

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Sav - iour; He re-gards you from a - bove.
 2. When the anx - ious moth-ers round Him, With their ten - der in-fants pressed,
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, praise the Sav - iour; Praise Him, your un - dy - ing Friend;

Praise Him for His great sal - va - tion, Praise Him for His gra-cious love!
 He with o - pen arms re-ceived them, And the lit - tle ones He blessed.
 Praise Him, till a - bove you meet Him; There to praise Him with-out end.

Sweet ho-san - nas, sweet ho - san - nas To the name of Je - sus sing.