

The Sands of Time



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
 2. The King there, in His beau - ty, With - out a veil is seen;
 3. O Christ, He is the Foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love;
 4. With mer - cy and with judg - ment, My web of time He wove;
 5. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, 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 sev'n deaths lay be - tween:
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove:
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were bright - ened by His love:
 I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace;



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 The Lamb, with His fair ar - my, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
 There, to an o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
 Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed hand:



And	glo - ry,	glo - ry	dwell - eth	In	Im - man - uel's	land.	
And	glo - ry,	glo - ry	dwell - eth	In	Im - man - uel's	land.	
And	glo - ry,	glo - ry	dwell - eth	In	Im - man - uel's	land.	
When	throned	where	glo - ry	dwell - eth	In	Im - man - uel's	land.
The	Lamb	is	all the	glo - ry	Of	Im - man - uel's	land.

