

COLD WATER SONG.

Words from "Water Cure Journal." Music, "O, Come, Come Away," arranged by C. P. Watson, Montreal.

O, Wa-ter! Bright wa-ter! Thy sta-tion is , high, Earth's beau - ti - ful daugh - ter,

Thy pur-ling streams wand-er 'Mid wild blooming flowers, Or gent - ly me - an - der

The bride of the sky. The fond earth doth bless thee, With gen - tle de - light,

Through green shady bowers; A - non wild-ly leap - ing A - down the cas - cade;

And soft cloude ca - ress thee Em - bo-som'd in light.

Or pen - sive - ly sweep - ing A - long the green glado.

Of thee, O pure water,
Of thee do we sing,
Wine, wine is a mocker,
It leaveth a sting.
Ye gay, and ye happy,
O, fly from its thrall,
'Twill lead you to ruin,
'Twill mock at your fall.

Turn, turn to the fountain
Where bright waters flow
From hill-side and mountain,
Wherever ye go
Quaff, quaff the pure nectar,
'Tis flowing for thee;
Health's surest protector
It ever will be.