The sands of time are sinking







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 dayspring is at hand, And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty, without a veil is seen: It were a well spent journey, though seven deaths lay between: The Lamb with His fair army, doth on Mount Zion stand, And glory—glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love! The streams of earth I've tasted more deep I'll drink above: There to an ocean fullness His mercy doth expand, And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.

The Bride eyes not her garment, but her dear Bridegroom's face; I will not gaze at glory but on my King of grace.

Not at the crown He giveth but on His pierced hand;

The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land.

Anne R. Cousin