THE LONG DAY CLOSES
FOUR-PART SONG
THE WORDS WRITTEN BY HENRY F. CHORLEY
THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN
ARRANGED FOR S.A.T.B.

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THE LONG DAY CLOSES.

fall round The porch of roses, The clock hath ceased to sound, The

long day closes. Sit by the silent hearth In
cres.
calm endeavour, To count the sounds of mirth, Now dumb for

* The small notes in the Bass part are intended for use as additional notes, when the Part-Song is performed by a Chorus.
THE LONG DAY CLOSES.

ever. Heed not how hope believes And fate disposes:

Shadows is round the eaves, The long day closes.

lighted windows dim Are fading slowly. The fire that was so
dim Are fading slowly. The fire that was so
THE LONG DAY CLOSES.

Now quivers... low-ly, quivers low-ly. Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day closes; Go to the dreamless bed Where grief re-poses; Thy book of toil is read, The long... day...
THE LONG DAY CLOSES.

dream-less bed, ... The long day closes.

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

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

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

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