

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

- 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 Immanuel's land
- 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 Immanuel's land
- VERSE 3** O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, deep 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 always dews of sorrow were lustered with His love
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart 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 garments, 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