

17 Verse 2

mp

23

mf *p*

28

Piu lento

mf *mp* *pp*

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.

Joseph Addison (1712)