

The Last words of Samuel Rutherford
Mrs Anne Ross Cousins

The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of Heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes:
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Oh! well it is forever,
Oh! well for evermore,
My nest hung in no forest
Of all this death-doom'd shore!
Yea, let the vain world vanish,
As from the ship the strand,
While glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

There the Red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of Heaven
With ravishing perfume;—
Oh, to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fann'd,
Where glory-glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The King there in His beauty,
Without a veil, is seen:
It were a well-spent journey,
Though seven deaths lay between:
The Lamb, with His fair army,
Doth on Mount Zion stand;
And glory-glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

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 fullness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

E'en Anwoth was not heaven—
E'en preaching was not Christ;
And in my sea-beat prison
My Lord and I held tryst:
And aye my murkiest storm-cloud
Was by a rainbow spann'd.
Caught from the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

But that He built a heaven
Of His surpassing love,
A little New Jerusalem,
Like to the one above,—
“Lord, take me o'er the water,”
Had been my loud demand,
“Take me to love's own country,
Unto Immanuel's land.”

But flowers need night's cool darkness,
The moonlight and the dew;
So Christ, from one who loved it,
His shining oft withdrew;
And then, for cause of absence,
My troubled soul I scann'd—
But glory, shadeless, shineth
In Immanuel's land.

The little birds of Anwoth
I used to count them blest,—
Now, beside happier altars¹
I go to build my nest:
O'er these there broods no silence,
No graves around them stand,
For glory, deathless, dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

Fair Anwoth by the Solway,
To me thou still art dear!
E'en from the verge of Heaven
I drop for thee a tear.
Oh! if one soul from Anwoth
Meet me at God's right hand,
My Heaven will be two Heavens,
In Immanuel's land.

¹ This is not referring to an altar in a church! It is a reference to Psalm 84:3.

I've wrestled on towards Heaven,
'Gainst storm, and wind, and tide;
Now, like a weary traveler,
That leaneth on his guide,
Amid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's ling'ring sand,
I hail the glory dawning
From Immanuel's land.

Deep waters cross'd life's pathway,
The hedge of thorns was sharp;
Now these lie all behind me,—
Oh, for a well-tuned harp!
Oh, to join Halleluiah
With yon triumphant band,
Who sing, where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land!

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove,
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustered 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.

Soon shall the cup of glory
Wash down earth's bitterest woes,
Soon shall the desert brier
Break into Eden's rose:
The curse shall change to blessing—
The name on earth that's bann'd,
Be graven on the white stone
In Immanuel's land.

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,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

I shall sleep sound in Jesus,
Fill'd with His likeness rise,
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes:
'Tween me and resurrection
But Paradise doth stand;
Then—then for glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land!

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 gifteth,
But on His pierced hand:
The Lamb is all the glory
Of Immanuel's land.

I have borne scorn and hatred,
I have borne wrong and shame,
Earth's proud ones have reproach'd me,
For Christ's thrice blessed name:
Where God His seal set fairest
They've stamp'd their foulest brand;
But judgment shines like noonday
In Immanuel's land.

They've summoned me before them,
But there I may not come,—
My Lord says, “Come up hither,”
My Lord says, “Welcome home!”
My kingly King, at His white throne,
My presence doth command,
Where glory—glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.