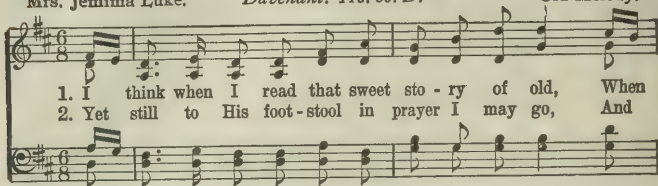


That Sweet Story of Old.

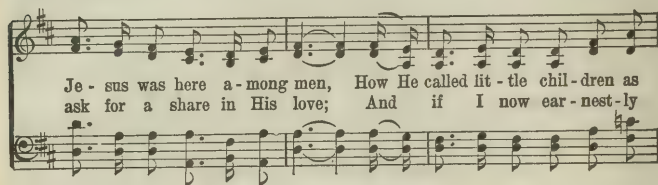
Mrs. Jemima Luke.

Davenant. 1rs. 8s. D.

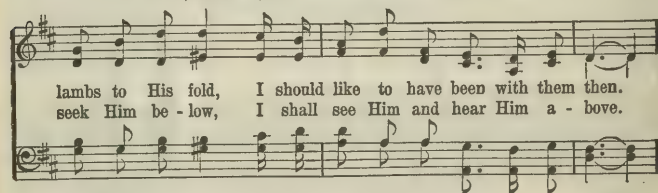
Old Melody.



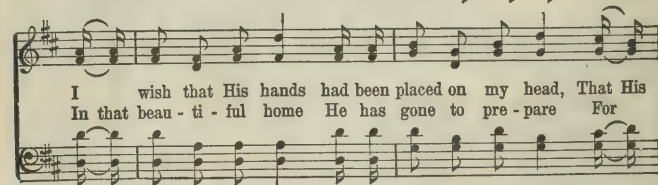
1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in prayer I may go, And



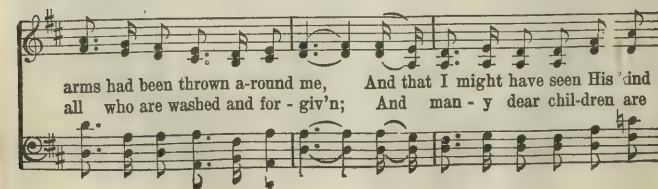
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly



lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.

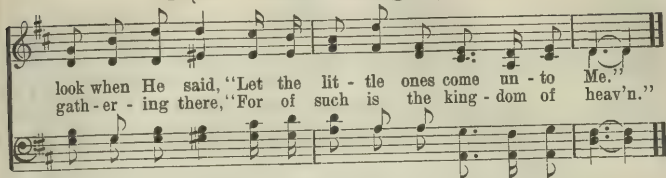


I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For



arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His 'nd
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil - dren are

That Sweet Story of Old.



look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to Me."
gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."