

# Curfew's Good-night Peal - song lyrics

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CURFEW'S GOOD-NIGHT PEAL.

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Words by Wm. D. Hall. Music by Fred Silva.

When my truant fancy strays to my childhood's happy days,  
I can see the things with which I used to play;  
All my toy-sheep in their pen, and my little soldier-men  
Watching o'er them that they cannot go astray.  
Each night my spelling blocks were secreted in a box,  
And their hiding-place to none would I reveal;  
Then into my crib I'd creep, but ne'er would I go to sleep  
Till I heard the sounds of Curfew's good-night peal.

Chorus.

It was my sole delight to hear those strains each night,  
Ringing from the chapel's belfry high;  
My mind cannot embrace other thoughts to take the place  
Of that old familiar wordless lullaby.

Those fond toys still faithful stand, waiting for a little hand  
To release them from a coat of aged dust,  
All those sheep within that pen still obey those soldier-men;  
But, alas! from age they now are red with rust.  
I used to watch and wait till the sunshine would abate,  
Knowing that the day o'er western hills would steal;  
Then I'd close my drowsy eyes to my mother's lullabies,  
And those precious sounds of Curfew's good-night peal.-Chorus

In a shadowy design, I can see those things divine,  
As I muse at times in silence most profound;  
And as dying rays of light disappear into the night,  
How I long to hear that old familiar sound.  
I think of pleasant dreams, of rare and gorgeous themes,  
And of kisses which each night my lips did seal;  
Also of that voice so grand which sang me to slumber land,  
'Midst the merry sounds of Curfew's good-night peal.-Chorus.