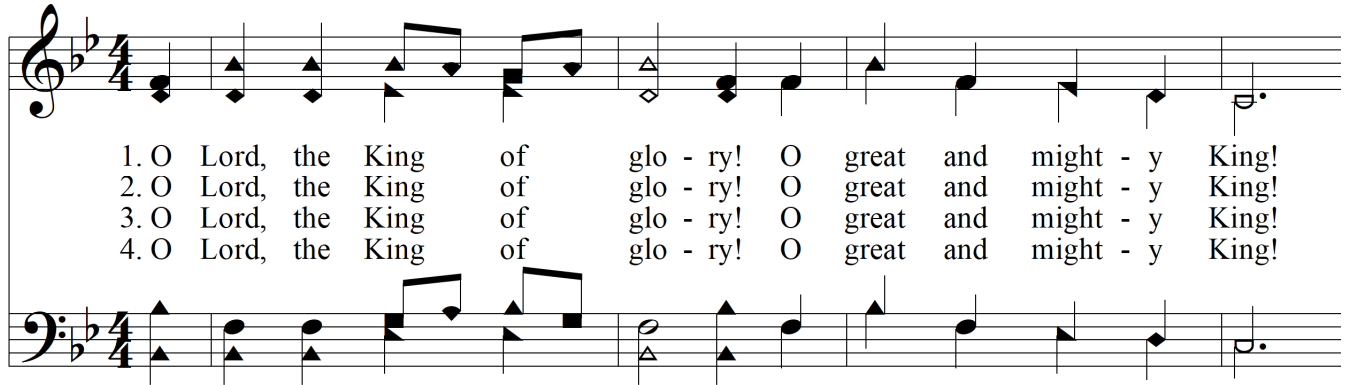
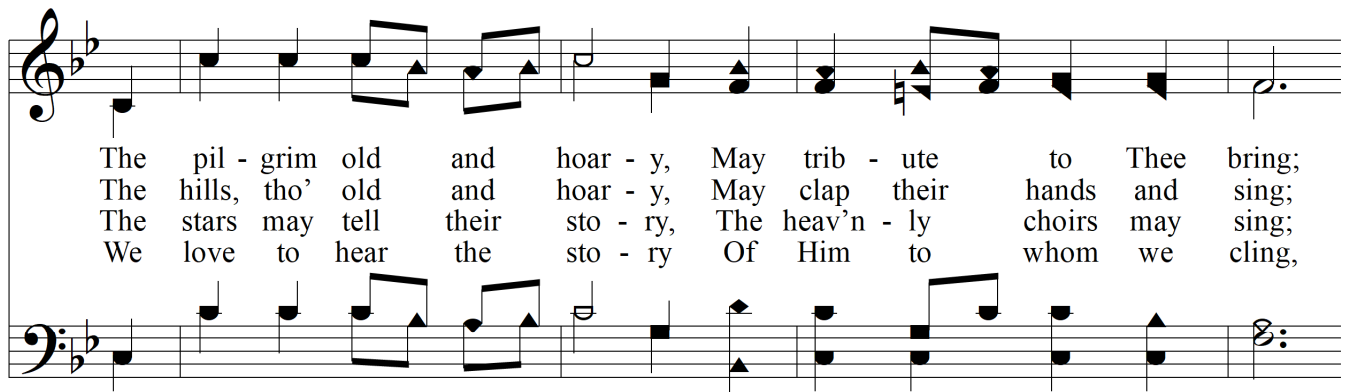



When Children Lift Their Voices



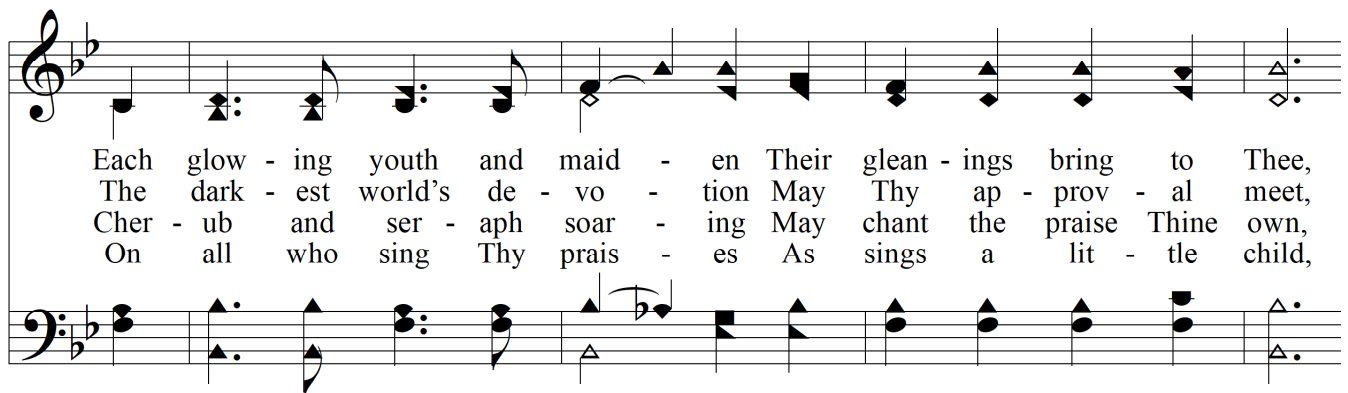
1. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might - y King!
 2. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might - y King!
 3. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might - y King!
 4. O Lord, the King of glo - ry! O great and might - y King!



The pil - grim old and hoar - y, May trib - ute to Thee bring;
 The hills, tho' old and hoar - y, May clap their hands and sing;
 The stars may tell their sto - ry, The heav'n - ly choirs may sing;
 We love to hear the sto - ry Of Him to whom we cling,



Man - hood with har - vest lad - en May ma - trons lead to see
 The wan - d'ring waves of o - cean May sway to mu - sic sweet;
 The el - ders Thee a - dor - ing May kneel be - fore the throne;
 Still in His arms He rais - es And smiles as once He smiled



Each glow - ing youth and maid - en Their glean - ings bring to Thee,
 The dark - est world's de - vo - tion May Thy ap - prov - al meet,
 Cher - ub and ser - aph soar - ing May chant the praise Thine own,
 On all who sing Thy prais - es As sings a lit - tle child,

When Children Lift Their Voices

But that which most re - joic - es Thee and the host a - bove,
But that which most re - joic - es Thee and the host a - bove,
But that which most re - joic - es Thee and the host a - bove,
For that which most re - joic - es Thee and the host a - bove,

Is when chil - dren lift their voic - es, And sing the Sav - ior's love.