Savior, When In Dust To Thee

ROBERT 7s D.

Rather rapidly, but very smoothly

1. Savior, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow thy adoring knee;
2. By Thy birth and early years, By Thy human griefs and fears,
3. By Thy conflict with despair, By Thine agony of pray'r,
4. By Thy deep expiring groan, By the seal'd sepulchral stone,

When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
By Thy fast'ning and distress In the lonely wilderness,
By the purple robe of scorn, By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave, By Thy pow'r from death to save;

Oh by all Thy pains and woe Suffer'd once for man below,
By Thy victory in the hour Of the subtle tempter's pow'r;
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries, By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Mighty God, ascended Lord, To Thy throne in heav'n restored,

Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany.
Jesus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn litany.
Jesus, look with pitying eye; Hear our solemn litany.
Prince and Savior, hear our cry, Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

Words: Sir Robert Grant
Music: Caryl Florio