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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 emblem 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.



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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 - sengers 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."

