1. The sands of time are sinking, the dawn of Heaven breaks,
2. The King there in his beauty, without a veil is seen.
3. O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, deep well of love,
4. With mercy and with judgment my web of time He wove,
5. Oh! I am my Beloved's and my Beloved's mine!
6. The bride eyes not her garments but her dear Bride-groom's face,

The summer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn awakes;
It were a well spent journey though seven deaths lay between;
The streams on earth I've tasted, more deep I'll drink above,
And aye the dews of sorrow were lusted with his love,
He brings a poor, vile sinner into his "house of wine,"
I will not gaze at glory but on my King of Grace:

Dark, dark hath been the midnight, but day-spring is at hand,
The Lamb with his fair army, Doth on Mount Zion stand,
There to an ocean fullness, His mercy doth expand,
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that planned,
I stand upon his merit, I know no other stand,
Not at the crown he giveth, But on his pierced hand;

And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.
When throned where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.
Not e'en where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.
The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Lyrics: Anne Ross Cousin (1857), based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford, Public Domain;
Music: Connie Dever, © 2014

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