His Little Ones
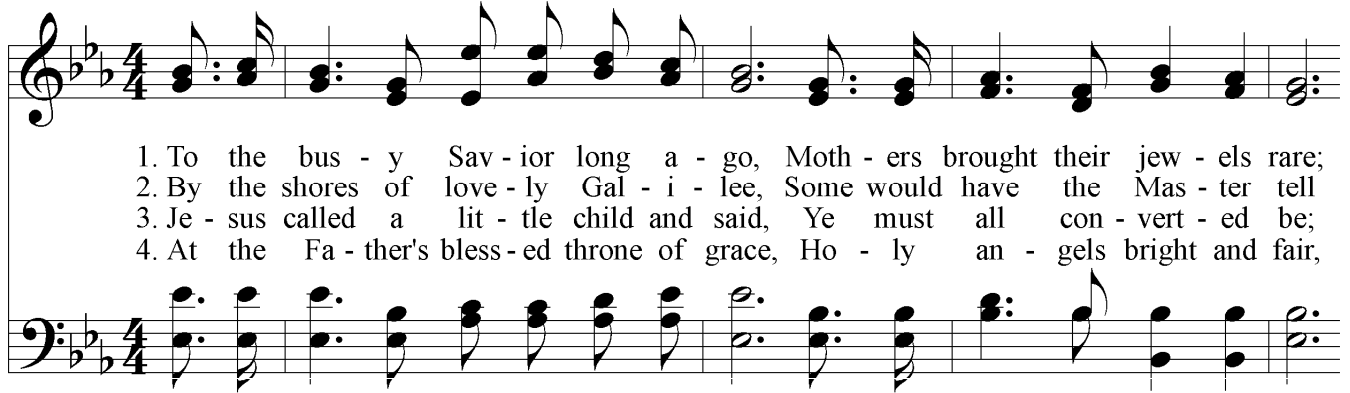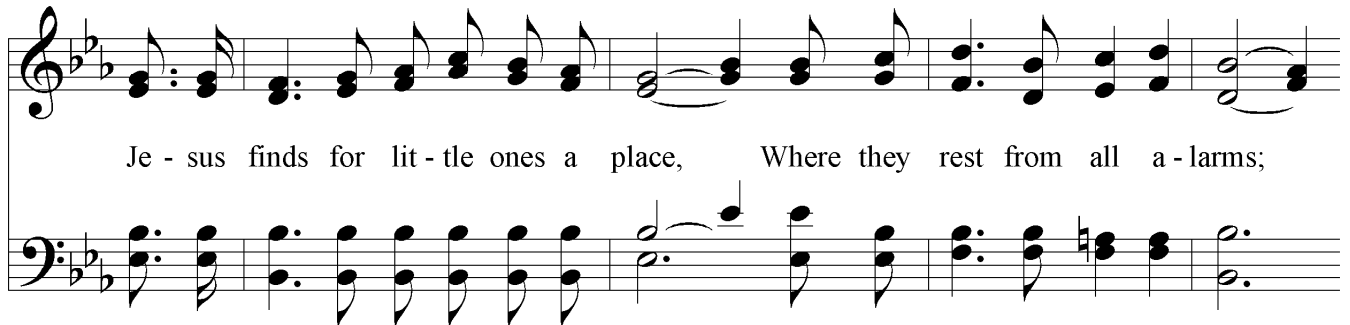
1. To the bus-y Sav-ior long a-go, Moth-ers brought their jew-els rare;
2. By the shores of love-ly Gal-i-lee, Some would have the Mas-ter tell
3. Je-sus called a lit-tle child and said, Ye must all con-vert-ed be;
4. At the Fa-ther's bless-ed throne of grace, Ho-ly an-gels bright and fair,

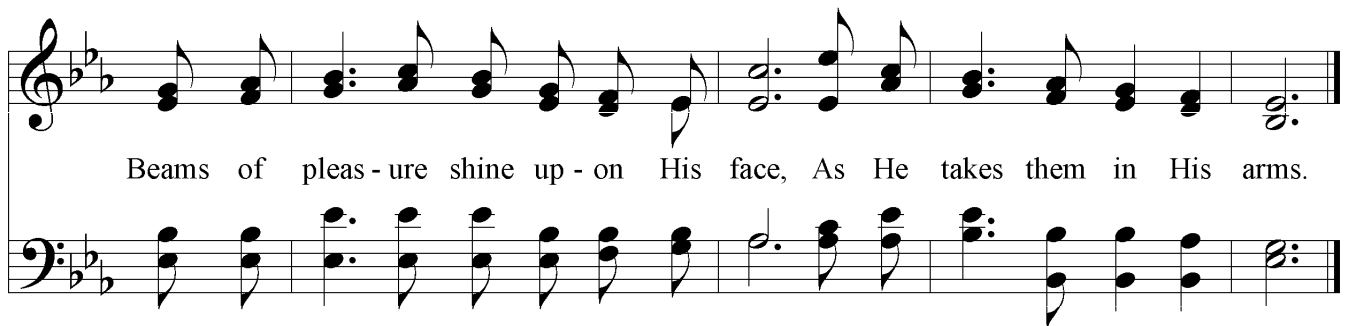While dis-ci-ples would not have it so, Je-sus bless'd them then and there.
Who should great-est in His king-dom be– Who in hon-or should ex-cel.
And as hum-bly as this child be led If you would My king-dom see.
Dai-ly do ap-pear be-fore His face, Guard-ing them with watch-ful care.

Chorus

Je-sus finds for lit-tle ones a place, Where they rest from all a-larms;

Beams of pleas-ure shine up-on His face, As He takes them in His arms.

Words and Music: C. M. Seamans