

Oh, winter winds that round me roar,  
And summer gales that round me steal,  
Will you not find me some little place,  
From sorrow, pain and woe.

And now I hear the winds around my grave,  
I see my hands across my breast,  
The birds have sung their morning songs  
And the sun is sinking in the west.

I see my eyes far back and gone,  
My face so pale and cold,  
And all the millions in the world,  
Keep struggling on for gold.

I see some strangers near my grave,  
They want to read the letters there,  
Their minds are filled with earthly things,  
Their minds are full of earthly care.

And now they are gone and the summer too,  
I hear the winds of winter blow,  
I see my grave all painted white,  
All covered o'er with snow.

Oh winter winds that round me creep,  
And summer gales that round me steal,  
Is there no place in all the world,  
A place where I could kneel.

Oh, lonesome pines that bow and bend,  
That murmur all the year around,  
Will you not warn me what to do?  
Before I sink into the ground.

I know there are many all wrapped in white,  
All robed in earthly clay,  
And calmly resting patiently,  
Waiting for the judgment day.