

Arise, My Soul, Arise

Charles Wesley, 1742
Alt. 1961, mod.

Louis Edson, 1782

A - rise, my soul, a - rise,
He ev - er lives a - bove.
Five bleed - ing wounds he bears,
My God is rec - on - ciled;

shake off your guilt - y fears;
for me to in - ter - cede,
re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
his par - d'ning voice I hear;

the bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice
his all - re - deem - ing love,
they pour ef - fec - tual prayers,
he owns me for his child,

in my be - half ap - pears:
his pre - cious blood to plead;
they strong - ly plead for me.
I can no lon - ger fear;

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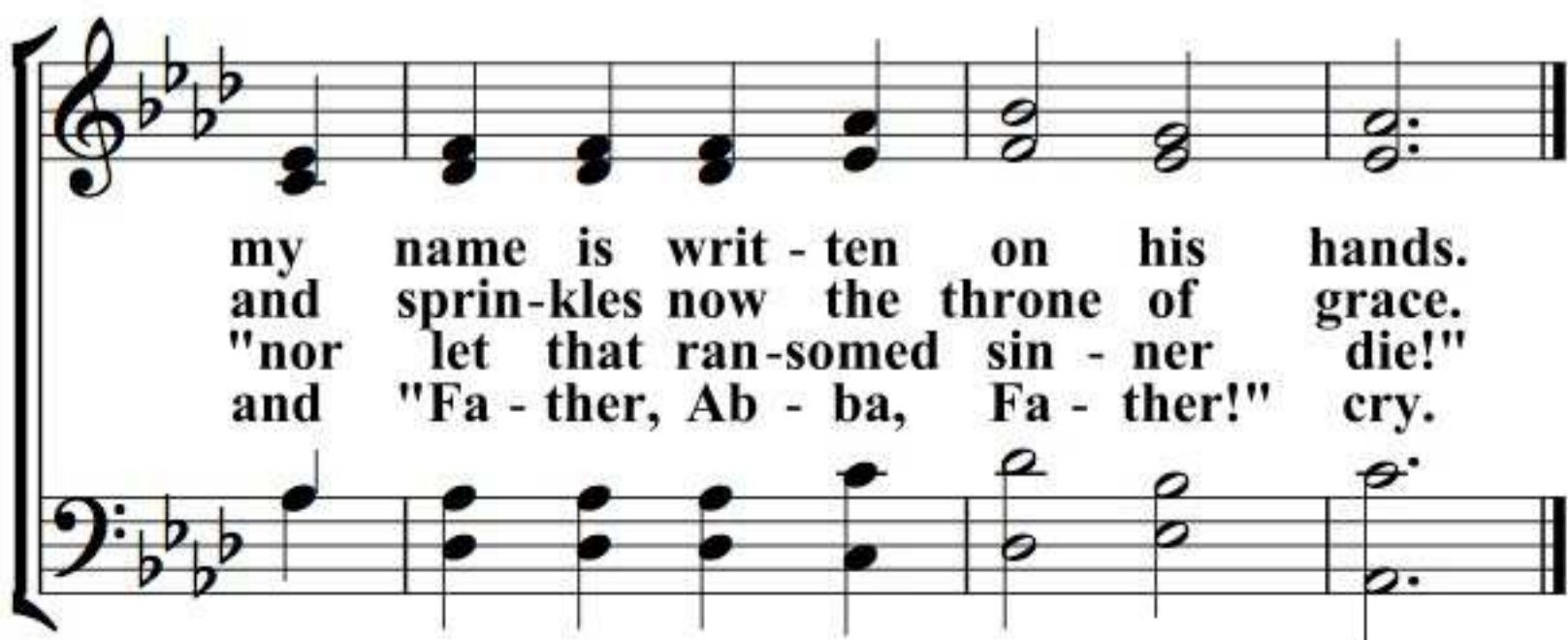
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be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands,
his blood a - toned for ev - 'ry race,
"For - give him, O for - give," they cry,
with con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



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my name is writ - ten on his hands.
and sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
"nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die!"
and "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.