

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

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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. The King there in His beau - ty, With - out a veil is seen;
4. I've wres - tled on'twards Heav - en, A - gainst storm and wind and tide,



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;
It were a well spent jour - ney, Though sev - en deaths lay be - tween.
Now, like a wea - ry trav - 'ler That lean - eth on his guide,



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,
The Lamb with His fair ar - my, Doth on Mount Zi - on stand
A - mid the shades of eve - ning, While sinks life's lin - gering sand,



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.
And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing from Im - man - uel's land.

