

ETERNITY 77.77.77.744.

P. P. BLISS

ELLEN M. H. GATES

1. O, the clang-ing bells of time, Night and
 2. O, the clang-ing bells of time, How their
 3. O, the clang-ing bells of time, To their

day they nev-er cease; We are wea-ried with their chime, For they
 chan-ges rise and fall, But in un-der-tone sub-line, Sound-ing
 voi-ces, loud and low, In a long, un-rest-ing line We are

do not bring us peace; And we hush our breath to hear, And we
 clear-ly through them all, Is a voice that must be heard, As our
 march-ing to and fro; And we yearn for sight or sound Of the



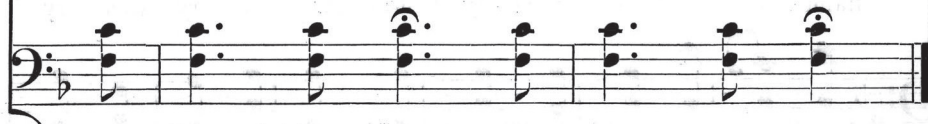
strain our eyes to see If thy shores are draw-ing near,
mo-ments on-ward flee, And it speak-eth, aye, one word,
life that is to be, For thy breath doth wrap us round,



Ritard.



E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!
E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!



4. O, the clanging bells of time,
Soon their notes will all be dumb,
And in joy and peace sublime,
We shall feel the silence come;
And our souls their thirst will slake,
And our eyes the King will see,
When thy glorious morn shall break,
Eternity! Eternity!