The Sands of Time Are Sinking

1. 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 had been the midnight  
   But dayspring is at hand,  
   And glory, glory dwelleth  
   In Emmanuel’s land.

2. The king there in His beauty,  
   Without a veil is seen:  
   It were a well-spent journey,  
   Though seven deaths lay between:  
   The Lamb with His fair army,  
   Doth on Mount Zion stand,  
   And glory, glory dwelleth  
   In Emmanuel’s land.

3. O Christ, He is the fountain,  
   The deep, sweet 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 Emmanuel’s land.
4. The bride eyes not her garment,  
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 Emmanuel’s land.

5. O 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.