

METRE 2 Reginald Heber

# SILOAM C.M.

Isaac Baker Woodbury

1. By cool Si - lo-am's sha-dy rill How fair the li - ly grows! How sweet the breath be - neath the hill, Of Sha-ron's dew - y rose.

2. Lo! such the child whose ear-ly feet The paths of peace have trod, Whose se - cret heart with in-fluence sweet Is Up-ward drawn to God.

3. By cool Si - lo-am's sha-dy rill The li - ly must de - cay, The rose that blooms be - neath the hill, Must short-ly fade a - way.

4. And soon, too soon, the win-t'ry hour Of man's ma - tur - er age Will shake the soul with sor-row's pow'r And storm-y pas-sion's rage.

5. O thou who giv - est life and breath, We seek thy grace a - lone, In child-hood, man-hood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.