

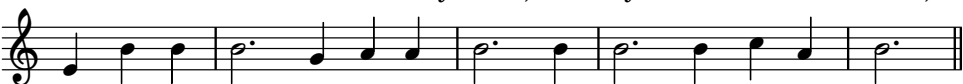
arr. R. Vaughan Williams, 1906



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,

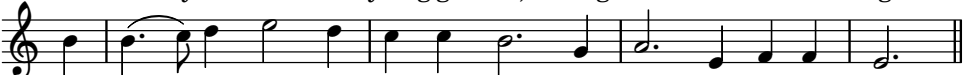
3. Then see the sor - row of my heart, Ere yet it be too late;



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 sorrows 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 trem-bles at the thought;

The time - ly tribute of her tears Shall end-less woes pre - vent.

Who knows thine on - ly Son has died To make her par-don sure.