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;

2. By Thy helpless infant years,
   By Thy life of want and tears,
   By the days of sore distress
   In the savage wilderness,
   By the dread mysterious hour
   Of th'insulting tempter's pow'r;

3. By the sacred grief that wept
   O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
   By the bod'ing tears that flowed
   O'er Salem's loved abode;
   By the anguish'd sigh that told
   Treach'ry lurked within Thy fold;

4. By Thine hour of dire despair,
   By Thine agon'y of prayer,
   By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
   Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
   By the gloom that veiled the skies
   O'er the dread'ful sacrifice;

5. By Thy deep expiring groan,
   By the sad sepulchral stone,
   By the vault, whose dark abode
   Held in vain the rising God:
   By earth to heav'n restored, Mighty, re-as-cend-ed Lord,
   Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn lit-a-ny!

Words: Robert Grant
Music: Benjamin Carr