

THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK

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The Children's Praise Book by William Reid

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WILLIAM REID

**THE CHILDREN'S
PRAISE BOOK**

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THE

Children's Praise Book.

EDITED BY

THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRAISE BOOK."

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THE
CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK.

THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK.

This Friend is *always* worthy
The precious name He bears.

There's a *crown* for little children
Above the bright blue sky;
And all who look for Jesus,
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On all who've found His favour
And loved His name below.

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

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.

2 HOW GREAT IS THE LOVE!

How great is the love
Which Jesus hath shown!
He came from above,
From heaven's bright throne,
That He might deliver
Poor sinners from hell,

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And take them for ever
In glory to dwell.

It is not too late
To Jesus to flee:
His mercy is great,
His pardon is free!
His blood has such virtue
For all that believe,
That nothing can harm you
If Him you receive.

3 AROUND THE THRONE OF GOD IN
HEAVEN.

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed;
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade,—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

Once they were little things like you,
And lived on earth below,
And could not praise, as now they do,
The Lord that loved them so,—
Singing glory, glory, glory.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love?
How came those children there,
Singing glory, glory, glory?

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Because the Saviour shed His blood
To purge away their sin ;
Now washed in that most precious flood,
Behold them white and clean,
Singing glory, glory, glory.

4 JESUS WHO LIVED ABOVE THE SKY.

JESUS who lived above the sky
Came down to be a man and die ;
And in the Bible we may see
How very good He used to be.

He went about, He was so kind,
To cure poor people who were blind ;
And many who were sick and lame,
He pitied them, and did the same.

And more than that, He told them, too,
The things that God would have them do ;
And was so gentle and so mild,
He would have listen'd to a child.

But such a cruel death He died !
He was hung up and crucified ;
And those kind hands that did such good,
They nail'd them to a cross of wood.

And so He died ! and this is why
He came to be a man and die :
The Bible says He came from heaven,
That we might have our sins forgiven.

He knew how wicked men had been,
And knew that God must punish sin ;
So out of pity Jesus said,
I'll bear the punishment instead.

5 GOD HAS A FAMILY ON EARTH.

God has a family on earth
Of daughters and of sons ;
His Holy Spirit gave them birth,
They are His little ones.

He watches over them for good,
And hears their feeblest cries ;
He gives them shelter, clothes, and food,
Yes, all their wants supplies.

He knows their weak and tender frame,
Pities their griefs and fears,
And calls them every one by name,
And wipes away their tears.

To what the Lamb of God has done,
They all their blessings owe ;
'Tis for the sake of His dear Son
The Father loves them so.

6 THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

There is a happy land,
Far, far away ;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is the Saviour King ;
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye !

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away—
Why will ye doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?

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Oh, they shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Who, Lord, shall live with Thee !
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run ;
Be a crown and kingdom won ;
And bright above the sun,
Reign, reign for aye.

7 A BEAUTIFUL HOME.

THE Saviour, Jesus, is gone to prepare
Such a beautiful home in the sky,
And He says He will come
And take to that home
Ev'ry sinner that's born from on high.
How sweetly their voices shall praise Him there
For the blessings His hand has bestow'd ;
They shall shine there bright
In their robes of white,
For they all have been wash'd in His blood.
And crowns they shall wear of the purest gold,
And a wonderful song they shall sing ;
And each shall cast down
His glittering crown
At the feet of the heavenly King.
And happy, amidst this bright, joyous throng,
Shall many a little one sing ;
May I join them, and raise
My voice to the praise
Of the Giver of every good thing.