

## Rise, My Soul! Behold, 'Tis Jesus

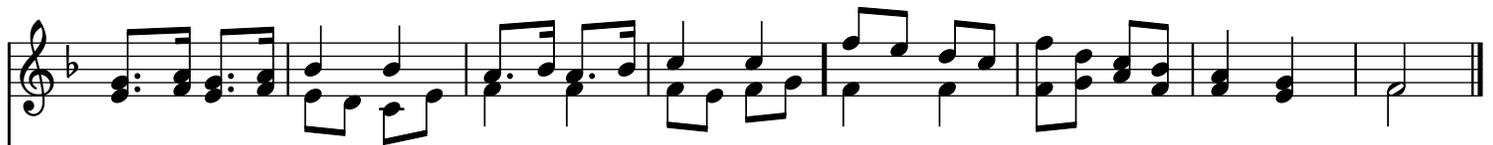
(Sicilian Mariners. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

J. Denham Smith

Sicilian Air



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.