

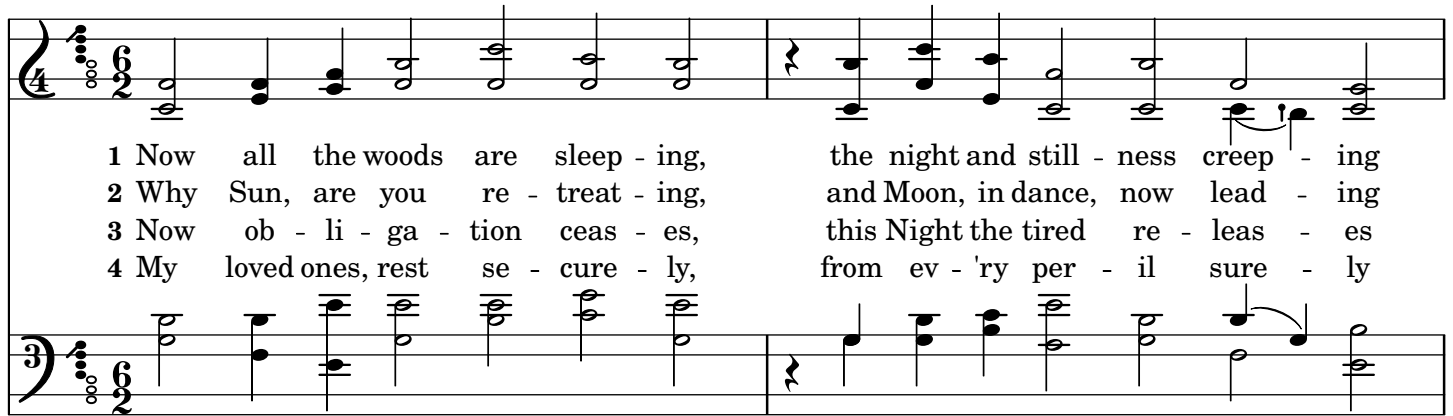
Now all the woods are sleeping

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1648

tr. and alt. Kenan Schaeferkofer, 2021

O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN 776.778

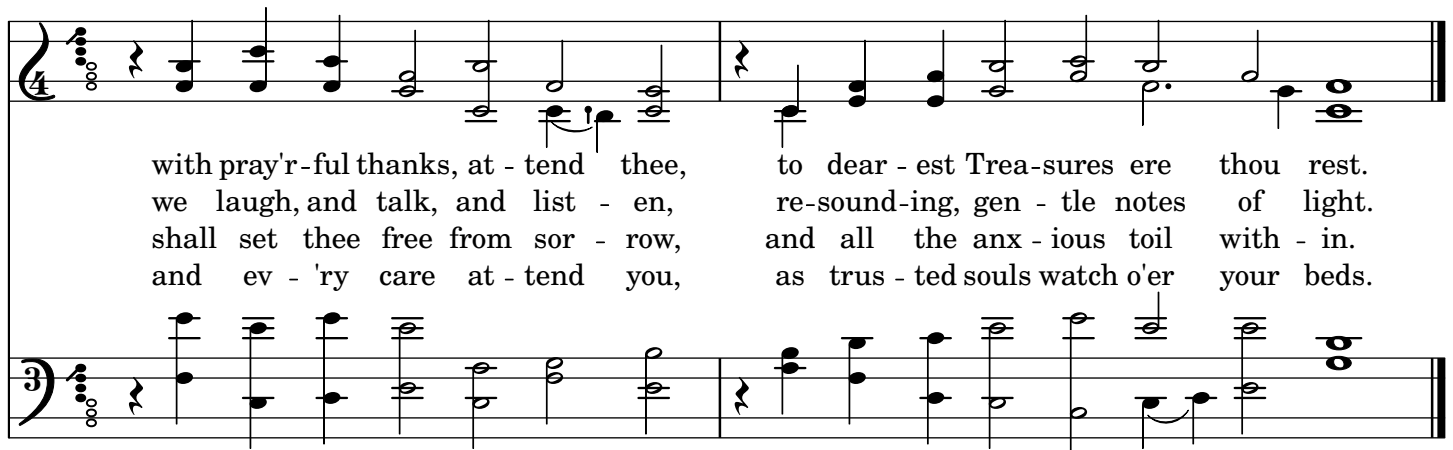
Music: Heinrich Isaac, 1539



1 Now all the woods are sleep - ing, the night and still - ness creep - ing
2 Why Sun, are you re - treat - ing, and Moon, in dance, now lead - ing
3 Now ob - li - ga - tion ceas - es, this Night the tired re - leas - es
4 My loved ones, rest se - cure - ly, from ev - 'ry per - il sure - ly



o'er ci - ty, field, and beast; but thou, my heart, a - wake be,
the anc - ient bal - lad, Night? Re - flect - ing rays, we glist - en,
and bids you sleep be - gin: My love, there comes a mor - row
pro - tect - ed be your heads; may hap - py slum - bers mend you,



with pray'r - ful thanks, at - tend thee, to dear - est Trea - sures ere thou rest.
we laugh, and talk, and list - en, re - sound - ing, gen - tle notes of light.
shall set thee free from sor - row, and all the anx - ious toil with - in.
and ev - 'ry care at - tend you, as trus - ted souls watch o'er your beds.