

# THE SANDS OF TIME ARE SINKING

Anne Ross Cousin (1857)

Based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford

Connie Dever

The musical score is written in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It consists of a treble and bass clef staff. Chords are indicated above the treble staff. The lyrics are arranged in six verses, with some lines in italics. The score concludes with a final chord of D.

**Chords:** D, A, Bm, D/A, G, D, Bm, A, G, Asus, A, D, D, A, Bm, D/A, G, D, Bm, A, G, A, G, A, A/C#, Bm, G, A, A/C#, D, A, Bm, G, D/A, A, Dsus, D.

**Lyrics:**

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the dawn of Hea - ven 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, deep well of love;*  
 4. *With mer - cy and with judg - ment my web of time He wove;*  
 5. Oh! I am my Be - lov - ed's and my Be - lov - ed's mine!  
 6. The bride eyes not her gar - ments but her dear Bride - groom's face;

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;*  
*and al - ways dews of sor - row were lus - tred with his love;*  
 He 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:

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 full - ness his mer - cy doth ex - pand,*  
*I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned,*  
 I stand up - on his mer - it, I know no oth - er stand,  
 Not at the crown he giv - eth, but on his pier - ced hand;

and glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
 and glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
*and glo - ry, glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.*  
*when throned where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.*  
 not e'en where glo - ry dwel - leth in Im - man - uel's land.  
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry of Im - man - uel's land.