



THE WINDING WALK

Moderato.

Words and Music by FRANK L. MOIR.

There's a wind-ing walk in a

mf

Ped. σ *

gar-den fair, With nut-trees o - ver - head, And ro - ses sweet, By the dear old seat, Per-

Cantabile.

- fum-ing the summer air: It was there we met in the long a - go, It was there we plighted

Cantabile.

Ped. σ

troth. Ah ! dear, dear days, 'Neath the shaded ways, Where we walk'd in our sun - lit youth.



There's a wind-ing walk by the vil-lage green, That leads to the dear old

Ped. *

church, Where the pop-lars sigh To the clear blue sky, And the swallows flit be-tween : It was

there we met on that sweet day, It was there they made us one; And the bells rang out, 'Mid the



mer - ry shout Of the children, who cheer'd us on. *Più lento.* It's a winding walk thro' the

land of love, With the shadows o - ver - head, But from our true hearts All the gloom departs, And the

Tempo Imo.

light shines out a - bove. Take my hand, sweetheart, we must journey on; Say to me as you did that

Cantabile.

Ped.

day, 'Neath the rose-trees sweet By the dear old seat, "We will love till our days are done; We will

Ped. *

f love, we will love, we will love till our days are done."

f ad lib.

cres.

f *f* *Col canto al fine.* *f*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.*

