

1. Let me go where saints are go-ing To the man-sions of the blest; Let me go where my Re-deem-er Has pre-pared his peo-ple's rest.

2. Let me go where none are wea-ry, Where is raised no wail of woe; Let me go and bathe my spir-it In the rap-tures an-gels know.

3. Let me go, why should I tar-ry What has earth to bind me here? What but cares, and toils, and sor-rows? What but death, and pain, and fear?

4. Let me go where tears and sigh-ing Are for-ev-er-more un-known, Where the joy-ous songs of glo-ry, Call me to a hap-pier home.

I would gain the realms of bright-ness, Where they dwell for-ev-er more, I would join the friends that wait me O-ver on the oth-er shore.

Let me go, for bliss e-ter-nal, Lures my soul a-way, a-way, And the vic-tor's song tri-umph-ant Thrills my heart, I can-not stay.

Let me go, for hopes most cher-ished, Blast-ed round me oft-en lie; O! I've gath-ered bright-est flow-ers, But to see them fade and die.

Let me go—I'd cease this dy-ing, I would gain life's fair-er plains, Let me join the my-riad harp-ers, Let me chant their rap-t'rous strains.