

# The Gushing Rill

*Moderato.*

1. O if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gush - ing rill,  
 2. Pass not to me the mant - ling brim, Where danc - ing bub - bles gai - ly swim;  
 3. Speak not to me of ro - sy wine, Of nec - tar cups, or draughts di - vine;

With spark - ling wa - ter, pure and bright, As clear as truth, and free as light.  
 For in each shin - ing crys - tal round, A dead - ly lurk - ing fiend is found.  
 The taste of bit - ter tears is there, The tears of grief, and dark de - spair.

CHORUS.

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rill;

rill; O if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gush - ing rill.

*Text:* unknown—published by 1854 in *Student and Family Miscellany*

*Music:* Evan Stephens (1854–1930)

*Poetic Meter:* L. M. D.

*Source:* *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, 1909 (no. 43)

*Note:* also known as ‘The Sparkling Rill’ or ‘The Crystal Rill’ in other sources