

# THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Words by Anne Cousin  
 Based on Samuel Rutherford's Letter  
 Traditional Folk Tune  
 Arranged by Philip Palmertree  
 and Belmont RUF

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

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

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

fair, sev'n sweet morn a - wakes Dark,  
 deep I'll lay drink be - tween The  
 There

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

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

glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land  
 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Em - man - uel's land  
 glor - y, glor - y dwell - eth In Em - man - 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