

The Wintry Day, Descending to Its Close

Thoughtfully ♩ = 92-100

1. The win - try day, de - scen - ding to its close,
2. Pale through the gloom the new - ly fall - en snow
3. I can - not go to rest, but lin - ger still
4. And wouldst thou ask me where my fan - cy roves
5. A - way be - yond the prai - ries of the West,

In - vites all wea - ried na - ture to re - pose,
Wraps in the shroud the si - lent earth be - low
In me - di - ta - tion at my win - dow - sill,
To re - pro - duce the hap - py scenes it loves,
Where ex - iled Saints in sol - i - tude were blest,

And shades of night are fall - ing dense and fast,
As tho 'twere mer - cy's hand had spread the pall,
While, like the twin - kling stars in hea - ven's dome,
Where hope and mem - o - ry to - ge - ther dwell
Where in - dus - try the seal of wealth has set

Like sa - ble cur - tains clos - ing o'er the past.
 A sym - bol of for - give - ness un - to all.
 Come one by one sweet me - mo - ries of home.
 And paint the pic - tured beau - ties that I tell?
 A - mid the peace - ful vales of De - se - ret.

6. Unheeding still the fiercest blasts that blow,
 With tops encrusted by eternal snow,
 The tow'ring peaks that shield the tender sod
 Stand, types of freedom reared by nature's God.

7. The wilderness, that naught before would yield,
 Is now become a fertile, fruitful field.
 Where roamed at will the fearless Indian band,
 The templed cities of the Saints now stand.

8. And sweet religion in its purity
 Invites all men to its security.
 There is my home, the spot I love so well,
 Whose worth and beauty pen nor tongue can tell.

Text: Orson F. Whitney, 1855-1931
Music: Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847

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