

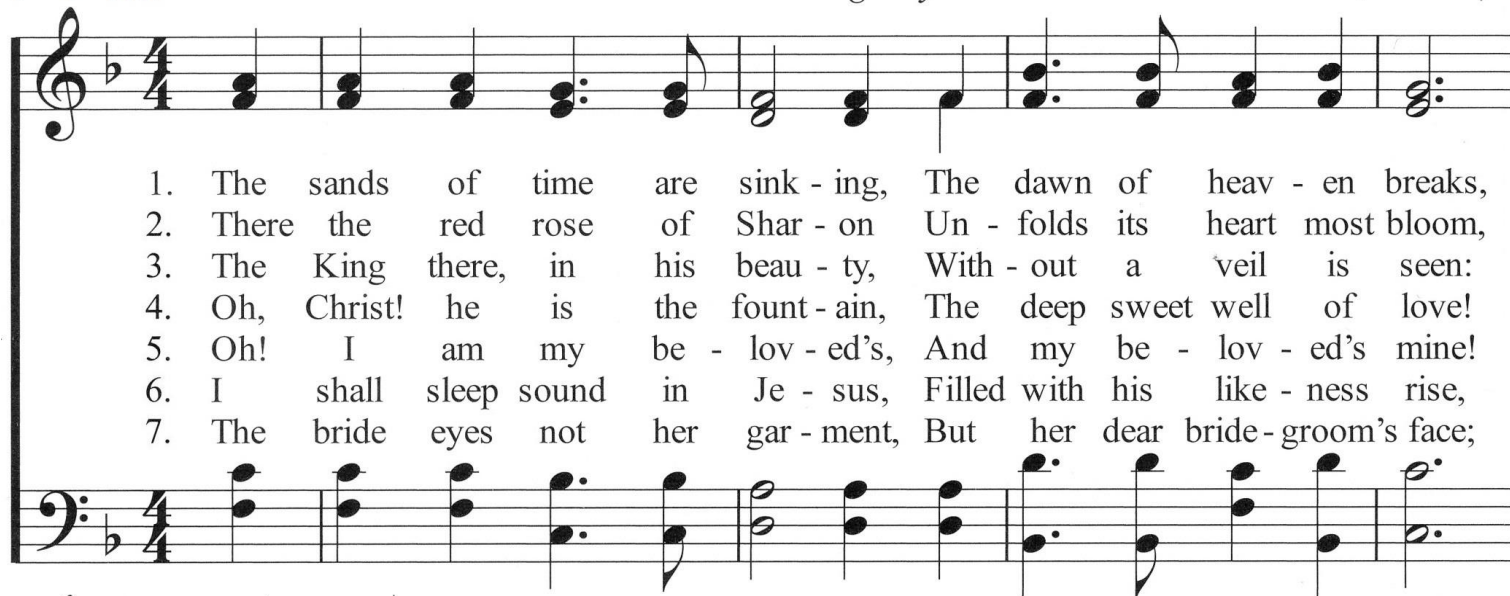
The Sands of Time Are Sinking

ANNE R. COUSIN, 1824-1906

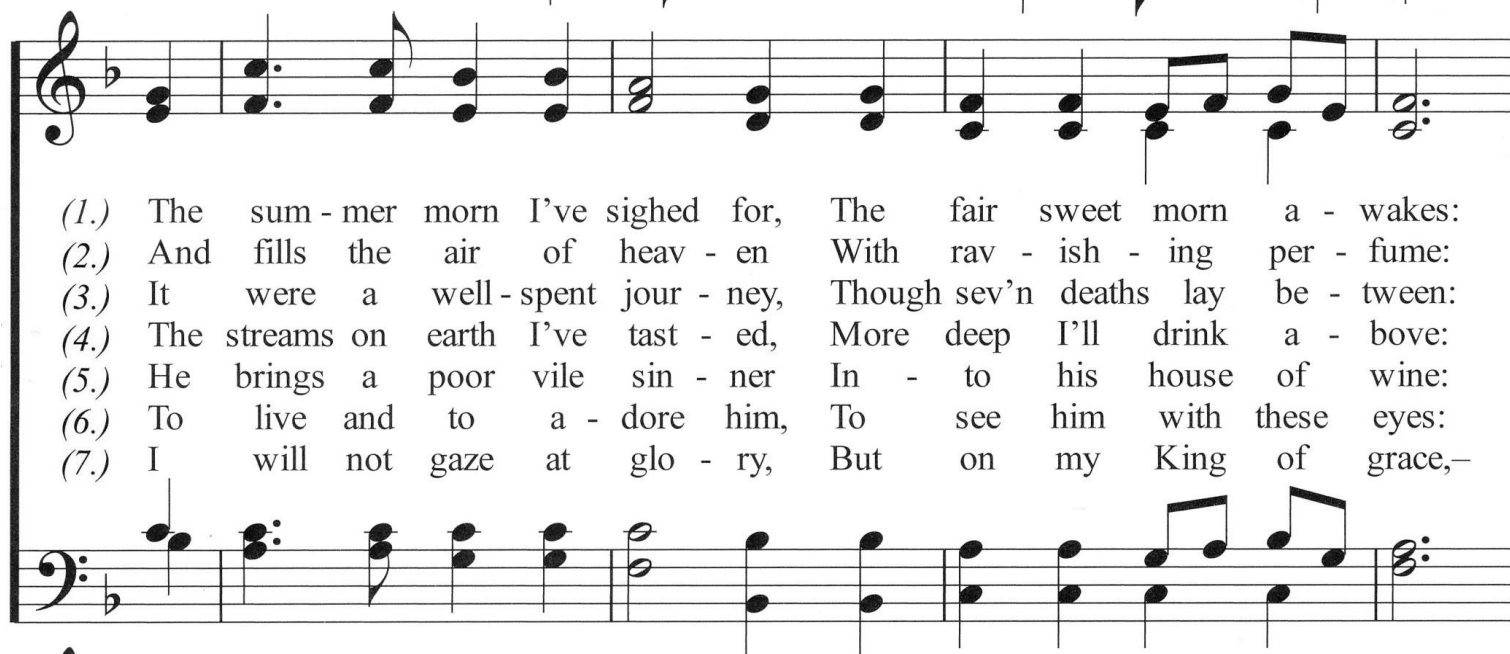
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