Let Them Come

Words: Mrs. M. B. C. Slade
Music: W. O. Perkins

1. Oh, I love to think how Jesus, When He walked on earth below,
2. When the mothers came and brought Him, Tender infants, young and small,
3. Tho’ disciples would rebuke them, Turn the little ones away,
4. Little children, now from Jesus, Will you His dear blessing seek?
5. Just as close His arms will hold you; Just as kind His blessings fall;

Used to bless the little children, For He loved them, loved them so!
And so earnestly besought Him For His blessing on them all.
In His gentle arms He took them, And they heard Him sweetly say—
From His home on high He sees us, Hear Him kindly to us speak.

Chorus

Unto Me, unto Me, Of the little ones saith He:
let them come! let them come! Of the little ones saith He:

For the blessed heav’nly kingdom Of such as they shall be.