

# To One in Paradise

Edgar Allan Poe

Arthur Sullivan

*Moderato.*

*mp* Thou

*f*

*p*

wast that all to me, love, For which my soul did

pine. A green isle in the sea, love, A

*cresc.* *f*

fount - ain\_ and a shrine, All wreathed with fai - ry

*cresc.* *f* *mf*

fruits and flowers, And all the flowers were mine.

*mf*

But a - las! a -

-las! with me The light of

Life is o'er! "No more— no

*f* *accel.*

more— no more Shall

*cresc.*

bloom the thun - der - blast - ed

tree, Or the strick - en ea - gle

*ff*

*Vivace.*

soar!"

*Vivace.*

*ff*

*p*

(Such

lan - guage holds the sol - emn sea

*p cresc.*

*rall.*

*rall.*

To the sands up - on the shore.)

*ritard. dim.*

*mf* *Tempo primo (Moderato)* *f*

And all my days are\_ tran - ces and all my night - ly\_ dreams Are

*mf*

where thy dark eye\_ glan - ces, And where thy foot - step gleams— In

what e-ther - eal dan - ces, By what e - ter - nal

streams, In what e - ther - eal dan-

*cresc.*

*cresc.*

*f*

- - ces, By what e - ter - nal streams.

*colla voce.*