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 dwelleth In Immanuel's land.

2. I've wrestled on 'tward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
   Now, like a weary traveler That leaneth on his guide,
   Amid the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand,
   I hail the glory dawning From Immanuel's land.

3. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;
   Now these lie all behind me—O! for a well-tuned harp!
   O, to join the hal-le-lu-jah With yon triumphant band!
   Who sing where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's laud.

Words: Mrs. A. R. Cousin
Music: Ira D. Sankey

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