

Immanuel's Land

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

They shall see His face. (Revelation 22:4)

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 Immanuel's land.
2. Oh! well it is forever,
Oh! well forevermore
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doomed shore!
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the stand,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
3. There the Red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heart-most bloom.
And fills the air of Heaven
With ravishing perfume;
Oh, to behold its blossom,
While by its fragrance fann'd
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
4. The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil is seen:
It were a well-spent journey
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
5. 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 Immanuel's land.
6. E'en Anwoth was not heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ;
And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst:
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spann'd,
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.
7. But that He built a heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little New Jerus'lem,
Like to the one above,—
"Lord, take me o'er the water,"
Had been my loud demand,
"Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land."
8. But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew;
And then, for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scann'd—
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land.
9. The little birds of Anwoth
I used to count them blest,—
Now, beside happier alters
I go to built my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand,
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.
10. Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear!
E'en from the verge of Heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My Heaven will be two Heavens,
In Immanuel's land!

11. I've wrestled on towards Heaven,
 'Ganst storm, and wind, and tide;—
 Now, like a weary traveller,
 That leaneth on his guide,
 Amid the shades of evening,
 While sinks life's ling'ring sand,
 I hail the glory dawning
 From Immanuel's land.
12. Deep waters cross'd life's pathway,
 The hedge of thorns was sharp;
 Now these lie all behind me,—
 Oh, for a well-tuned harp!
 Oh, to join Hallelujah
 With yon triumphant band,
 Who sing where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land!
13. With mercy and with judgement
 My web of time He wove,
 And aye the dews of sorrow
 Were lustered with His love!
 I'll bless the hand that guided,
 I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
 When throned where glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.
14. Soon shall the cup of glory
 Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
 Soon shall the desert brier
 Break into Eden's rose:
 The curse shall change to blessing—
 The name on earth that's bann'd,
 Be graven on the white stone
 In Immanuel's land.
15. 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 Immanuel's land.
16. I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
 Fill'd with His likeness rise,
 To live and to adore Him,
 To see Him with these eyes:
 'Tween me and resurrection
 But Paradise doth stand;
 Then—then for glory dwelling
 In Immanuel's land!
17. 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 Immanuel's land.
18. I have borne scorn and hatred,
 I have borne wrong and shame,
 Earth's proud ones have reproach'd me,
 For Christ's thrice blessed name:
 Where God His seal set fairest
 They've stamp'd their foulest brand;
 But judgment shines like noonday
 In Immanuel's land.
19. They've summoned me before them,
 But there I may not come,—
 My Lord says, "Come up hither,"
 My Lord says, "Welcome home!"
 My King now at His white throne,
 My presence doth command,
 Where glory—glory dwelleth
 In Immanuel's land.

"The Sands of Time Are Sinking"

Words based on the Letters of Samuel Rutherford (1600–1661)
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