Come Rest in This Bosom

Edgar Allan Poe's favorite song according to Marie Devereaux

Thomas Moore

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Sostenuto e espressivo



Oh, what was love made for, If 'tis not the same, Through joy and through torments, Through glory and shame? If guilt's in the heart, I but know that I love thee, Whatever thou art! Thou hast called me thy Angel In moments of bliss, Still 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.