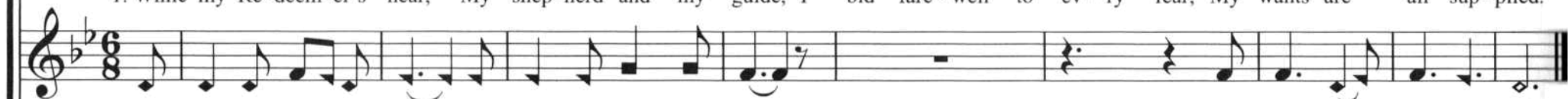


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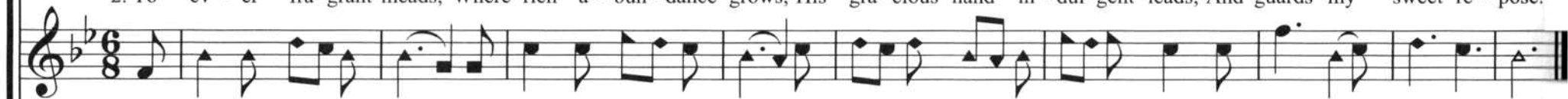
C.C. Lyman

Slow.

1. While my Re-deem-er's near, My shep-herd and my guide, I bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, My wants are all sup-plied.



2. To ev-er fra-grant meads, Where rich a-bun-dance grows, His gra-cious hand in-dul-gent leads, And guards my sweet re- pose.



3. A-long the lone-ly scene, Cool wa-ters gen-tly roll, Trans-par-ent, sweet, and all se-rene, To cheer my faint-ing soul.

