

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Text: Anne Cousin (1824-1906), Edited by Josh Buttram
Tune: American Folk Tune
From <http://www.thousandtongues.org/songs/hymntexts/the-sands-of-time-are-sinking>

Song Flow: 1,2,3,4,5

- 1** The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've longed for-
That fair, sweet sunrise wakes:
Dark, dark has been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwells there
In Immanuel's land.
- 2** O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love!
On earth His love I've tasted,
Yet deeper still above:
There to an ocean's fullness
His mercy does expand,
And glory, glory dwells there
In Immanuel's land.
- 3** The King's full, unveiled glory,
Is seen in Heaven's day:
Though death's the price to see Him,
Yet seven deaths I'd pay:
The Lamb with His fair army,
Does on Mount Zion stand,
And glory, glory dwells there
In Immanuel's land.
- 4** O I am my Beloved's
And my Beloved mine!
He brings a poor, vile sinner
Into His house of wine.

**I rest upon His merit-
On Rock of Ages stand,
And glory, glory dwells there
In Immanuel's land.**

**5 The bride turns from her splendor
To see her Bridegroom's face;
She'll gaze upon no glory
Than her dear King of grace.
Not on the crown He gives her
But on His nail-scarred hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.**