

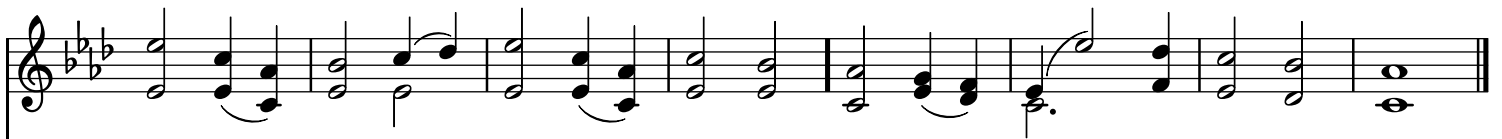
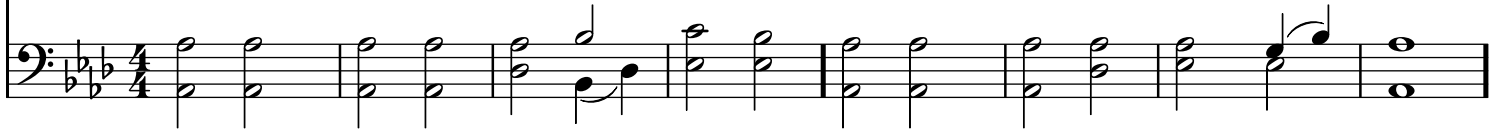
Rise, Dear Soul! Behold Thy Saviour

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

A. P. Cecil



1. Rise, dear soul! be - hold thy Sav-iour, Seat - ed on the Fa - ther's throne;
 2. Once on earth in Beth - l'em's man-ger, As a help-less babe He lay;
 3. Sin - ner! see they God be - side thee, In a ser-vant's form come near,
 4. Sin - ner! see they 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 heav'n-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 noon-day 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.