

The Sands Of Time

Moderato

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
2. I've wres - tled on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path - way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;

The sum - mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a - wakes:
Now, like a wea - ry trav' - ler That lean - eth on his guide,
Now these lie all be - hind me— O! for a well tuned harp!

Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
A - mid the shades of eve - ning, While sinks life's lin - g'ring sand,
O, to join the hal - le - lu - jah With yon tri - um - phant band!

And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
I hail the glo - ry dawn - ing From Im - man - uel's land.
Who sing where glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's laud.