Arise, My Soul, Arise!

Charles Wesley (1707–1788)   Lewis Edson (1748–1820)

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 rec - on - 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   pres - ence of His
hear. He   owns me for His   child;   I can   no   long - er

pears.   Be - fore the throne my   Sure - ty stands, Be - fore the throne my
plead.   His blood a - toned for   all   our race, His blood a - toned for
me.   "For - give him, O,   for - give," they cry. "For - give him, O,   for -
Son.   His Spir - it   an - swers to   the blood, His Spir - it   an - swers
fear.   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.