

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. I long for the joy of that glo - ri - ous time, The

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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  
 sweet - est and bright - est and best, When the dear lit - tle chil - dren of

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lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.  
 look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."  
 ev - er - y clime Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.