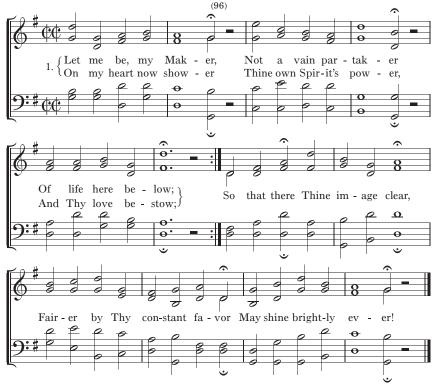


Let Me Be, My Maker



2. There in Thy high places, We shall many faces, Bright with glory, see;

Who as children tender Here did once surrender

Youthful years to Thee!

Therefore they Now shine as day

In the mansions to them given With the blest in heaven.

3. Children's Friend, dear Savior, Thou didst sinners favor When Thou cam'st to earth;

Oh, how pure and lowly Was Thy heart, and holy

From Thy very birth!

Savior, we Should also be

More like Thee in thought and spirit Through Thy saving merit.

4. Blest who loves Thee ever, Whose sincere endeavor Is God's child to be!

Through Thy love now shower On my heart Thy power,

E'er to dwell in me;

So that there Thine image fair

In the heav'nly courts of glory Ever may shine o'er me!