124  Savior, When in Dust to You

1. Savior, when in dust to you
   Low we bow in homage due,

2. By your help-less in-fant years,
   By your life of want and tears,

3. By your hour of dire de-spair,
   By your ag-o-ny of prayer,

4. By your 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 your days of deep dis-tress
In the sav-age wil-der-ness,

By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Pierc-ing spear, and tor-tur-ing scorn,

By the vault whose dark a-bode
Held in vain the ris-ing God,

Oh, by all your pains and woe
Suf-fered once for us be-low,

By the dread, mys-te-rious 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,

Oh, from earth to heav’n re-store-d,
Might-y, re-as-cend-ed Lord,

Bend-ing from your throne on high,
Hear our pen-i-tent-tial cry!

Turn, oh, turn a fav’ring eye,
Hear our pen-i-tent-tial cry!

Lis-ten to our hum-ble sigh,
Hear our pen-i-tent-tial cry!

Bend-ing from your throne on high,
Hear our pen-i-tent-tial cry!