

Albert Midlane

Thomas Hastings

1. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing, Yes, but whith - er, whith - er bound?  
 2. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing, Naught the wheels of time can stay;  
 3. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing, Man - y on the down - ward road;  
 4. Pass - ing on - ward, quick - ly pass - ing, Time its course will quick - ly run;

Is it to the man - y man - sions Where e - ter - nal rest is found?  
 Sweet the thought that some are go - ing To the realms of per - fect day;  
 Care - less of their souls im - mor - tal, Head - ing not the call of God,  
 Still we hear the fond entreat - y Of the ev - er - gra - cious One—

Pass - ing on - ward— Yes, but whith - er, whith - er bound?  
 Pass - ing on - ward— Christ their lead - er, Christ their way.  
 Pass - ing on - ward— Tramp - ling on the Sav - iour's blood.  
 "Come and wel - come, 'Tis by *Me* that life is won."

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