

# Let Me Go

Lewis T. Hartsough, 1863

William Batchelder Bradbury

$\text{♩} = 95$

1. Let me go where saints are go - ing, To the man - sions of the  
2. Let me go where none are wea - ry, Where is raised no wail of  
3. Let me go, why should I tar - ry? What has earth to bind me  
4. Let me go where tears and sigh - ing, Are for ev - er - more un -  
5. Let me go, there is a glo - ry That my soul hath longed to

blest; Let me go where my Re - deem - er Has pre - pared His peo - ple's  
woe; Let me go and bathe my spir - it, In the rap - tures an - gels  
- here? What but cares and toils and sor - rows? What but death and pain and  
- known, Where the joy - ous songs of glo - ry Call me to a hap - pier  
know, I am thirst - ing for the wa - ters, That from crys - tal fount - ains


rest. I would gain the realms of bright - ness, Where they dwell for - ev - er  
know. Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal Lures my soul a - way, a -  
fear? Let me go, for hopes most cher - ished, Blast - ed round me oft - en  
home. Let me go— I'd cease this dy - ing, I would gain life's fair - er  
flow. There is where the an - gels tar - ry, There the saved for - ev - er

- more; I would join the friends that wait me, O - ver on the o - ther  
- way, And the vic - tor's song tri - um - phant Thrills my heart; I can - not  
lie. O! I've ga - thered bright - est flow - ers, But to see them fade and  
plains; Let me join the myr - iad harp - ers, Let me chant their rap - turous  
throng; There the bright - ness wear - ies ne - ver, There I'll sing re - demp - tion's

*Refrain*



shore.  
 stay.  
 die. Let me go, 'tis Je - sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of day; Bear me  
 strains.  
 song.



o - ver, an - gel pin - ions, Longs my soul to be a - way.