

**"Let the little children  
come," the Savior gently  
said. Then, taking them  
into his arms, laid hands  
upon their heads. I wish  
that I had been there  
as he held  
and blessed  
each one,  
but there's a  
warmth inside my heart  
that tells me I am loved.**



**I will always remember**



**that Jesus  
loves me,  
that he lived,  
died, and rose  
again to set  
the whole**

**world free. He will bless me  
with his spirit and fill my  
soul with peace. I will  
always remember him. He  
will always remember me.**

**In the garden, Jesus knelt  
beneath the  
olive trees.**



**He felt my  
sorrows, one  
by one, so he  
could comfort**

**me. He knows and loves  
me deeply; I am graven  
on his palms. One day**

**he'll call me by my name  
and hold me in his arms.**

**Always, always**  
**he'll remember me.**



**I will** always  
**remember him, and**  
**he'll remember me.**