I See Them On Their Winding Way

B. Hime

Bishop Reginald Herber

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I See Them on Their Winding Way

The Words from an unpublished Poem

By the late Bishop Heber

Composed by B. Hume

Boston: Published by John Ashton & Co 197 Washington Street.


gain, a gain the pealing drum, The clashing horn, they come, they come, Thro' I see them on their winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play, Their
rocky pass o'er wooded steep, In long and glistering files they sweep And nearer...er

lofty deeds and daring high, Blend with the notes of victory, And waving...

near...er yet... more near... Their soft...en'd chorus meets the...narms and...ners bright Are glancing in... the mellow...

ear, Forth forth... and meet them on their... way... The tramping...

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 born they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they come.

The march is rising o'er the hill, rising o'er the hill, rising o'er the hill. I see them &c.

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

moonbeams play, Their lofty deeds and daring high, Blend with the notes of victory.

with energy.

And clashing born they come, they come, they come, they come, they come, they come.