Now all the woods are sleeping

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1648
tr. and alt. Kenan Schaefkofer, 2021
O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN 776.778

Music: Heinrich Isaac, 1539

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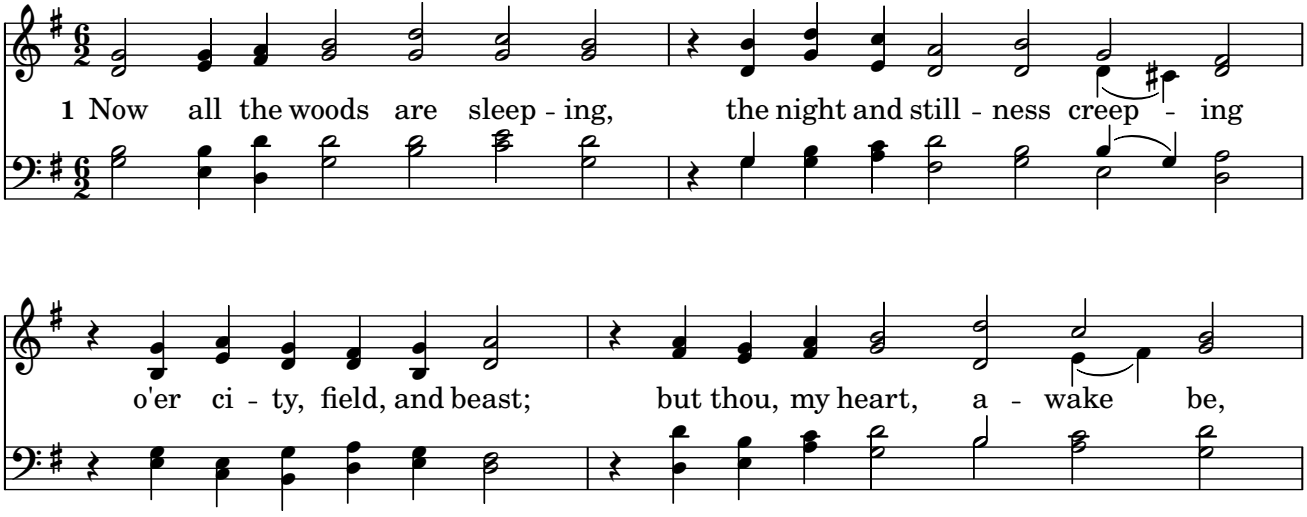
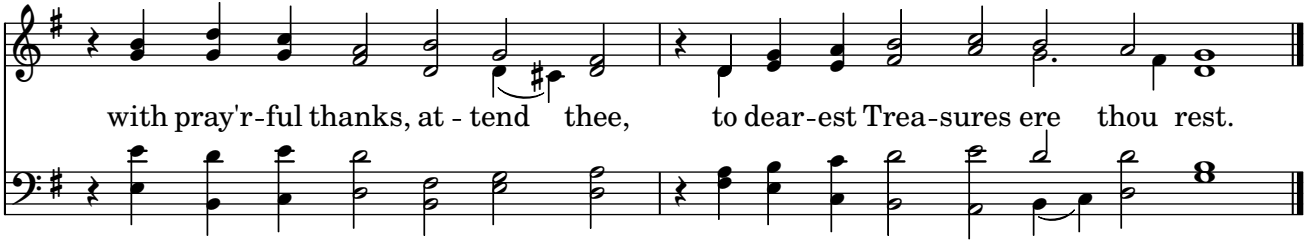
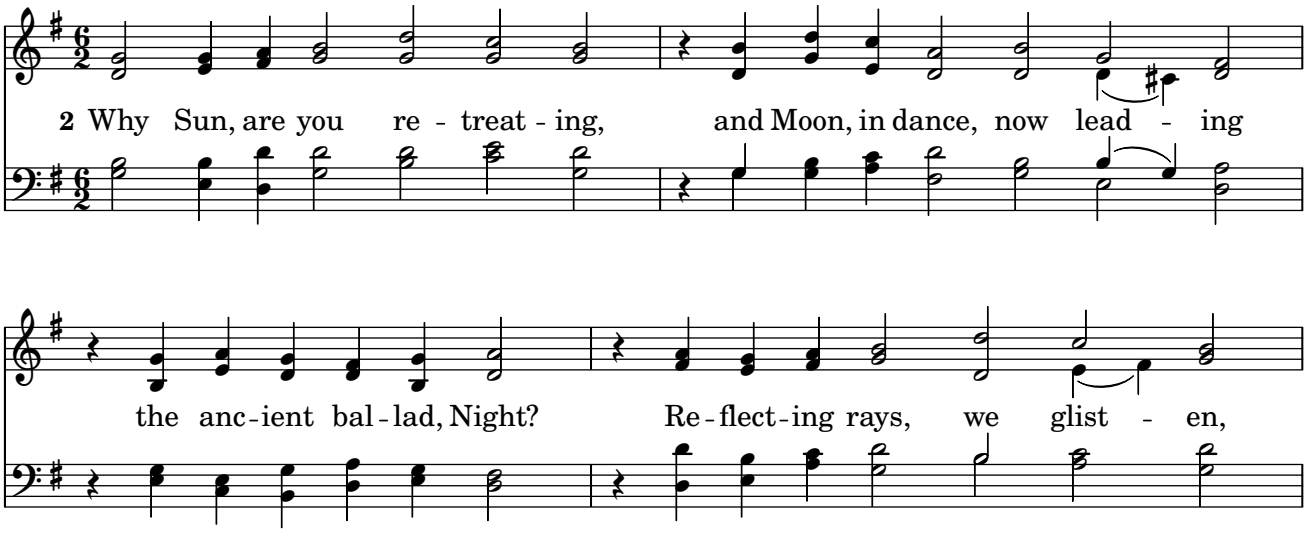
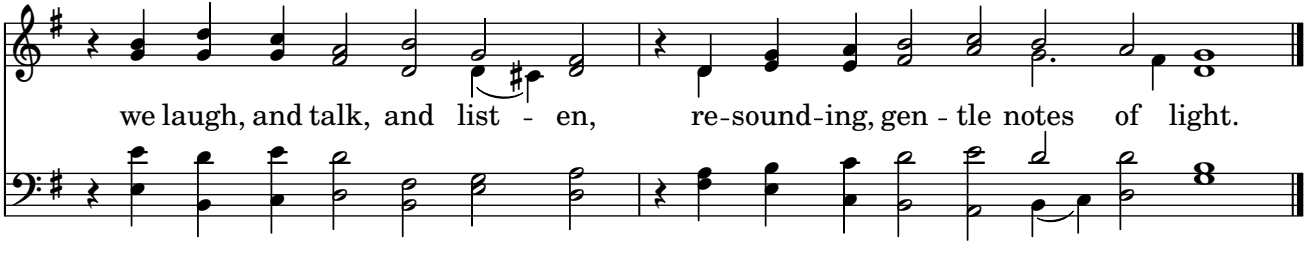
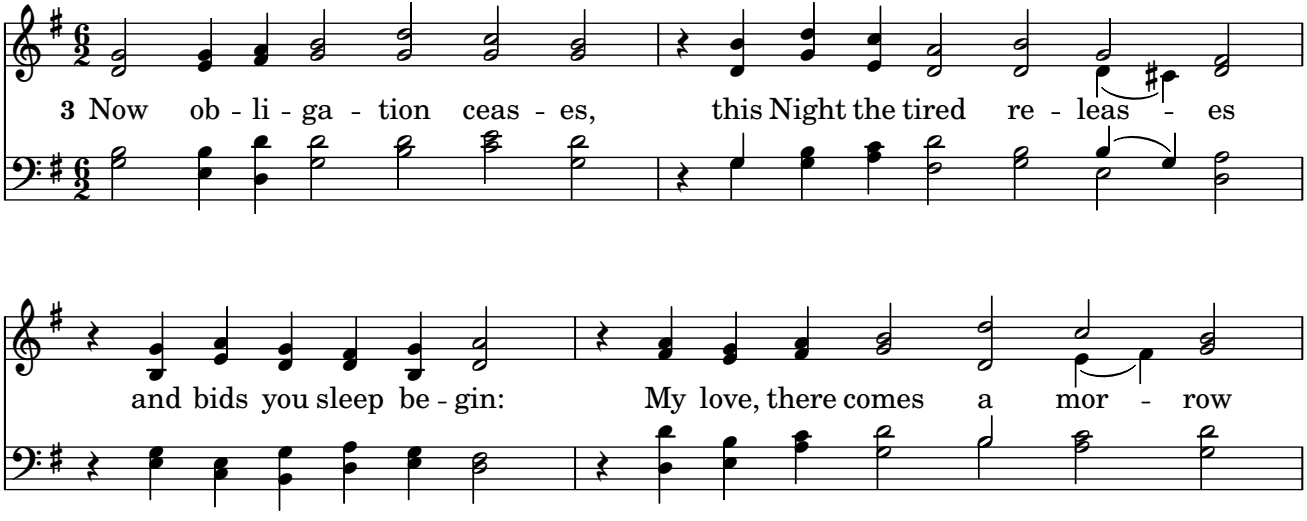
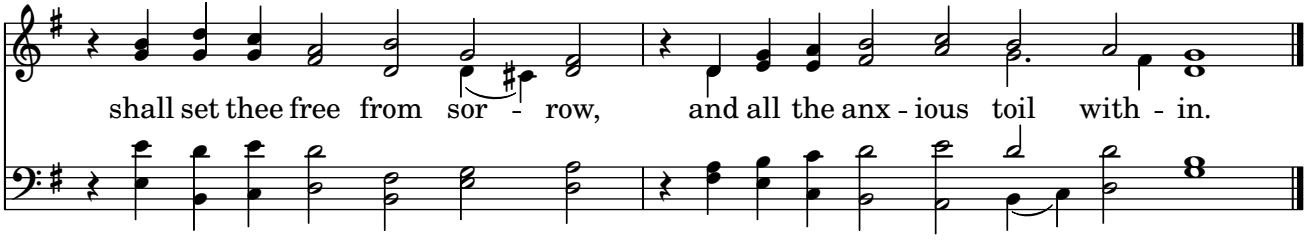

