

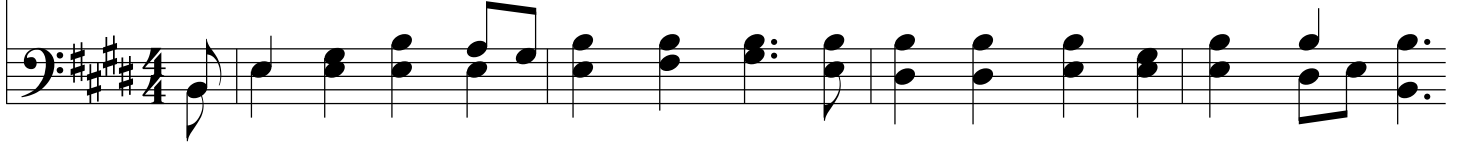
Arise, O Lord, With Healing Rod

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Andante



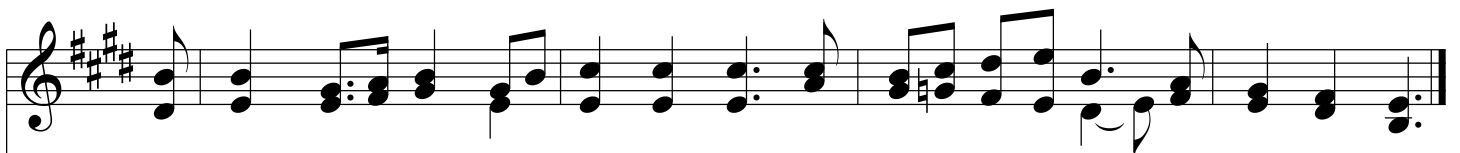
1. A - rise, O Lord, with heal - ing rod, Lift up Thine hand and save, O God;
2. Re - cord - ed by Thy right - eous hand The sin - ner's deeds for judg - ment stand:
3. O Lord the King of bound - less might, The wick - ed per - ish from Thy sight:



A - rise to help the meek: for why Should im - pious tongues Thy Name de - fy?
To Thee the poor com - mits his cause, His help from Thee the friend - less draws:
'Tis Thine the droop - ing heart to cheer, The cries of pray - ing souls to hear,



A - loud they boast, "Our acts are free; God hides His face; God will not see:"
Quell Thou the scorn - ful arm, and beat The proud op - pres - sor from his seat:
The or - phan's in - jured cause to try, And, in Thy peo - ple's per - il nigh,



But Thou hast seen: Thy pierc - ing ray Thru sin's dark wind - ings flash - es day.
Pro - claim - The reign of sin is o'er, The place that knew it knows no more.
To snatch them from the spoil - er's rage, And guard their right - ful her - it - age.

