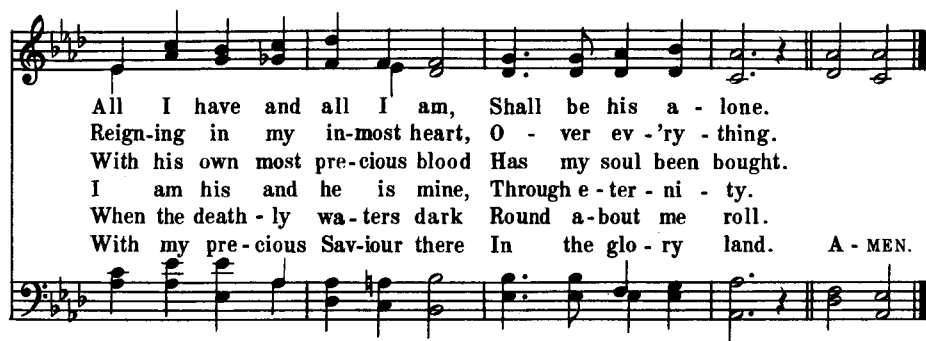


# CHILDREN'S HYMNS



All I have and all I am, Shall be his a - lone.  
 Reign-ing in my in-most heart, O - ver ev - 'ry - thing.  
 With his own most pre-cious blood Has my soul been bought.  
 I am his and he is mine, Throughe - ter - ni - ty.  
 When the death - ly wa - ters dark Round a - bout me roll.  
 With my pre-cious Sav-iour there In the glo - ry land. A - MEN.

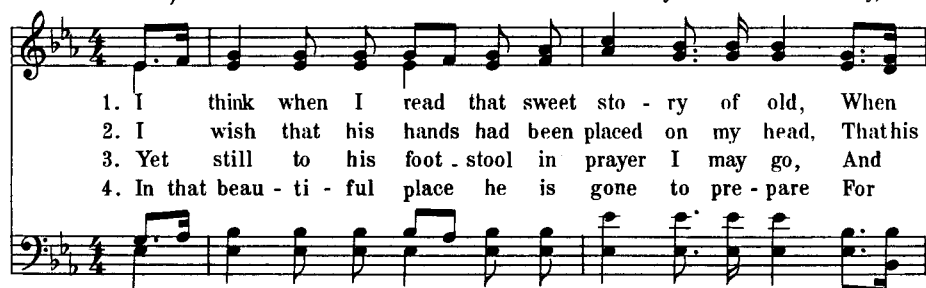
650

*Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . Mark 10:14*

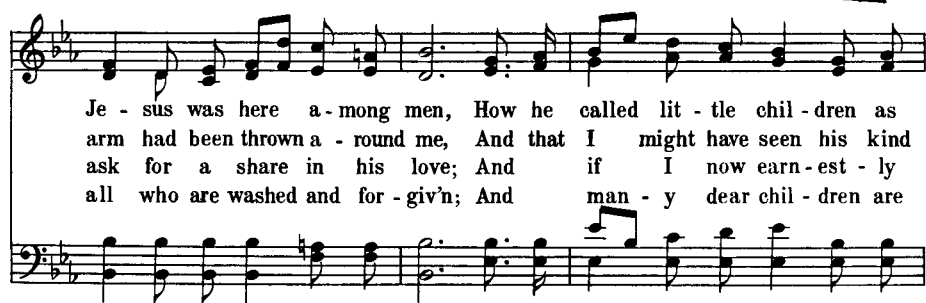
Jemima T. Luke, 1841

SWEET STORY 11. 8. 12. 9.

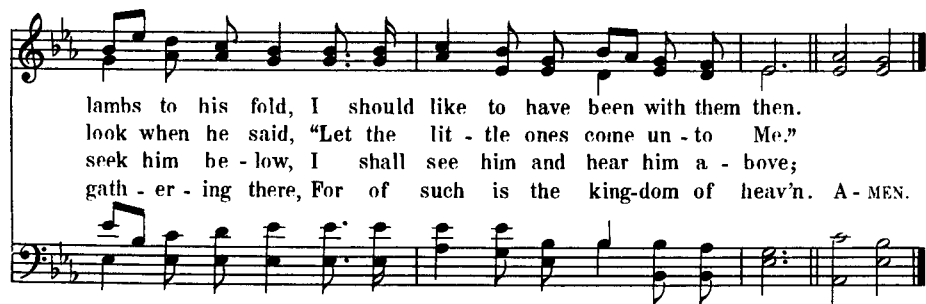
Arr. by William B. Bradbury, 1859



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When  
 2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his  
 3. Yet still to his foot - stool in prayer I may go, And  
 4. In that beau - ti - ful place he is gone to pre - pare For



Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as  
 arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen his kind  
 ask for a share in his love; And if I now earn - est - ly  
 all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil - dren are



lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.  
 look when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."  
 seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove;  
 gath - er - ing there, For of such is the king - dom of heav'n. A - MEN.