

The long day closes - Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

Tekst: Henry Chorley (1808-1872)

No star is o'er the lake, its pale watch keeping,
The moon is half awake, through gray mist creeping,
The last red leaves fall round the porch of roses,
The clock hath ceased to sound - the long day closes
Sit by the silent heart in calm endeavour
to count the sounds of mirth now dumb for ever
Heed not how hope believes and fate disposes
Shadow is round the eaves - the long day closes
The lighted windows dim are fading slowly
The fire that was so trim now quivers lowly
Go to the dreamless bed where grief reposes
Thy book of toil is read - the long day closes