

The Long Day Closes.

Arthur Sullivan.

T1/T2

B1/B2

No star is o'er the lake, Its pale watch keep-ing. The moon is half a-wake, Through gray mist

T1/T2

B1/B2

cree-ping. The last red leaves fall round, The porch of ro-ses, The clock hath ceased to

clock hath ceased to

clock hath ceased to

clock hath ceased to

T1/T2

B1/B2

sound, The long day clos-es. Sit by the si-lent hearth In calm en-

T1/T2

B1/B2

dea-vour. To count the sounds of mirth, Now dumb for ev-er. Heed not how hope be-

T1/T2

B1/B2

lievers And fate dis-pos-es; Sha-dow is round the eaves, The long day clos-es. The

The lighted windows

2
T1/T2
light- ed win- dows dim. Are fad- ing slow- ly. The fire that was
B1/B2
dim Are fad- ing slow- ly The fire that was so trim.

T1/T2
trim Now quiv- - ers - low- ly, quiv- ers low- ly. Go to the dream- less bed Where grief re-
B1/B2
Now quiv- ers low- ly,

T1/T2
pos- es; Thy book of toil is read, The long - day clos- es; Go to the dream less bed Where
B1/B2
Go

T1/T2
grief re- pos- es, Thy book of toil is read, Thy book of toil is read, - Go to the
B1/B2
Thy book of toil is read, Go

T1/T2
dream- less bed,,
60 to the dream- less bed, The long day clos- - es.
B1/B2
61 62 63 64 65 66 67