

Arise, My Soul, Arise

Charles Wesley

Lewis Edson



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise. Shake off thy guilt - y
2. He ev - er lives a - bove For me to in - ter -
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va -
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear a - noint - ed
5. I now am re - con - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I



fears; The bleed - ing sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap -
cede; His all re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood, to
ry; They pour ef - fec - tual prayers; They strong - ly plead for
One; He can - not turn a - way, The pre - sence of His
hear; He owns me for His child; I can no long - er



pleas. Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty
plead. His blood a - toned for all our
me. "For - give him, O for - give," they
Son. His Spi - rit an - swers to the
fear. With con - fi - dence I now draw



stands, Be - fore the throne my sure - ty stands,
race, His blood a - toned for all our race,
cry, "For - give him, O for - give," they cry,
blood, His Spi - rit an - swers to the blood,
nigh, With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh,



My name is writ - ten on His hands.
And sprink - les now the throne of grace.
"Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die!"
And tells me I am born of God.
And "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

