

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Words by Anne Cousin
 Based on Samuel Rutherford's Letters
 Traditional Folk Tune
 Arranged by Philip Palmertree

1. The sands of there time are sink - ing The
 2. The king in His beaut - y With-
 3. O Christ, He is the Foun - tain The

dawn out of a hea - ven is breaks, The
 deep deep a sweet veil well of seen love It
 The

13 sum - mer a morn well I've sighed for The
 were a on earth - spent jour - ney Though
 streams on well earth I've tast - ed More

17 fair, sev'n sweet morn a-wakes Dark,
 deep deep I'll lay drink between The
 There

21 dark had been the mid - night But
 Lamb with an His o - cean ar - my Doth
 to D an o - cean full - ness His

25 day - spring is at hand And
 on Mount Zi - on ex - pand And
 mer - cy doth ex - pand And

29 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land
 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land
 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land

4. The bride eyes not her garment
 But her dear bride-groom'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 Emmanuel's land

5. Oh! I am my beloved's
 And my beloved is 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 Emmanuel's land