The Wintry Day, Descending to Its Close

Expressively $d = 58–66$

1. The wintry day, descending to its close,
2. I cannot go to rest, but linger still
3. Away beyond the prairies of the West,
4. The wilderness, that naught before would yield,

In - vites all wea - ried na - ture to re - pose,
In med - i - ta - tion at my win - dow - sill,
Where ex - il ed Saints in sol - i - tude were blest,
Is now be - come a fer - tile, fruit - ful field.

And shades of night are fall - ing dense and fast,
While, like the twin - kling stars in heav - en's dome,
Where in - dus - try the seal of wealth has set
Where roamed at will the fear - less In - dian band,

Like sa - ble cur - tains clos - ing o'er the past.
Come one by one sweet mem - o - ries of home.
A - mid the peace - ful vales of Des - er - et,
The tem - pled cit - ies of the Saints now stand.
Pale through the gloom the newly fallen snow
And wouldst thou ask me where my fancy roves
Unheeding still the fiercest blasts that blow,
And sweet religion in its purity

Wraps in a shroud the silent earth below
To reproduce the happy scenes it loves,
With tops encrusted by eternal snow,
Invites all men to its security.

As tho’ twere mercy’s hand had spread the pall,
Where hope and memory together dwell
The towering peaks that shield the tender sod
There is my home, the spot I love so well.

A symbol of forgiveness unto all.
And paint the pictured beauties that I tell?
Stand, types of freedom reared by nature’s God.
Whose worth and beauty pen nor tongue can tell.

Text: Orson F. Whitney, 1855–1931
Music: Edward P. Kimball, 1882–1937

Isaiah 51:3
Isaiah 2:2–3