

# Consecrated Childhood

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1. By cool Si - lo - am's shad - y rill How fair the lil - y grows!  
2. Lo, such the child whose ear - ly feet The paths of peace have trod,  
3. De - pend - ent on Thy boun - teous breath, We seek 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 - ence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.  
In child - hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.