

# The Sands of Time Are Sinking

©2001 Philip Palmertree Music. Words: Anne Cousin (based on Samuel Rutherford's letters). Music: traditional folk tune (arr. Phillip Palmertree).

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 had been the midnight  
But dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land.

2. The king there in His beauty,  
Without a veil is seen:  
It were a well-spent journey,  
Though seven deaths lay between:  
The Lamb with His fair army,  
Doth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth  
In Emmanuel's land

3. O Christ, He is the fountain,  
The deep, sweet 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 Emmanuel's land.

4. 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 Emmanuel's land.

5. O 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.