

Children Sing
Fanny Crosby, 1868.
Howard Doane.

Children sing, gladly sing,
Hallelujahs to our king;
Lord of all, great and small,
At His feet with rapture fall;
Children sing, He is near,
Bending still His gracious ear;
Trust in Him, O rejoice!
Praise the Lord with heart and voice.

Refrain

Then sing, gladly sing.
Sing, gladly sing.
Till the heav'nly arches ring,
Till you hear the saints above,
Praising God, for He is love.

Journey on hand in hand,
Singing to the promised land,
There is rest, there is rest,
In the kingdom of the blest;
Children sing, gladly sing,
Till the heav'nly arches ring,
Till you hear saints above,
Praising God, for He is love.

Refrain

Children sing, when the light
Wakes the rosy morning bright,
When the birds' tuneful lay,
Hails with joy the op'ning day,
Praise the Lord, He has made
Verdant lawn and forest shade.
Children sing, gladly sing,
Hallelujahs to our king.

Refrain

Children sing! who can tell
If the song you love so well,
May not reach one whose heart
Longs to choose the better part?
Stealing soft, like the sigh
Of a zephyr passing by,
Children sing, ever sing,
Loudest praise to God our king.

Refrain