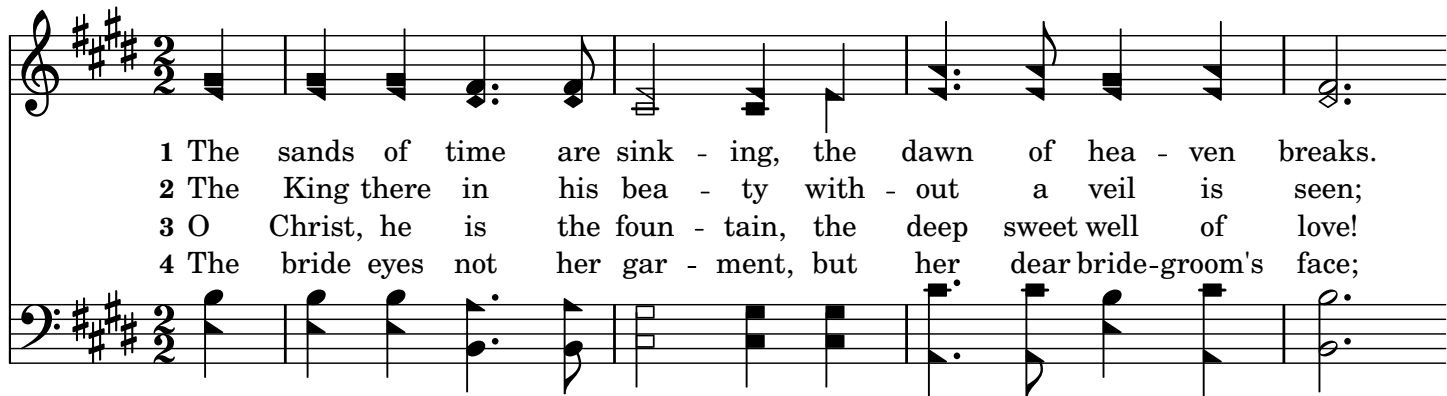


The Sands of Time Are Sinking

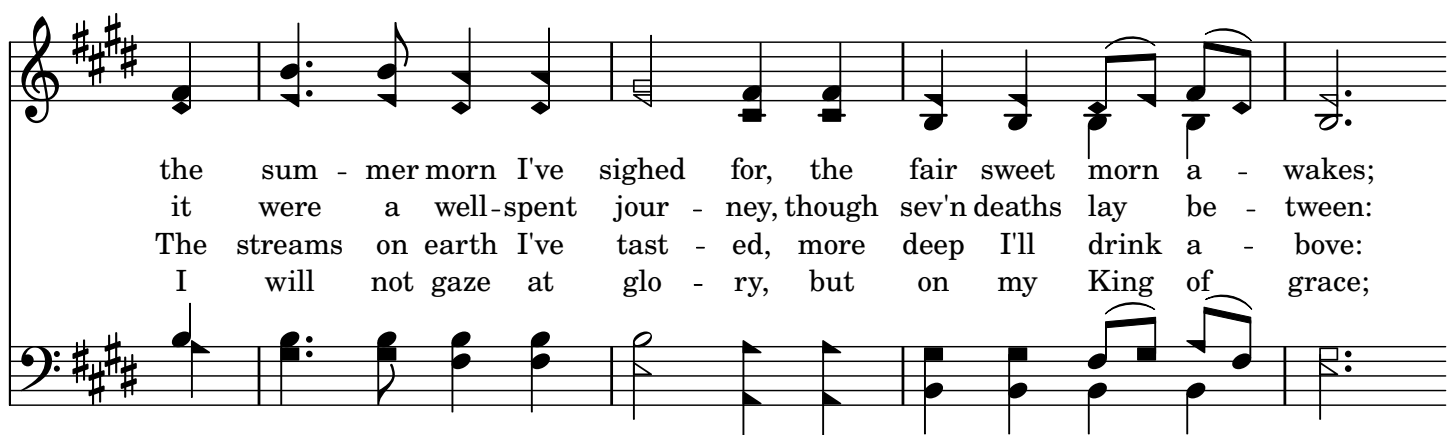
Text: A. R. Cousin, 1857

Music: Edward F. Rimbault, 1867

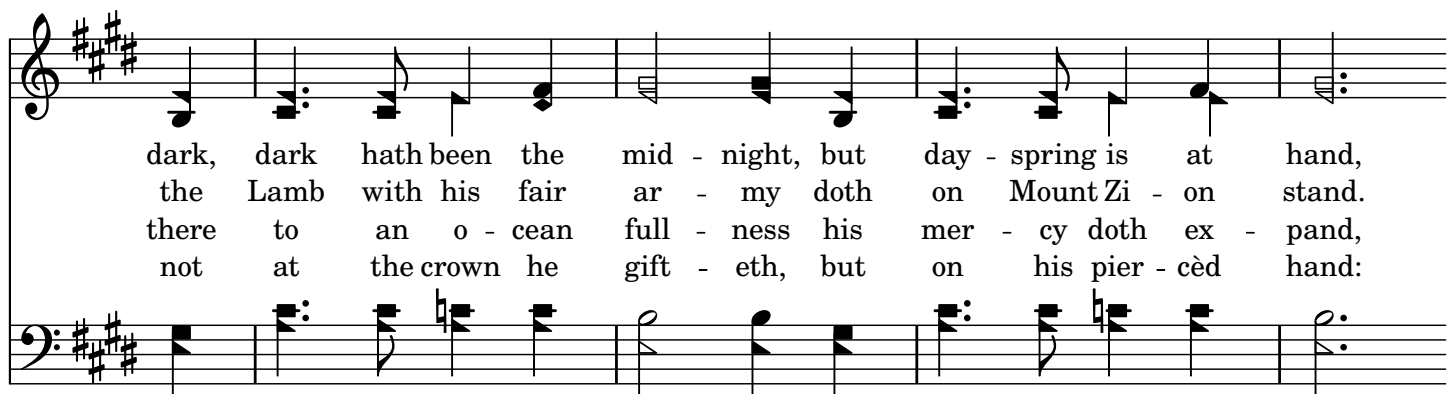
RUTHERFORD 76.76.76.75



1 The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of hea - ven breaks.
2 The King there in his bea - ty with - out a veil is seen;
3 O Christ, he is the foun - tain, the deep sweet well of love!
4 The bride eyes not her gar - ment, but her dear bride-groom's face;



the sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes;
it were a well-spent jour - ney, though sev'n deaths lay be - tween:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed, more deep I'll drink a - bove:
I will not gaze at glo - ry, but on my King of grace;



dark, dark hath been the mid - night, but day - spring is at hand,
the Lamb with his fair ar - my doth on Mount Zi - on stand.
there to an o - cean full - ness his mer - cy doth ex - pand,
not at the crown he gift - eth, but on his pier - cèd hand:



and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.
and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.
and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.
the Lamb is all the glo - ry of Em - man - uel's land.