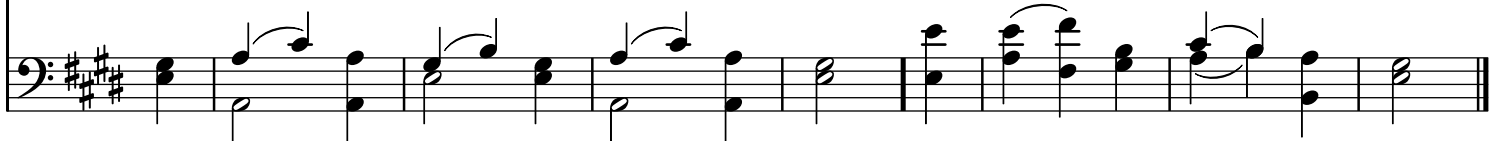




1. If lit - tle chil - dren knew the love Which dwells in Je - sus' breast,
2. "Come un - to Me," He sweet - ly cries; "Come, lit - tle chil - dren, come!
3. Thus Je - sus speaks. Who makes re - ply, "O Lord, I come to Thee;
4. Oh, pre - cious choice! If such be thine, Then thou in - deed art blest;



How would they come to Him by faith, All anx - ious to be blest!
 Come to My o - pen arms and heart, Come to My hap - py home!"
 Thy pre - cious love hath won my heart, Thine hence-forth I will be?"
 Peace thy com - pan - ion here shall be, There, ev - er - last - ing rest!



Alternate tune: No. 151.