

★ Oh, Come, Little Children ★

1 Oh, come, lit - tle chil - dren, oh, come, one and
2 He's born in a sta - ble for you and for
3 See Mar - y and Jo - seph with love - beam - ing
4 Kneel down and a - dore Him with shep - herds to -

all, To Beth - le - hem haste, to the man - ger so
me. Draw near by the bright gleam - ing star - light to
eyes Are gaz - ing up - on the rude bed where He
day, Lift up lit - tle hands now and praise Him as

small. God's Son for a gift has been sent you this
see, In swad - dling clothes ly - ing, so meek and so
lies, The shep - herds are kneel - ing, with hearts full of
they; Re - joice that a Sav - ior from sin you can

night To be your Re - deem - er, your Joy and De - light.
mild, And pur - er than an - gels, the heav - en - ly Child.
love, While an - gels sing loud hal - le - lu - jahs a - bove.
boast, And join in the song of the heav - en - ly host.

Text: Christoph von Schmidt, 1768–1854; trans. composite
Tune: IHR KINDERLEIN, KOMMET, Johann A. P. Schulz, 1747–1800



To Owen Hoelter and Luke LeGrand

May the great joy of Jesus' birth
be with you always!

A.S.

Luke 2:9–10



Published by Concordia Publishing House
3558 S. Jefferson Ave., St. Louis, MO 63118-3968
1-800-325-3040 • cph.org

Text copyright © 2006 by Anita Reith Stohs
Illustrations copyright © 2006 Benrei Huang

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted,
in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the prior
written permission of Concordia Publishing House.

Manufactured in Shenzhen, China/064570/341039

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

33 32 31 30 29 28 27 26 25 24

Oh, Come, Little Children

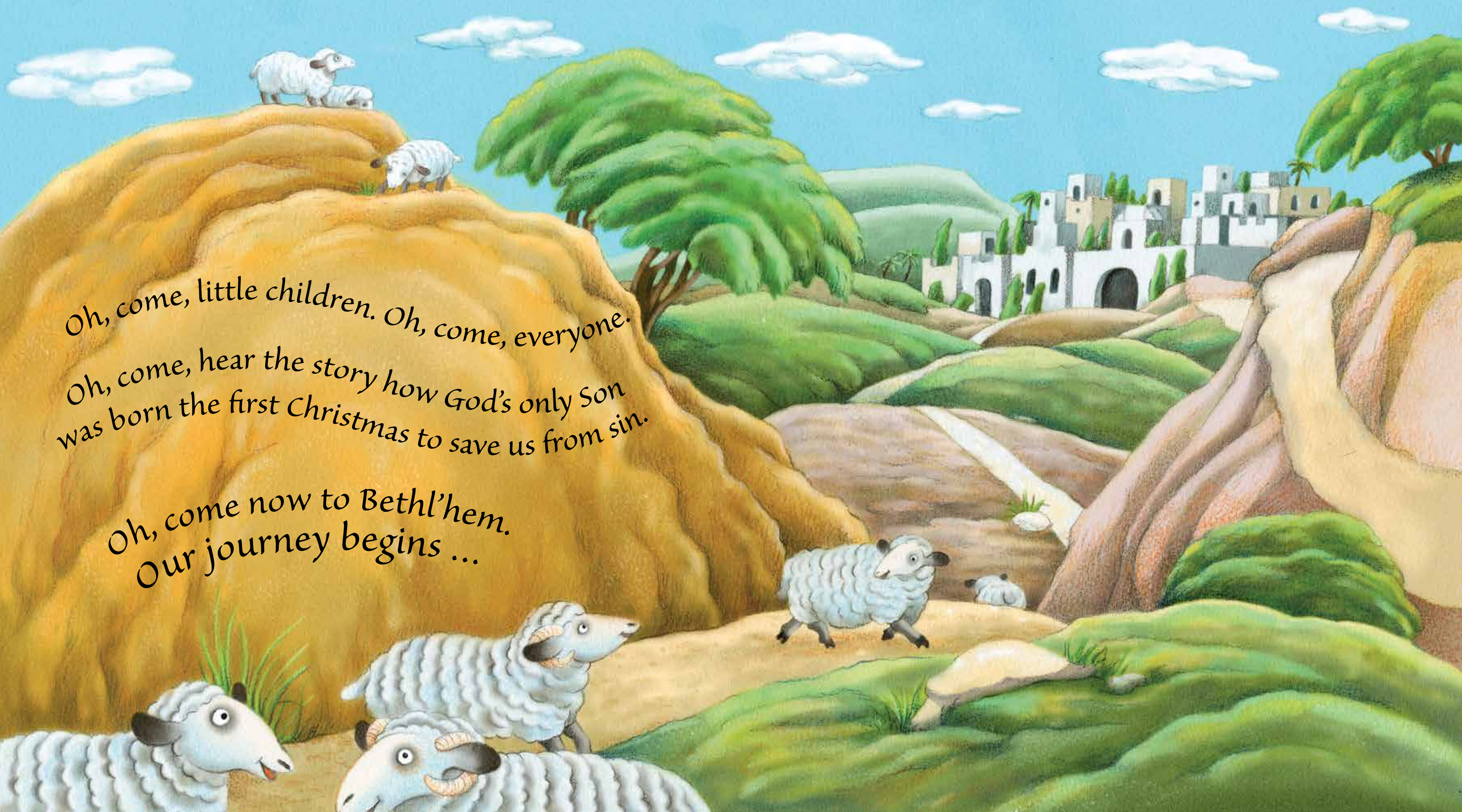


Written by Anita Reith Stohs



Art by Benrei Huang

CONCORDIA PUBLISHING HOUSE • SAINT LOUIS



Oh, come, little children. Oh, come, everyone.
Oh, come, hear the story how God's only Son
was born the first Christmas to save us from sin.

Oh, come now to Bethl'hem.
Our journey begins ...

See Mary and Joseph as they come to town,
tired from traveling; no place to lie down.

