

# The Wrinkled Brow of Time

MORSHCHINA 6.6.6.6.D

*Laboriously* ♩ = 72-80

1. The wrin-pled brow of Time An - oth - er fur - row takes,  
2. Pause now and med - i - tate On what the year has taught—  
3. The fu - ture lies a - head, A field of track-less snow;

A - long life's rock - y coast The old year's bil-low breaks.  
The past is fu-ture's guide With wise ex - per-ience fraught.  
Your foot-prints' fleet-ing trace No eye save God's may know;

An - oth - er round is run, An - oth - er year has fled,  
Think o'er your sor-rows, joys, Each cause that gave them birth;  
But none shall blot the truth From his e - ter - nal page,

An - oth - er link brings near The liv - ing and the dead.  
Think on those fet - ters, faults That bind you still to earth.  
On mem-ry's al - tar top It glows from age to age.

*Text:* Orson F. Whitney, 1855-1931, alt.

*Music:* R. Michael Wahlquist, b. 1985. © 2022 RMW. [rmichaelwahlquist.com](http://rmichaelwahlquist.com)