

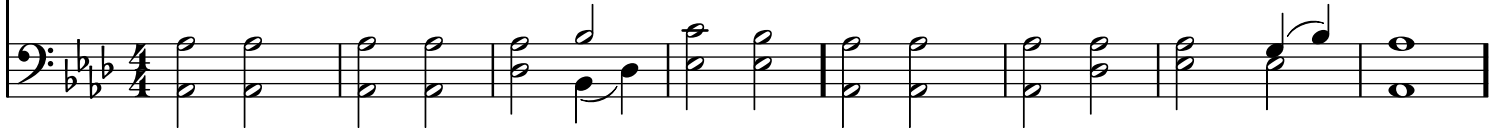
Rise, Dear Soul! Behold Thy Saviour

A. P. Cecil

(Suffield. 8. 7. 8. 7.)



1. Rise, dear soul! be - hold the Sav-iour, Seat - ed on the Fa - ther's throne;
 2. Once on earth in Beth - l'em's man-ger, As a new-born babe He lay;
 3. Sin - ner! see thy God be - side thee, In a ser-vant's form come near;
 4. Sin - ner! see the bleed-ing Sav-iour, Pierced and nailed to Cal - v'ry's tree;



Ob - ject of God's high - est fa - vor; See Him— God's be - lov - ed Son.
 God come down a heaven-ly stran-ger, Love to sin - ners to dis - play.
 Sit - ting, walk - ing, talk - ing with thee, Si - nai's mount no lon - ger fear.
 Sac - ri - fice of sweet - est sa - vor, Ob - ject of man's en - mi - ty.



5 See the sun at noonday hidden,
 See the rocks and mountains shake,
 See the Man midst darkness smitten;
 Why did God His Son forsake?

6 Sinner—hear the wondrous story:
 Jesus died and rose for thee;
 God in heaven now waits to save thee,
 Now, believing, thou art free.