

The Curfew Tolls The Knell of Parting Day

Thomas Gray 1716 - 1771

William Hayes 1708 - 1777

A

The cur - few tolls the knell of par - ting day, The low - ing
herd 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 to dark - ness and to me.

B

Now fades the glimm'-ring landscape on the sight, And all the
air a so-lemn still-ness holds; Save where the bee - tle
wheels his dro-ning flight, And drow - sy tink-lings, drow - - sy
tink - lings, drow - - sy tink - lings lull the
dis - - - tant folds. Be - neath those rug - ged
elms, that yew tree's shade,
Each in his nar - row cell for e - ver laid, The

C



60 rude fore - fa - thers, 61 rude fore - fa - thers, 62 rude fore - fa - thers, 63 rude fore - fa - thers, 64

65 fore - fa - thers 66 of 67 the 68 ham - - -

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

74 strife their 75 so - ber 76 wi - shes 77 ne - ver learned to 78 stray; 79 A - long the

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

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

89 te - nor 90 of 91 their 92 way. 93