Andante non troppo largo

No star is o'er the lake, Its pale watch keep-ing; The moon is half a-wake, Through grey mist creep-ing. The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses; The clock hath ceased to sound, The long day closes-

The clock hath ceased to sound, In calm en-dea-vour To count the sounds of mirth, now dumb for ever. Heed not how hope believes, And fate dis-po-ses. Shadow is round the eaves. The long day—

Sit by the si-lent hearth, Heed not how hope believes, And fate dis-po-ses. Shadow is round the eaves. The long day—

The long day closes
The light-ed windows dim Are fading slowly. The fire that was so trim

Now quivers lowly, quivers lowly. Go to the dream-less bed Where grief repose. Thy book of toil is read:

Go to the dream-less bed Where grief repose. Thy book of toil is read:

Go to the dream-less bed. The long day closes.