

WORSHIP

120

Rise, My Soul! Behold 'Tis Jesus

J. Denham Smith 1817-1889

GOTHA 8 7 8 7

Albert, Prince Consort



1. Rise, my soul! be-hold 'tis Je - sus, Je - sus fills Thy won-d'ring eyes;
2. There, in right-eous-ness trans-cen-dent, 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,
5. In that cir - cle of God's fa - vor, Cir - cle of the Fa-ther's love,
6. Bless - ed, glo - rious word "for-ev - er!" Yea, "for-ev - er!" is the word;



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.  
All is rest, and rest for ev - er, All is per-fect-ness a-bove.  
Noth-ing can the ran-somed sev - er, Naught di-vide them from the Lord.



Alternate: Stuttgart No. 61

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The Veil is Rent!

James G. Deck 1807-1884

ST. PETER C M

Alexander R. Reinagle 1799-1877



1. The veil is rent: Lo! Je - sus stands Be - fore the throne of grace;
2. His pre-cious blood is sprin-kled there, Be - fore and on the throne;
3. "'Tis fin-ished!" on the Cross He said, In ag - o - nies and blood;
4. 'Tis fin-ished! here our souls can rest, His work can nev - er fail;
5. With - in the ho - li - est of all, Cleansed by His pre-cious blood,
6. Bold - ly our heart and voice we raise, His name, His blood, our plea;



And clouds of in - cense from His hands Fill all that glo - rious place.  
And His own wounds in heav'n de - clare The work that saves is done.  
'Tis fin - ished! now He lives to plead Be - fore the face of God.  
By Him, our Sac - ri - fice and Priest, We en - ter thro' the veil.  
Be - fore the throne we pros - trate fall, And wor - ship Thee, our God.  
As - sured our prayers and songs of praise As - cend, by Him, to Thee.



Alternates: Evan No. 145; St. Ann No. 311