Saviour, when in dust to thee







Savior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow the adoring knee, When, repentant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weeping eyes, O by all the pains and woes Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany.

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 the insulting tempter's power, Turn, O turn a favoring eye, Hear our solemn litany. By Thine hour of dire despair, By Thine agony of prayer, By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Piercing spear, and torturing scorn, By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dreadful sacrifice, Listen to our humble cry, Hear our solemn litany.

Robert Grant