

**"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.**