

# The Sands of Time

## Pacific Gold

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 hath been the midnight, but dayspring is at hand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land. O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love!  
The streams of earth I've tasted more deep I'll drink above:  
There to an ocean fullness His mercy doth expand,  
And glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land. Oh! Well it is forever, Oh! well forevermore,  
My nest hung in no forest of all this death doomed shore:  
Yea, let the vain world vanish, as from the ship the strand,  
While glory—glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land. There the Red Rose of Sharon unfolds its heartsome bloom  
And fills the air of heaven with ravishing perfume:  
Oh! To behold it blossom, while by its fragrance fanned  
Where glory—glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.  
The King there in His beauty, without a veil is seen:  
It were a well spent journey, though seven deaths lay between:  
The Lamb with His fair army, doth on Mount Zion stand,  
And glory—glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land. Oft in yon sea beat prison My Lord and I held tryst,  
For Anwoth was not heaven, and preaching was not Christ:  
And aye, my murkiest storm cloud was by a rainbow spanned,  
Caught from the glory dwelling in Immanuel's land. But that He built a Heaven of His surpassing love,  
A little new Jerusalem, like to the one above,  
"Lord take me over the water" hath been my loud demand,  
Take me to my love's own country, unto Immanuel's land. But flowers need nights cool darkness, the moonlight  
and the dew;  
So Christ, from one who loved it, His shining oft withdrew:  
And then, for cause of absence my troubled soul I scanned  
But glory shadeless shineth in Immanuel's land.  
The little birds of Anwoth, I used to count them blessed,  
Now, beside happier altars I go to build my nest:  
Over these there broods no silence, no graves around them stand,  
For glory, deathless, dwelleth in Immanuel's land. Fair Anwoth by the Solway, to me thou still art dear,  
Even from the verge of heaven, I drop for thee a tear.  
Oh! If one soul from Anwoth meet me at God's right hand,  
My heaven will be two heavens, In Immanuel's land. I've wrestled on towards Heaven, against storm and wind  
and tide,  
Now, like a weary traveler that leaneth on his guide,  
Amid the shades of evening, while sinks life's lingering sand,  
I hail the glory dawning from Immanuel's land. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, the hedge of thorns was  
sharp;

Now, these lie all behind me Oh! for a well tuned harp!  
Oh! To join hallelujah with yon triumphant band,  
Who sing where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land. With mercy and with judgment my web of time He wove,  
And aye, the dews of sorrow were lustered with His love;  
I'll bless the hand that guided, I'll bless the heart that planned  
When throned where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land. Soon shall the cup of glory wash down earth's bitterest  
woes,  
Soon shall the desert briar break into Eden's rose;  
The curse shall change to blessing the name on earth that's banned  
Be graven on the white stone in Immanuel's land. O I am my Beloved's and my Beloved's mine!  
He brings a poor vile sinner into His "house of wine."  
I stand upon His merit "I know no other stand,  
Not even where glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land. I shall sleep sound in Jesus, filled with His likeness rise,  
To love and to adore Him, to see Him with these eyes:  
'Tween me and resurrection but Paradise doth stand;  
Then "then for glory dwelling in Immanuel's land. The Bride eyes not her garment, but her dear Bridegroom's  
face;  
I will not gaze at glory but on my King of grace.  
Not at the crown He giveth but on His pierced hand;  
The Lamb is all the glory of Immanuel's land. I have borne scorn and hatred, I have borne wrong and shame,  
Earth's proud ones have reproached me for Christ's thrice blessed Name:  
Where God His seal set fairest they've stamped the foulest brand,  
But judgment shines like noonday in Immanuel's land. They've summoned me before them, but there I may not  
come,  
My Lord says "Come up hither," My Lord says "Welcome home!"  
My King, at His white throne, my presence doth command  
Where glory "glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land.  
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