

Immanuel's land

Words: Anne Cousin (based on letters of Samuel Rutherford)

Music: Matt Searles

C Am
The sands of time_ are_ sin - king the dawn of hea - ven_ breaks

5 G C
The sum - mer morn_ I've_ sighed

9 Am G
_ for the fair sweet morn_ a - wakes_

13 F G
So dark had been_ the_ mid - night_ but

17 C F C
day-spring is_ at_ hand_ And glo - ry, glo - ry_ dwells

21 G F G C
_ wi - thin_ Im - ma - nu - els_ land_

v2 Oh 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 fulness
His mercy will expand
And glory, glory dwells within
Immanuel's land

v4 Oh I am my beloved's
And my beloved is mine
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into his house of wine
I stand upon his merit
I know no other stand
To him be all the glory in
Immanuel's land

v3 The bride eyes not her garment
But her dear bridegroom's face
I will not gaze on glory
But on my king of grace
Not at the crown he gives us
But on his nail pierced hand
The lamb is all the glory of
Immanuel's land