

Jesus, my Savior, I'm a child of the King!