175. The Curfew

tekst: Thomas Gray

muziek : Stephen Storace

♩ = 80 1 **Rustig en ingetogen**

Sopraan: 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 plodshis wear-y way, And leaves the world to dark-nessand to me. Now fadesthe glimm'-ring land-scapeon the sight, And all the air a sol-emn stil-ness holds, Save where the beet-le wheelshis dron-y flight And drow-sy tink-lings lull, And drow-sy tink-lings lull, And lull the dis-tant fold. Doe doe doe the knell of par-ting day, the low-ing herd winds slow-ly o'er the lea, The plough-man home-ward plodshis wear-y way.

Alt: 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 plodshis wear-y way, And leaves the world to dark-nessand to me. Doe doe doe doe doe doe. Nowfadesthe glimm'-ring land-scapeon the sight, And all the air a sol-emn still-ness holds, Save where the beet-le wheelshis dron-y flight Doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe. Doe doe doe winds slow-ly o'er the lea, The plough-man home-ward plodshis wear-y way.

Tenor: The cur-few tolls of par-ting day, The low-ing herd winds slow-ly o'er the lea, The plough-man home-ward plodshis wear-y way, And leaves the world to dark-nessand to me. Doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe. Nowfadesthe glimm'-ring land-scapeon the sight, And all the air a-sol-emn still-ness holds, Save where the beet-le wheelshis dron-y flight And drow-sy tink-lings lull, And drow-sy tink-lings lull, And lull the dis-tant fold. Doe doe doe the knell of par-ting day, the low-ing herd winds slow-ly o'er the lea, The plough-man home-ward plodshis wear-y way. And Doe doe doe doe doe doe doe winds slow-ly o'er the lea, The plough-man home-ward plodshis wear-y way.

Bas: plodshis wear-y way, Andleavesthe world,to dark-nessand to me. Doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe. Nowfadesthe glimm'-ring land-scapeon the sight, And all the air a sol-emn still-ness holds, Save were the beet-le wheelshis dron-y flight And drow-sy tink-lings lull, And drow-sy tink-lings lull, And lull the dis-tant fold. The cur-few tolls doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe doe