

Now all the woods are sleeping

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1648

tr. and alt. Kenan Schaeffkofer, 2021

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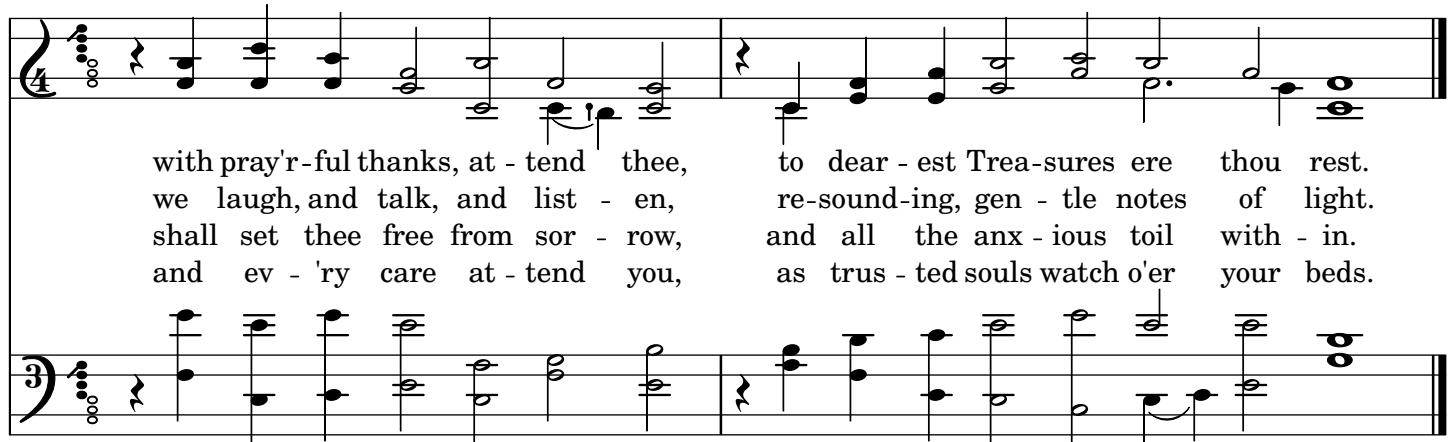
Music: Heinrich Isaac, 1539



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 Treas-ures 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-iou-sous toil with-in.
and ev-ry care at-tend you, as trus-ted souls watch o'er your beds.