

# THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

## IMMANUEL'S LAND

4/4

[GUITAR CAPO III — F]

**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 has been the midnight  
But dayspring is at hand  
And glory—glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's Land

**VERSE 2**

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

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 Immanuel's Land

VERSE 4

With mercy and with judgment  
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 hand that planned  
When throned where glory dwelleth  
In Immanuel's Land

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 Immanuel's Land

VERSE 6

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

"The Sands of Time Are Sinking"  
Words from *Immanuel's Land and other Pieces* by Anne Ross Cousin, 1857  
Based upon the Letters of Samuel Rutherford, 1600-1661  
Music arranged from Chrétien Urhan, 1834 by Edward F. Rimbault, 1867  
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