

The sands of time are sinking

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Arr. by Edward F. Rimbault

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, the
 2. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, the
 3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment my

dawn of Heav - en breaks; The sum - mer morn I've
 deep, sweet well of love! The streams of earth I've
 web of time He wove, And aye, the dews of

sighed for the fair, sweet morn a - wakes: Dark,
 tast - ed more deep I'll drink a - bove: There
 sor - row were lus - tered with His love; I'll

dark hath been the mid - night, but day - spring is at
 to an o - cean full - ness His mer - cy doth ex -
 bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that

hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry
 pand, And glo - ry, glo - ry
 planned When throned where glo - ry

dwel - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 dwel - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 dwel - eth in Im - man - uel's land.