

Vocal and Piano

The Wintry Day Descending to Its Close

for Alto Soloist, double Flute obligato and Piano

Text by Orson F. Whitney, 1855-1931

Music by Edward P. Kimball, 1882-1937

Arr. by BETSY LEE BAILEY

Lyricaly $\text{♩} = 66$

Piano

Pno.

11

mp

The win - ty day des - cend - ing to its close, In - vites all
I do not go to rest but lin - ger still In med - i -

Pno.

16

wea - ried na - ture to re - pose; While shades of night are
ta - tion at my win - dow sill, While, like the twin - kling

Pno.

Performance Time: approx. 4:00 min.

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The Wintry Day Descending to Its Close

21

fall - ing dense and fast, Like sa - ble cur - tains clos - ing o'er the
 stars in hea - ven's dome, Come one by one sweet mem - o - ries of

Pno.

26

past. Pale through the gloom the new - ly fall - en
 home. And wouldst thou ask me where my fan - cy

Pno.

31

snow Wraps in a shroud the si - lent earth be - low
 roves To re - pro - duce the hap - py scenes it loves,

Pno.

36

As tho t'were mer - cy's hand had spread the pall, A sym - bol of for -
 Where hope and mem - o - ry to - geth - er dwell And paint the pic - tured

Pno.

41

give - ness un - to all.
beau - ties that I tell?

Pno.

45

The wild - er - ness, that naught be - fore would

Pno.

50

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

Pno.

55

Where roamed at will the fear - less In - dian band, The tem - pled ci - ties

Pno.

The Wintry Day Descending to Its Close

4
61

of the Saints now stand. And sweet re - li - gion in its pur - i -

Pno.

67

ty In - vites all men to its se - cur - i - ty.

Pno.

72

There is my home, the spot I love so well, Whose worth and beau - ty

Pno.

77

pen nor tongue can tell.

Pno.