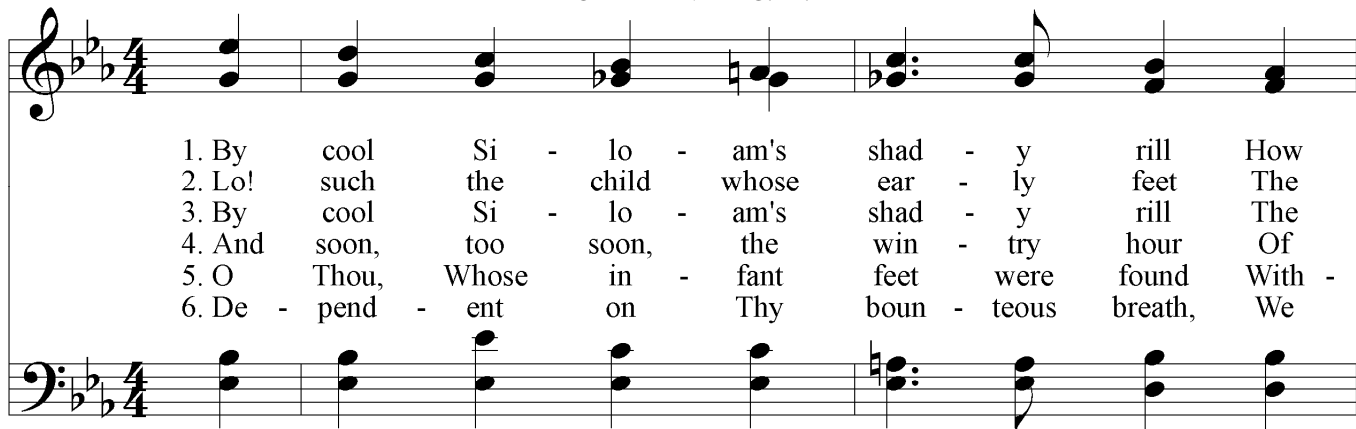
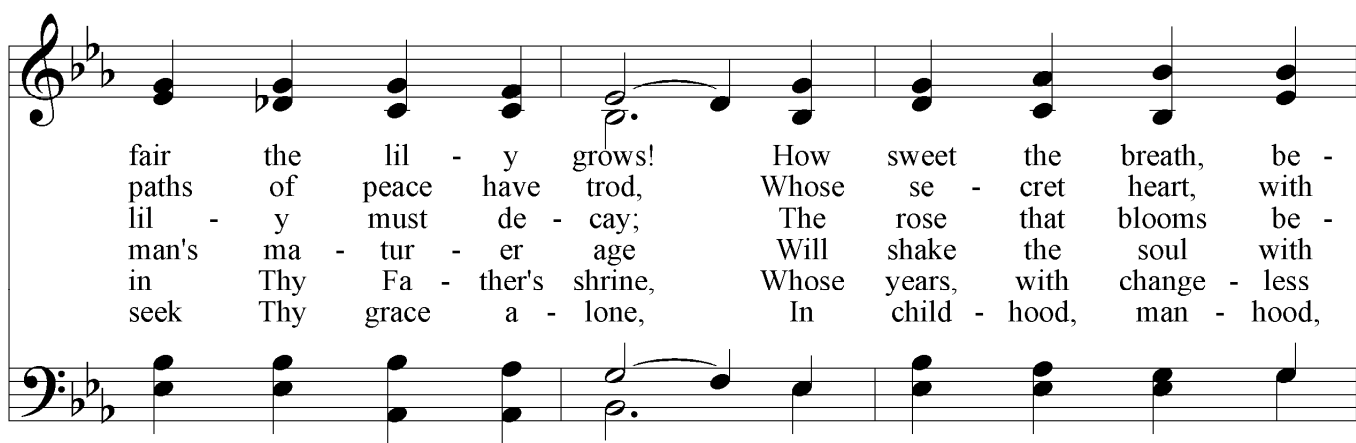


By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

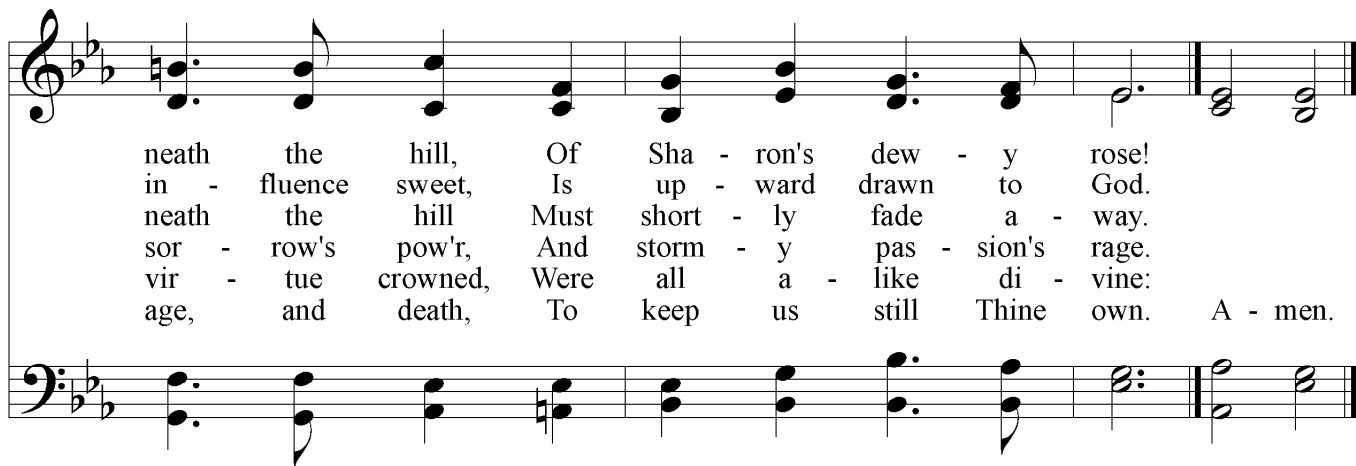
HOLY TRINITY C. M.



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.