I Think When I Read

Words: Mrs. Jemima Thompson Luke (1813-1906), 1841
Music: John Henry Cornell (1828-1824), 1871

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When
   Jesus was here among men, How He called little children as
   lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.

2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
   arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen His kind
   look when He said, "Let the little ones come unto Me."

3. Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go, And
   ask for a share in His love; And if I thus earnestly
   seek Him below, I shall see Him and hear Him above.

4. In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare For
   all who are washed and forgiv'n; And many dear children shall
   be with Him there, For "of such is the kingdom of heav'n."

5. But thousands and thousands who wander and fall, Never
   heard of that heavenly home, I wish they could know there is
   room for them all, And that Jesus has bid them to come. Amen.