

Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom
George Birdseye, 1885.
William Huntley.

Raise me, Jesus, to Thy bosom,
From this world of sin and woes;
Let me feel Thine arms around me,
Then my soul may know repose.
I am weary with my burden,
And I come to Thee for rest;
Kneeling at Thy feet, I pray Thee,
Lift me, Jesus, to Thy breast.

Refrain

Raise me, Jesus, to Thy bosom,
From this world of sin and woes;
Let me feel Thine arms around me,
Then my soul may know repose.

Raise me, Jesus, to Thy bosom,
For my heart is slave to fear,
That will vanish as a shadow,
When it feels Thy presence near.
In my anguish deign to hear me
All my sin and grief confess;
By the promise Thou hast given,
Lift me, Jesus, to Thy breast.

Refrain

Raise me, Jesus, to Thy bosom,
Hear a contrite spirit's prayer;
Raise me from the sin around me
Ere I yield me to despair.
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me,
And will give me holy rest;
Now I feel Thy glory near me,
Lift me, Jesus, to Thy breast.

Refrain