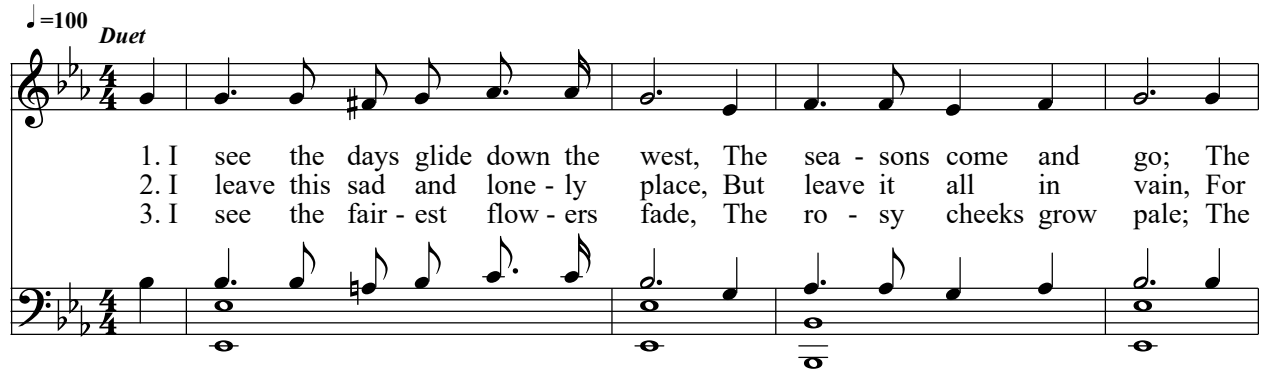


Eternity Is Near

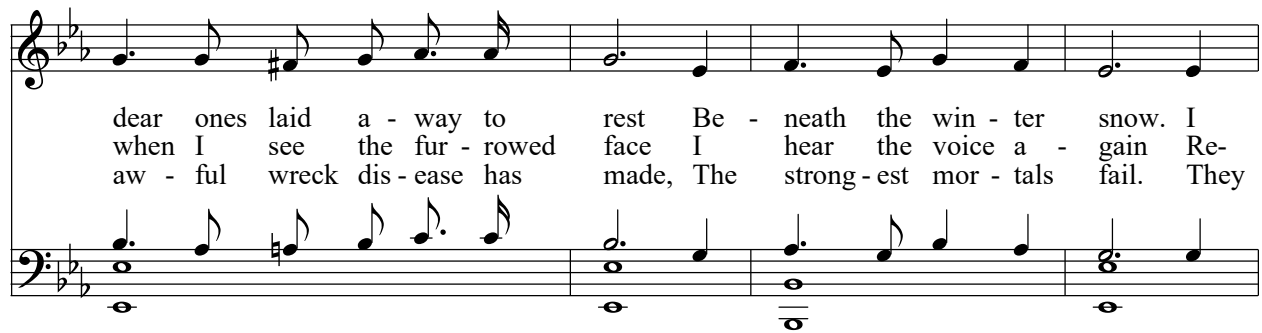
Judson Wheeler Van DeVenter, 1899

Winfield Scott Weeden

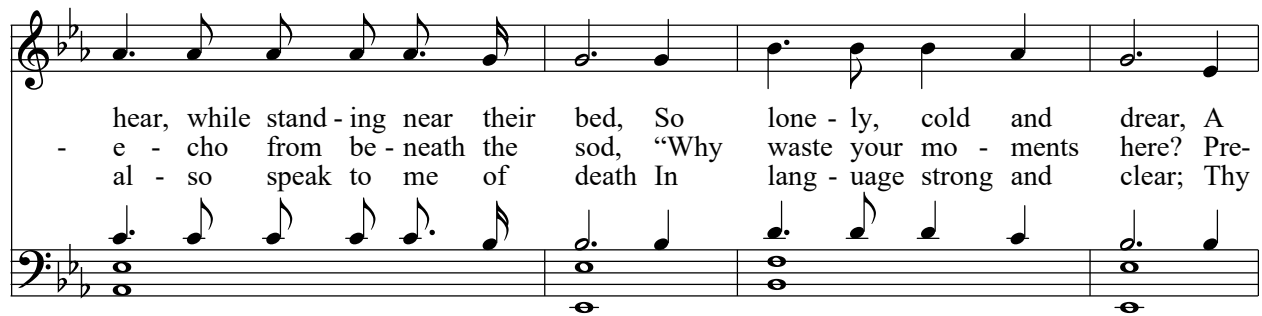
♩=100 *Duet*



1. I see the days glide down the west, The sea - sons come and go; The
2. I leave this sad and lone - ly place, But leave it all in vain, For
3. I see the fair - est flow - ers fade, The ro - sy cheeks grow pale; The

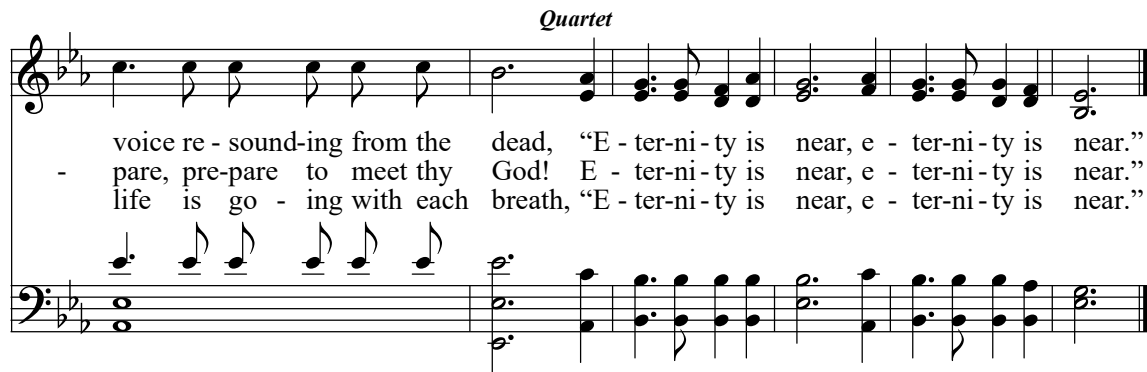


dear ones laid a - way to rest Be - neath the win - ter snow. I
when I see the fur - rowed face I hear the voice a - gain Re -
aw - ful wreck dis - ease has made, The strong - est mor - tals fail. They



hear, while stand - ing near their bed, So lone - ly, cold and drear, A
- e - cho from be - neath the sod, "Why waste your mo - ments here? Pre -
al - so speak to me of death In lang - uage strong and clear; Thy

Quartet



voice re - sound - ing from the dead, "E - ter - ni - ty is near, e - ter - ni - ty is near."
- pare, pre - pare to meet thy God! E - ter - ni - ty is near, e - ter - ni - ty is near."
life is go - ing with each breath, "E - ter - ni - ty is near, e - ter - ni - ty is near."