I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

Sung by

MR. SINCLAIR,

of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane:

The Words from an unpublished Poem by the Late

BISHOP HEBER.

The Melody and Accompaniment

BY

B. HIME.

LIVERPOOL.

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MANCHESTER.
I see them on their winding way.

About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory. And

*The Symphony is from a celebrated March, in imitation of a Band at a distance; upon hearing which, the late Bishop Heber wrote the Poem from which the words are taken.

L. 362.
waving arms and banners bright Are glancing in... the
mellow light. They're lost and gone, the moon is past. The
wood's dark shade is o'er them cast; And fainter fainter
fainter still, The March is rising o'er the hill.
rising o'er the hill... rising o'er the hill... I see them on their
winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play; Their loy... ty deeds and
da... ring high, Blend with the notes of vic... to... ry.

L. 362.
SECOND VERSE.

Again, again the pealing drum, The clashing horn, they come; they come! Thro' rocky pass, o'er wooded steep, In long and glittering files they sweep. And nearer, nearer, yet more near, Their softened chorus meets the ear. Forth! forth and meet them on their way, The trampling hoofs brook no delay!

With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn they come! they come! they come! they come! they come! they come! I see them on their winding way, About their ranks the moonbeams play; Their loft\textsuperscript{y} deeds and daring high, Blend with the notes of vict\textsuperscript{ory}. 