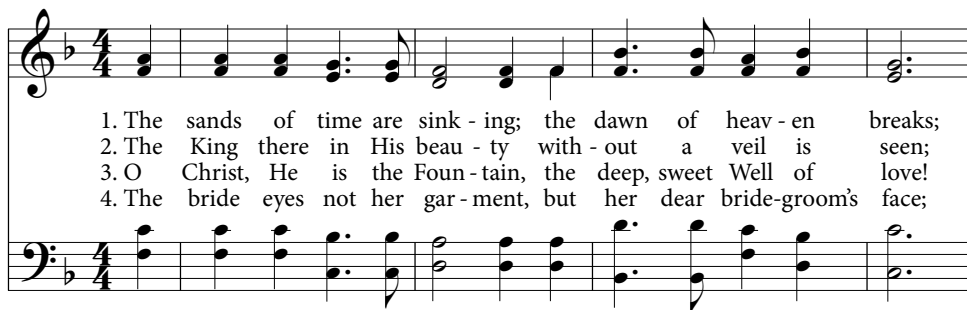
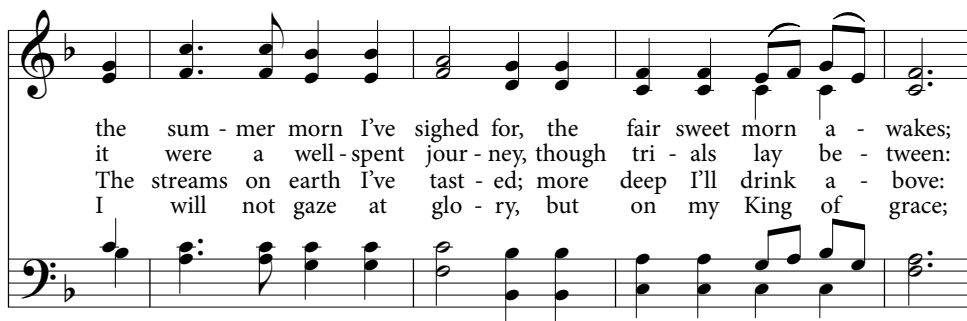


The Sands of Time Are Sinking

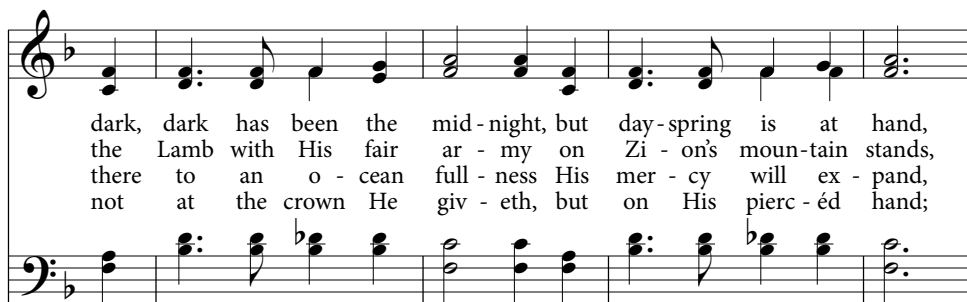
RUTHERFORD



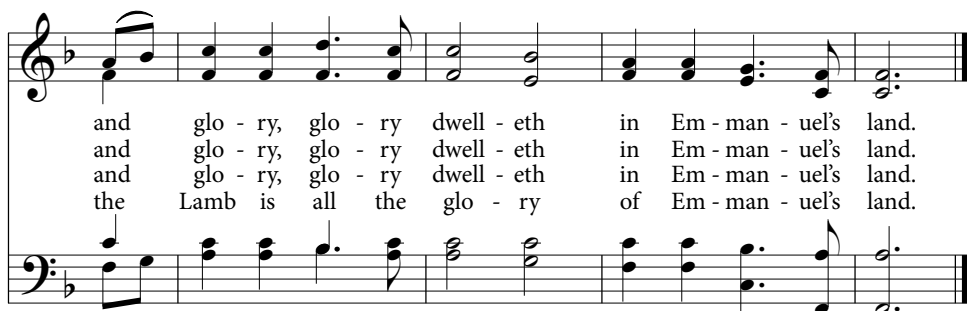
1. The sands of time are sink - ing; the dawn of heav - en breaks;
2. The King there in His beau - ty with - out a veil is seen;
3. O Christ, He is the Foun - tain, the deep, sweet Well of love!
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, but her dear bride-groom's face;



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 hand;



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.