By Cool Siloam’s Rill

1. By cool Siloam’s shady rill
   How sweet the lily grows!

2. Lo! such the child whose early feet
   The paths of peace have trod,

3. By cool Siloam’s shady rill
   The lily must decay;

4. O Thou who giv’st life and breath,
   We ask Thy grace alone,

   How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
   Of Sharon’s dewy rose.

   Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
   Is upward drawn to God.

   The rose that blooms beneath the hill
   Must shortly fade away.

   In childhood, manhood, age and death,
   To keep us still Thine own.

Words by Reginald Heber
Music by I. B. Woodbury