The Clanging Bells Of Time

"The time is short." – I Cor. 7:29

1. O the clang-ing bells of Time! Night and day they nev-er cease;
2. O the clang-ing bells of Time! How their chang-es rise and fall,
3. O the clang-ing bells of Time! To their voic-es loud and low,
4. O the clang-ing bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,

We are wea-ried with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
But in un-der tone sub-lime, Sound-ing clear-ly thru them all,
In a long, un-rest-ing line We are march-ing to and fro;
And in joy and peace sub-lime, We shall feel the si-lence come;

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see,
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo-ments on-ward flee,
And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the light that is to be,
And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,
The Clanging Bells Of Time

If Thy shores are drawing near,— Enter—ni—ty!
And it speaketh aye one word,— Enter—ni—ty!
For thy breath doth wrap us round,— Enter—ni—ty!
When thy glorious morn shall break,— Enter—ni—ty!

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