

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Immanuel's Land

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

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of Hea - ven breaks,
2. Oh Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep sweet well of love;
3. Oh I am my Be - lov - ed's And my Be - lov - ed's mine!
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bride - groom's face.

The sum - mer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove;
He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."
I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of Grace,

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
There to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand;

And glo - ry— glo - ry dwel - leth In Im - man - uel's Land.
And glo - ry— glo - ry dwel - leth In Im - man - uel's Land.
Not e'en where glo - ry dwel - leth In Im - man - uel's Land!
The Lamb is all the glo - ry of Im - man - uel's Land.

MUSIC: Arr. from Chrétien Urhan, 1834
by Edward F. Rimbault, 1867

RUTHERFORD
7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5.

WORDS: from *Immanuel's Land and other Pieces* by Anne Ross Cousin, 1857
Based upon the Letters of Samuel Rutherford, 1600-1661

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