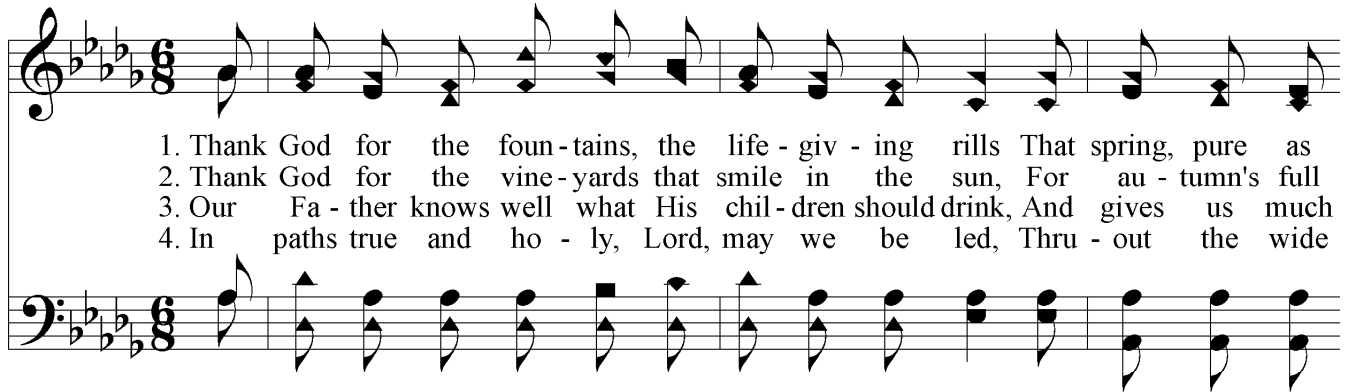


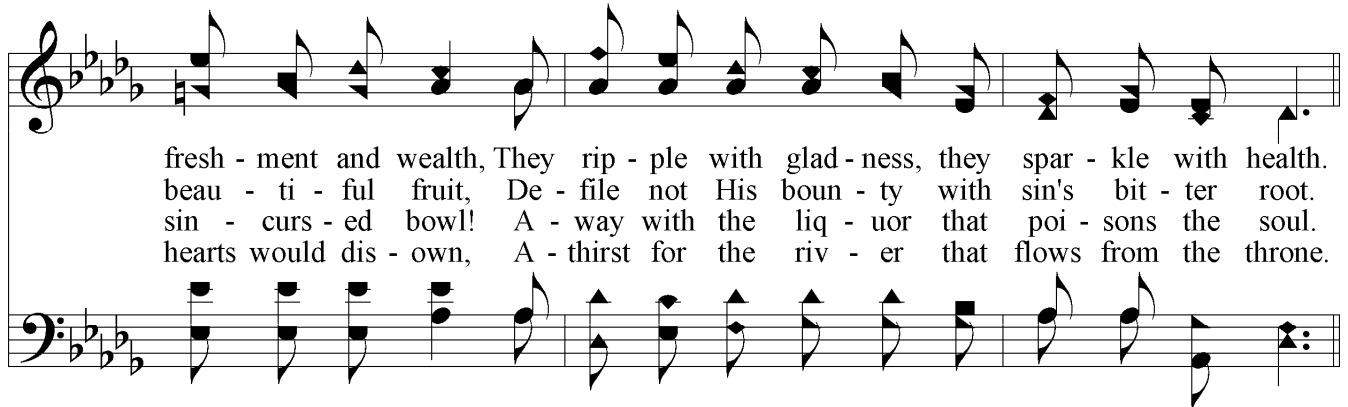
Pure As The Streamlet



1. Thank God for the foun-tains, the life - giv - ing rills That spring, pure as
2. Thank God for the vine-yards that smile in the sun, For au - tumn's full
3. Our Fa - ther knows well what His chil - dren should drink, And gives us much
4. In paths true and ho - ly, Lord, may we be led, Thru - out the wide



crys - tal, a - mong the green hills; They bring to the val - leys re -
gar - ners, when har - vest is done; O turn not to poi - son God's
more than we ask or can think; A - way, then, a - way with the
world may Thy king - dom be spread; All e - vil en - tice - ments our



fresh - ment and wealth, They rip - ple with glad - ness, they spar - kle with health.
beau - ti - ful fruit, De - file not His boun - ty with sin's bit - ter root.
sin - curs - ed bowl! A - way with the liq - uor that poi - sons the soul.
hearts would dis - own, A - thirst for the riv - er that flows from the throne.

Chorus



Mur - mur - ing rills Hear their sweet mu - sic a - mong the green hills;
Mur - mur - ing rills, mur - mur - ing rills,

Pure As The Streamlet

Keep, bless-ed Sav-ior, our souls Pure as the stream as it rolls.
Keep, bless-ed Sav-ior, our lips and our souls

Thank God for the foun-tains, the life-giv-ing rills That spring, pure as

crys-tal, a-mong the green hills; They bring to the val-leys re-

fresh-ment and wealth, They rip-ple with glad-ness, they spar-kle with health.