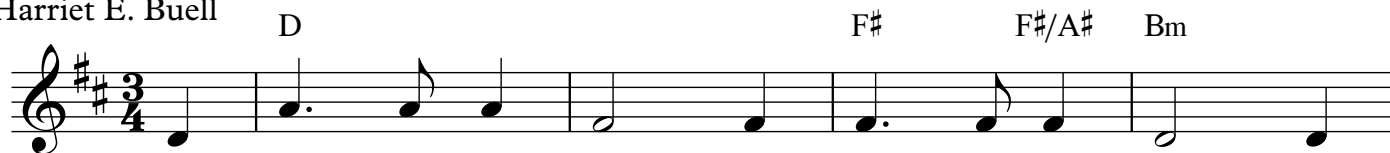




A Child Of The King

John B. Sumner

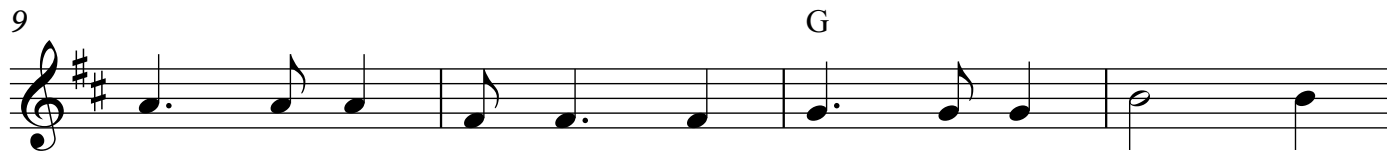
Harriet E. Buell



My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands; He
My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once
I once was an out - cast strang - er on earth, A
A tent or a cot - tage why should I care? They're



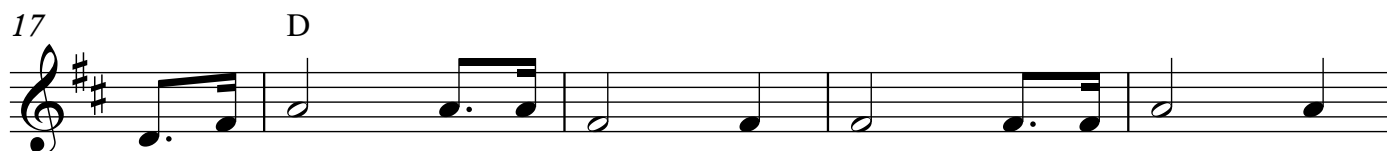
hold - eth the wealth of the world in His hands! Of
wan - dered o'er earth as the poor - est of them! But
sin - ner by choice and an al - ien by birth! But
build - ing a pal - ace for me o - ver there! Tho'



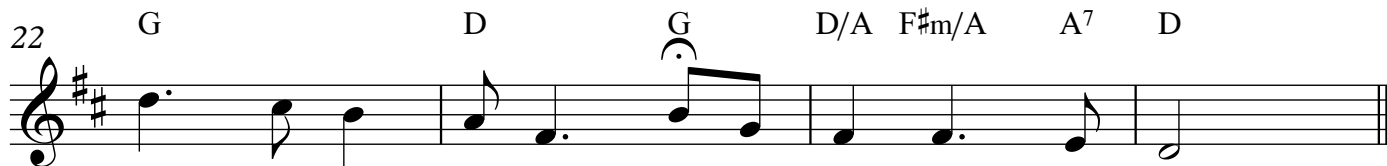
ru - bies and dia - monds, of sil - ver and gold, His
now He is reign - ing for - ev - er on high, And will
I've been a - dopt - ed; my name's writ - ten down. I'm
ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: "All



cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un - told!
give me a home in heav'n by and by.
heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm a child of the King!"



I'm a child of the King! A child of the King! With



Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'm a child of the King!