

## Rise, My Soul! Behold 'Tis Jesus

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Rise, my soul! behold 'tis Jesus, Jesus fills Thy wond'ring eyes;  
See Him now in glory seated, Where thy sins no more can rise

There, in righteousness transcendent, Lo! He doth in heav'n appear  
Shows the blood of His atonement, As thy title to be there

All thy sins were laid upon Him, Jesus bore them on the tree;  
God, who knew them, laid them on Him, And, believing thou art free

God now brings thee to His dwelling, Spreads for thee His feast divine  
Bids thee welcome, ever telling, What a portion there is thine

In that circle of God's favor, Circle of the Father's love  
All is rest, and rest for ever, All is perfectness above

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