

When rising from the bed of death

Joseph Addison (1672-1719)

"Hymn 24", by Phocion Henley (1728-64)

Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Andante [♩=92]

Soprano [Air]
When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,

Alto
When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,

Tenor
When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,

Bass
When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,

Keyboard

7

S
I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?

A
I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?

T
I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?

B
I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?

Kbd.

2. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed,
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgement on my Soul,
Oh how shall I appear?
Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

3. But thou in mercy hast declared,
If we our sins lament,
The timely tribute of our tears,
Shall endless woe prevent.
Then never shall my soul despair,
A pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make that pardon sure.

When rising from the bed of death

14

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

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

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

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

Kbd.

21

S My heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks And trem - bles at the thought.

A My heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks And trem - bles at the thought.

T My heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks And trem - bles at the thought.

B My heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks And trem - bles at the thought.

Kbd.

2. ... Then see the sorrows of my heart
Ere yet it be too late,
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

3. ... Then never shall my soul despair,
A pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son has died,
To make that pardon sure.