

# Hymn Lyrics

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## By cool Siloam's shady rill

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
how sweet the lily grows!  
How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet  
the paths of peace have trod,  
whose secret heart with influence sweet  
is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
the lily must decay,  
the rose that blooms beneath the hill  
must shortly fade away;

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour  
of life's maturer age  
will shake the soul with sorrow's power  
and stormy passion's rage.

O thou, whose infant feet were found  
within thy Father's shrine,  
whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,  
were all alike divine;

Dependent on thy bounteous breath  
we seek thy grace alone,  
through every stage of life, and death,  
to keep us still thine own.

(1783-1826) 1812

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