

Thomas Gray 1716 - 1771

The Curfew Tolls The Knell of Parting Day

William Hayes 1708 - 1777

A

The cur - few tolls the knell of par-ting day,
winds slow-ly o'er the lea. The plough-man home-ward plods his wea-ry
way, And leaves the world, and leaves the world, and leaves the
world and leaves the world to dark-ness and to me.
B
Now fades the glimm' - ring land - scape on the sight,
a so-lemn still-ness holds; Save where the beet - le
wheels his dro-ning flight, And drow - sy tink - lings, drow - sy
tink - lings, drow - sy tink - lings, drow - sy tink - lings
C
lull the dis - - tant folds. Be - neath those rug - ged
elms, that yew tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in ma-ny a mould'-ring
heap, Each in his nar - row cell for e - ver laid, The
rude fore - fa - thers, rude fore - fa - thers, rude
fore - fa - thers, the rude fore - fa - thers of the

69 ham - let sleep. 70 **D** 71 Far from the 72 mad - ding crowd's 73 ig - nob - le

74 strife 75 ne - ver learned to 76 stray; 77 A - long the 78 79

80 cool se - quest' - red vale of 81 life. 82 They kept the 83 noise - less, 84

85 kept the 86 noise - less, 87 kept the 88 noise - less, 89 kept the

90 noise - less 91 te - nor 92 of _____ 93 their way.