1. Deep in the dust be – fore thy throne Our guilt and our dis – grace we own; Great God! we own th’un – hap – py name Whence sprang our nature and our shame;

2. But while our spi – rits, filled with awe, Be – hold the ter – rors of thy law, We sing the honors of thy grace, That sent to save our ruined race.

3. By the re – bel – lion of one man Through all his seed the mischief ran; And by one man’s o – be – dience now Are all his seed made righteous too.

1. Adam the sinner: at his fall, __ Death like a con – quer – or seized us; A thousand newborn babes are dead By fa – tal un – ion to their head.

2. We sing thine ev – er – last – ing Son, __ Who joined our nature to his own: Adam the second from the dust Rai – ses the ru – ins of the first.

3. Where sin did reign, and death abound, There have the sons of Ad – am found Abounding life; there glorious grace Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.