



## My soul to God, my heart to thee

Henry Leslie (1822-1896) Henry David Leslie (1822-1896) was born in London, England. He studied the cello as a youth, later playing in the Sacred Harmonic Society. In 1855, he organized an a cappella singing society. The society grew to 200 voices and became known as "Henry Leslie's Choir." The choir won numerous international competition prizes and enjoyed a strong reputation for singing unaccompanied music, both ancient and modern. He also became conductor of the Guild of Amateur Musicians. In 1864, Leslie established a National College of Music, but the college survived only two years. In 1878, Leslie and others made another attempt to form a national music school. This effort was successful, becoming the predecessor of the Royal College of Music. After he retired, he founded the Oswestry School of Music and its Festival of Village Choirs. Throughout his life, he was a champion of amateur choral musicians. He composed symphonies, oratorios, sacred works as well as chamber music, piano music and many part-songs.

"I see the swelling sail in motion,"
A Breton said, on bended knee;
"I'll seek my fortune on the ocean,
As fortune will not visit me.
I shall return some day or other,
Pray dry thine eyes, attend to me;
Whate'er may happen, dearest Mother,
My soul to God, my heart to thee.

The seamen, singing at their leisure, Proclaimed his fortune would be small, That he would give his heart to pleasure, Forget his mother, lose his soul: His thoughts were straying far and near, While gazing on the stormy sea, Repeating still, "My Mother dear, My soul to God, my heart to thee."

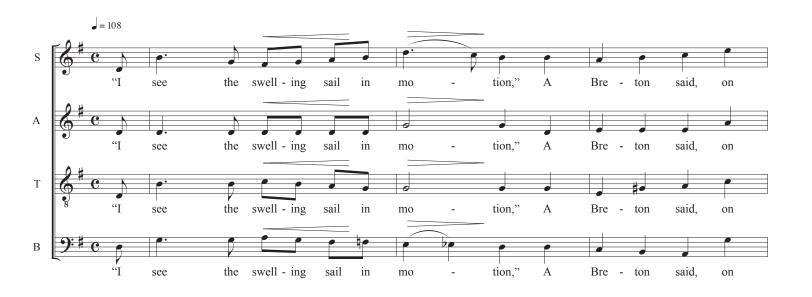
At length returning with the treasure, Which he amassed beyond the main, His bosom glowed with joy and pleasure, His Mother he would see again, And free her from all thought and fear Of sorrow, care, and poverty, Repeating still, "My Mother dear, My soul to God, my heart to thee."

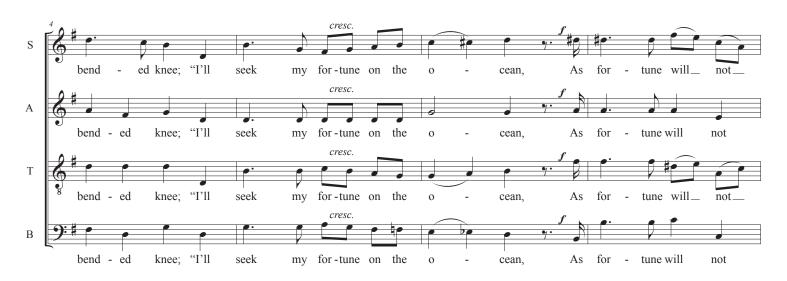
Alas! his heart was sorely smitten, Her face again he ne'er should see; Upon her tomb this line was written, "My son, we've parted, follow me!" He read it through a blinding tear, Exclaiming on his bended knee, "In heaven and earth, my Mother dear, My soul to God, my heart to thee."

