In memory of: Christina Beth Ross
Commissioned by Tampa Bay Children's Chorus
Averil Summer, Founder/Director

WHERE DWELLS THE SOUL OF MY LOVE
For Treble Chorus with Piano Accompaniment and Oboe

Text by
James Thomson (1834-1882)

Music by
James Mulholland

Moderately slow (J. = 40)

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What precious thing are you making fast
In all these silken lines?
Where and to whom will it go at last?

Such subtle knots and twines!
What precious thing are you making fast
In all these silk-en lines? Where and to whom will it

go at last? Such sub-tle knots and twines!

What pre-cious thing are you mak-ing fast In all these silk-en lines.
But in vain, in vain, would I make it fast With subtle twines;

With count-less sub-tle twines; For e'er its fire breaks out at last,

And it shrivels all the lines.

I am tying up all my love in this.
With all its hopes and fears,

With all its anguish and all its bliss,

And its hours heavy as years.

I'm tying up all my love in this.
With all its anguish all its bliss

I'm going to send it afar, afar.

To that sphere beyond the highest star.
Where dwells the soul of my love.
I'm going to send it a - far, a - far. Where dwells the soul of my love.
WHERE DWELLS THE SOUL OF MY LOVE

Oboe

Moderately slow (J. = 40)

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