



Arise My Soul

Arise my soul, and all in me
Let other saints Christ's beauties see
Unloose my tongue, make it thine own
And make His sacred passion known.

There is no greater message known
The precious seed that must be sown
Concerning Christ the Lord who died
That sinners vile are justified.

The Lord, He gave His very life
That I might see, Oh what a sight
The bleeding, dying Son of God
That I may speak what love hath wrought.

Oh saint, may I thee thus implore
To see Him crucified, and then see more
His mighty resurrecting power
And then to bow, in truth adore.

Ah, what a glorious sacrifice
He paid my debt, at what a price
To save my soul from deepest hell
I must, I must, his praises tell.

My heart is filled, I ask no more
But know more fully, He who bore
My sins upon the cursed tree
He bore them all, he died for me.

Blest Holy Spirit be thou my guide
And let my Lord be glorified
By all I say, and think and do
That I might show my love anew.

So then to think and meditate
Upon that ancient wooden stake
With heart now filled, I speak to tell
My Jesus has done all things well.

Dear saints of God, please walk with me
From sacred room to Calvary
Together let us now retrace
The Christ of God, His works and grace.