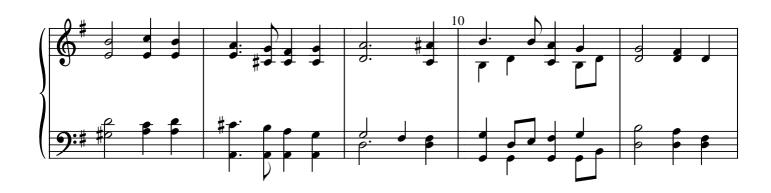
I love to hear the story







I love to hear the story which angel voices tell, How once the King of glory came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sinful; but this I surely know, The Lord came down to save me, because He loved me so.

I'm glad my blessèd Savior was once a child like me, To show how pure and holy His little ones might be; And, if I try to follow His footsteps here below, He never will forget me, because He loves me so.

To sing His love and mercy my sweetest songs I'll raise; And, though I cannot see Him, I know he hears my praise; For He has kindly promised that even I may go To sing among His angels, because He loves me so.

Emily H. Miller