## St. Mary Magdal ene (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.