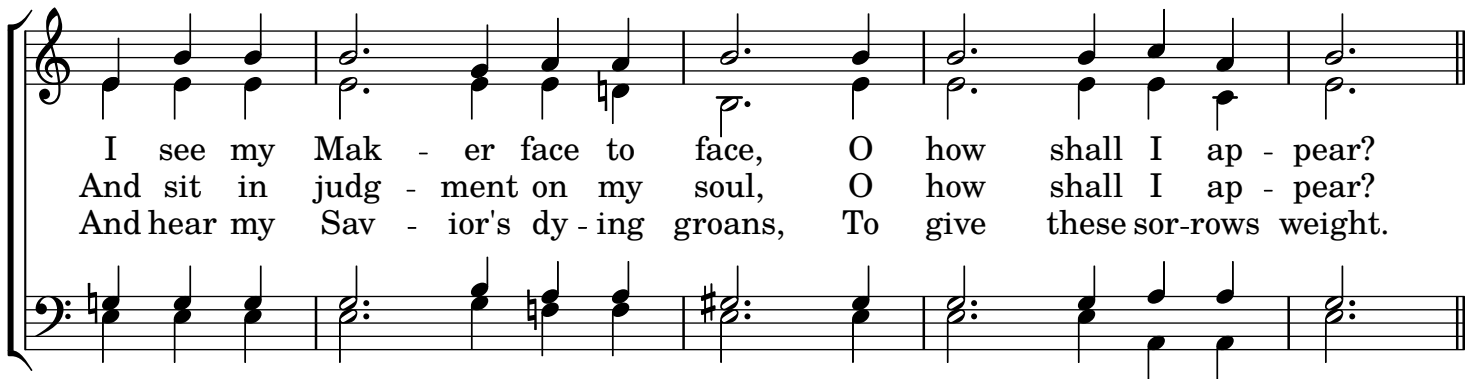
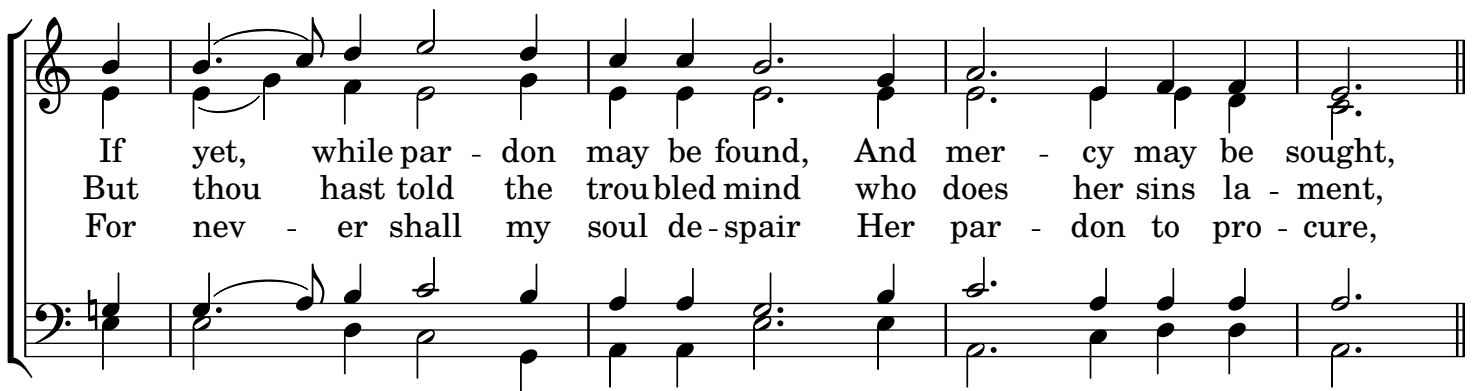


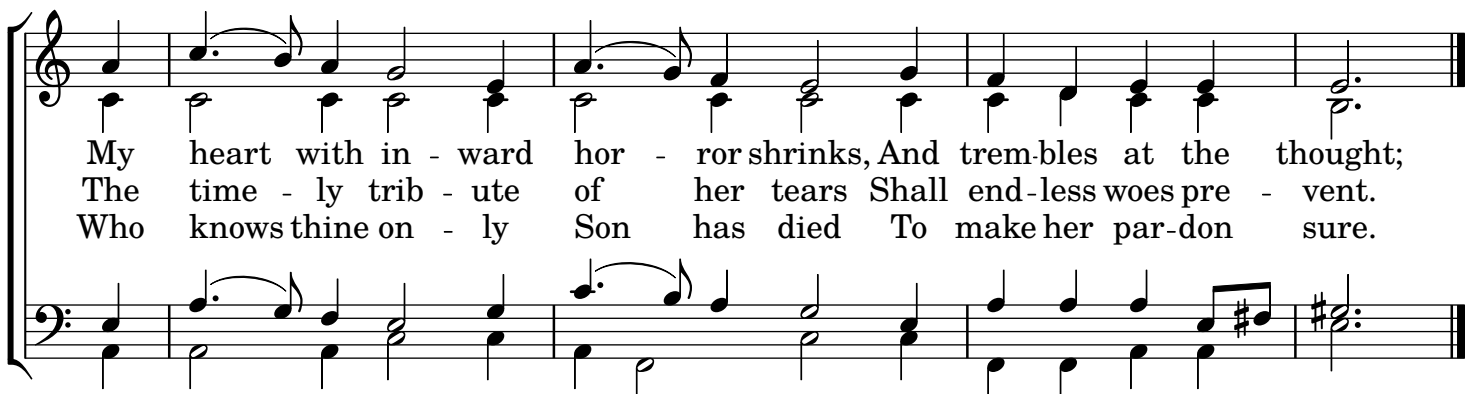
1. When, ris - ing from the bed of death, O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
 2. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis - closed In ma - jes - ty se - vere,  
 3. Then see the sor - row of my heart, Ere yet it be too late;



I see my Mak - er face to face, O how shall I ap - pear?  
 And sit in judg - ment on my soul, O how shall I ap - pear?  
 And hear my Sav - ior's dy - ing groans, To give these sor - rows weight.



If yet, while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought,  
 But thou hast told the troubled mind who does her sins la - ment,  
 For nev - er shall my soul de - spair Her par - don to pro - cure,



My heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks, And trembles at the thought;  
 The time - ly trib - ute of her tears Shall end - less woes pre - vent.  
 Who knows thine on - ly Son has died To make her par - don sure.

## Alternative Version (melody in the tenor)

