## THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649528394

The Children's Praise Book by William Reid

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd. Cover @ 2017

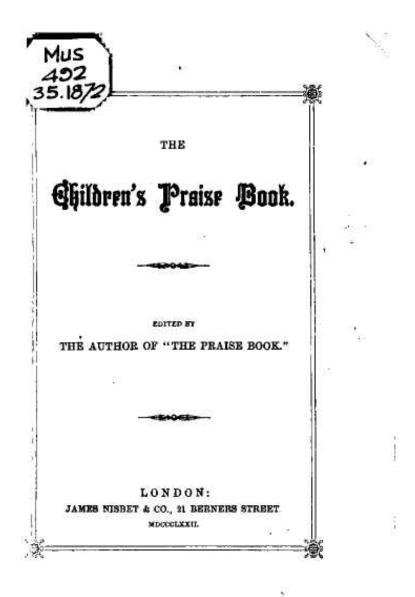
This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

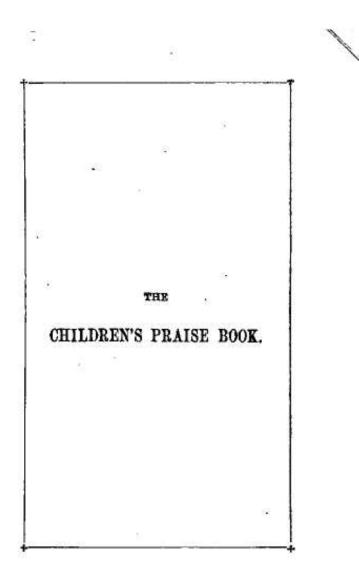
www.triestepublishing.com

## WILLIAM REID

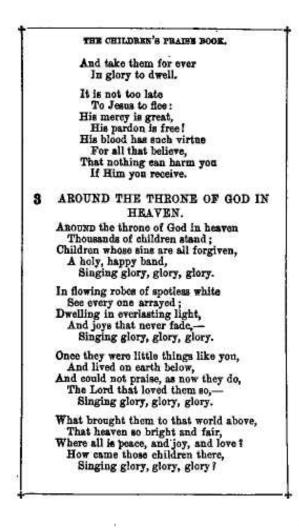
## THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK

Trieste





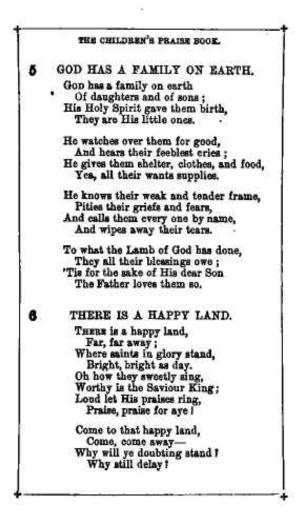
## THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK. This Friend is always worthy The precious name He bears. There's a crown for little children Above the bright blue sky ; And all who look for Jesus, Shall wear it by and by; A crown of brightest glory. Which He will then bestow On all who 've found His favour And loved 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 Seviour, 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 I He came from above, From heaven's bright throne, That He might deliver Poor sinners from hell.



|   | THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK.  |
|---|--|
|   | Because the Saviour shed His blood<br>To purge away their sin ;<br>Now washed in that most precious flood,<br>Behold them white and clean,<br>Singing glory, glory, glory. |
| 4 | JESUS WHO LIVED ABOVE THE SKY  |
|   | Jesus who lived above the sky<br>Came down to be a man and die ;<br>And in the Bible we may see<br>How very good He used to be.  |
|   | He went about, He was so kind,<br>To cure poor people who were blind;<br>And many who were sick and lame,<br>He pitied them, and did the same.                             |
|   | And more than that, He told them, too,<br>The things that God would have them do;<br>And was so gentle and so mild,<br>He would have listen'd to a child.                  |
|   | But such a cruel death He died !<br>He was hung up and crucified ;<br>And those kind hands that did such good,<br>They nail'd them to a cross of wood.                     |
|   | And so He died ! and this is why<br>He came to be a man and die :<br>The Bible says He came from heaven,<br>That we might have our sins forgiven.                          |
|   | He knew how wicked men had been,<br>And knew that God must punish sin ;<br>So out of pity Jesus said,<br>I'll bear the punishment instead.                                 |

1

ł



|    | THE CHILDREN'S PRAISE BOOK.   |
|----|---|
|    | Oh, they shall happy be,<br>When from ain and sorrow free,<br>Who, Lord, shall live with Thee!<br>Blest, blest for aye.   |
| 13 | Bright in that happy land<br>Beams every eye;<br>Kept by a Father's hand,<br>Love cannot die.<br>On then to glory run;<br>Be a crown and kingdom won;<br>And bright above the sun,<br>Reign, reign for aye. |
| 7  | A BEAUTIFUL HOME.   |
| St | Savionr, Jesus, is gone to prepare<br>tch a beautiful home in the sky,<br>And He says He will come<br>And take to that home<br>'ry sinner that's born from on high.   |
| Fo | sweetly their voices shall praise Him there<br>or the blessings His hand has bestow'd;<br>They shall shine there bright<br>In their robes of white,<br>or they all have been wash'd in His blood.           |
| A  | crowns they shall wear of the purest gold<br>ad a wonderful song they shall sing;<br>And each shall cast down<br>His glittering crown<br>the feet of the heavenly King.                                     |
| Sb | happy, amidst this bright, joyons throng,<br>all many a little one sing ;<br>May I join them, and raise<br>My voice to the praise<br>the Giver of every good thing.   |