

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

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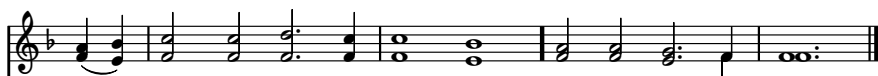
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. Oh Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love;
3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
4. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine,
5. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bridegroom's face;



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 - tered 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 full - 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 pierc - ed 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 where 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.