Talhaiarn, née John Jones (1810-1869)

## My soul to God, my heart to thee

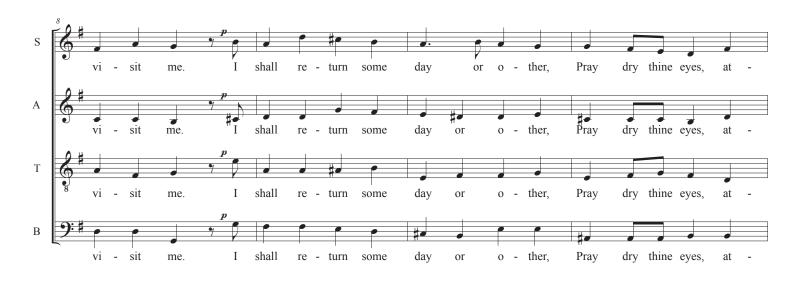
Henry Leslie

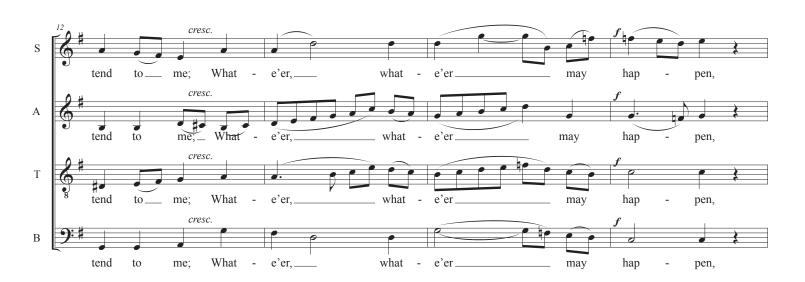




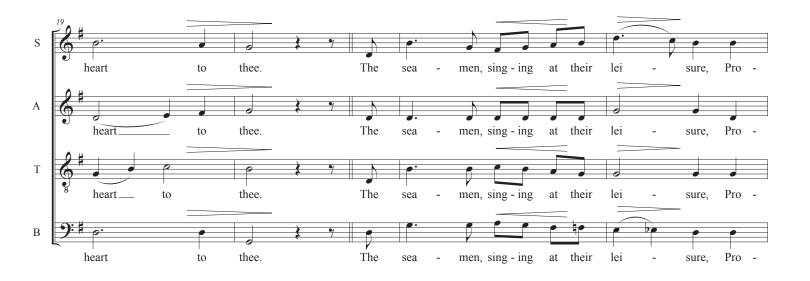


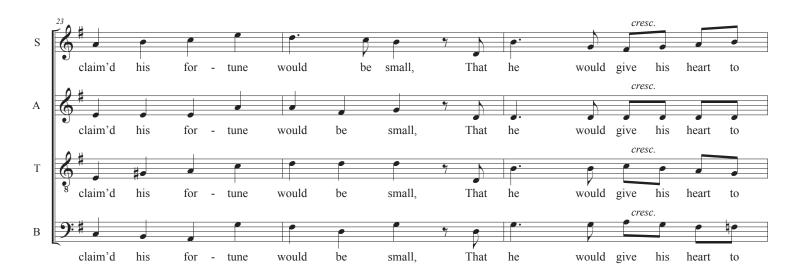
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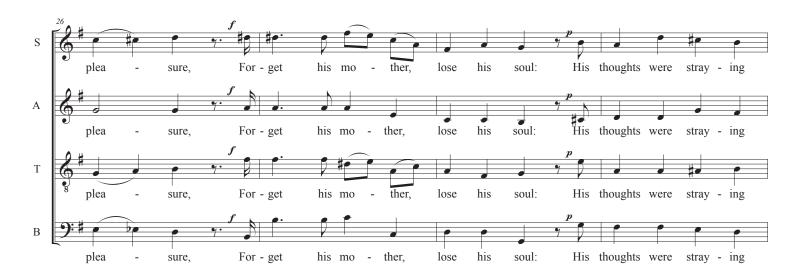


