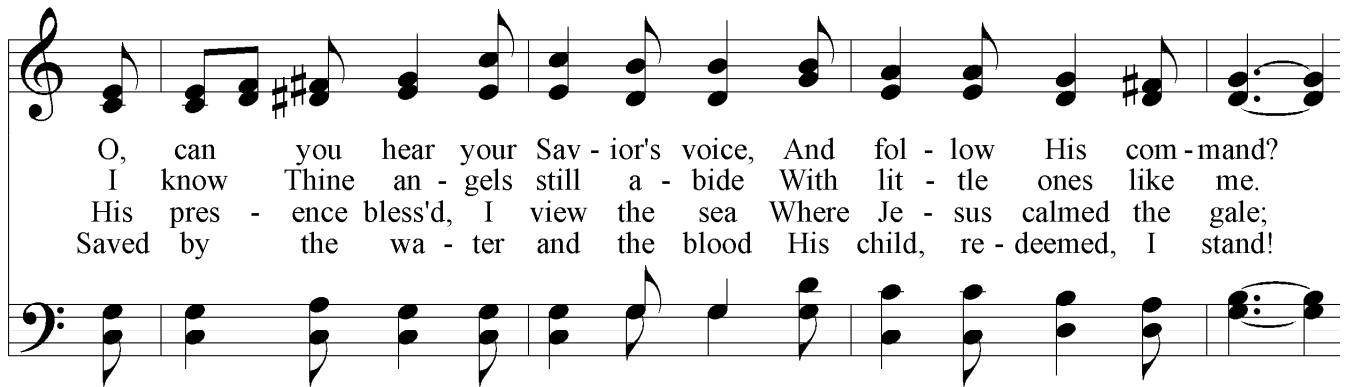


# One Of These Little Ones



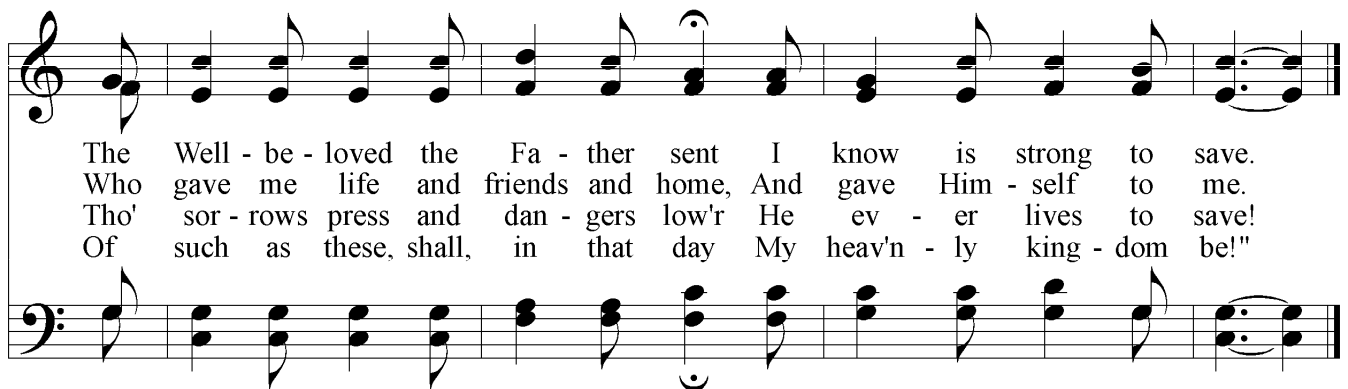
1. Dear lit - tle pil - grim, press - ing on To Ca - naan's hap - py land—  
2. My Sav - ior calls me to His side— Lord, I will fol - low Thee!  
3. I walk the path His foot - steps trod, I gaze on hill and vale  
4. And now, by faith, in Jor - dan's flood O - bey - ing His com - mand,



O, can you hear your Sav - ior's voice, And fol - low His com - mand?  
I know Thine an - gels still a - bide With lit - tle ones like me.  
His pres - ence bless'd, I view the sea Where Je - sus calmed the gale;  
Saved by the wa - ter and the blood His child, re - deemed, I stand!



Yes, I will go where Je - sus went, Not fear - ing Jor - dan's wave;  
With joy I'll go where He shall lead, My Guide He'll sure - ly be  
I shall be safe, kept by His pow'r Who rules the an - gry wave;  
He car - eth for His lit - tle ones, He bids them "Come to Me.



The Well - be - loved the Fa - ther sent I know is strong to save.  
Who gave me life and friends and home, And gave Him - self to me.  
Tho' sor - rows press and dan - gers low'r He ev - er lives to save!  
Of such as these, shall, in that day My heav'n - ly king - dom be!"