

When rising from the bed of death

Joseph Addison (1672-1719) in
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Hymn 24, by Phocion Henley (1728-64)
Edited by Robert Barr and Francis Roads

Andante [$\text{♩} = 92$]

Soprano [Air]

1. When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,
2. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis - closed, In ma - je - sty se - vere,
3. But thou in mer - cy hast de - clared, If we our sins la - ment,

Alto

1. When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,
2. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis - closed, In ma - je - sty se - vere,
3. But thou in mer - cy hast de - clared, If we our sins la - ment,

Tenor

1. When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,
2. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis - closed, In ma - je - sty se - vere,
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Bass

1. When ri - sing from the bed of death, O'er - whelmed with guilt and fear,
2. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis - closed, In ma - je - sty se - vere,
3. But thou in mer - cy hast de - clared, If we our sins la - ment,

7

S

I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
And sit in judge - ment on my Soul, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
The time - ly tri - bute of our tears, Shall end - less woe pre - vent.

A

I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
And sit in judge - ment on my Soul, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
The time - ly tri - bute of our tears, Shall end - less woe pre - vent.

T

I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
And sit in judge - ment on my Soul, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
The time - ly tri - bute of our tears, Shall end - less woe pre - vent.

B

I see my ma - ker face to face, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
And sit in judge - ment on my Soul, Oh how shall I ap - pear?
The time - ly tri - bute of our tears, Shall end - less woe pre - vent.

When rising from the bed of death

14

S

If yet while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought,
 Then see the sor - rows of my heart Ere yet it be too late,
 Then ne - ver shall my soul des - pair, A par - don to pro - cure,

A

If yet while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought,
 Then see the sor - rows of my heart Ere yet it be too late,
 Then ne - ver shall my soul des - pair, A par - don to pro - cure,

T

If yet while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought,
 Then see the sor - rows of my heart Ere yet it be too late,
 Then ne - ver shall my soul des - pair, A par - don to pro - cure,

B

If yet while par - don may be found, And mer - cy may be sought,
 Then see the sor - rows of my heart Ere yet it be too late,
 Then ne - ver shall my soul des - pair, A par - don to pro - cure,

21

S

My heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks And trem - bles at the thought.
 And hear my Sa - viour's dy - ing groans To give those sor - rows weight.
 Who knows thy on - ly Son has died, To make that par - don sure.

A

My heart with in - ward hor - ror shrinks And trem - bles at the thought.
 And hear my Sa - viour's dy - ing groans To give those sor - rows weight.
 Who knows thy on - ly Son has died, To make that par - don sure.

T

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 Who knows thy on - ly Son has died, To make that par - don sure.