The Sands of Time Are Sinking

The throne of God and of the Lamb will be in the city, and His servants will serve Him. They will see His face, and His name will be on their foreheads. Revelation 22:3-4

1. The sands of time are sinking; the dawn of heaven breaks;
2. The King there in His beauty without a veil is seen;
3. O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love!
4. The bride eyes not her garment, 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 tri-als lay be-tween:
The streams on earth I've tasted more deep I'll drink a-bove:
I will not gaze at glo-ry, but on my King of grace;

dark, dark has been the mid-night, but day-spring is at hand,
the Lamb with His fair ar-my on Zi-on's moun-tain stands,
there to an o-cen full-ness His mer-cy will ex-pand,
not at the crown He gives me, but on His pierc-éd hands:

and glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth in Em-man-uel's land.
and glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth in Em-man-uel's land.
and glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth in Em-man-uel's land.
the Lamb is all the glo-ry of Em-man-uel's land.

TEXT: Anne R. Cousin, 1857, from Samuel Rutherford (1600-1661)
MUSIC: Chretien Urhan, 1834

RUTHERFORD
76.76.76.75