

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Words by Anne Cousin (1824-1906), based on Samuel Rutherford's Letters
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Song Flow: 1,2,3,4,B,5
CCLI Song # 7138991

1

Verse 1:

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

2

Verse 2:

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey
Though sev'n deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3

Verse 3:

Oh! Christ He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4

Verse 4:

**The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace-
Not at the crown He giveth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.**

B **Bridge:**
**Worthy, worthy is the Lamb.
Glory, glory to the Lamb.
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb.
Glory in Emmanuel's land.**

5 **Verse 5:**
**Oh! I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine!
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His "house of wine;"
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.**