

OH, SOFT WAS THE SONG.

Oh, soft was the song in my soul, and soft beyond thought were thy lips,

And thou wert mine own, and Eden re-conquered was mine :

And the way that I go is the way of thy feet, and the breath that I breathe

It hath being from thee, and life from the life that is thine.

Gilbert Parker.

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Gilbert Parker.

Edward Elgar. Op. 59, Nº 3.









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