

# Eternity

Ellen Maria Huntington Gates, 1876

Philip Paul Bliss

♩=93

1. Oh, the clang-ing bells of time! Night and day they nev-er cease; We are  
2. Oh, the clang-ing bells of time! Now their chang-es rise and fall, But in  
3. Oh, the clang-ing bells of time! To their voic-es, loud and low, In a  
4. Oh, the clang-ing bells of time! Soon their notes will all be dumb, And in

wear-ied with their chime, For they do not bring us peace; And we  
un-der tone sub-lime, Sound-ing clear-ly through them all, Is a  
long, un-rest-ing line We are march-ing to and fro; And we  
joy and peace sub-lime, We shall feel the si-lence come; And our

hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see If thy  
voice that must be heard, As our mo-ments on-ward flee, And it  
yearn for sight or sound, Of the life that is to be, For thy  
souls their thirst will slake, And our eyes the King will see, When thy

shores are draw-ing near, E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!  
speak-eth, aye, one word, E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!  
breath doth wrap us round, E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!  
glor-ious morn shall break, E-ter-ni-ty! E-ter-ni-ty!