

# The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Text: A. R. Cousin, 1857

Music: Edward F. Rimbault, 1867

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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.