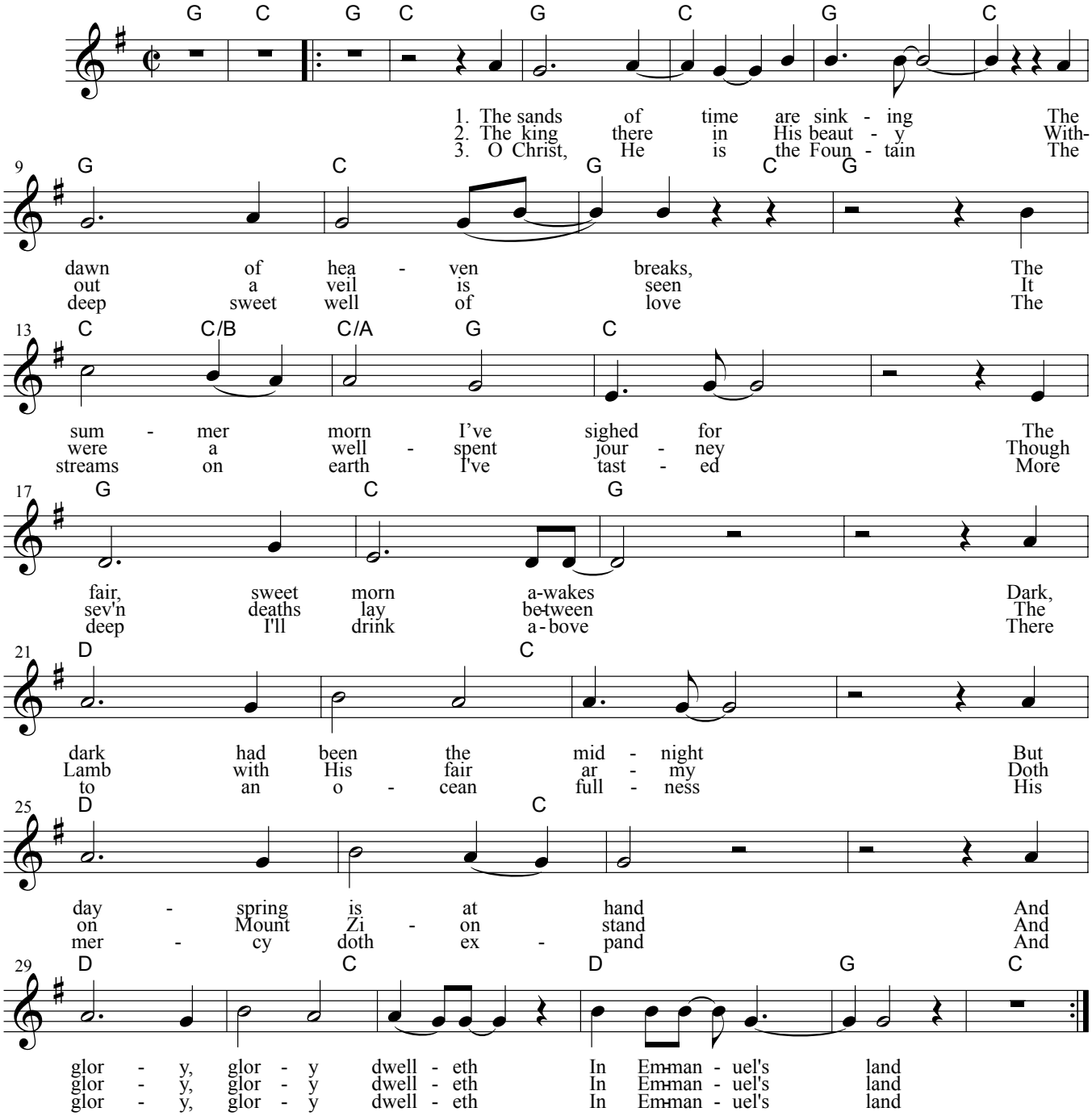
THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Words by Anne Cousin
Based on Samuel Rutherford's Letters
Traditional Folk Tune
Arranged by Philip Palmertree



4. The bride eyes not her garment
But her dear bride-groom'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 Emmanuel's land

5. Oh! I am my beloved's
And my beloved 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 Emmanuel's land

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