

# Arise, My Soul, Arise

Charles Wesley, 1707-1788

Lewis Edson, 1748-1820



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,  
 3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry.  
 4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear A - noint - ed One;  
 5. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning voice I hear.



The bleed - ing Sac - ri - fice In my be - half ap - pears.  
 His all - re - deem - ing love, His pre - cious blood to plead.  
 They pour ef - fec - tual prayers; They strong - ly plead for me.  
 He can - not turn a - way The pres - ence of His Son.  
 He owns me for His child; I can no lon - ger fear.



Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my  
 His blood a - toned for all our race, His blood a - toned for  
 "For - give him, oh, for - give," they cry. "For - give him, oh, for -  
 His Spir - it an - swers to the Blood, His Spir - it an - swers  
 With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With con - fi - dence I



Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
 give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."  
 to the Blood, And tells me I am born of God.  
 now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.

