

# 37 The Wintry Day, Descending to Its Close

*Expressively* ♩ = 58-66

1. The win - try day, de - scend - ing to its close,  
 2. I can - not go to rest, but lin - ger still  
 3. A - way be - yond the prai - ries of the West,  
 4. The wil - der - ness, that naught be - fore would yield,

In - vites all wea - ried na - ture to re - pose,  
 In med - i - ta - tion at my win - dow - sill,  
 Where ex - iled 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 new - ly fall - en snow  
 And wouldst thou ask me where my fan - cy roves  
 Un - heed - ing still the fierc - est blasts that blow,  
 And sweet re - li - gion in its pur - i - ty

Wraps in a shroud the si - lent earth be - low  
 To re - pro - duce the hap - py scenes it loves,  
 With tops en - crust - ed by e - ter - nal snow,  
 In - vites all men to its se - cu - ri - ty.

As tho 'twere mer - cy's hand had spread the pall,  
 Where hope and mem - o - ry to - geth - er dwell  
 The tow - 'ring peaks that shield the ten - der sod well  
 There is my home, the spot I love so well,

A sym - bol of for - give - ness un - to all.  
 And paint the pic - tured beau - ties that I tell?  
 Stand, types of free - dom reared by na - ture's God.  
 Whose worth and beau - ty pen nor tongue can tell.