

The Long Day Closes

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 hearth
 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.

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~~The lighted win~~ The lighted windows dim
 Are fading slowly.
 The fire that was so trim
 Now quivers lowly, quivers lowly.

Go to the dreamless bed
 Where grief reposes;
 Thy book of toil is read,
 The long day closes;

Go to the dreamless bed
 Where grief reposes;
 Thy book of toil is read, 2x

Go to the dreamless bed,
 The long day closes.

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