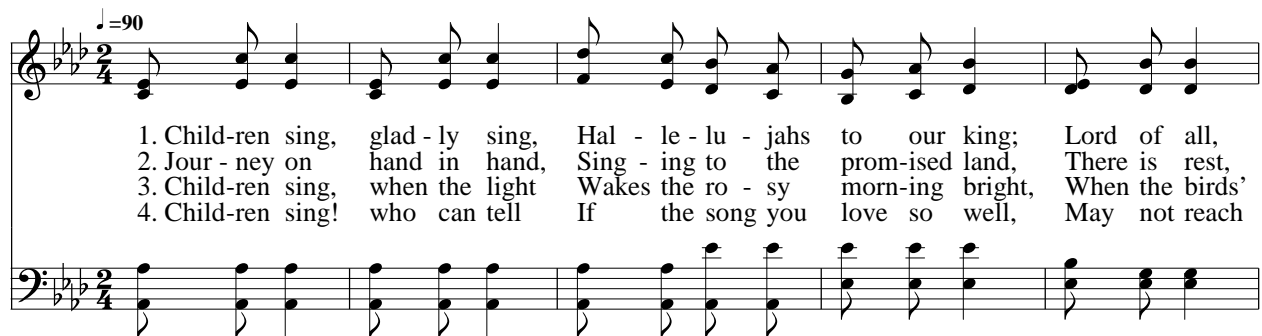


# Children Sing

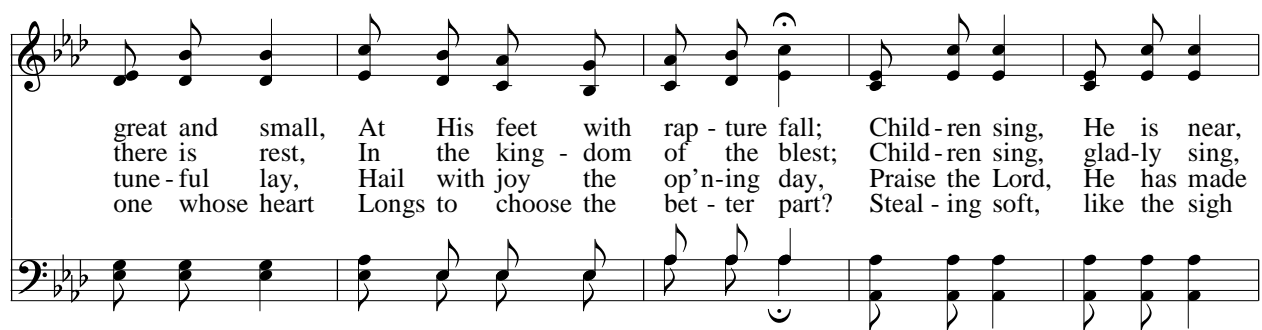
Frances Janes (Fanny) Crosby, 1868

William Howard Doane

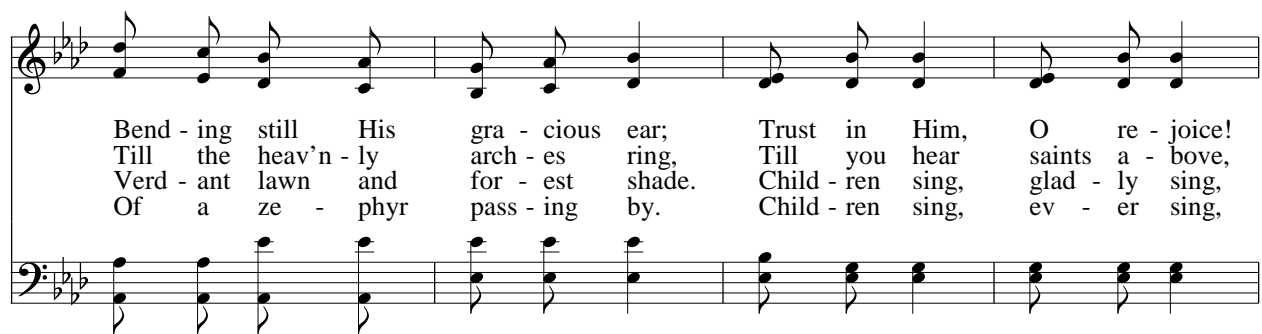
$\text{♩} = 90$



1. Child-ren sing, glad-ly sing, Hal-le-lu-jahs to our king; Lord of all,  
 2. Jour-ney on hand in hand, Sing-ing to the prom-ised land, There is rest,  
 3. Child-ren sing, when the light Wakes the ro-sy morn-ing bright, When the birds'  
 4. Child-ren sing! who can tell If the song you love so well, May not reach

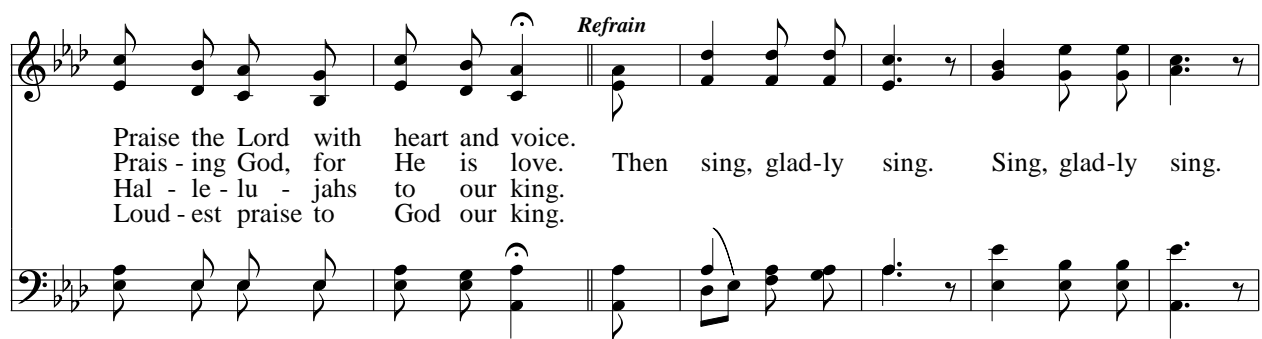


great and small, At His feet with rap-ture fall; Child-ren sing, He is near,  
 there is rest, In the king-dom of the blest; Child-ren sing, glad-ly sing,  
 tune-ful lay, Hail with joy the op'n-ing day, Praise the Lord, He has made  
 one whose heart Longs to choose the bet-ter part? Steal-ing soft, like the sigh



Bend-ing still His gra-cious ear; Trust in Him, O re-joice!  
 Till the heav'n-ly arch-es ring, Till you hear saints a-bove,  
 Verd-ant lawn and for-est shade. Child-ren sing, glad-ly sing,  
 Of a ze-phyr pass-ing by. Child-ren sing, ev-er sing,

*Refrain*



Praise the Lord with heart and voice.  
 Prais-ing God, for He is love. Then sing, glad-ly sing. Sing, glad-ly sing.  
 Hal-le-lu-jahs to our king.  
 Loud-est praise to God our king.



Till the heav'n-ly arch-es ring, Till you hear the saints a - bove, Prais-ing God, for



He is love.



He is love.



He is love.