St. Mary Magdalene (7.7.7.7.D.)

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1  Saviour, when in dust to Thee
   Low we bow the adoring knee;  
   When, repentant, to the skies  
   Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,  
   Oh, by all Thy pains and woe  
   Suffer’d once for man below,  
   Bending from Thy throne on high,  
   Hear our solemn litany.

2  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 favouring eye;  
   Hear our solemn litany.

3  By the sacred griefs that wept  
   O’er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
   By the boding tears that flow’d  
   Over Salem’s loved abode;  
   By the mournful word that told  
   Treachery lurk’d within Thy fold;  
   From Thy seat above the sky  
   Hear our solemn litany.

4  By Thine hour of whelming fear;  
   By Thine agony of prayer;  
   By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
   Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
   By the gloom that veil’d the skies  
   O’er the dreadful sacrifice;  
   Listen to our humble cry;  
   Hear our solemn litany.

5  By Thy deep expiring groan;  
   By the sad sepulchral stone;  
   By the vault whose dark abode  
   Held in vain the rising God;  
   Oh, from earth to Heav’n restored,  
   Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
   Listen, listen to the cry  
   Of our solemn litany. Amen.

Robert Grant, 1815.