

“Immanuel’s Land”

1. The sands of time are sinking; the dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I’ve watched for; eternity awakes.
Dark, dark has been the midnight, but dayspring is at hand.
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory in Immanuel’s land.

2. The King there in his beauty without a veil is seen;
It is a well-spent journey, though death lies here between.
The Lamb with his fair army does on Mount Zion stand.
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory in Immanuel’s land.

3. 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,
And fuller than the ocean his mercy does expand.
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory in Immanuel’s land.

4. I’ve wrestled on toward heaven, ‘gainst storm and wind and tide;
Now as a weary traveler, I lean upon my Guide,
And see through shades of evening, while sinks life’s ling’ring sand:
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory in Immanuel’s land.

5. Deep waters crossed life’s pathway, the hedge of thorns pierced deep;
These soon will lie behind me; his promises he’ll keep.
I’ll join the hallelujah of that triumphant band!
Glory, glory in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory in Immanuel’s land.

6. With mercy and with judgment my web of time he wove,
And all the dews of sorrow were shining with his love.
I’ll bless the hand that guided, I’ll bless the heart that planned
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.

7. Oh, I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved’s mine!
He brings this poor, weak sinner into his house now mine.
I stand upon his merit; I know no other stand.
Glory, glory in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.

8. I shall sleep sound in Jesus, and clothed in him I’ll rise
To live and to adore him, to see him with these eyes.
‘Tween me and resurrection, ‘tis only death that stands.
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.

9. 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 gives me but on his pierc-ed hand.
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, the Lamb is all the glory, in Immanuel’s land.

10. Who summons me before them? To them I will not come;
My Lord says, “Come up hither;” my Lord says, “Welcome home!”
My King, now on his white throne my presence does command.
Glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.
Oh, glory, glory, glory, in Immanuel’s land.