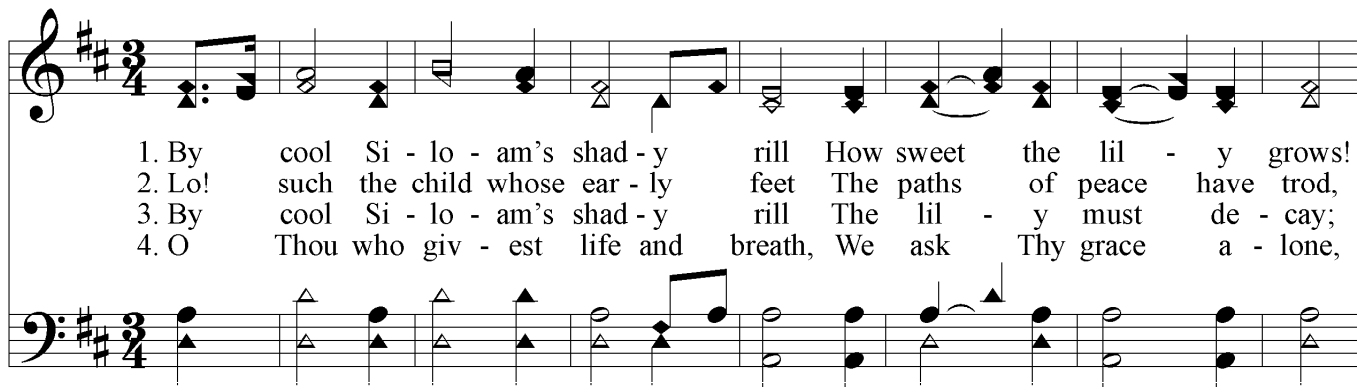
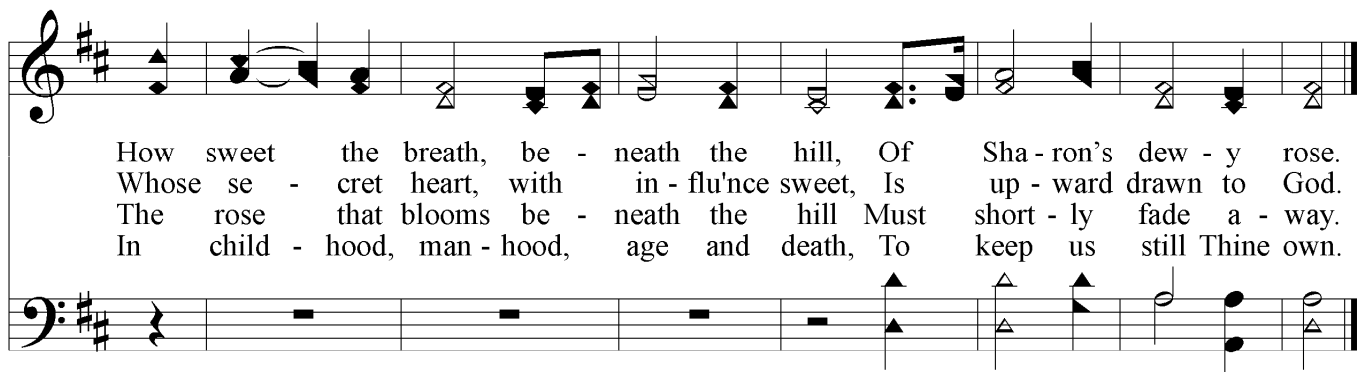


# By Cool Siloam's Rill



1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How sweet the lil - y grows!  
2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,  
3. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill The lil - y must de - cay;  
4. O Thou who giv - est life and breath, We ask Thy grace a - lone,



How sweet the breath, be - neath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose.  
Whose se - cret heart, with in - flu'nce sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.  
The rose that blooms be - neath the hill Must short - ly fade a - way.  
In child - hood, man - hood, age and death, To keep us still Thine own.