1 Now all the woods are sleep - ing, the night and still - ness creep - ing
o'er ci - ty, field, and beast; but thou, my heart, a - wake be,

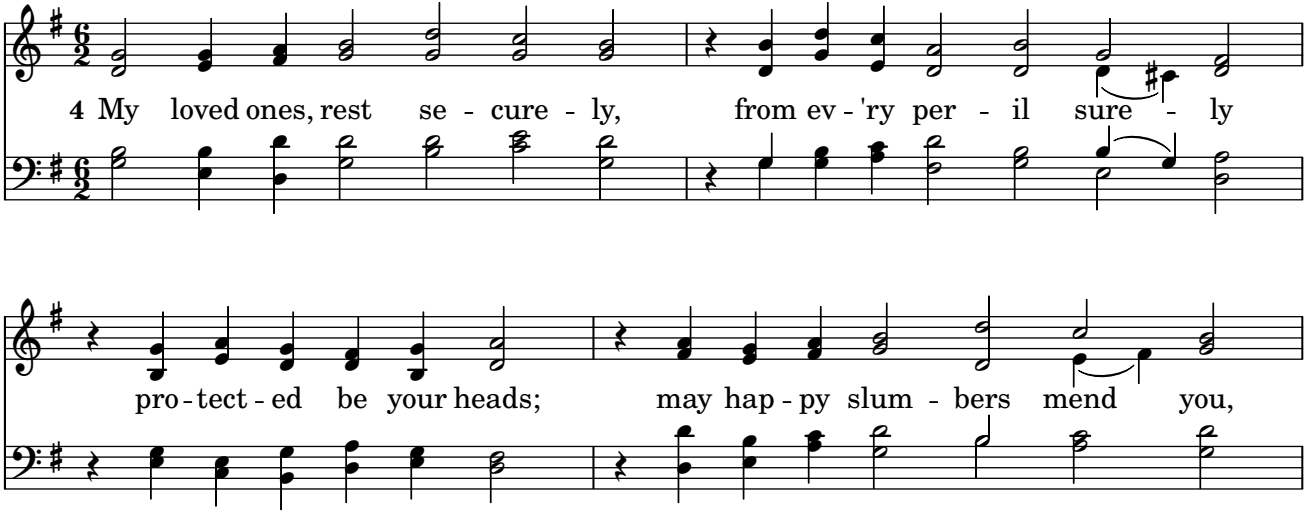

with pray'r-ful thanks, at - tend thee,
to dear-est Trea-sures ere thou rest.

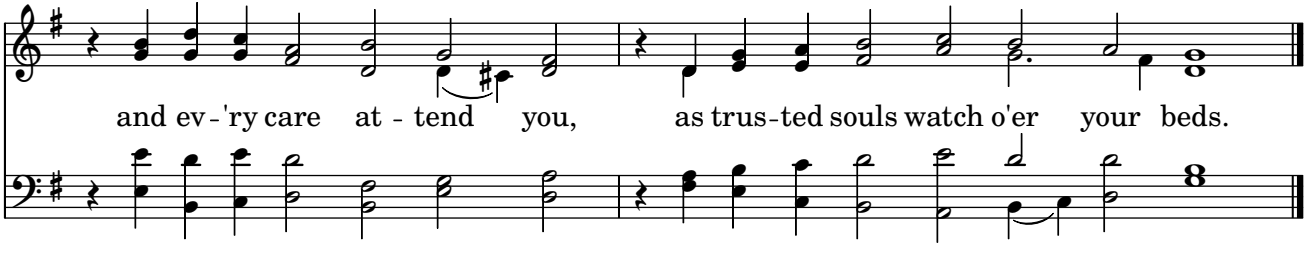

2 Why Sun, are you re - treat - ing, and Moon, in dance, now lead - ing
the anc-ient bal-lad, Night? Re-flect-ing rays, we glist - en,


we laugh, and talk, and list - en,
re-sound-ing, gen - tle notes of light.


3 Now ob - li - ga - tion ceas - es, this Night the tired re - leas - es
and bids you sleep be - gin: My love, there comes a mor - row


shall set thee free from sor - row,
and all the anx - ious toil with - in.


4 My loved ones, rest se - cure - ly, from ev - 'ry per - il sure - ly
pro - tect - ed be your heads; may hap - py slum - bers mend you,


and ev-'ry care at - tend you,
as trus-ted souls watch o'er your beds.