

Charles Edward Mudie (1818-90) **Jesus, who calledst little ones to Thee**

Joseph Barnby (1838-96)

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1 Jesus, who calledst little ones to Thee,
To Thee I come;
O take my hand in Thine, and speak to me,
And lead me home;
Lest from the path of life my feet should stray,
And Satan prowling make Thy lamb his prey.

3 O gentle Jesus, make this heart of mine,
So full of sin,
As holy, harmless, undefiled, as Thine,
And dwell therein;
Then God my Father I, like Thee, shall know,
And grow in wisdom as in strength I grow.

2 I love to think that Thou with holy feet
My path hast trod;
Along life's common lanes an dusty street
Hast walked with God;
On Mary's bosom drawn an infant's breath,
And served Thy parents dear at Nazareth.

4 To Thee, my Saviour, then, with morning light
Glad songs I'll raise,
My saddest hours and darkest shall be bright
With silent praise;
And should my work or play my thoughts employ,
Thy will shall be my law, Thy love my joy.