I THINK WHEN I READ

I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been

3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And ask for a

here among men, How He called little children as lambs to His fold,

thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,

share in His love; And if I now earnestly seek Him below,


I should like to have been with them then, "Let the little ones come unto Me." I should like to have been with them then,

"Let the little ones come unto Me." I shall see Him and hear Him above.

I shall see Him and hear Him above,

Fine Chorus D. S. al Fine