

The Sands of Time are Sinking

Rutherford, 7.6.7.6.7.6.7.5

Anne R. Cousin (1887 - 1960)

Chrétien d'Urhan (1790 - 1845)

Edward F. Rimbault (1816 - 1876)

In 1627, Samuel Rutherford, a Scottish minister, became the pastor of Anwoth, Scotland. Because of a refusal to conform to the religious establishment, he was exiled to Aberdeen, from which he was allowed to return in 1638. During his absence, Mr. William Dalglish was responsible for the parish of Anwoth. Verse eighteen of this hymn comes from a letter, a portion of which appears below, to Mr. Dalglish during Rutherford's exile:

Brother, this is His own truth I now suffer for. He has sealed my sufferings with His own comforts, and I know that He will not put His seal upon blank paper. His seals are not dumb nor delusive, to confirm imaginations and lies. Go on, my dear brother, in the strength of the Lord, not fearing man who is a worm, nor the son of man that shall die. Providence has a thousand keys, to open a thousand sundry doors for the deliverance of His own, when it is even come to a "conclamatum est" ("He is dead past all hope"). Let us be faithful, and care for our own part, which is to do and suffer for Him, and lay Christ's part on Himself, and leave it there. Duties are ours, events are the Lord's. When our faith goeth to meddle with events, and to hold a court (if I may so speak) upon God's providence, and beginneth to say, "How wilt Thou do this and that?" we lose ground. We have nothing to do there. It is our part to let the Almighty exercise His own office, and steer His own helm. There is nothing left to us, but to see how we may be approved of Him, and how we may roll the weight of our weak souls in well-doing upon Him who is God Omnipotent: and when what we thus essay miscarrieth, it will be neither our sin nor cross.

1. The sands of time are sink-ing, the dawn of Heaven breaks; The sum-mer morn I've
2. O Christ, He is the fountain, the deep, sweet well of love! The streams of earth I've
3. Oh! Well it is for - ev - er, Oh! well for - ev - er - more, My nest hung in no

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sighed for, the fair, sweet morn a - wakes: Dark, dark hath been the mid-night, but
tast - ed more deep I'll drink a - bove: There to an oc - ean full - ness His
for - est of all this death doomed shore: Yea, let the vain world van - ish, as

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dayspring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im-man-uel's land.
 mer - cy doth ex - pand, And glo-ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im-man-uel's land.
 from the ship the strand, While glo-ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im-man-uel's land.

4. There the Red Rose of Shar - on un - folds its heartsome bloom And fills the air of
 5. The King there in His beau - ty, with - out a veil is seen: It were a well spent
 6. Oft in yon sea beat pris - on My Lord and I held tryst, For An-woth was not
 7. But that He built a Hea - ven of His sur - pass - ing love, A lit - tle new Je -

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hea - ven with ra - vish - ing per - fume: Oh! To be - hold it blos - som, while
 journ - ey, though sev - en deaths lay between: The Lamb with His fair ar - my, doth
 hea - ven, and preaching was not Christ: And aye, my murkiest storm cloud was
 ru - sal'm, like to the one a - bove, "Lord take me over the wa - ter" hath

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by its fragrance fanned Where glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Immanuel's land.
 on Mount Zi - on stand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Immanuel's land.
 by a rain - bow spanned, Caught from the glo - ry dwell - ing in Immanuel's land.
 been my loud de - mand, Take me to my love's own coun - try, un - to Immanuel's land.

8. But flow'rs need nights cool dark - ness, the moon - light and the dew; So
 9. The lit - tle birds of An - woth, I used to count them blessed, Now,
 10. Fair An - woth by the Sol - way, to me thou still art dear, Ev'n
 11. I've wrest - led on towards Hea - ven, a - gainst storm, wind, and tide, Now,

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 Christ, from one who loved it, His shin - ing oft with - drew: And
 be - side hap - pier alt - ars I go to build my nest: O'er
 from the verge of hea - ven, I drop for thee a tear. Oh!
 like a wea - ry travel - er that lean - eth on his guide, A -

9
 then, for cause of ab - sence my troubl - ed soul I scanned But
 these there broods no sil - ence, no graves a - round them stand, For
 If one soul from An - woth meet me at God's right hand, My
 mid the shades of even - ing, while sinks life's linger - ing sand, I

13
 glo - ry shade - less shin - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 glo - ry, death - less, dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 heav'n will be two hea - vens, in Im - man - uel's land.
 hail the glo - ry dawn - ing from Im - man - uel's land.

12. Deep wat - ers crossed life's path - way, the hedge of thorns was sharp; Now,
 13. With mer - cy and with judg - ment my web of time He wove, And
 14. Soon shall the cup of glo - ry wash down earth's bitter - est woes, Soon
 15. O I am my Be - lov - ed's and my Be - lov - ed's mine! He

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these lie all be - hind me Oh! for a well tuned harp! Oh!
 aye, the dews of sor - row were lust - ered with His love; I'll
 shall the des - ert bri - ar break in - to E - den's rose; The
 brings a poor vile sin - ner in - to His "house of wine." I

9

To join hal - lel - u - jah with yon tri - umph - ant band, Who
 bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the heart that planned When
 curse shall change to bless - ing the name on earth that's banned Be
 stand up - on His mer - it: I know no oth - er stand, Not

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sing where glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 throned where glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.
 grav - en on the white stone in Im - man - uel's land.
 ev'n where glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.

16. I shall sleep sound in Je - sus, filled with His like - ness rise, To
17. The Bride eyes not her gar - ment, but her dear Bridegroom's face; I
18. I have borne scorn and ha - tred, I have borne wrong and shame, Earth's
19. They've summoned me be - fore them, but there I may not come, My

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love and to a - dore Him, to see Him with these eyes: 'Tween
will not gaze at glo - ry but on my King of grace. Not
proud ones have re - proached me for Christ's thrice bless - ed Name: Where
Lord says "Come up hith - er," My Lord says "Wel - come home!" My

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me and re - sur - rec - tion but Par - a - dise doth stand; Then,
at the crown He giv - eth but on His pierc - ed hand; The
God His seal set fair - est they've stamped the foul - est brand, But
King, at His white throne, my pre - sence doth com - mand Where

13

then for glo - ry dwell - ing in Im - man - uel's land.
Lamb is all the glo - ry of Im - man - uel's land.
judg - ment shines like noon - day in Im - man - uel's land.
glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Im - man - uel's land.