

The Wintry Day, Decending to Its Close

Arr.: Eric Laing

Edward Kimball / Orson Whitney

$\text{♩} = 66$

The win-try day, des - cen - ding to its close, In - vites all wea - ried
na - ture to re - pose, And shades of night are fal - ling dense and fast, Like sa - ble
cur - tains clo - sing o'er the past. Pale through the gloom the new - ly fal - len

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2. The tempo is marked as quarter note = 66. The score includes lyrics for the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines in the right hand and sustained chords in the left hand.

21

snow Wraps in a shroud the si-lent earth be - low As tho 'twere mer-cy's hand had

28

spread the pall, A sym-bol of for -give-ness un-to all.

I can-not

35

go to rest, but lin-ger still In me-di - ta - tion at my win-dow-sill,

42

While, like the twin - kling stars in hea-ven'sdome, Come one by one sweet mem-or-ies of

49

And wouldst thou ask me where my fan-cy roves To re-pro
home.

56

duce the hap-py scenes it loves, Where hope and mem-or - y to - ge - ther -

62

dwell And paint the pic-turedbeau-ties that I tell? A-way be-yond the

3

69

prai-ries of the West, Where ex-iled Saints in so-li-tude were blest, Where in-dus

76

try the seal of wealth has set A-mid the peace-ful vales of De-se-ret,

83

Un-heed-ing still the fierc-est blasts that blow, With tops en-crus-ted

90

by e-ter-nal snow, The tow'ring peaks that shield the ten-der sod Stand,

97

4

types of free-dom reared by na-ture's God.

The wil-der- ness, that naught be-fore would

103

Where roamed at will the

yield, Is now be-come a fer-tile, fruit-ful field.

110

fear-less Ind-ian band, The tem-pled ci - ties of the Saints now stand.

117

And sweet re - li - gion in its pu - ri - ty In - vites all men to its se - cu - ri -

124

ty. There is my home, the spot I love so well,

129

Whose worth and beau - ty pen nor tongue can tell.