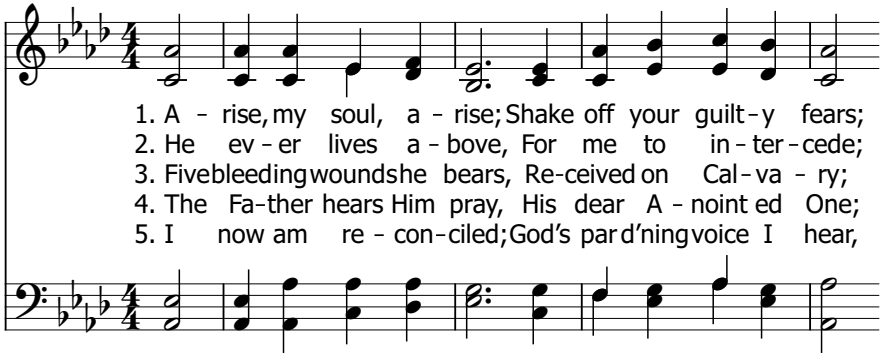


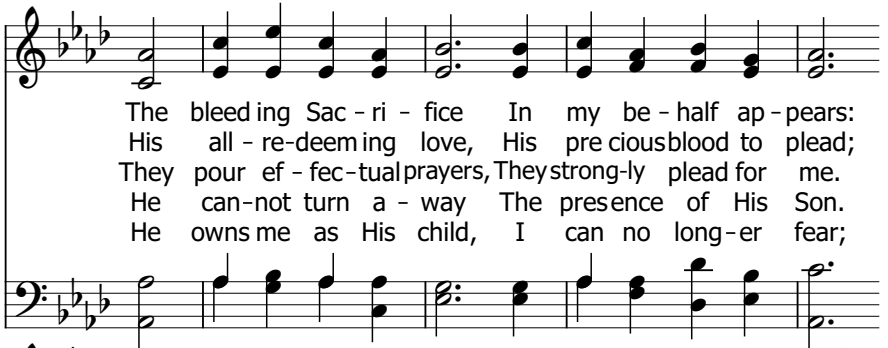
Arise, My Soul, Arise

Charles Wesley

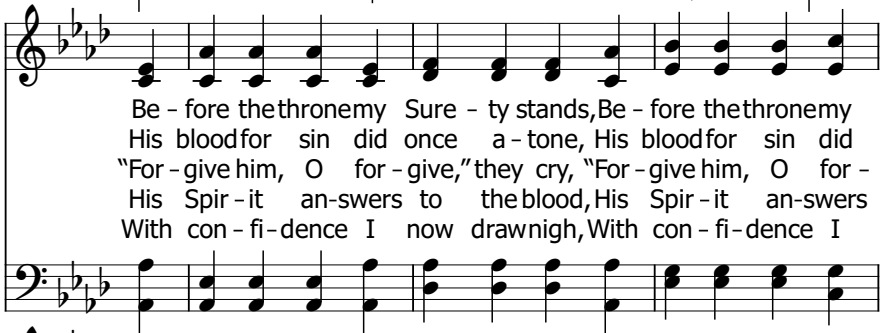
Lewis Edson



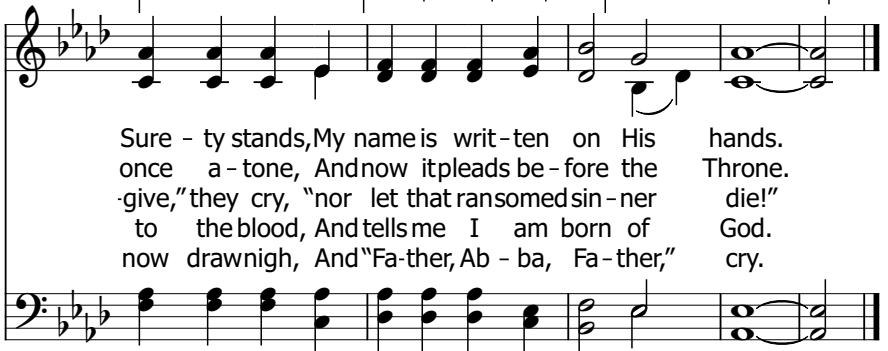
1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off your guilt-y fears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede;
3. Five bleeding wounds she bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. The Fa - ther hears Him pray, His dear A - noint ed One;
5. I now am re - con - ciled; God's pard'ning voice I hear,



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 presence of His Son.
He owns me as His child, I can no long - er fear;



Be - fore the thronemy Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the thronemy
His blood for sin did once a - tone, His blood for sin did
"For - give him, O for - give," they cry, "For - give him, O 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.
once a - tone, And now it pleads be - fore the Throne.
- give," they cry, "nor let that ransomed 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.