

# The Sands of Time Are Sinking

Words by Anne Cousin  
 Based on Samuel Rutherford's Letters  
 Traditional Folk Tune  
 Arranged by Philip Palmertree

1. The sands of there time are sink - ing The With-  
 2. The king in His beaut - y The  
 3. O Christ, He is the Foun - tain The

dawn out of a hea veil - ven is breaks, seen love The  
 deep of a sweet well of of seen love The

sum - mer a morn well I've sighed for The  
 streams on earth - spent jour - ney Though

fair, sev'n deep sweet deaths I'll morn lay drink a-wakes between a - bove Dark,  
 The

dark Lamb had with been His - the fair mid - night But  
 to an o - cean full - ness Doth

day on - spring Mount is - at on hand And  
 mer - cy doth ex - pand And

glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land  
 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land  
 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Emman - uel's land

4. The bride eyes not her garment  
 But her dear bride-groom'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. Oh! 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