

Arise, My Soul, Arise (194)
by Charles Wesley

1 ARISE, my soul, arise,
Thy Saviour's sacrifice!
All the names that love could find,
All the forms that love could take,
Jesus in himself hath joined,
Thee, my soul, his own to make.

2 Equal with God most high,
He laid his glory by;
He, the eternal God, was born,
Man with men he deigned to appear;
Object of his creatures' scorn,
Pleased a servant's form to wear.

3 Hail! everlasting Lord,
Divine, incarnate Word!
Thee let all my powers confess,
Thee my latest breath proclaim;
Help, ye angel-choirs, to bless,
Shout the loved Immanuel's name!

4 Fruit of a virgin's womb,
The promised blessing's come;
Christ, the fathers' hope of old,
Christ, the woman's conquering Seed,
Christ, the Saviour long foretold,
Born to bruise the serpent's head.

5 Jesus, to thee I bow,
The Almighty's Fellow thou!
Thou, the Father's only Son!
Pleased he ever is in thee;
Just and holy thou alone,
Full of grace and truth for me.