

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

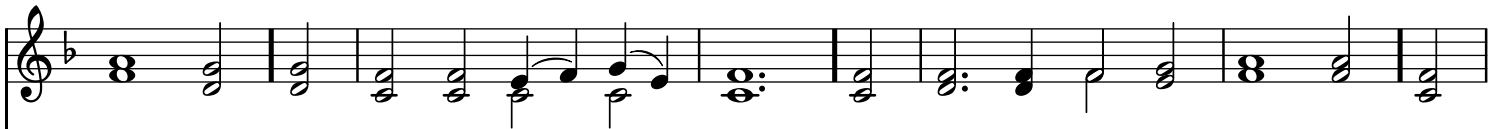
(Rutherford. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 6. 7. 5.)

Mrs. Cousins

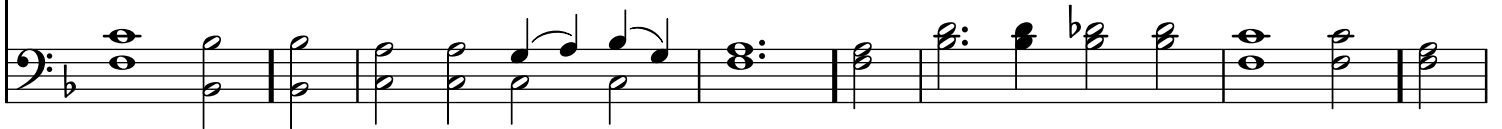
Chretien Urhan



1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The sum - mer morn I've
2. O! Christ, He is the foun-tain, The deep sweet well of love; The streams on earth I've
3. With mer - cy and with judg-ment My web of time He wove, And aye the dews of
4. O! I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine, He brings a poor vile
5. The bride eyes on her gar-ment, But her dear bridegroom's afece; I will not gaze on



sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But
 tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean ful - ness His
 sor - row Were lus - tred with His love. I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll
 sin - ner In - to His "house of wine." I stand up - on His mer - it, I
 glo - ry, But on my King of Grace. Not on the crown He giv - eth, But



dayspring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-manuel's land.
 mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-manuel's land.
 bless the heart that planned, When throned were glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-manuel's land.
 know no saf - er stand, Not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im-manuel's land.
 on His pier - ced hand; The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im-manuel's land.

