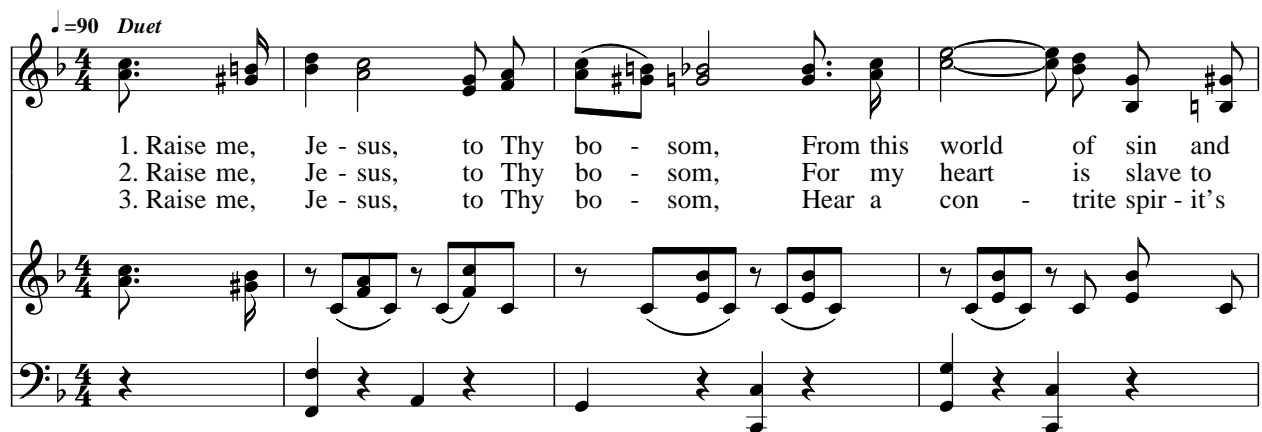


# Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom

George Birdseye, 1885

William A. Huntley

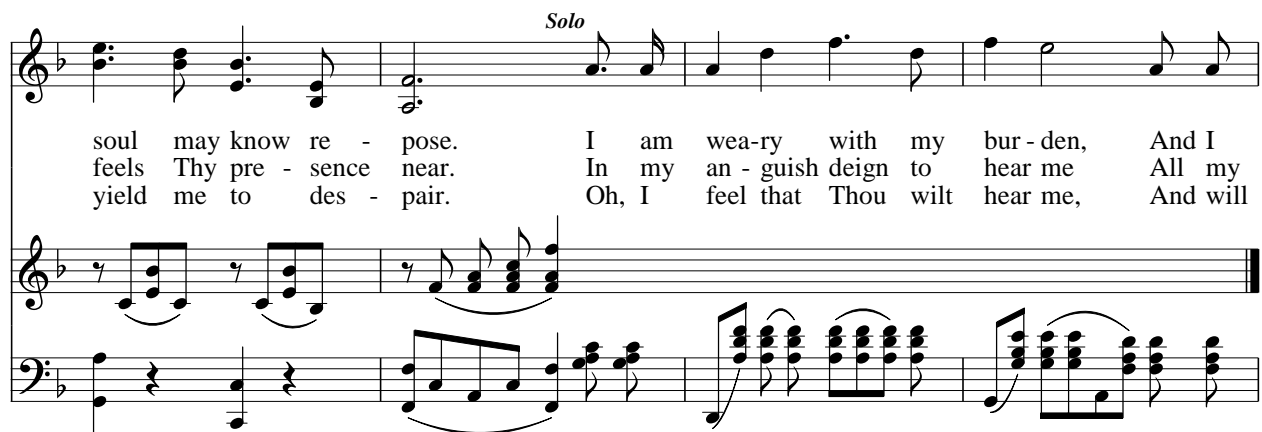
*♩=90 Duet*



1. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bo - som, From this world of sin and  
2. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bo - som, For my heart is slave to  
3. Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bo - som, Hear a con - trite spir - it's

woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my  
fear, That will van - ish as a sha - dow, When it  
prayer; Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I

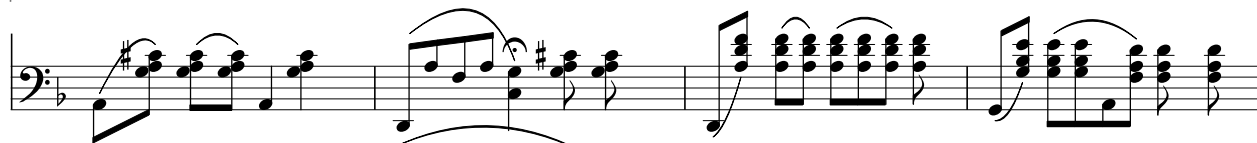
*Solo*



soul may know re - pose. I am wea-ry with my bur - den, And I  
feels Thy pre - sence near. In my an - guish deign to hear me All my  
yield me to des - pair. Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will



come to Thee for rest; Kneel-ing at Thy feet, I pray Thee, Lift me,  
 sin and grief con - fess; By the prom-ise Thou hast giv - en, Lift me,  
 give me ho - ly rest; Now I feel Thy glo - ry near me, Lift me,



Je - sus, to Thy breast.  
 Je - sus, to Thy breast.  
 Je - sus, to Thy breast.      *Refrain or Quartet*  
 Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bo - som, From this



world of sin and woes; Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my



soul may know re - pose.

