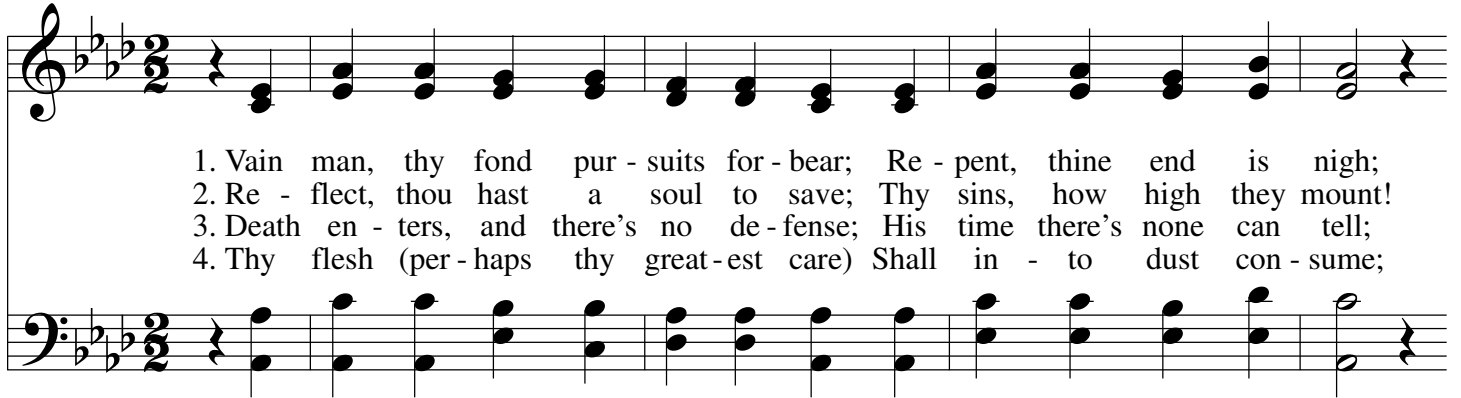
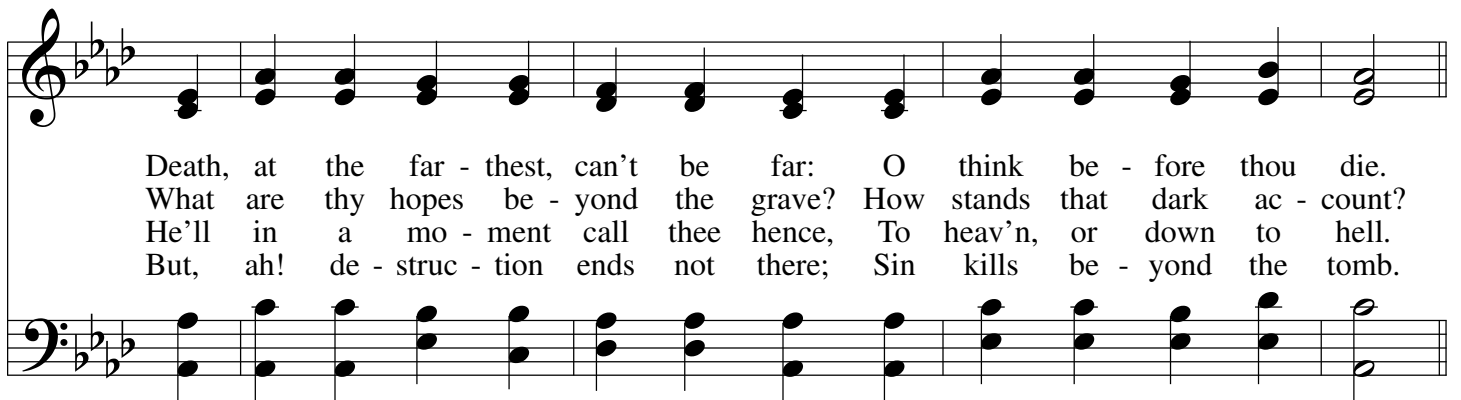


We Are Passing Away

A \flat



1. Vain man, thy fond pur - suits for - bear; Re - pent, thine end is nigh;
2. Re - flect, thou hast a soul to save; Thy sins, how high they mount!
3. Death en - ters, and there's no de - fense; His time there's none can tell;
4. Thy flesh (per - haps thy great - est care) Shall in - to dust con - sume;



Death, at the far - thest, can't be far: O think be - fore thou die.
What are thy hopes be - yond the grave? How stands that dark ac - count?
He'll in a mo - ment call thee hence, To heav'n, or down to hell.
But, ah! de - struc - tion ends not there; Sin kills be - yond the tomb.

Refrain



We are pass - ing a - way, We are pass - ing a - way,



We are pass - ing a - way To the great judg - ment day.