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I See Them On Their Winding Way

B. Hime

Bishop Reginald Herber

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The views expressed in this paper are solely those of the author.

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY

The Words from an unpublished

POEM

by the late

Bishop Heber

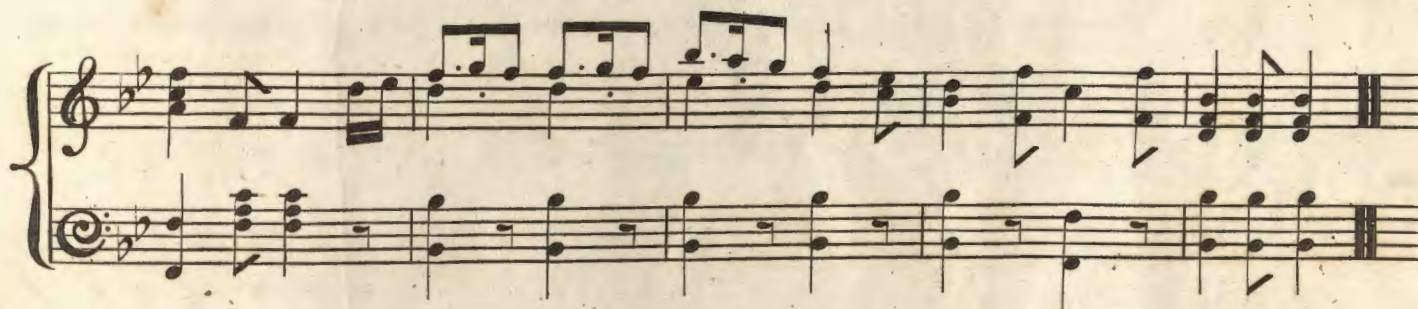
Composed by

B. H. ME.

BOSTON: Published by JOHN ASHTON & Co 197 Washington Street.

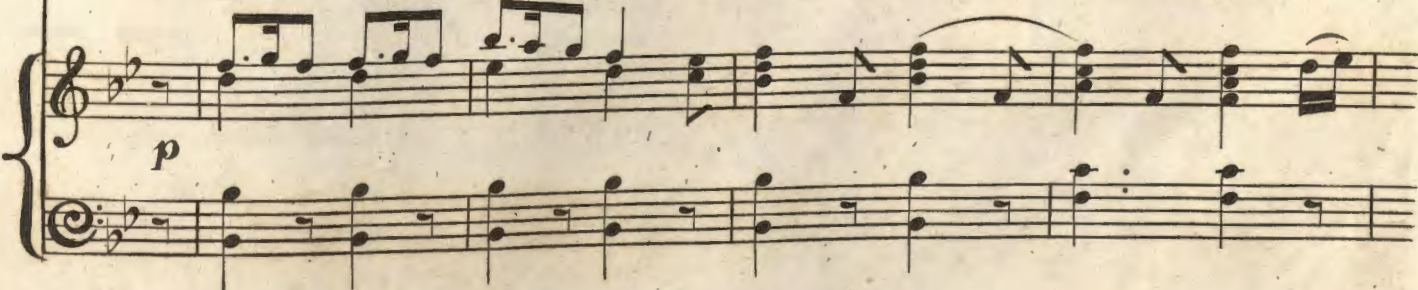
ALLEGRETTO

p



A - gain a - gain the peal - ing drum, The clash - ing horn, they come, they come, Thro'

I see them on their winding way, A - bout their ranks the moonbeams play, Their



rock-y pass o'er wood-ed steep, In long and glitt'ring files they sweep And near.....er

lof-ty deeds and daring high, Blend with the notes of vic-to-ry, And wav-...ing.

near.....er yet..... more near..... Their soft-en'd cho-...rus meets the

arms and ban-...ners bright Are glanc-ing in..... the mel-...low

ear, Forth forth..... and meet them on their..... way,..... The tramp-...ing

light They're lost.... and gone the moon is past The woods dark

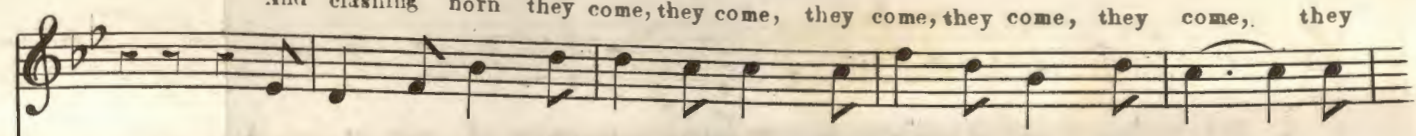
hoof's brook no de-lay,

With 'thrilling fife and pealing drum.

