

## The Sun that Declines in the Far Western Sky

Parly P. Pratt (LDS) or Thomas Marsh (LDS)  
quoted here from the 1835 Kirtland Hymnal

The sun that declines in the far western sky,  
Has rolled o'er our heads till the summer's gone by;  
And hush'd are the notes of the warblers of spring  
That in the green bow'r did exultingly sing.

The changes for autumn already appear:  
A harvest of plenty has crown'd the glad year;  
While soft smiling zephyrs, our fancies to please,  
Bring odors of joy from the laden fruit trees.

As the summer of youth passes swiftly along,  
And silvery locks soon our temples adorn:  
So the fair smiling landscape and flowery lawn,  
Though lost is their beauty—their glory has come:

O when the sweet summer of life shall have fled,  
Her joys and her sorrows entomb'd with the dead,  
Then may we by faith like good Enoch arise,  
And be crown'd with the just in the midst of the skies.

Descend with the Savior in glory profound,  
And reign in perfection when satan is bound;  
While love and sweet union together shall blend,  
And peace, gentle peace, like a river extend.