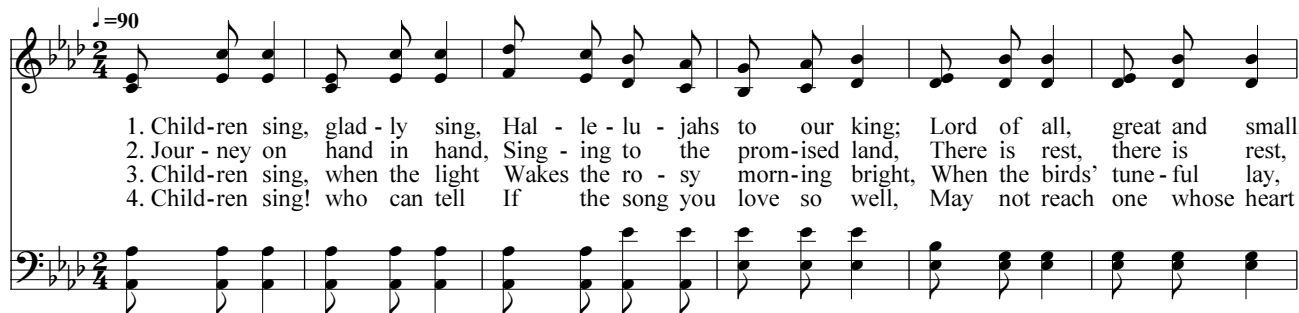


# Children Sing

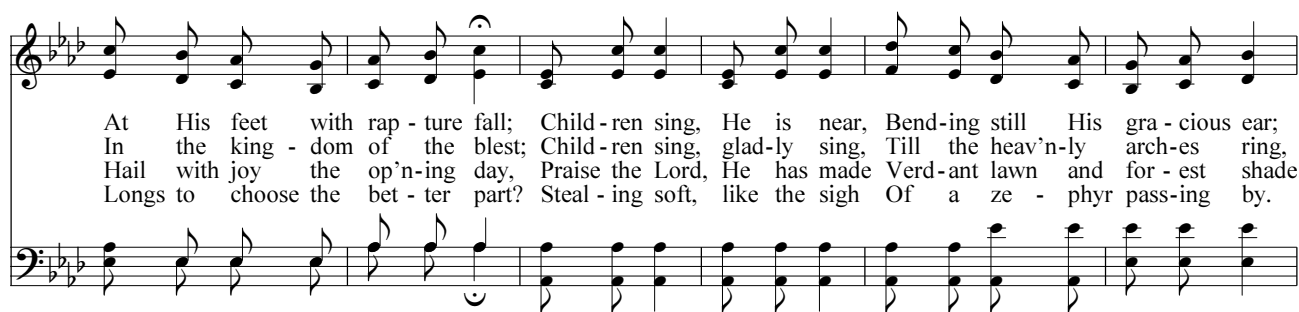
Frances Janes (Fanny) Crosby, 1868

William Howard Doane

$\text{♩} = 90$

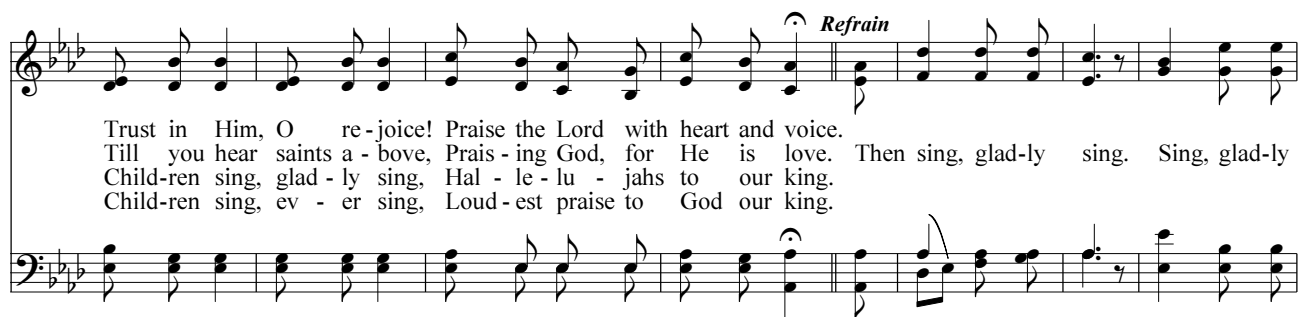


1. Child-ren sing, glad - ly sing, Hal - le - lu - jahs to our king; Lord of all, great and small,  
2. Jour - ney on hand in hand, Sing - ing to the prom-ised land, There is rest, there is rest,  
3. Child-ren sing, when the light Wakes the ro - sy morn-ing bright, When the birds' tune - ful lay,  
4. Child-ren sing! who can tell If the song you love so well, May not reach one whose heart

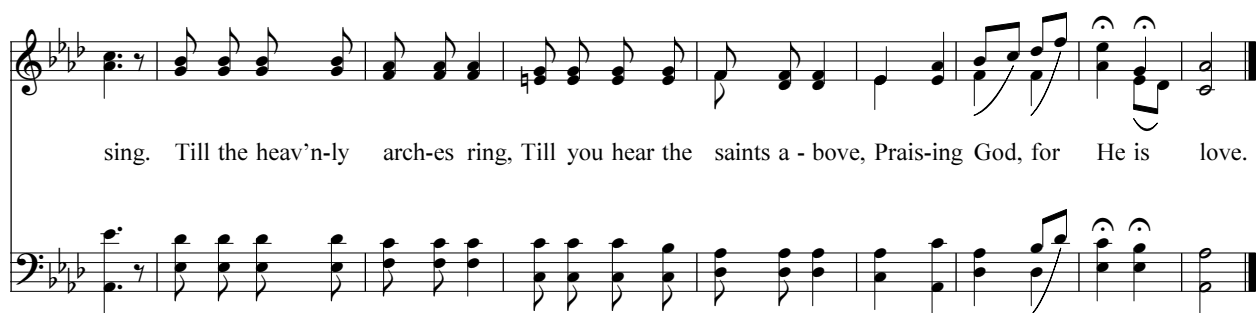


At His feet with rap - ture fall; Child - ren sing, He is near, Bend - ing still His gra - cious ear;  
In the king - dom of the blest; Child - ren sing, glad - ly sing, Till the heav'n - ly arch - es ring,  
Hail with joy the op'n - ing day, Praise the Lord, He has made Verd - ant lawn and for - est shade.  
Longs to choose the bet - ter part? Steal - ing soft, like the sigh Of a ze - phyr pass - ing by.

*Refrain*



Trust in Him, O re - joice! Praise the Lord with heart and voice.  
Till you hear saints a - bove, Prais - ing God, for He is love. Then sing, glad - ly sing. Sing, glad - ly  
Child - ren sing, glad - ly sing, Hal - le - lu - jahs to our king.  
Child - ren sing, ev - er sing, Loud - est praise to God our king.



sing. Till the heav'n - ly arch - es ring, Till you hear the saints a - bove, Prais - ing God, for He is love.