

The Sands of Time are Sinking

Anne Cousin

Philip Palmertree



1. The sands of time are sink - ing. The dawn of
 2. The king there in His beau - ty with - out a
 • 3. O Christ, He is the Foun - tain, the deep sweet
 4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, but her dear
 5. Oh, I am my Be - lov - ed's, and my Be -



hea - ven breaks. The sum - mer morn I've sighed for,
 veil is seen. It were a well - spent jour - ney,
 • well of love. The streams on earth I've tast - ed,
 bride - groom's face. I will not gaze at glo - ry,
 lov - ed's mine! He brings a poor vile sin - ner



the fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Dark, dark has
 though sev'n deaths lay be - tween. The Lamb with
 • more deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an
 but on my King of grace; not on the
 in - to His house of wine. I stand up -



been the mid - night, but day - spring is at - hand.
 His fair ar - my doth on Mount Zi - on stand.
 • o - cean full - ness, His mer - cy doth ex - pand.
 crown He giv - eth, but on His pierc - ed hand.
 on his mer - it. I know no oth - er stand;



And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - u - el's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - u - el's land.
 • And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - u - el's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry of Em - man - u - el's land.
 not e'en where glo - ry dwell - eth in Em - man - u - el's land.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

congregation

Charles Wesley

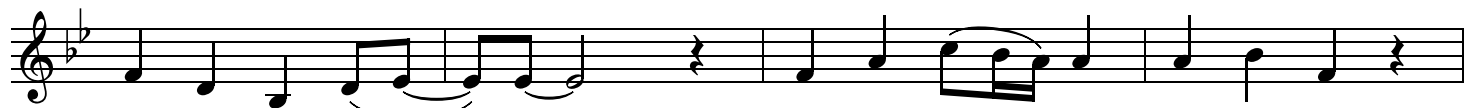
Greg Thompson



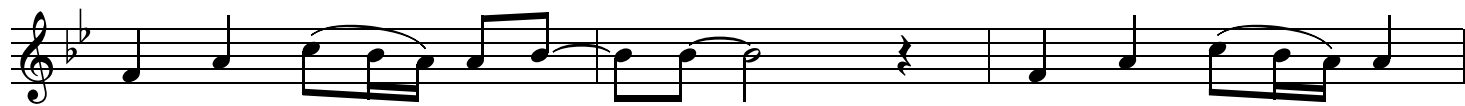
1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, let me to thy bo - som
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, hangs my help - less soul on
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; more than all in thee I
4. Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, grace to cov - er all my



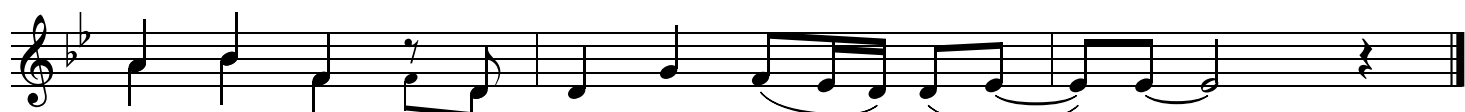
fly. While the near - er wa - ters roll, while the
thee; Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, still sup -
find; Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, heal the
sin; Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; make and



tem - pest still is high; Hide, me, O my Sa - vior hide,
port and com - fort me! All my trust on thee is stayed,
sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name;
keep me pure with - in; Thou of life the foun - tain art,



'till the storm is past; Safe in - to the
help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de -
I am all un - right - eous - ness. False and full of
let me take of thee; Spring Thou up with -



ha - ven guide, re - ceive my soul at last.
fense - less head in the shad - ow of thy wing.
sin I am, thou full of truth and grace.
in my heart, to all e - ter - ni - ty.

I Greet Thee, Who My Sure Redeemer Art

168

Who gave himself for our sins to rescue us from the present evil age. Gal. 1:4

1. I greet thee, who my sure Re - deem - er art, my on - ly
 2. Thou art the King of mer - cy and of grace, reign - ing om -
 3. Thou art the Life, by which a - lone we live, and all our
 4. Thou hast the true and per - fect gen - tle - ness, no harsh - ness
 5. Our hope is in no oth - er save in thee; our faith is

trust and Sav - ior of my heart, who pain didst un - der -
 nip - o - tent in ev - 'ry place: so come, O King, and
 • sub - stance and our strength re - ceive; O com - fort us in
 hast thou and no bit - ter - ness: make us to taste the
 built up - on thy prom - ise free; O grant to us such

go for my poor sake; I pray thee from our hearts all cares to take.
 our whole be - ing sway; shine on us with the light of thy pure day.
 • death's ap - proach - ing hour, strong - heart - ed then to face it by thy pow'r.
 sweet grace found in thee and ev - er stay in thy sweet u - ni - ty.
 strong - er hope and sure that we can bold - ly con - quer and en - dure.