

# Gray's Elegy

The Curfew Tolls The Knell of Parting Day

Thomas Gray 1716 - 1771

William Hayes 1708 - 1777

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  
 plods his wea - ry way, And leaves the world, and leaves the  
 world, and leaves the world to dark - ness  
 and to me. Now fades the glimm' - ring  
 land - scape on the sight, And all the air a so - lemn still - ness  
 holds; Save where the beet - le wheels his dro - ning flight, And  
 drow - sy tink - lings, drow - sy tink - lings, drow - sy tink - lings  
 lull the dis - tant folds.  
 Be - neath those rug - ged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
 Each in his nar - row cell for e - ver  
 laid, The rude fore - fa - thers, rude fore - fa - thers,

65 66 67 68 69 70  
fore - fa - thers of the ham - let sleep.

71 **D** 72 73  
Far from the mad - ding crowd's ig - nob - le

74 75 76 77  
strife their so - ber wi - shes ne - ver learned to

78 79 80 81 82  
stray; A - long the cool se - quest' - red vale of life. They

83 84 85 86 87  
kept the noise - less, kept the noise - less, kept the

88 89 90 91 92 93  
noise - less te - nor of their way.