

THE SANDS OF TIME.

(By permission.)

Tune "RUTHERFORD."

LAUSSANNE PSALTER.

The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of hea - ven breaks

The sum - mer morn I've sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,

And glo ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There, to an ocean-fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth:
In Immanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of life He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love.
I'll bless the hand that gilded,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

4 O I am my Belovèd's,
And my Belovèd is mine;
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine;
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land.