## 45 玉漏沙殘

Anne R. Cousin, 1857

Chrétien Urhan, 1834 Arr. by Edward F. Rimbault, 1867









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- 四 哦我是要我是要我是要我是要我们,我们就是要我们,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的,我们就是我们的。

- 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.
- With mercy and with judgment
   My web of time He wove,
   And aye the dews of sorrow
   Were lustred with His love;
   I'll bless the hand that guided,
   I'll bless the heart that plann'd,
   When throned where glory dwelleth
   In Immanuel's land.
- Oh, I am my Beloved's,
   And my Beloved's mine!
   He brings a poor vile sinner
   Into His "house of wine."
   I stand upon His merit,
   I know no other stand,
   Not e'en 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 hand,

  The Lamb is all the glory

  Of Immanuel's land.