CHRÉTIEN DÜRHAN, 1790-1845

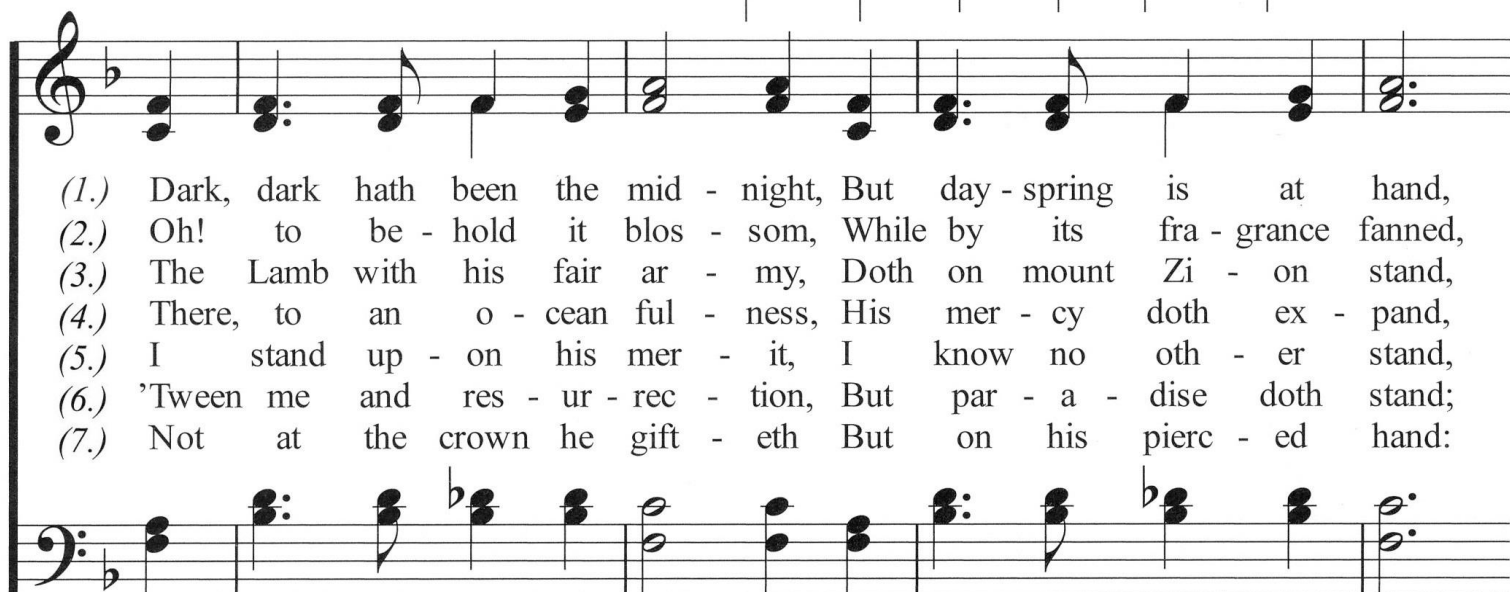
Arranged by EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, 1816-1876



