

THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Verse 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, hath been the midnight,
but dayspring is at hand,
and glory, glory dwelleth
in Emmanuel's land.

Verse 2

The King there in his beauty
without a veil is seen;
it were a well-spent journey
though sev'n deaths lay between:
the Lamb with his fair army
doth on Mount Zion stand,
and glory, glory dwelleth
in Emmanuel's land.

Verse 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.

Verse 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 gifteth,
but on his pierced hand:
the Lamb is all the glory
of Emmanuel's land.