

# Come Rest in This Bosom

Edgar Allan Poe's Favorite Song according to Marie Devereaux

Thomas Moore

*Sostenuto e espressivo*

C#m F#m C#m E C#m

Come rest in this

E C#m F#m B E C#m G#m E C#m

bos - om, My own strick - en - deer, Tho' the herd have fled from thee, Thy

A6 A F#m C#m G# C#m A6 A F#m B

home is still here, Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'er

2

E

C#m

G#m E C#m

A6

A F#m C#m

cast, And the heart and the hand All they own to the last.

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.

- Thomas Moore