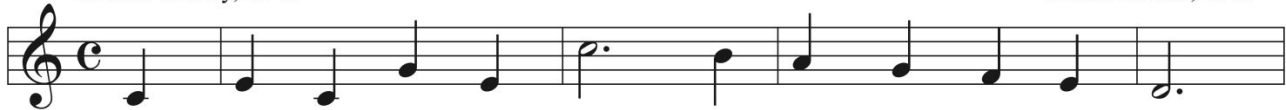


Arise, My Soul, Arise

Charles Wesley, 1742

DARWALL

John Darwall, 1770



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 bleed - ing wounds he bears, re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;
4. 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 owns me for his child, I can no lon - ger fear;



be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, my name is writ - ten on his hands.
his blood a - toned for ev - 'ry race, and sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
"For-give him, O for-give," they cry, "nor let that ran-somed sin - ner die!"
with con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, and "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther!" cry.