

COME, REST ON THIS BOSOM

Thomas Moore  
b 1779

B7 Em Bm Am7 Bm - B  
COME, REST ON THIS BOSOM, MY OWN STRICKEN DEER!  
Em G Am Em - Em7  
THOUGH THE HERD HAVE FLED FROM THEE, THY HOME IS STILL HERE.  
G D7 - Dm7 C - Bm G - B7  
HERE STILL IS THE SMILE THAT NO CLOUD CAN OVER-CAST,  
Em - C G Em Em Em  
AND THE HEART AND THE HAND ALL THY OWN TO THE LAST.

B7 Em Bm Am7 Bm - B  
OH! WHAT WAS LOVE MADE FOR, IF 'TIS NOT THE SAME  
Em G Am Em - Em7  
THROUGH JOY AND THROUGH TORMENT THROUGH GLORY AND SHAME?  
G D7 - Dm7 C - Bm G - B7  
I KNOW NOT, I ASK NOT, IF GUILT'S IN THAT HEART  
Em - C G Em Em Em  
I BUT KNOW THAT I LOVE THEE, WHATEVER THOU ART.

B7 Em Bm Am7 Bm - B  
THOU HAST CALLED ME THY ANGEL, IN MOMENTS OF BLISS  
Em G Am Em - Em7  
STILL THY ANGEL I'LL BE, 'MID THE HORRORS OF THIS  
G D7 - Dm7 C - Bm G - B7  
THROUGH THE FURNACE UNSHRINKING, THY STEPS TO PURSUE  
Em - C G Em Em Em  
AND SHIELD THEE, AND SAVE THEE, OR PERISH THERE TOO!