Arise, My Soul, Arise

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

2. He ever lives above, For me to intercede
His redeeming love, His precious blood to plea;
With confidence I now draw nigh, And "Father, Abba"
throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. To God I'm reconciled, His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child, I can no longer fear;
Coda—His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.

Words: Charles Wesley
Music: Towner's Ideal Song & Hymn Book, Arr. by Daniel B. Towner

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