

Thomas Gray 1716 - 1771

The Curfew Tolls The Knell of Parting Day

William Hayes 1708 - 1777

A

1 2 3 4 5

The cur - few tolls the knell of par-ting day,

6 7 8 9 10 11

winds slow-ly o'er the lea. The plough - man home-ward plods his wea-ry

12 13 14 15 16 17

way, And leaves the world, and leaves the world, and leaves the

18 19 20 21 22 23

world to dark - ness and to me.

B

24 25 26 27 28

Now fades the glimm' - ring land - scape on the sight,

29 30 31 32 33

a so-lemn still-ness holds; Save where the beet - le

34 35 36 37 38

wheels his dro - ning flight, And drow - sy tink - lings, drow - sy

39 40 41 42 43

tink - lings, drow - sy tink - lings lull the

C

44 45 46 47 48 49

dis - tant folds. Be - neath those rug - ged

50 51 52 53 54

elms, that yew tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in ma - ny a mould'-ring

55 56 57 58 59

heap, Each in his nar - row cell for e - ver laid, The

60 61 62 63 64

rude fore - fa - thers, rude

