1857

Curfew

John Blockley

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Solemnly, mournfully, Dealing its dole, The Curfew Bell Is beginning to tole. Cover the embers, And put out the light; 'Toil comes with morning, And rest with the night. Dark grow the windows And quench'd is the fire, Sound fades into silence - All footsteps retire; No voice in the chambers, No sound in the hall! Sleep and oblivion Reign over all. Solemnly mournfully, Dealing its dole, The Curfew Bell Is beginning to toll, 'The Curfew Bell Is beginning to toll.' The book is completed, and closed like the day, And the hand that has written it lays it away; Dim grow its fancies, forgotten they lie, Like coals in the ashes, they darken and die. The windows are darken'd, the hearth-stone is cold, Song sinks into silence - The story is told. Darker and darker, the black shadows fall; Sleep and oblivion reign over all. Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its dole, The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.

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CURFEW.

Solemnly, mournfully, dealing its toils,
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.

Poetry by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Music by JOHN BLOOMER.
Toil comes with morning, and o'er with the night. Dark grew the windows and
quivered to the fire, sound fell into silence. All footsteps arrests; no
voice in the chambers, no sound in the hall. Sleep and oblivion
Reign over all, solemnly measured. Dreaming its dute, the
The book is completed, and closed like the day,
And the hand that has written it lays it away;
Dim grows the fire, forgotten they lie,
Like seals in the sun, they slumber and die.

The windows are shadowed; the heartbeats as cold,
Sungasaki into silence: The story is told,
Darker and darker, the black shadows fell,
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

Sleeping, unanimously, dealing its dote.
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.