1. The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of Heaven breaks,
   And glo-ry, glo-ry dwel-leth in Im-man-uel's land.
2. The King there in his beau-ty, with-out a veil is seen.
   And glo-ry, glo-ry dwel-leth in Im-man-uel's land.
3. O Christ, He is the foun-tain, the deep, deep well of love,
   And glo-ry, glo-ry dwel-leth in Im-man-uel's land.
4. With mer-cy and with judg-ment my web of time He wove,
   When throned where glo-ry dwel-leth in Im-man-uel's land.
5. Oh! I am my Be-lov-ed's and my Be-lov-ed's mine!
   Not e'en where glo-ry dwel-leth in Im-man-uel's land.
6. The bride eyes not her gar-ments but her dear Bride-groom's face,
   The Lamb is all the glo-ry of Im-man-uel's land.

The summer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn awakes;
   The Sands of Time Are Sinking

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