My Soul is Like a Garden Close

Verse by
Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

Music by
F. Morris Class

High Voice 6 Low Voice

The John Church Company
Cincinnati
New York Chicago
London Lipiec
My soul is like a garden-close
   Where marjoram and lilac grow.
   Where soft the scent of long ago
Over the border lightly blows.

Where sometimes homing winds at play
   Bear the faint fragrance of a rose—
   My soul is like a garden-close
Because you chanced to pass my way.

—Thomas S. Jones, Jr.
To Mr. Reinald Werrenrath

My Soul is like a Garden Close

THOMAS S. JONES, Jr.  F. MORRIS CLASS

With gentle motion

My soul is like a garden-close where marjoram and lilac grow,

Where soft the scent of long ago o'er the...
Border lightly, lightly

blows.

Where sometimes homing winds at play bear the faint fragrance
of a rose, my soul is like a garden close, because, because,

cause, because you chanced to pass my way.