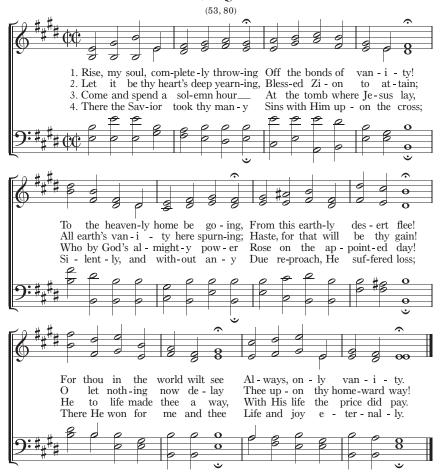
Rise, My Soul



- 5. Death, the first, is now forever Conquered and his might laid low; For the Hero broke that scepter When He to the grave did go; Bonds are broken, dungeon's might; Liberty is brought to light!
- 6. Now the very sting is taken That gave second death its pow'r; Vanquished is the evil dragon That so long did fiercely low'r. Now the serpent's poison may No believer's heart dismay.

- 7. Oh, the lovely, glorious portal, That o'er Jesus' grave I see:
 "Jesus lives!" Oh, words immortal,
 Like a magnet, drawing me!
 "Jesus lives!" This, too, I see:
 "Who believes, shall live with Me!"
- 8. Death therefore me no more frightens: Jesus lives, so also I! And for me, His heir, this brightens All the grave where I must lie; He will take me from its gloom Into my eternal home.
- 9. Now with Job I say believing: Jesus, my Redeemer, lives! New life I will be receiving By the power that He gives: He, the strong, will me not leave, Till He also breaks my grave.
- 10. As to Christ I cling forever— He the Head, I, member true— So He will forsake me never Whatsoe'er He passeth through. He, the First-fruit, goes ahead That I may by Him be led.
- 11. Adam being dead within me, Henceforth live Thou, Lord, in me; What Thy sacred death did win me, May it bring much fruit to Thee: May the Spirit victor be And the flesh succumb to Thee.
- 12. Thou of life the Prince and Giver, For Thy death I now thank Thee! Now my faith is fruitless never, And my hope in death shall be, That in death—I trust in Thee—I shall not forsaken be!
- 13. Oh, how will the voice be ringing That doth call us from the grave; What a sound the trump be bringing, Piercing every burial-cave: "Come, ye dead," it loudly cries, "Nothing hinders ye, arise!"
- 14. Thou the dust will then enliven, All the bones new life will see; A new form I will be given, For I shall immortal be; And, transfigured by Thy hand, In Thy likeness I shall stand.
- 15. This hope I ascribe, dear Savior, To Thy resurrection blest, For Thy life is mine forever, And Thy rest, Lord, is my rest; Thine own triumph mine shall be—All I own I have from Thee.