

THE SANDS OF TIME

Slowly

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;
 2. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love;
 3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
 4. The King there in His beau - ty With - out a veil is seen;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes;
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove;
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were bright - en by His love;
 It were a well spent jour - ney, Tho' sev'n deaths lay be - tween;

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 There to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,
 The Lamb with His fair ar - my Doth on Mount Zi - on stand,

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 When throned where glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.