

Come, Rest In This Bosom - song lyrics

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COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM.

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear!
Tho' the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And the heart and the hand all thy own to the last!

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torments, through glory and shame!
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I loved thee, whatever thou art!

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be 'mid the horrors of this-
Through the furnace, unshrinking thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee and save thee or perish there too.