

The Sands of Time, PFTL 421

1 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 has been the midnight,
but dayspring is at hand,
and glory, glory dwelleth
in Emmanuel's land.

2 O Christ, He is the fountain,
The deep, sweet well of love;
The streams on 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.

3 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst 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,
In Immanuel's land.

4 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were brightened by 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.

5 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 hands;
the Lamb is all the glory
of Emmanuel's land.

El tiempo, como arena. V. 1 not original

1 El tiempo, como_arena
Se hunde al romper
Del cielo la Aurora,
El dulce_amanecer.
La noche_ha sido_oscura,
Mas va_a resplandecer,
Y gloria mora en la
Tierra de_Emmanuel.

2 Oh, Cristo es la Fuente
El pozo_hondo de_amor;
Aquí probé_el arroyo,
Allá se_extiende_un mar.
Del océano_infinito
De_amor podré beber,
Y gloria mora en la
Tierra de_Emmanuel.

3 Contra tormenta_y viento,
Luchando_al avanzar,
Viajero soy, cansado,
Mas Tú me_has de llevar.
La vida pronto_acaba;
Viene_el anochecer;
Anhele_el alba de la
Tierra de_Emmanuel.

4 Con juicio_y con clemencia,
Mis días Él tejió;
En el rocío de penas
Su gran amor brilló;
Al que todo_ha planeado,
Por siempre_alabaré
Siendo_entronado en la
Tierra de_Emmanuel.

5 La novia_a su amado
no_a su vestido, ve;
No_a gloria, sino_a Cristo,
Mi Rey, yo miraré –
No_en galardón que_otorga
Sino_en Su_hendida sien.
Cristo_es la gloria en la
Tierra de_Emanuel.

ALTERNATE VERSE:

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

El rey en su belleza

Se ve sin velo allá

Iré, aun por la muerte,

de buena voluntad.

En Sión está_el Cordero

Con su_hueste celestial

Y gloria mora en la

tierra de_Emanuel