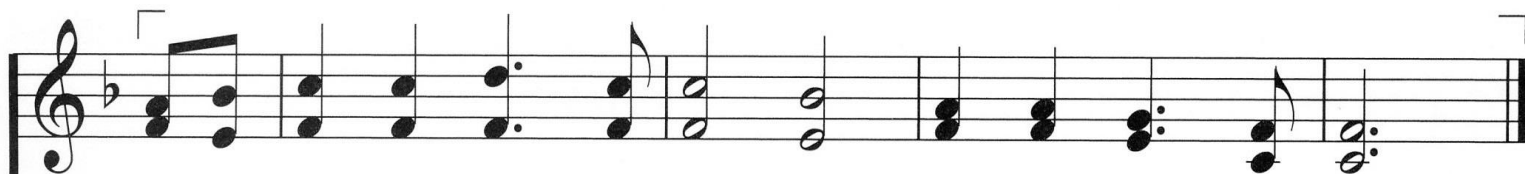
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
 2. There the red rose of Shar - on Un - folds its heart most bloom,
 3. The King there, in his beau - ty, With - out a veil is seen:
 4. Oh, Christ! he is the fount - ain, The deep sweet well of love!
 5. Oh! I am my be - lov - ed's, And my be - lov - ed's mine!
 6. I shall sleep sound in Je - sus, Filled with his like - ness rise,
 7. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bride - groom's face;



(1.) The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair sweet morn a - wakes:
 (2.) And fills the air of heav - en With rav - ish - ing per - fume:
 (3.) It were a well - spent jour - ney, Though sev'n deaths lay be - tween:
 (4.) The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:
 (5.) He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to his house of wine:
 (6.) To live and to a - dore him, To see him with these eyes:
 (7.) I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace,—



(1.) Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 (2.) Oh! to be - hold it blos - som, While by its fra - grance fanned,
 (3.) The Lamb with his fair ar - my, Doth on mount Zi - on stand,
 (4.) There, to an o - cean ful - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 (5.) I stand up - on his mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,
 (6.) 'Tween me and res - ur - rec - tion, But par - a - dise doth stand;
 (7.) Not at the crown he gift - eth But on his pierc - ed hand:



- (1.) And glo - ry - glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
(2.) Where glo - ry - glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
(3.) And glo - ry - glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
(4.) And glo - ry - glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
(5.) Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
(6.) Then - then for glo - ry dwell - ing In Im - man - uel's land.
(7.) The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

