

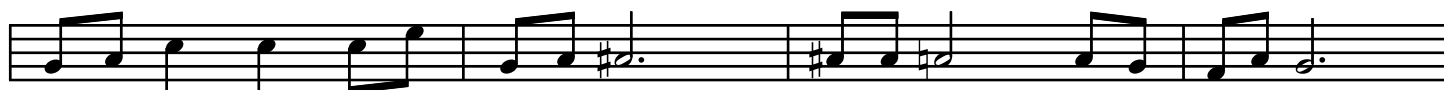
Children's Crusade

Glenn Campbell

Song #5



From the fields and farms, from the town and city, — child-ren take up arms.



They are brave and pret - ty, know-ing God choos-es them for His hol - y war.



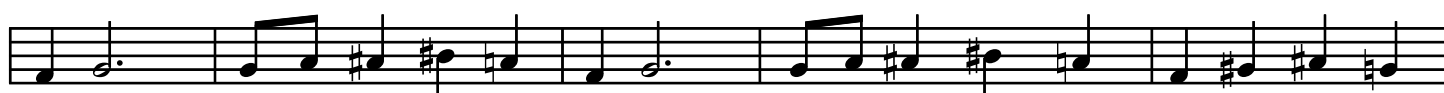
They are names we etch in stone. For a word they will die a - lone, on fields



far from home. We will serve our Lord. We will write our stor-y. We will wield our sword.



We will fight for His glor-y then re-turn to our land for e - ter ni ty. We have nev - er gone



this far. We have lost our guid - ing star. And our faith won't tell us now which way



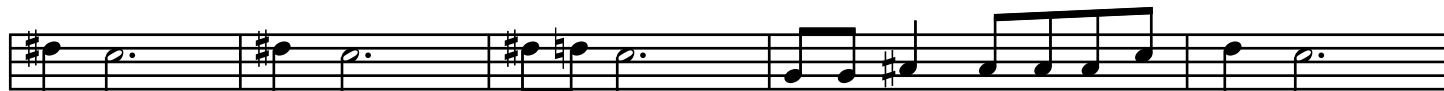
to go. We don't know who to ask, who to show. We will cross the sea.



We will serve our mis-sion. We have brav - er - y. We have ho - ly per-mis-sion to in vade



what God made on ly for our selves. We have sailed so far from home. In the sea we will drown



a - lone, dis-owned, to a-tone It was not long a - go we could rest.

Children's Crusade



Feel-ing safe at our moth - er's breast. Feel-ing warm in a world of con-sis - ten - cy



in the arms that could know what's best. We have had our re - grets.



From the fields and farms, from the town and city, — child ren took up arms. They were brave and pret-ty,



know ing God chose them for His hol-y war. They would nev - er come back here.



In the sands they would dis - ap-pear, long a-go, far from here. There is on - ly one



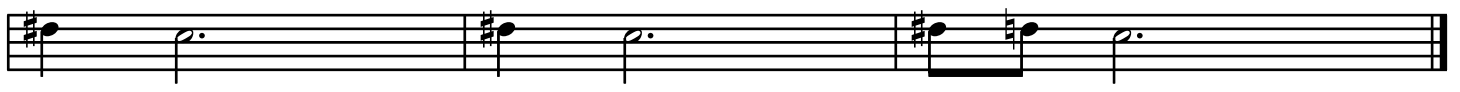
thing known, on a mon - u - ment of stone, their names a - lone. _____



We were child - ren once. We are souls _____ for - ev er. We will learn to dance. We will dance —



— for our pleasure. Know ing God wel comes us to His home. _____ We re - turn _____ to re claim



our own, at last not a - lone.