Passing Away
Words: J. W. P. Fackler, 1876
Music: George Lyon

We are passing, swiftly passing,
To the distant spirit land,
Old and young alike are going,
To the Jordan's beaten strand;
One by one the dear ones vanish,
Passing to the other side,
Many hearts and forms we cherish,
O'er its surging billows glide.

Oft methinks I hear the boatman,
Hear the splashing of his oar,
Coming on to bear me homeward,
To the bright and golden shore;
Oft, by faith, I hear the chorus,
Catch the saints' triumphal song,
And my spirit's earnest longings
Would the glorious strains prolong.

But a few more days of sorrow,
And a few more sighs and tears,
Then will come the bright "tomorrow,"
Then will end my hopes and fears,
When the angel throng will meet me,
In the realms of endless day,
And the Savior, too, will greet me,
Wiping all my tears away.