1857

Curfew

John Blockley

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Solemnly, mournfully, Dealing its dole, The Curfew Bell Is beginning to toll. 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.
THE CURFEW.

Words by
E. W. LONGFELLOW, --- JOHN BLOCKLEY.

Music by

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CURFEW.

SOLEMELY, sorrowfully, dulling its note,
The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.

Poetry by H.W. LONGFELLOW.  Music by JOHN BLOCHLEY.
Toil comes with morning, and ends with the night. Dark grew the wilderness and
quelled it the lone. Soundless into silence. All footsteps retiring. Now
voice in the chambers, No sound in the hall. Sleep and oblivion
Reigns ever all. Solace by measure, Dwelling its duty, The
The book is closed, and closed like the day;
And the hand that has written it lays it away;
Dim grow its blots, forgotten they lie.
Like reeds in the wind, they shudder and die.
The windows are closed; the hearthstone is cold,
Song sinks into silence—The story is told,
Darkest and blacker, the black shadows fell.
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.
Sleep and oblivion reign over all.

The Curfew Bell is beginning to toll.