

The Sands of Time are Sinking

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 aye the 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.

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Lyrics: Anne Ross Cousin (1857), based on the letters of Samuel Rutherford, Public Domain;
 Music: Connie Dever, © 2014

The Sands of Time are Sinking is a hymn built upon deathbed poetry, a bridge between darkness and light, death and eternal life.

The source of the lyrics comes from a Scottish pastor named Samuel Rutherford. Over the course of his lifetime, he wrote hundreds of personal letters on Christian doctrine, living, and faith that became deeply influential after his death. Spurgeon, for example, said, "when we are dead and gone let the world know that Rutherford's writings are the nearest thing to inspiration which can be found in the writings of mere men." As he lay dying on March 29, 1661, Rutherford spoke of his persevering love for Christ and longing for the new creation. He said famously, "glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land."

Almost 200 years later, another Scottish pastor's wife had spent years reading Rutherford's letters and being influenced by his recorded last words. Over several evenings, Anne Ross Cousin wrote a 19-verse poem called "*Last words of Reverend Samuel Rutherford: with some of his sweet sayings.*" Though she herself did not consider the poem usable for congregational singing, it was discovered by other pastors later and used for that very purpose.

Another century later, another pastor's wife in Washington, D.C. composed her own melody to accompany Cousin's words. Connie Dever's music beautifully captures the hope embedded in these lyrics, lifting our gaze to the glory of Immanuel's land: the Lamb.

Each of these six verses from Cousin's poem present our biblical hope in the glory of the new heavens and the new earth of Revelation 21-22 while enduring sinking time, dark midnight, dews of sorrow, our vile sins, struggles, and trials. For all the glory we long for in that Last Day's bright dawn, the hymn rightfully closes: "The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land."

Scripture to consider:

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| Psalm 48 | 2 Corinthians 4 | Revelation 19 |
| Psalm 132 | Hebrews 12 | Revelation 21-22 |
| Ecclesiastes 3:1-15 | Revelation 5 | |

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