

Albert Midlane

Edward L. White



1. There's a *Friend* for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky;
2. There's a *rest* for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky;
3. There's a *home* for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky;
4. There's a *crown* for lit - tle chil - dren A - bove the bright blue sky;



A Friend who nev - er chang - es, Whose love can nev - er die.
 Who love the bless - ed Sav - iour, And "Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry;
 Where Je - sus reigns in glo - ry, A home of peace and joy.
 And all who look for Je - sus Shall wear it by and by.



Un - like our friends by na - ture, Who change from year to year,
 A rest from ev - 'ry tur - moil, From sin and dan - ger free;
 No home on earth is like it, Or can with it com - pare;
 A crown of bright - est glo - ry, Which He will then be - stow



This Friend is al - ways wor - thy And He is al - ways near.
 Where ev - 'ry lit - tle pil - grim Shall rest e - ter - nal - ly.
 For ev - 'ry - one is hap - py, Nor could be hap - pier here.
 On all who've found His fa - vor, And loved His name be - low.



5 There's a *song* for little children
 Above the bright blue sky;
 A song that will not weary,
 Though sung eternally;
 A song which even angels
 Can never, never sing;
 They know not Christ as *Saviour*,
 But worship Him as *King*.

6 There's a *robe* for little children
 Above the bright blue sky;
 And a *harp* of sweetest music,
 And a *palm* of victory;
 All, all above is treasured
 And found in Christ alone;
 Oh, come, dear little children,
 That all may be your own.