When rising from the bed of death

Text: Joseph Addison, 1672-1719

Music: Thomas Tallis, 1568

THIRD MODE MELODY CMD

1 When, ris-ing from the bed of death, o'er-whelmed with guilt and fear,

I view my Ma - ker face to face, O how shall I ap - pear?

If yet, while par - don may be found, and mer - cy may be sought,

my heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks, and trem - bles at the thought.

2 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis-closed in ma - jest - y se - vere,

and sit in judge - ment on my soul, O how shall I ap - pear?

But thou hast told the trou-bled mind who does her sins la - ment,

the time - ly tri - bute of her tears, shall end - less woe pre - vent.

3 Then see the sor - row of my heart, ere yet it be too late;
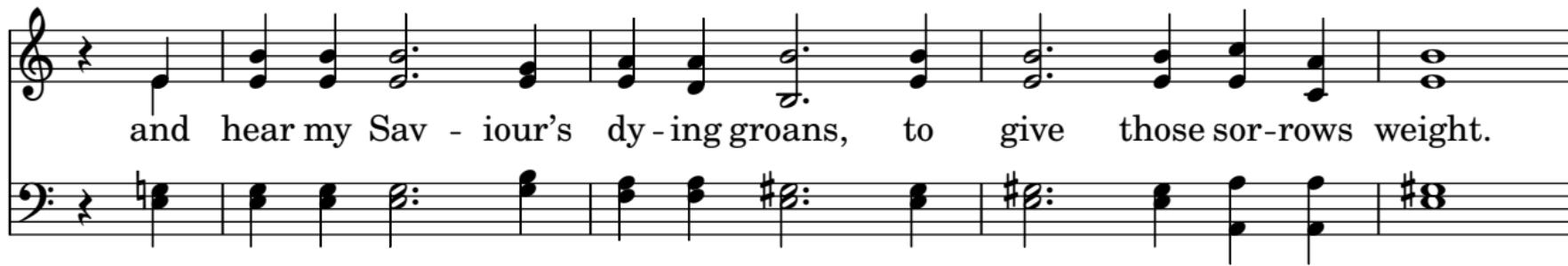
and hear my Sav - iour's dy - ing groans, to give those sor-rows weight.

For ne - ver shall my soul des-pair her par - don to pro - cure,
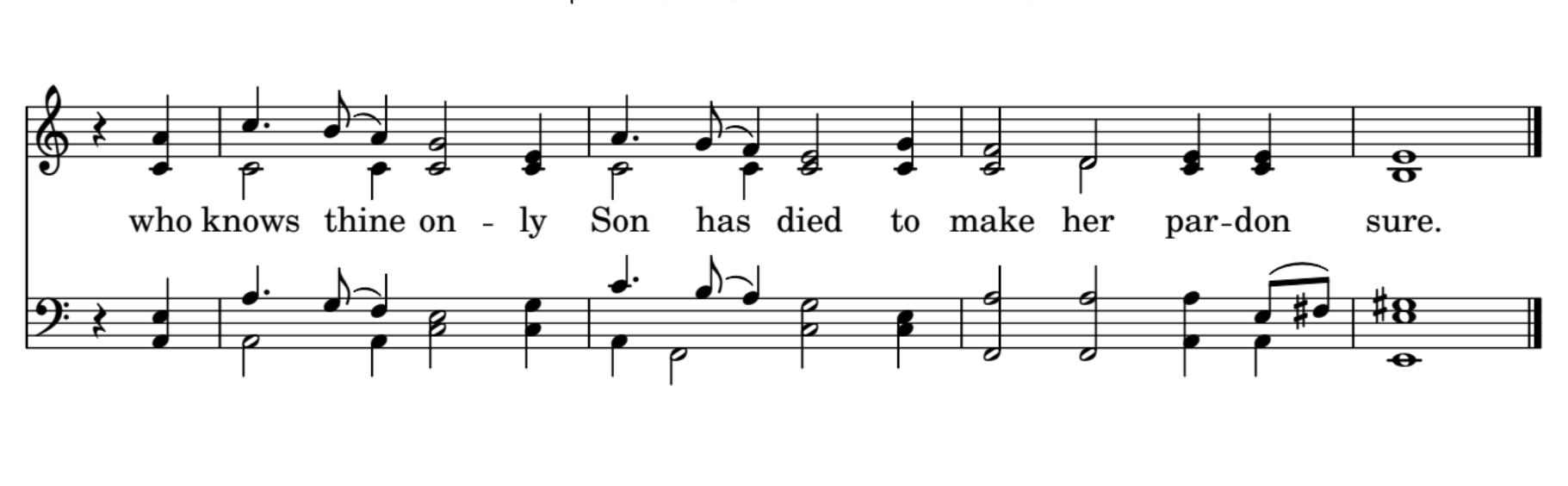
who knows thine on - ly Son has died to make her par-don sure.