

BY THE BIVOUAC'S FITFUL FLAME From "DRUM-TAPS" by Walt Whitman

♩ = 60

BY THE BI-VOUAC'S FIT-FUL FLAME A PRO-CES-SION WIND-ING A-

ROUND ME SO-LEMN AND SWEET AND SLOW BUT FIRST I NOTE THE

TENTS OF THE SLEEP-ING AR-MY THE FIELDS AND THE WOODS DIM OUT-LINE

THE DARK-NES LIT BY SPOTS OF KIN-DLED FIRE THE SI-LENCE

LIKE A PHAN-TOM FA-OR NEAR AN OC-CASION-AL FIG-URE MOV-ING

THE SHAUBS AND TREES, CAS I LIFT MY EYES THEY SEEM TO BE STEAL-TLY WATCH-ING me

WHILE WIND IN PRO-CES-SION THOUGHTS, O

TEN-DEAR AND WON-DROUS THOUGHTS OF LIFE AND DEATH OF HOME & THE PAST

LOVED, & OF THOSE THAT ARE FAR A-WAY A SO-LEMN AND SLOW PRO-CES-sion

THERE AS I SIT ON THE GROUND BY THE BI-VOR-AC'S FIT-FUL

FLAME.