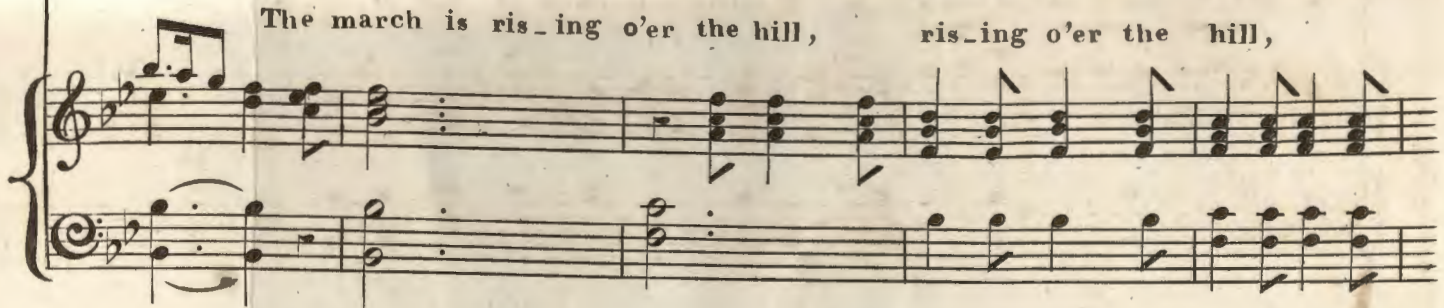
shade is o'er them cast,

And fainter fainter fainter still.

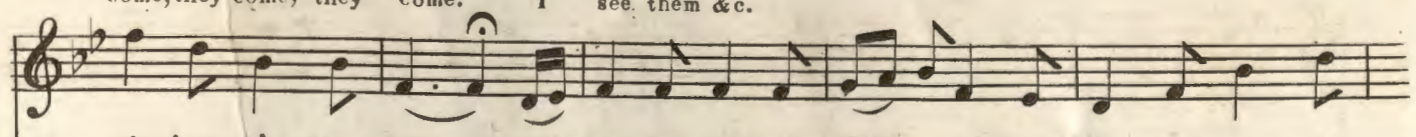
And clashing horn they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they



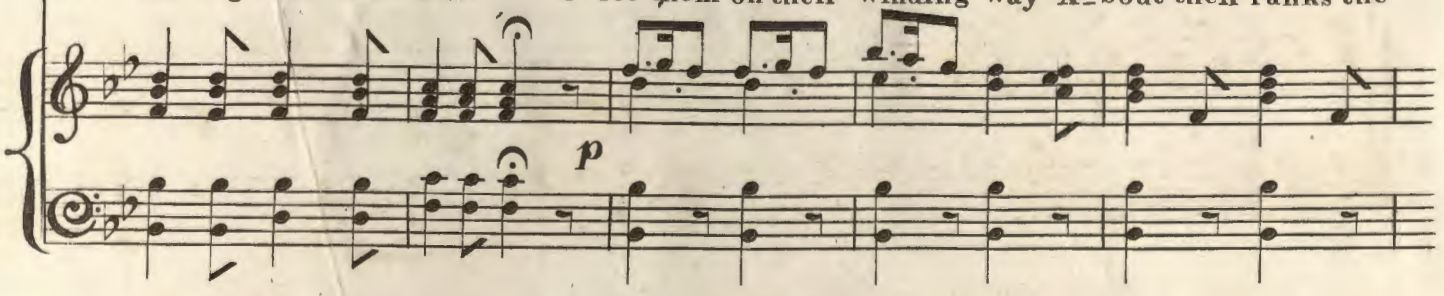
The march is ris-ing o'er the hill, ris-ing o'er the hill,



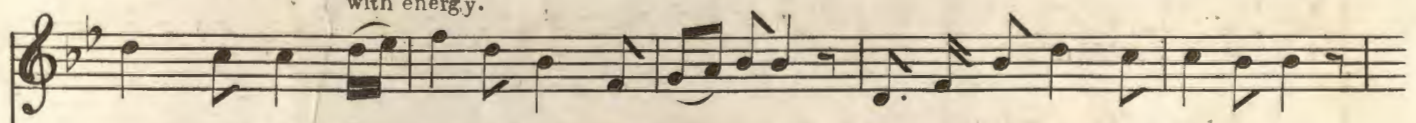
come, they come, they come. I see them &c.



ris-ing o'er the hill. I see them on their winding way A-bout their ranks the



with energy.



moonbeams play, Their lofty deeds and daring high, Blend with the notes of victo-ry.

