

THE sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn, awakes:
Dark, dark has been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

- 2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.
- 3 With mercy and with judgement,
My web of time He wove;
And e'en the dews of sorrow
Were lusted with His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.
- 4 The bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of grace;
I rest upon His merit,
I know no other stand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Emmanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on towards Heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now, like a weary traveller
Who leans upon his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
I'll hail the glory dawning
From Emmanuel's land.

Anne Ross Cousin, 1824-1906