

# The Sands Of Time

Annie R. Cousin

Ira D. Sankey

Arr by A. M.

1 2 3 4 5

1.) The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks; The  
 2.) I've wres - tled on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now  
 3.) Deep wa - ters crossed life's path - way, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now  
 4.) O Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love! The  
 5.) Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, And my Be - lov - ed's mine! He  
 6.) The Bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bride - groom's face; I

6 7 8 9

sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes: Dark,  
 like a wea - ry be - hind trav - ler me - That lean - eth on his guide; A -  
 these lie all be - hind - O! for a well turned harp! O, to  
 streams of earth I've tast - ed More deep I'll drink a - bove: There  
 brings a poor, vile sin - ner In - to His "house of wine." I  
 will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace, Not

10 11 12 13

dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand, And  
 mid the shades of le - ev' - ning, While sinks life's ling - ering sand, I  
 join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri - um - phant band! Who  
 to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand, And  
 stand up - on His mer - it, I know no oth - er stand, Not  
 at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pierc - ed Hand; The

14 15 16 17

glo - ry, the glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.  
 hail the glo - ry dwell - ing From Im - man - uel's land.  
 sing where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.  
 glo - ry, the glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.  
 e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land!  
 Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land!