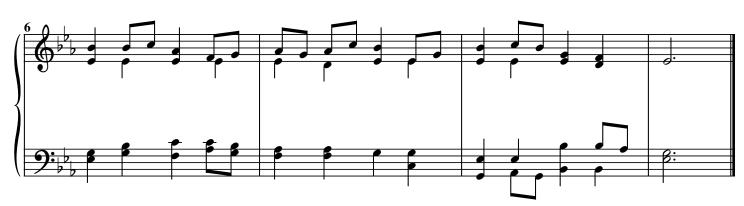
## I love to think, though I am young





I love to think, though I am young, My Saviour was a child; That Jesus walked this earth along, With feet all undefiled.

He kept His Father's word of truth, As I am taught to do; And while He walked the paths of youth, He walked in wisdom too.

I love to think that He who spake And made the blind to see, And called the sleeping dead to wake, Was once a child like me. That He who wore the thorny crown, And tasted death's despair, Had a kind mother like my own, And knew her love and care.

I know 'twas all for love of me That He became a child, And left the heavens, so fair to see, And trod earth's pathway wild.

Then, Saviour, who wast once a child, A child may come to Thee; And O in all Thy mercy mild, Dear Saviour, come to me!

**Edwin Paxton Hood** 

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