The Clanging Bells Of Time

"The time is short." – 1 Cor. 7:29

Words: Ellen M. H. Gates, written for I. D. S., 1875
Music: Ira D. Sankey

1. O the clanging bells of Time! Night and day they never cease;
   We are wearied with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;
   And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see,
   And our souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see,

2. O the clanging bells of Time! How their changes rise and fall,
   But in under tone sublime, Sound ing clearly thru them all,
   Is a voice that must be heard, As our moments onward flee,
   And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the light that is to be,

3. O the clanging bells of Time! To their voices loud and low,
   In a long, unresting line We are marching to and fro;
   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,

4. O the clanging bells of Time! Soon their notes will all be dumb,
   But in under tone sublime, Sound ing clearly thru them all,
   Is a voice that must be heard, As our moments onward flee,
   And we yearn for sight or sound, Of the light that is to be,

(Chorus)

"The time is short."

— 1 Cor. 7:29
The Clanging Bells Of Time

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

Enter into Thy rest!

Enter into Thy rest!

Enter into Thy rest!

Enter into Thy rest!