

Now all the woods are sleeping

Text: Paul Gerhardt, 1648

tr. and alt. Kenan Schaeffkofer, 2021

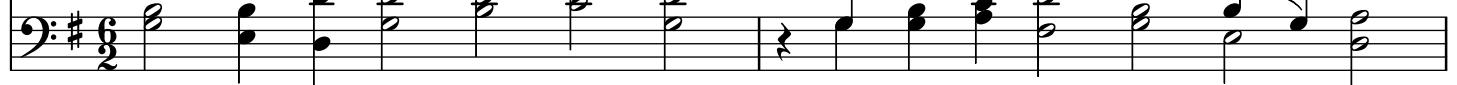
O WELT, ICH MUSS DICH LASSEN 776.778

Music: Heinrich Isaac, 1539



1 Now all the woods are sleep - ing,
2 Why Sun, are you re - treat - ing,
3 Now ob - li - ga - tion ceas - es,
4 My loved ones, rest se - cure - ly,

the night and still - ness creep - ing
and Moon, in dance, now lead - ing
this Night the tired re - leas - es
from ev - 'ry per - il sure - ly



o'er ci - ty, field, and beast;
the anc - ient bal - lad, Night?
and bids you sleep be - gin:
pro - tect - ed be your heads;

but thou, my heart, a - wake be,
Re - flect - ing rays, we glist - en,
My love, there comes a mor - row
may hap - py slum - bers mend you,



with pray'r-ful thanks, at - tend thee,
we laugh, and talk, and list - en,
shall set thee free from sor - row,
and ev - 'ry care at - tend you,

to dear - est Treas - ures ere thou rest.
re-sound-ing, gen - tle notes of light.
and all the anx - ious toil with - in.
as trus - ted souls watch o'er your beds.