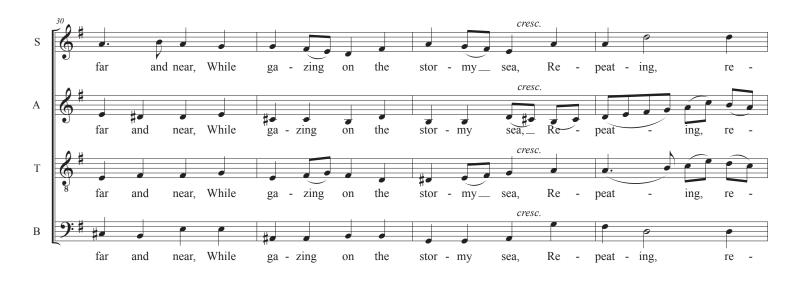




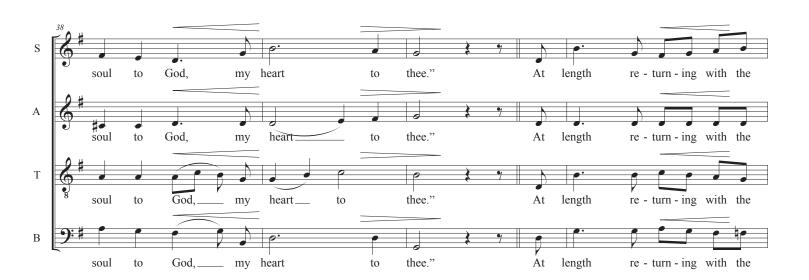


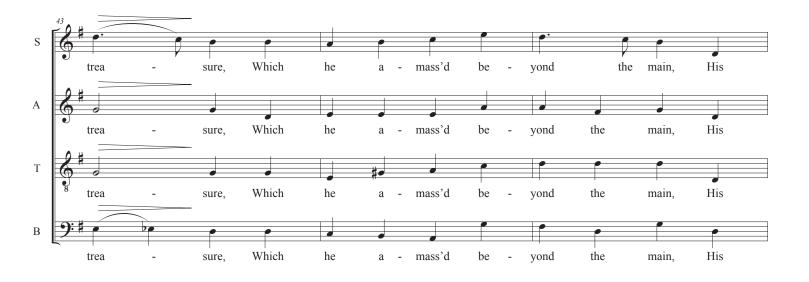


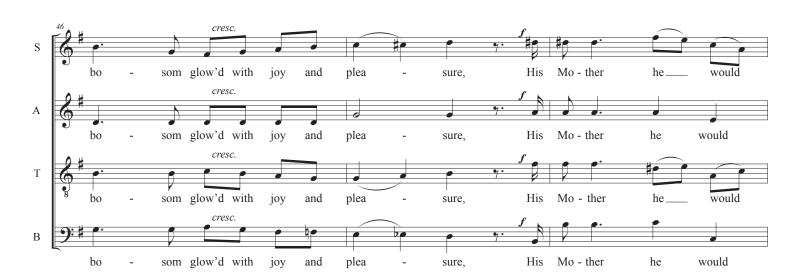




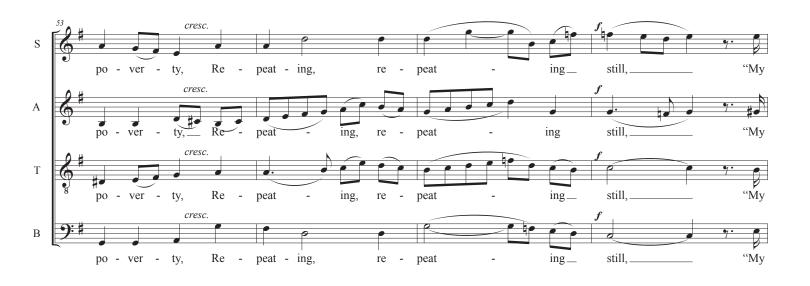




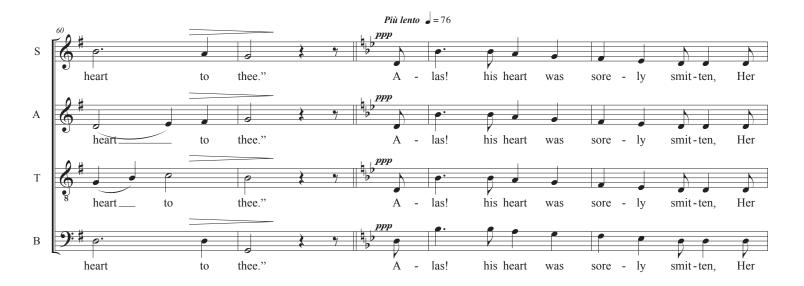


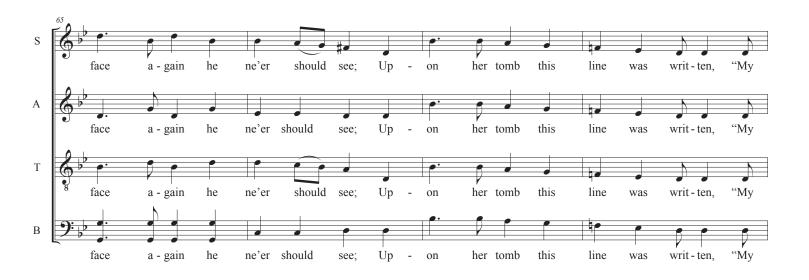


