



*Jillian Elizabeth
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The Crayon Box

When I was just a little child no higher than your knee, My mother bought a box of crayons, just for me. I picked them up and I opened them up and I looked way down inside, And the colors there reminded me of Jesus when He died. O... Red is the color of the blood that He shed, Brown is for the crown of thorns they laid upon His head. Blue is for royalty! Within Him did dwell; And yellow is for the Christian who's afraid to tell. I colored and I colored 'til the crayons were all gone, And though I am much older now, the mem'ry lingers on. And when I see a little child with crayon box in hand, I tell them what they mean to me and hope they'll understand. O... Red is the color of the blood that He shed, Brown is for the crown of thorns they laid upon His head. Blue is for royalty! Within Him did dwell; And yellow is for the Christian who's afraid to tell. Afraid to tell of a Saviour who died on Calvary, He died for lowly sinners just like you and me; And someday soon He's coming back to be our King, And the colors of the crayon box we will sing! O... Red is the color of the blood that He shed, Brown is for the crown of thorns they laid upon His head. Blue is for royalty! Within Him did dwell; And yellow is for the Christian who's afraid to tell. So, don't you be a Christian, who's afraid to tell!



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