

Hymn Lyrics

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When, rising from the bed of death

When, rising from the bed of death,
o'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear?
If yet, while pardon may be found,
and mercy may be sought,
my heart with inward horror shrinks,
and trembles at the thought;

When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
in majesty severe,
and sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear?
But thou hast told the troubled mind
who does her sins lament,
the timely tribute of her tears
shall endless woes prevent.

Then see the sorrow of my heart,
ere yet it be too late;
and hear my Savior's dying groans,
to give these sorrows weight.
For never shall my soul despair
her pardon to procure,
who knows thine only Son has died
to make her pardon sure.