

Rise, My Soul

(53, 80)

1. Rise, my soul, com-plete-ly throw-ing Off the bonds of van - i - ty!
 2. Let it be thy heart's deep yearn-ing, Bless-ed Zi - on to at-tain;
 3. Come and spend a sol-emn hour— At the tomb where Je-sus lay,
 4. There the Sav-ior took thy man - y Sins with Him up - on the cross;

To the heav-en-ly home be go - ing, From this earth-ly des - ert flee!
 All earth's van - i - ty here spurn-ing; Haste, for that will be thy gain!
 Who by God's al - might-y pow - er Rose on the ap - point-ed day!
 Si - lent - ly, and with-out an - y Due re-proach, He suf-fered loss;

For thou in the world wilt see Al - ways, on - ly van - i - ty.
 O let noth-ing now de - lay Thee up - on thy home-ward way!
 He to life made thee a way, With His life the price did pay.
 There He won for me and thee Life and joy e - ter - nal - ly.

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
Whatsoever 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.