By cool Siloam's shady rill How fair the lily grow

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How fair 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 man'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,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still Thine own.

---Alternative verses---
By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death
To keep us still Thine own.

Meter:8 6 8 6 (C.M.)
Author:Reginald Heber
1783 - 1826
Bible Refs:Ec 7:1
SSS number: 1162
Music:SILOAM
Meter:8 6 8 6 (C.M.)
Author:Isaac Baker Woodbury
1819 - 1858