


# Immanuel's Land

*Earnestly*



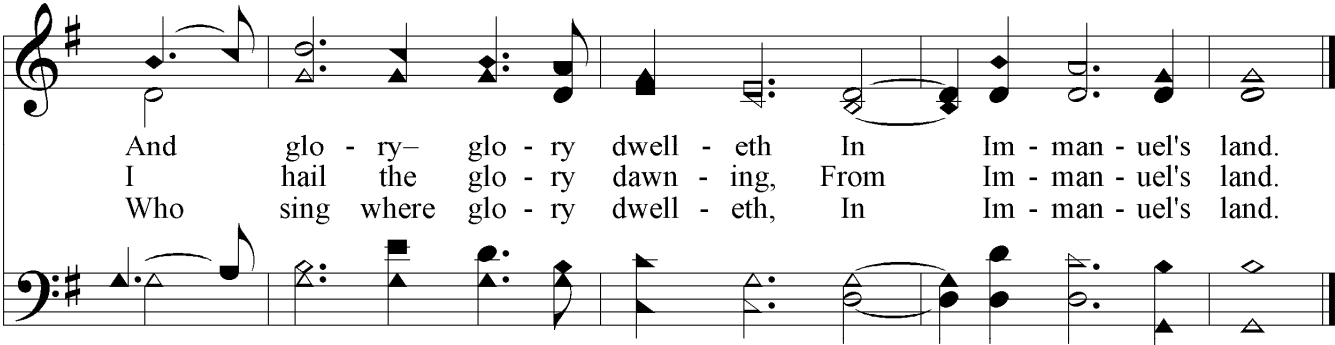
1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,  
2. I've wrest - ed on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,  
3. Deep wa - ters crossed life's path - way, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



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 land.