

## Closing of the Day

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Blackbird sings his merry song  
*At the closing of the day*  
Golden sun slips gently through the sky  
And slowly fades away  
Now the white owl is hunting  
And moon beams are dancing  
As darkness wends its way  
And blackbird sings his merry song  
*At the closing of the day*

The mother sings her lullaby  
*At the closing of the day*  
Her tiny babe lies dreamily  
Lulled by her roundelay  
Now silvery stardust is falling  
And sandman is calling  
As darkness wends its way  
While the mother sings her lullaby  
*At the closing of the day*

The weaver's loom lies silent  
*At the closing of the day*  
Heavy horses tread home from the fields  
The chestnut and the grey  
Now sly foxes are hunting  
And poachers are stalking  
As darkness wends its way  
While the weaver's loom lies silent  
*At the closing of the day*

Songs ring out from the alehouse  
*At the closing of the day*  
Weary workers gather round the fire  
In candlelit array  
Soon the wreckers' lights are burning  
And smugglers' cart wheels turning  
As darkness wends its way  
While songs ring out from the alehouse  
*At the closing of the day*

*And Blackbird sings his merry song*  
*At the closing of the day*