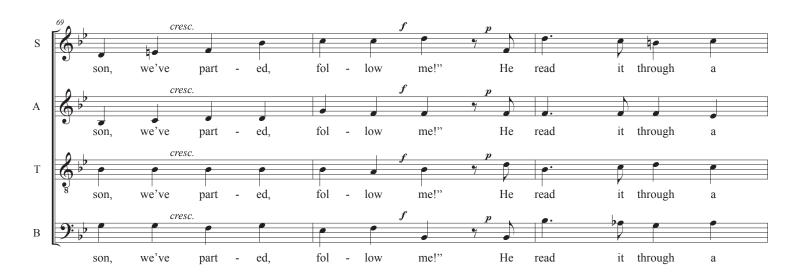


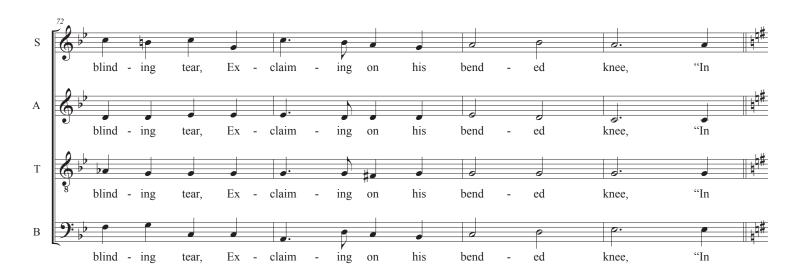


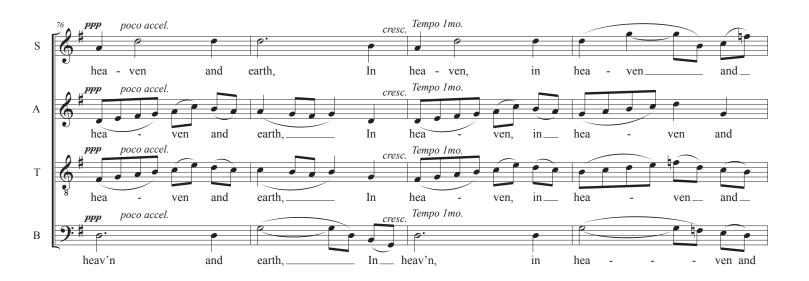




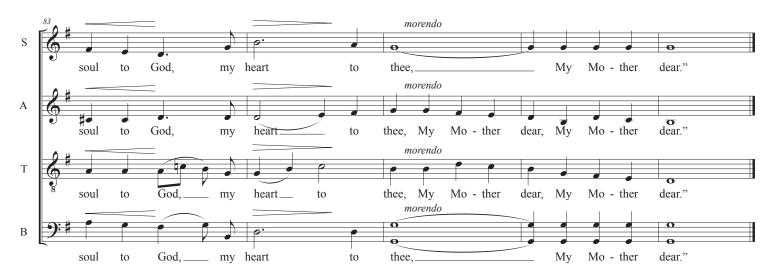












Novello, Ewer, and Co. (1875-1890)

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