

Deep in the Dust Before Thy Throne  
Isaac Watts, 1707.

Deep in the dust before Thy throne  
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;  
Great God! we own th'unhappy name  
Whence sprang our nature and our shame;

Adam the sinner: at his fall  
Death like a conqueror seized us all;  
A thousand new-born babes are dead  
By fatal union to their head.

But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,  
Behold the terrors of Thy law,  
We sing the honors of Thy grace,  
That sent to save our ruined race.

We sing Thine everlasting Son,  
Who joined our nature to His own;  
Adam the second from the dust  
Raises the ruins of the first.

By the rebellion of one man  
Through all his seed the mischief ran;  
And by one man's obedience now  
Are all his seed made righteous, too.

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