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, dulling its tone,
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.

Poetry by H.W. LONGFELLOW.  Music by JOHN BLOCKLEY.
The book is closed, and closed like the day;

And the hand that has written it lays it away;

Dim grows its beauty, forgotten they lie,

Like seals in the sun, they disappear and die.

The windows are darkened; the heart-beat is cold,

Sung sinks into silence—The story is told,

Darker and darker, the black shadows fall,

Sleep and oblivion reign o'er all.

Hallowed, mournfully, toiling its toil,

The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.