

# COLD WATER SONG.

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



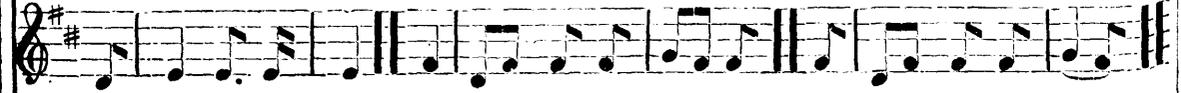
O, Wa-ter! Bright wa-ter! Thy sta-tion is high, Earth's beau-ti-ful daugh-ter,



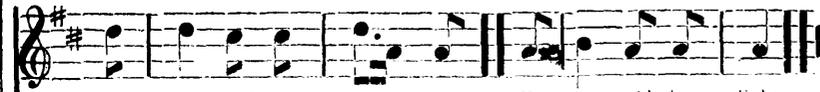
Thy pur-ling streams wand-er 'Mid wild bloom-ing flowers, Or gent-ly me-an-der



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



Through green shady bowers; A-nou 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.