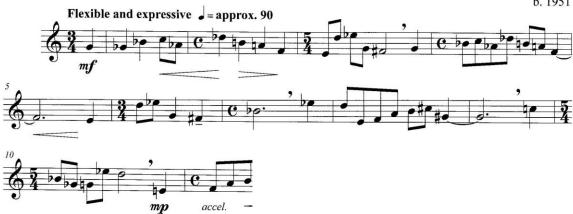
Its Soul of Music Shed

(2005, revised 2016)

Douglas Hedwig

b. 1951



The horn that once upon the mail, its soul of music shed, Now hangs all mute against the wall, and tells of guards long dead. So sleeps the horn of former years, its stirring sounds are o'er, And toll-bar men and horsekeepers now hear that sound no more.







Rather light and dance-like J = approx. 90-95







But shall these sounds be quite forgot, though guar.

There still remain some hearts that loved the sour

And though the coachmen of old are dead, thoug.

There are those who remember the "Yard of T;

