"Thou wast that all to me, love"

Words from
Edgar Allan Poe.

Music by
Arthur S. Sullivan.

Voice: Modéré.

Score:

Thou wast that all to me, love, For which my soul did pine - A

From isle in the sea - love, A fountain and a shrine, all

Wreath'd into fairy fruits and flowers. And all the flowers were
Al Armistead,

mine!

But a case!

Cas! Tell me: the light of life is flown! "No

arrell-

No more — No more — No more shall bloom the

thunder blast of tree or the struck - en eagle

Sirrah

[Handwritten note: "Such language holds the doleful"]

Awy