Arise, My Soul, Arise

1. Arise, my soul, arise,
   shake off your guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice,
in my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
Before the throne my Surety 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 atoned for every race,
His blood atoned for every race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3. Five bleeding wounds He bears;
   received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers;
   they strongly plead for me:
“Forgive him, O forgive,” they cry,
“Nor let that ransomed sinner die!”

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

5. My God is reconciled;
   His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
   I can no longer fear
With confidence I now draw nigh,
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And “Father, Abba, Father,” cry.