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By Cool Siloam's Shady Rill

Siloam. C.M.

REGINALD HEBER, 1827

ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1842

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 Shar-on's dew - y rose!
 Whose se - cret heart, with in - fluence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 In child - hood, man - hood, age, and death, To keep us still Thine own.

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Art Thou Weary?

Tr. by JOHN M. NEALE, 1862
STEPHEN OF MAR SABA

Stephanos. 8.5.8.3.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1868

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - tressed?
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?
 3. Is there di - a - dem, as mon - arch, That His brow a - dorns?
 4. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What my por - tion here?
 5. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
 6. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?
 7. Find - ing, fol - lowing, keep - ing, strug - gling, Is He sure to bless?

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
 "In His feet and hands are wound - prints, And His side."
 "Yea, a crown, in ver - y sure - ty, But of thorns."
 "Man - y a sor - row, man - y a la - bor, Man - y a tear."
 "Sor - row van - quished, la - bor end - ed, Jor - dan passed."
 "Not till earth and not till heav - en Pass a - way."
 "Saints, a - pos - tles, proph - ets, mar - tyrs, An - swer, Yes."