

(Rutherford. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.)

Mrs. Cousins

Chretien Urhan



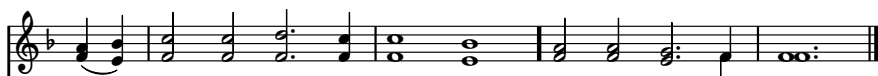
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks;  
 2. O! Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep sweet well of love;  
 3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,  
 4. O! I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine,  
 5. The bride eyes on her gar - ment, But her dear bridegroom's afecé;



The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes.  
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.  
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were lus - tred with His love.  
 He brings a poor vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine."  
 I will not gaze on glo - ry, But on my King of Grace.



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,  
 There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,  
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,  
 I stand up - on His mer - it, I know no saf - er stand,  
 Not on the crown He giv - eth, But on His pier - ced hand;



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.  
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.  
 When throned were glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.  
 Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.  
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

