

ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE

Arr WHH
German

Charles Wesley

* A-rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The
He ev-er lives a - bove, For me to in-ter-cede; His
The Father hears him pray, His dear, a-noint-ed One; He,

bleeding Sac-ri-fice In my be - half ap-pears; Be-fore the
all-re-deem-ing love, His precious blood, to plead; His blood was
can - not turn a-way The presence of his Son; His Spir - it

throne my Savior stands; My name is writ-ten on his hands.
shed for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
ans-wers to the blood, And tells me I'm a child of God.

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