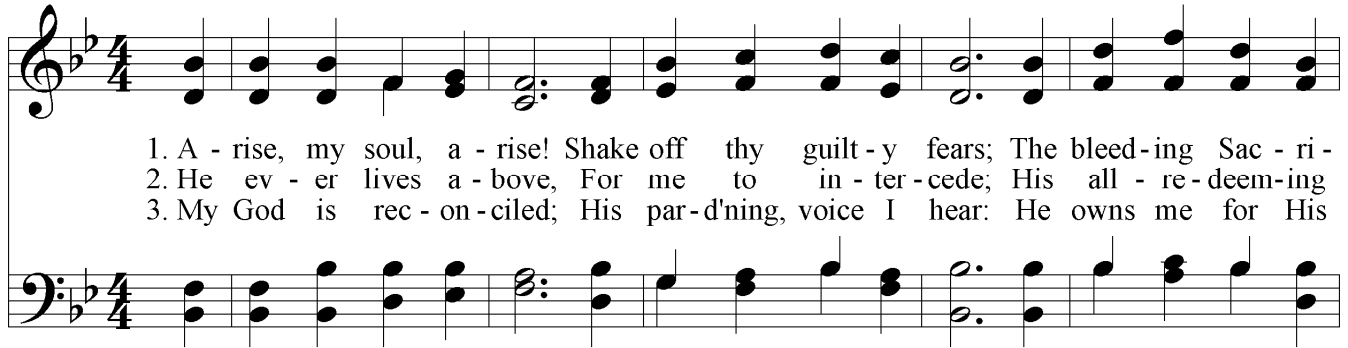
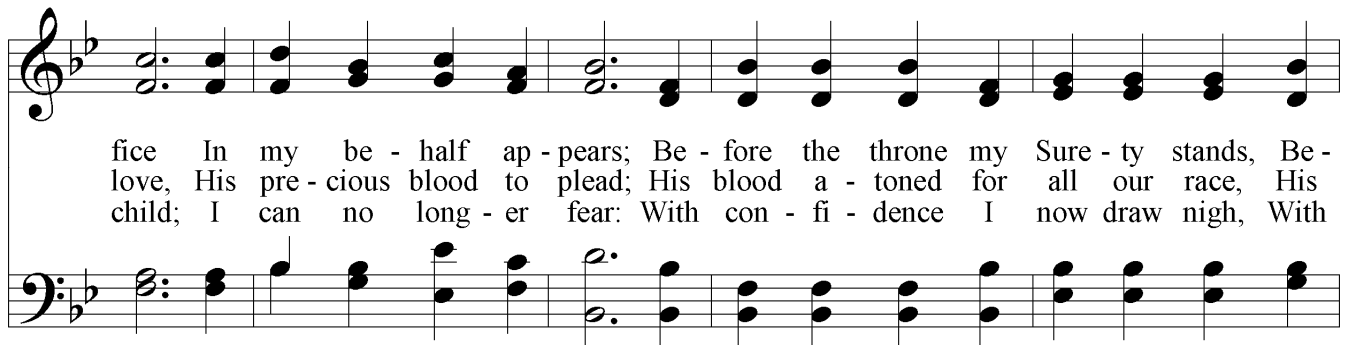


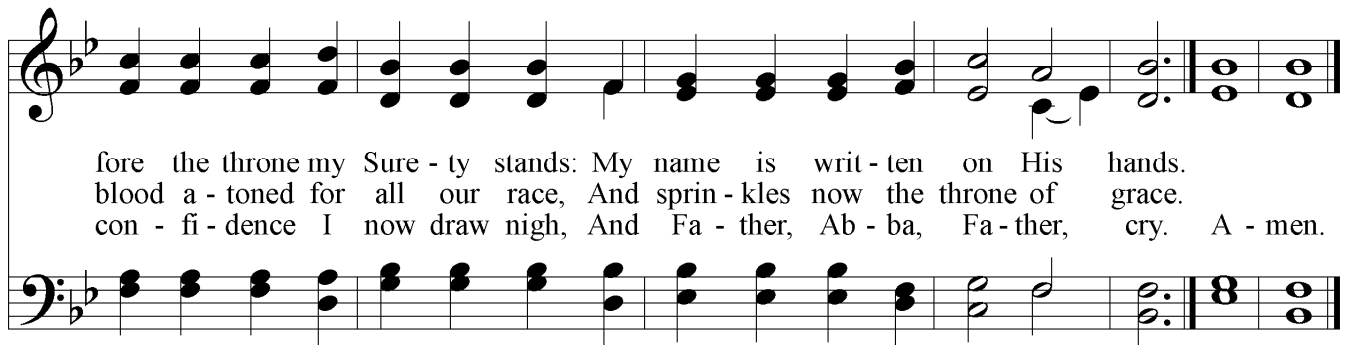
# Lenox H. M.



1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise! Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing Sac - ri -  
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter - cede; His all - re - deem - ing  
3. My God is rec - on - ciled; His par - d'ning, voice I hear: He owns me for His



fic In my be - half ap - pears; Be - fore the throne my Sure - ty stands, Be -  
love, His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood a - toned for all our race, His  
child; I can no long - er fear: With con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, With



fore the throne my Sure - ty stands: My name is writ - ten on His hands.  
blood a - toned for all our race, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.  
con - fi - dence I now draw nigh, And Fa - ther, Ab - ba, Fa - ther, cry. A - men.