

# Arise, My Soul, Arise

Charles Wesley (1742); alt. Kris Shaffer (2009)

Kris Shaffer (2009)

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise;— shake off thy guilt - y fears;— The  
2. He ev - er lives a - bove,— for me to in - ter - cede;— His  
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears;— re - ceived on Cal - va - ry;— They  
4. The Fath - er hears Him pray,— His dear a - noint - ed One;— He  
5. My God is re - con - ciled;— His par - doning voice I hear;— He

bleed - ing sac - ri - fice— on my be - half ap - pears:— Be - fore the throne my  
great re - deem - ing love,— His pre - cious blood, to plead:— His blood a - toned, sin  
pour ef - fec - tual prayers;— they strong - ly plead for me:— 'For - give him, O for -  
can - not turn a - way— the pres - ence of His Son;— His Spir - it an - swers  
owns me for His child;— I can no lon - ger fear:— With con - fi - dence I

sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands. Be - fore the throne my  
to e - rase, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace. His blood a - toned, sin  
give,' they cry, 'Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die!' 'For - give him, O for -  
to the blood, And tells me I am born of God. His Spir - it an - swers  
now draw nigh, And 'Fath - er, Ab - ba, Fath - er,' cry. With con - fi - dence I

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to e - rase, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
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now draw nigh, And 'Fath - er, Ab - ba, Fath - er,' cry.