

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of Hea - ven breaks,
 2. The King there in his beau - ty, with - out a veil is seen.
 3. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, the deep, deep well of love,
 4. With mer - cy and with judg - ment my web of time He wove,
 5. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's and my Be - lov - ed's mine!
 6. The bride eyes not her gar - ments but her dear Bride - groom's face,

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes;
 It were a well spent jour - ney though sev'n deaths lay be - tween;
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, more deep I'll drink a - bove,
 And aye the dews of sor - row were lus - tred with his love,
 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,
 The Lamb with his fair ar - my, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
 I stand up - on his mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
 Not at the crown he giv - eth, But on his pier - ced 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.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.
 When throned where 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.

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

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