





Arise, my soul, arise; shake off thy 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.

He ever lives above, for me to intercede; His all redeeming love, His precious blood, to plead: His blood atoned for all our race, His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

Five bleeding wounds He bears; received on Calvary; They pour effectual prayers; they strongly plead for me:

- "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry, "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
- "Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

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

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.

Charles Wesley

Towner