How can I keep my soul in me, so that it doesn't touch your soul? How can I raise it high enough, past you, to other things? I would like to shelter it, among remote lost objects, in some dark and silent place that doesn't resonate when your depths resound. Yet everything that touches us, me and you, takes us together like a violin's bow, which draws one voice out of two separate strings. Upon what instrument are we two spanned? And what musician holds us in his hand? Oh sweetest song.
How can I raise it high, high enough, high enough, high enough, high enough, high enough, high enough.

4

--f--

How can I raise it high, high enough, high enough, high enough, high enough, high enough, high enough, high enough.

8

--f--

Doesn't touch your soul?

11

--f--

Doesn't touch your soul, touch your soul?

12

--f--

Doesn't touch your soul, touch your soul?
dark and silent place when your
dark and silent place that doesn't resonate when your
dark and silent place that doesn't resonate when your

depths resound, Yet everything
depths resound, resound. Yet everything
depths resound, resound. Yet everything
depths resound, resound. Yet everything
that touches us, me and you, me and you, takes us together like a violin's bow which draws one voice,

us together like a bow which draws one voice,
voice out of two separate strings. Up-
draws one voice, one voice out of two separate strings. Up-
which draws one, one voice out of two separate strings. Up-
draws one voice, one voice out of two separate strings. Up-

on who instrument are we two spanned? And what musician holds us
on, upon are we two spanned? And what musician holds us
on, upon are we two spanned? And what musician holds us
on, upon are we two spanned? And what musician holds us
in his hand? Oh sweet-est, oh sweet-est song, oh sweet-est

in his hand? Oh sweet-est, oh sweet-est song, oh sweet-est, oh

song. Up on what in-stru-ment are we two spanned? And what mu-si-cian holds us

sweet-est song. Up on, up on are we two spanned? And what mu-si-cian holds us

sweet-est song. Up on, up on are we two spanned? And what mu-si-cian holds us

sweet-est song. Up on, up on are we two spanned? And what mu-si-cian holds us
in his hand? ___________________________
How can I keep my soul, how can I
in his hand? ___________________________
How can I keep my soul, how can I
in his hand? ___________________________
How can I keep my soul, how can I

keep my soul, my soul in me.
keep my soul, my soul in me, my soul in me.
keep my soul, my soul in me, soul in me.
keep my soul, my soul in me, soul in me.

Slower \( \frac{d}{= 56} \)

moto rit. to the end

molto rit. to the end

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