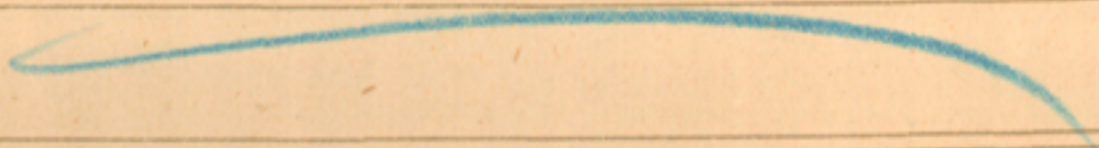


The Passing  
Bell



# The Passing Bell.

Words by H. E. CLAY, Perth.  
*mf Recit.*

Music by CAPTAIN E. JACKSON, Guards Band.  
*cres*

Pray for the soul of the drunkard, He lives, but see, thrice dead is he; His

*mf* Toll, toll, *cres.*

love is lust, his faith mistrust, His troth is per-ju-ry.

*dim.* *poco rit.* *p* Toll, toll,

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

Sound your knell for the living, Hold your peace for the dead, For them warm hearts are heaving, And

kindly dews are shed; These clamour for ghost-li-er griev-ing, And the heart's wrung tears drop red.

*Rit. First five verses.*

*piano, slowly.* *Final chorus.*

*pp* Toll, toll, toll, And happy as souls Thou hast taken To join the an - gels' choir.

2 Pray for the soul of the swearer,  
On holy things  
Foul scorn he flings;  
His tainted breath  
Is full of death,  
His false tongue stains and stings.  
Chos.—Cry aloud for the living, etc.

3 Pray for the soul of the gambler,  
Sin-led is he,  
Soul-dead is he;  
He chills, he burns,  
The dice, by turns  
His gods, his demons be!  
Chos.—Lift your voice for, etc.

4 Pray for the soul of the harlot,  
Death wed is she,  
Twice dead is she;  
Her soul is stained,  
Her flesh profaned,  
O Christ her Saviour be!  
Chos.—Pour your prayers for, etc.

5 Pray for the souls of the scorners—  
False Pharisee,  
Cold Sadducee;  
Their god is self,  
Their glory pelf,  
Their heaven is held in fee!  
Chos.—Plead with God for, etc.

6 Pray for the souls of the prayerless,  
Oh, carnal mind!  
Oh, spirit blind!  
Oh, heart of stone,  
Unblest, alone!  
O God, these slaves unbind!

FINAL CHORUS.

Lord, these sleepers awaken,  
Pluck these brands from the fire;  
Bring home Thy flock forsaken,  
Make clean from dross and mire,  
And happy as souls Thou hast taken  
To join the angels' choir.