

Arise, My Soul, Arise

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears.
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter - cede;

The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears.
 His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead.

Be - fore the throne my
 His blood a - tones for

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -
 His blood a - tones for ev - 'ry race, His

Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
 His blood a - tones for ev - 'ry race, His blood a - tones for

Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 ev - 'ry race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.

fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 blood a - tones for ev - 'ry race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.

Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
 ev - 'ry race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds He bears,
 Received on Calvary;
 They pour effectual pray'rs;
 They strongly speak for me:
 "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
 "Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

4. My God is reconciled,
 His pard'ning voice I hear.
 He owns me for His child,
 I can no longer fear.
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And "Father, Abba Father!" cry.

Music: Lewis Edson, 1782
 Text: Charles Wesley, 1742

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