

## Arise, My Soul, Arise

Twila Paris

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.

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,  
"Don't let that ransomed sinner die!"

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.

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