Savior, When in Dust to Thee

1. Savior! when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'adoring knee,
   When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,
   O by all Thy pains and woe Suffered once for man below;
   Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit- a- ny!

2. By Thy helpless infant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
   By Thy days of sore distress In the savage wilderness,
   By the dread mysterious hour Of th'insulting tempter's pow'r;
   Turn, O turn a favoring eye, Hear our solemn lit- a-ny!

3. By the sacred grief that wept O'er the grave where Laz-arus slept;
   By the bod- ing tears that flowed O-ver Sa-len's loved abode;
   By the anguish sigh that told Treach-ery lurked with-in Thy fold;
   From Thy seat above the sky, Hear our solemn lit- a-ny!

4. By Thine hour of dire des-pair, By Thine ag-o-ny of prayer,
   By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pierc-ing spear, and tor-turing scorn;
   By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread-ful sac-ri-fice;
   Lis-ten to our hum-ble cry, Hear our solemn lit- a-ny!

5. By Thy deep ex-pir-ing groan, By the sad sepulchral stone,
   By the vault, whose dark abode Held in vain the ris-ing God:
   O from earth to heav'n re-stored, Might-y, re-as-cend-ed Lord,
   Lis-ten, lis-ten to the cry Of our solemn lit- a-ny! A-men.

Words: Robert Grant
Music: Benjamin Carr