

WHEN THE SANDS OF LIFE ARE SINKING.

(A HYMN)

WHEN the sands of life are sinking,
And when the gloaming nears,
'Tis then, Oh then, I am thinking
What must be my hopes and fears.

Will my heart be filled with rapture
At sight of Gates Ajar?
Will my earthly departure
Across the Harbor Bar

Be lighted by Hope's bright candle,
While soaring through the air?
Shall I wear His golden sandal,
To greet my Maker there?