

Arise, my soul, arise

Charles Wesley
quoted here from the 1835 Kirtland hymnal

1. Arise, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Sur'ty stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2. He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood aton'd for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransom'd sinner die!

4. The Father hears him pray,
His dear annointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5. My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba Father, cry.