

The Wintry Day Descending to Its Close

For SATB Choir

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Expressively

Soprano & Alto

Tenor & Bass

Piano

women 1st verse

p The win-try day, de -

men 2nd verse

I can-not go to

7

scend-ing to its close, In - vites all wea - ried na - ture to re - pose,

rest, but lin - ger still In med - i - ta - tion at my win-dow - sill,

Pno.

7

*Add Tenor and Bass- 1st verse.**Add Sop. and Alto 2nd verse*

13

And shades of night are fall - ing dense and fast, Like sa - ble cur - tains sweet.
While, like the twin - kling stars in heav - en's dome, Come one by one sweet

13

Pno.

19

clos - ing o'er the past. Pale through the gloom the new - ly fall - en snow
mem - o - ries of home. And wouldst thou ask me where my fan - cy roves

19

Pno.

25

Wraps in a shroud the si - lent earth be - low, As tho 'twere mer - cy's hand had
To re - pro - duce the hap - py scenes it loves, Where hope and mem - o - ry to -

25

Pno.

31

spread the pall, A sym - bol of for - give - ness un - to all.
geth - er dwell And paint the pic - tured beau - ties that I

Pno.

36

tell? A-way be - yond the prai-ries of the

All Parts

Pno.

43

West, Where ex - iled Saints in sol - i - tude were blest, Where in - dus -

Pno.

49

try the seal of wealth has set A - mid the peace - ful vales of Des - er -

Pno.

55

et, Un - heed-ing still the fiercest blasts that blow, With tops en -

Pno.

62

crust - ed by e - ter - nal snow, The tow - ring peaks that shield the ten - der

Pno.

68

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

Pno.

rit.

a tempo

73

The wil-der-ness, that naught be-fore would yield, Is now be-come a

Pno.

79

fer-tile, fruit-ful field. Where roamed at will the fear-less In-dian band,

Pno.

85

The tem-pled cit - ies of the Saints now stand. And sweet re - li - gion

Pno.

91

in its pur - i - ty In - vites all men to its se - cu - ri - ty.

Pno.

97

There is my home, the spot I love so well, Whose worth and beau - ty pen nor tongue can

Pno.

103 *rit.*

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

Pno.

109

pen nor tongue can tell.

Pno.

111

Pno.