A Snow Legend Op. 26

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Joseph W. Clokey (1890 - 1960)
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Can ye tell me from what quarter, Comes the snow, the driving snow.

"From the north, enquiring maiden, Where an
old man stooping low
By his grate, mourns o'er the ashes."
Said the

winds that blow.
For the snowflakes are the ashes, Are the

ashes of the summer's glow

Said the

old man stooping low
By his grate, mourns o'er the ashes."
Said the
"See him as he stoops and shivers, Rubs his wrinkled hands and

Just one ember left a-glowing

And that ember dies Come back,
Pno. & 

S &

A. &

sum - mer, come and

sum - mer, come and

warm me; I am cold,

warm me; I am cold,

I am cold, he cries.

I am cold, he cries.
Then he catches up the bellows, Tries to make the embers glow,

On only sets the glow,
S

51

ash - es whirl - ing, Danc - ing high and low.

A.

ash - es whirl - ing, Danc - ing high and low.

Pno.

51

allargando

Pno.

54

a tempo

Pno.

56

divisi

And the ash - es of the

S

A.

And the ash - es of the

Pno.
Are the flakes, the flakes of summer

Are the flakes, the flakes of snow?

morendo

Are the flakes of snow?

morendo

Are the flakes of snow?