

1. Rise, my soul! be - hold, 'tis *Je - sus, Je - sus* fills thy wond'ring eyes:
 2. There, in right - eous-ness tran - scendent, Lo! He doth in heav'n ap - pear,
 3. All thy sins were laid up - on Him, *Je - sus* bore them on the tree;
 4. God now brings thee to His dwell-ing, Spreads for thee His feast di - vine,

See Him now in glo - ry seat-ed, Where thy sins no more can rise.
 Shows the *blood of His a - tone-ment* As *thy ti - tle to be there.*
 God who knew them laid them on Him, And, be - liev-ing, *thou art free.*
 Bids thee wel-come, ev - er tell - ing What a por-tion there is thine.

5 In that circle of God's favor—
 Circle of the Father's love—
 All is rest, and rest forever,
 All is perfectness above.

6 Blessed, glorious word "forever,"
 Yea, "forever" is the word;
 Nothing can the ransomed sever,
 Naught divide them from the Lord.