

*cres.* Beau - ti - ful star, . . . *f* Star . . of the eve - ning, *dim.* Beautiful, *p* beauti - ful star. *rall.*

Arise, My Soul

CHARLES WESLEY

LEWIS EDSON

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri -  
 2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His' all - re - deem - ing  
 3. Five bleeding wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef - fect - ual  
 4. My God is rec - on - ciled; His pardoning voice I hear: He owns me for His

fic In my be - half ap - pears: Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -  
 love, His pre - cious blood, to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, His  
 prayers, They strong - ly plead for me: "For - give him, Oh, for - give," they cry, "For -  
 child; I can no lon - ger fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With

fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
 blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
 give him, Oh, for - give," they cry, "Nor let that ran - somed sin - ner die."  
 con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And, "Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther," cry.