

# By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

HOLY TRINITY C. M.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How  
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The  
 3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The  
 4. And soon, too soon, the win - try hour Of  
 5. O Thou, Whose in - fant feet were found With -  
 6. De - pend - ent on Thy boun - teous breath, We

fair the lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, be -  
 paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with  
 lil - y must de - cay; The rose that blooms be -  
 man's ma - tur - er age; Will shake the soul with  
 in Thy Fa - ther's shrine, Whose years, with change - less  
 seek Thy grace a - lone, In child - hood, man - hood,

neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!  
 in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.  
 neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.  
 sor - row's pow'r, And storm - y pas - sion's rage.  
 vir - tue crowned, Were all a - like di - vine:  
 age, and death, To keep us still Thine own. A - men.