

# So Far From Home

The marching song of the ghosts of the Ninth Legion

As I walked out, one winter's morning early,  
A mist hung in the valley; I'd not thought to tarry long,  
When the cheery birds fell silent and I felt the cold about me,  
And I heard the sound of voices raised in mournful marching song...

So far from home and every man's an enemy,  
So far from home and little chance of leave,  
So far from home, no pretty wife to comfort me,  
So pity us poor soldiers, we've cause enough to grieve.

And as I stood a horse and armoured rider  
Came walking at the vanguard of a line of trudging men.  
Bright feathers in their helmets shadowed faces dark and cloudy,  
There never was a sadder sight than passed before me then.....

## Chorus

No sound there came, from horse's hoof or bridle,  
No sound from the armour or the weapons that they wore.  
Only their voices, lifted up in singing,  
Broke that morning's silence as they marched across the moor.....

## Chorus