The Sands of Time

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 day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwell-eth in Immanuel's land.

2. 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 dwell-eth in Immanuel's land.

3. With mercy and with judgment My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow Were bright by His love;
The Lamb with His fair army Doth on Mount Zion stand,
When throned where glory dwell-eth in Immanuel's land.

4. The King there in His beauty Without a veil is seen;
It were a well spent journey, Tho' sever'n deaths lay between;
It will bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that planned,
And glory, glory dwell-eth in Immanuel's land.

(vs. 4) *sev'n deaths: severely tested many times

Words: Anne R. Cousin
Music: D'Urban-Rimbault

PDHymns.com