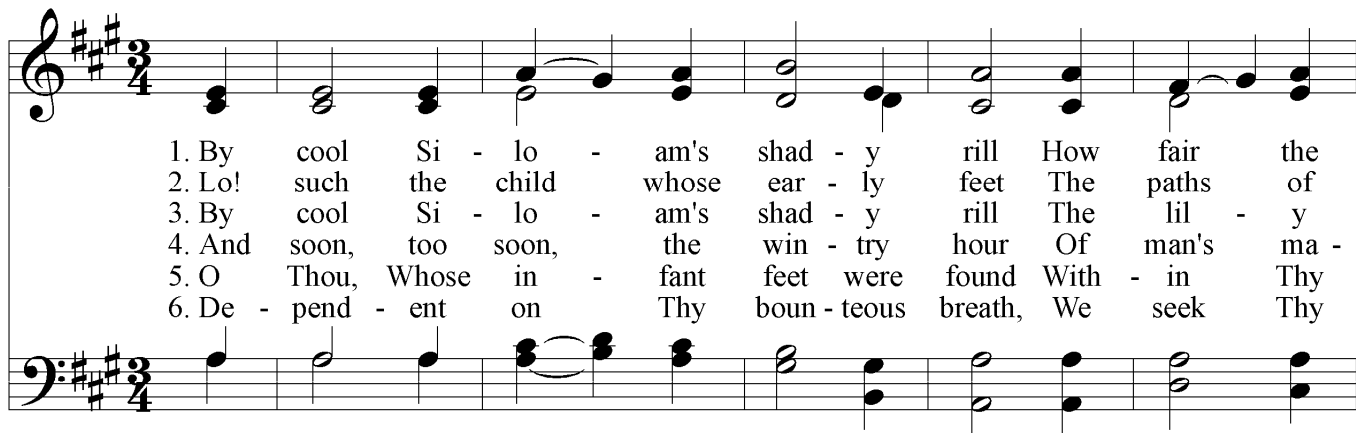
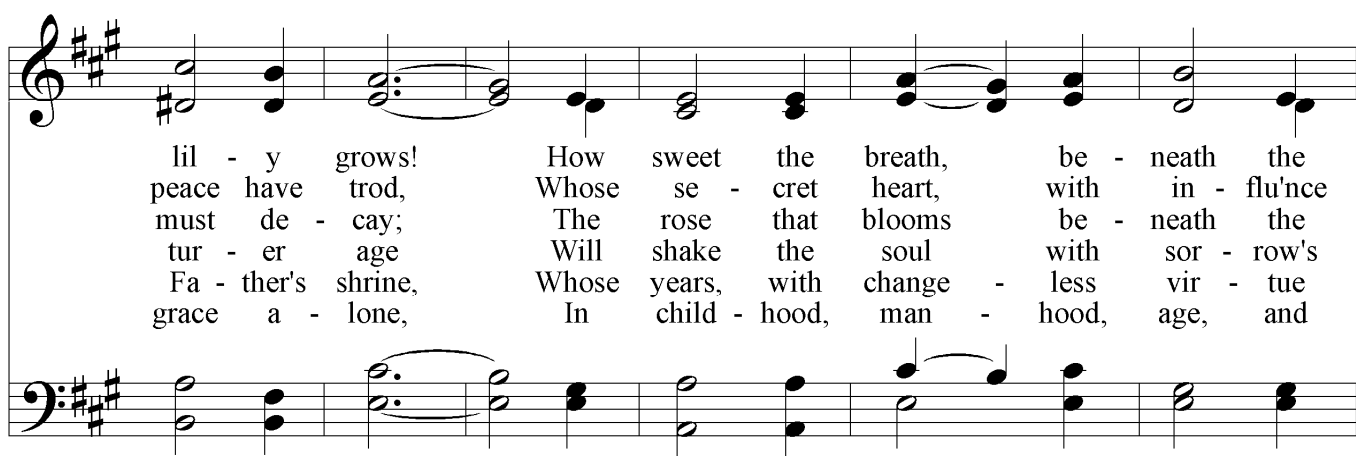


By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

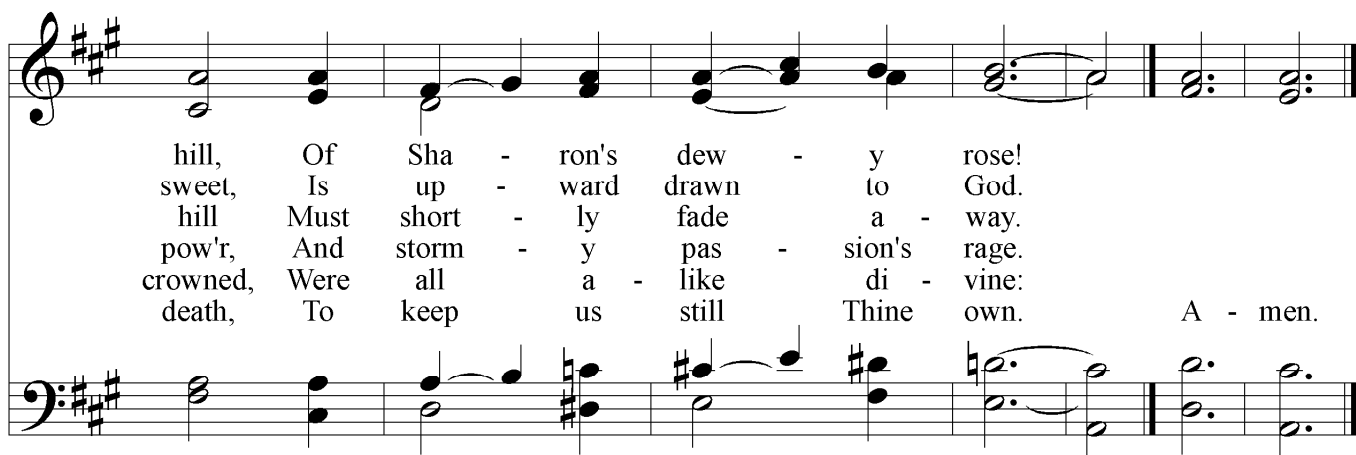
SILOAM C. M.



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



lil - y grows! How sweet the breath, be - neath the
peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart, with in - flu'nce
must de - cay; The rose that blooms be - neath the
tur - er age Will shake the soul with sor - row's
Fa - ther's shrine, Whose years, with change - less vir - tue
grace a - lone, In child - hood, man - hood, age, and



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