

Savior, When in Dust to Thee

words by Robert Grant
tune "Aberystwyth" by Joseph Parry

Sa - vior, when in dust to Thee Low we bow th'a - dor - ing knee;
By Thy help-less in - fant years, By Thy life of want and tears,
By Thine hour of dire des - pair, By Thine ag - o - ny of prayer,
By Thy deep, ex - pir - ing groan, By the sad se - pul - chral stone,

When, re - pen - tant to the skies Scarce we - lift our weep - ing eyes;
By Thy days of deep dis - tress In the sav - age wil - der - ness,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn, Pierc - ing spear, and tor - t'ring scorn,
By the vault whose dark a - bode Held in vain the ris - ing God,

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O, by all Thy pains and woe Suf - fered once for us be - low,
 By the dread, mys - ter - ious hour Of th'in - sult - ing tempt - er's pow'r,
 By the gloom that veiled the skies O'er the dread - ful sac - ri - fice,
 O, from earth to heav'n re - stored, Might - y, re - as - cen - ded Lord,

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Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 Turn, O turn a fav - 'ring eye; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 Lis - ten to our hum - ble sigh; Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!
 Bend - ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!