Immanuel’s Land

1. The sands of time are sinking, The dawn of heaven breaks,
2. I’ve wrested on t’ward heaven, ‘Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep waters crossed life’s pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The summer morn I’ve sighed for— The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Now, like a weary trav’ler That leaneth on his guide,
Now these lie all behind me— O! for a well tuned harp!

Dark, hath been the midnight, But dayspring is at hand,
A midst the shades of evening, While sinks life’s lingering sand.
O, to join the hallelujah With yon triumphant band!

And glory—glory dwells In Immanuel’s land.
I hail the glory dawning, From Immanuel’s land.
Who sing where glory dwells, In Immanuel’s land.

Words: Annie R. Cousin (1857)
Music: C. M. Wyman

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