

The Sands of Time Are Sinking

F C Dm B \flat F B \flat C

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. The King there in his beau - ty with - out a veil is seen;
3. O Christ, he is the foun - tain, the deep sweet well of love!
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, but her dear bridegroom's face;

F C F Gm F C F

the sum - mer morn I've sighed for, the fair sweet morn a - wakes;
it were a well-spent jour - ney though sev'n deaths lay be - tween:
The streams on earth I've tast - ed more deep I'll drink a - bove:
I will not gaze at glo - ry, but on my King of grace;

B \flat B \flat m F B \flat B \flat m F

dark, dark hath been the mid - night, but day - spring is at hand,
the Lamb with his fair ar - my doth on Mount Zi - on stand,
there to an o - cean ful - ness his mer - cy doth ex - pand,
not at the crown he gift - eth, but on his pierc - ed hand:

F B \flat F C F C F

and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.
and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.
and glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - uel's land.
the Lamb is all the glo - ry of Em - man - uel's land.