

♩ ≈ 108

Lead
7. Sa - vior, when in dust to you low we bow in hom-age due, when, re - pen - tant, to the skies scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,

Accomp. I
2. By your help-less in - fant years, by your life of want and tears, by your days of deep dis-tress in the sav - age wil - der - ness,

Accomp. II
3. By your hour of dire de-spair, by your ag - o - ny of prayer, by the cross, the nail, the thorn, pierc-ing spear, and tor-t'ring scorn,

Bass
4. By your deep ex - pir - ing groan, by the sad se - pul-chral stone, by the vault whose dark a - bode held in vain the ris - ing God,

Ld.
O, by all your pains and woe suf-fered once for us be - low, bend-ing from your throne on high, hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

Acmp. I
by the dread, mys - te - rious hour of th'in - sult - ing temp - ter's pow'r, turn, O turn a fav'r - ing eye, hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

Acmp. II
by the gloom that veiled the skies o'er the dread-ful sac - ri - fice, lis - ten to our hum - ble sigh, hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!

Bs.
O, from earth to heav'n re - stored, migh - ty, re - as - cend - ed Lord, bend-ing from your throne on high, hear our pen - i - ten - tial cry!