

Rise, my soul ! Behold, 'tis Jesus

(SAFETY, 8.7.8.7)

$\text{♩} = 100$

1. Rise, my soul ! be - hold 'tis Je - sus,
 2. There in right - eous - ness tran - scend - ent,
 3. All thy sins were laid up - on Him,

Je - sus fills thy won - dering eyes ;
 Lo ! He doth in heaven ap - pear,
 Je - sus bore them on the tree ;

See Him now in glo - ry seat - ed,
 And the blood of His a - tone - ment
 God, who knew them, laid them on Him,

Where thy sins no more can rise.
 Is thy ti - tle to be there.
 And, be - liev - ing, thou art free.

4. God now brings thee to His dwelling,
Spreads for thee His feast divine,
Bids thee welcome, ever telling,
What a portion there is thine.

5. Blessed circle of His favour,
Circle of the Father's love !
Blessed to be there for ever
In His perfect rest above !

6. Blessed, glorious word, « for ever » !
Yea, « for ever » is the word ;
Nothing can the ransomed sever,
Nought divide them from the Lord.

Alternate Tunes : Bartimeus, 238 ; Gotha, 233 ; Stuttgart, 14.