

Gray's Elegy

Thomas Gray 1716 - 1771

The Curfew Tolls The Knell of Parting Day

William Hayes 1708 - 1777

A 1 2 3 4 5

The cur - few tolls the knell of par-ting day,

6 7 8 9 10 11

winds slow-ly o'er the lea. The plough-man home-ward plods his wea-ry

12 13 14 15 16 17

way, And leaves the world, and leaves the world, and leaves the

18 19 20 21 22 23

world and leaves the world to dark-ness and to me.

B 24 25 26 27 28

Now fades the glimm' - ring land - scape on the sight,

29 30 31 32 33

a so-lemn still-ness holds; Save where the beet - le

34 35 36 37 38

wheels his dro - ning flight, And drow - sy tink - lings, drow - sy

39 40 41 42 43

tink - lings, drow - sy tink - lings, drow - sy tink - lings

44 45 46 **C** 47 48 49

lull the dis - - tant folds. Be - neath those rug - ged

50 51 52 53 54

elms, that yew tree's shade, Where heaves the turf in ma - ny a mould'-ring

55 56 57 58 59

heap, Each in his nar - row cell for e - ver laid, The

60 61 62 63 64

rude fore - fa - thers, rude fore - fa - thers, rude

65 66 67 68

fore - fa - thers, the rude fore - fa - thers of the

69 ham - let sleep. Far from the mad - ding crowd's ig - nob - le
70 71 72 73
74 strife ne - ver learned to stray; A - long the
75 76 77 78 79
80 cool se - quest' - red vale of life. They kept the noise - less,
81 82 83 84
85 kept the noise - less, kept the noise - less, kept the
86 87 88 89
90 noise - less te - nor of _____ their way.
91 92 93