

Acworth

Tr. ⁵ ¹⁰ ¹⁵

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;

T. ₈

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.

B.

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.

Tr. ²⁰ ²⁵ ³⁰

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.

T.

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.

B.

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.

Edited by B. C. Johnston, 2020

1. Top line ("Air") and second line exchanged.