

No.2. At dusk I climbed

Parlando

Boud. *p*

At dusk I climbed that ridge and looked up-on the Ro - mans a

Sax Alto (Eb) *p colla parte*

safe three miles-a-way the e - cho of a dry, late sun warmed—thatRo-man camp. Ah!

f

mp

theirs a diff'rent world, a strong, well-ordered world Harsh, male and do-mi-nant. that would ec-lipse and

mp

sub - ju - gate. Dear Gods! Are they a test or pun - ish - ment?

f