

## COMFORT, DEATH, AND GLORY

## 591 The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Anne R. Cousin, 1857

RUTHERFORD

Chrétien Urhan, 1834

from Samuel Rutherford, 1600-1661

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1. The sands of time are sink - ing; the dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. The King there in His beau - ty with - out a veil is seen;
3. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, the deep, sweet well of love!
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, but her dear bride-groom's face;



the sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes;  
 it were a well - spent jour - ney, though tri - als lay be - tween:  
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed more deep I'll drink a - bove:  
 I will not gaze at glo - ry, but on my King of grace;



dark, dark has been the mid - night, but day - spring is at hand,  
 the Lamb with His fair ar - my on Zi - on's moun - tain stands,  
 there to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy will ex - pand,  
 not at the crown He giv - eth, but on His pierc - éd hands:



and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.  
 and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.  
 and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.  
 the Lamb is all the glo - ry of Em - man - uel's land.

