

Rise, My Soul! Behold, 'Tis Jesus

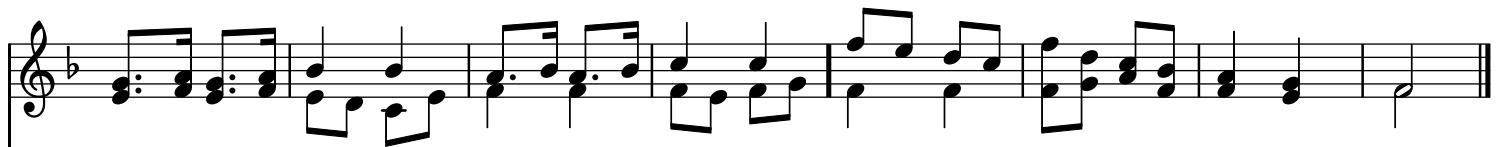
(Sicilian Mariners. 8. 7. 8. 7.)

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.