Immanuel’s Land

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

1. The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,

2. I’ve wrested on toward 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, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
A mid the shades of evening,
While sinks life’s lingering sand,
O, to join the hal-le-lu-jah
With yon triumphant band!

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