**The Sands of Time Are Sinking**

Lyrics: Anne Ross Cousin (1857), based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford, Public Domain;

Music: Connie Dever, © 2014

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.

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.

O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love;

The streams of 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.

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 heart that planned,

When throned where glory dwelleth in Immanuel’s land.

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.

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.