

### **The Sands of Time Are Sinking**

*This hymn – written by Anne Cousin – was inspired by the letters of Samuel Rutherford, the 17<sup>th</sup> century Puritan pastor. In his letters Rutherford would often draw upon the Song of Songs in order to encourage his flock with the love of God in Christ.*

*An audio recording of the hymn can be found [here](#):*

#### **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 sev'n 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, deep well of love  
The streams on 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

With mercy and with judgment my web of time He wove  
And always dews of sorrow were lustered with His love  
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that planned  
When throned where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land

Oh! I am my Beloved's and my Beloved's 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

The bride eyes not her garments, 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