Words by
Sara Teasdale
(In a restaurant and Winter Dusk)

Music by
Donald M. Skirvin

Winter Reverie
SSAA, oboe and piano

Dedicated to Dennis Coleman and the Seattle Women’s Chorus

THE dark-ened street was

muff-led with the snow,

muff-led with the snow,

The fal-ling flakes had made your shoul-ders white,

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And when we found a shelter from the night
Its glamor fell upon us

And when we found a shelter from the night
Its glamor fell upon us

And when we found a shelter from the night
Its glamor fell upon us

like a blow.
The clash of dishes and the viol and the bow

like a blow.
Mingled be-

like a blow.
be-neath the fev-er of the light.

The heat

-neath the fev-er of the light.

The heat

- was full of sav-ors,

and the bright Laugh-ter of wo-men lured the wine to flow,

- was full of sav-ors,

and the bright Laugh-ter of wo-men lured the wine to flow,
and the bright laughter of women lured the wine to flow.

A little child ate nothing while she sat

Watching a woman at a
Winter Reverie

Lean to a kiss beneath a drooping hat.

The hour went by, we rose and turned to go.

The somber street re-
Over the hush, the hush of snow; One star is lighted

in the west, Two in the zenith glow. For a moment I have forgotten

Hush, Winter Reverie
I think of the mother who bore me.
And thank her that I was born.

And thank her that I was born.

I was born.

Gradually close to [N].

Gradually close to [N].