

**490****How Vain Is All Beneath the Skies!**

Protection. L.M.

DAVID E. FORD

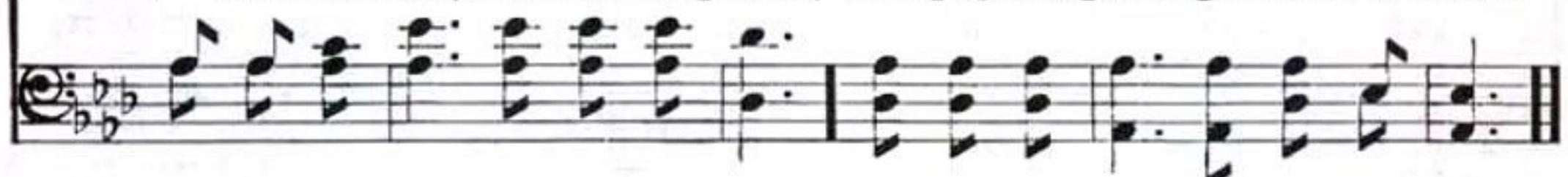
H. ABBOTT



1. How vain is all be-neath the skies! How transient ev - ery earth-ly bliss!
2. The eve-ning cloud, the morn-ing dew, The withering grass, the fad-ing flower,
3. But though earth's fairest blossoms die, And all be -neath the skies is vain,
4. Then let the hope of joys to come Dis -pel our cares, and chase our fears;



- How slen-der all the fond-est ties That bind us to a world like this!  
 Of earth-ly hopes are emblems true— The glo -ry of a pass-ing hour.  
 There is a land whose con-fines lie Be -yond the reach of care and pain.  
 If God be ours, we're traveling home, Though passing through a vale of tears.

**491****See the Leaves Around Us Falling**

Sleep. 8.7.8.7.

HORNE

GEO. E. LEE



1. See the leaves a - round us fall-ing, Dry and with-ered to the ground;
2. "Youth on length of days pre-suming, Who the paths of pleasure tread,
3. "Year-ly in our course ap-pear-ing, Mes -sen-gers of short-est stay,



- Thus to thoughtless mor-tals call-ing, In a sad and sol-emn sound:  
 View us, late in beau-ty bloom-ing, Numbered now a -mong the dead.  
 Thus we preach in mor-tal hear-ing—Ye, like us, shall pass a - way."

