

# Now Rest Beneath Night's Shadow

EVENING

(also known as Now All the Woods Are Sleeping or Now Woods and  
Wolds Are Sleeping or The Duteous Day Now Closeth)

Words: Paul Gerhardt, 1648. Translation composite before 1941.

Music: 'Innsbruck' or 'Nun ruhen alle Wälder' or 'O Welt, Ich Muss Dich Lassen' Heinrich Isaac, 1490.

Setting: Johann Sebastian Bach, 1734.

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♩ = 84

1. Now rest be - neath night's sha - dow The wood - land, field, and mea - dow,  
2. The ra - diant sun hath van - ished, His gol - den rays are ban - ished  
3. The rule of day is ov - er And shin - ing jew - els co - ver  
4. To rest my bod - y hast - eth, A - side its gar - ments cast - eth,  
5. Lord Je - sus, who dost love me, Oh, spread Thy wings a - bove me

The world in slum - ber lies; But Thou, my heart, a - wake thee,  
By night, the foe of day; But Christ, the Sun of glad - - ness,  
The heav - en's bound - less blue. Thus I shall shine in hea - - ven,  
Types of mort - al - - it - - y; These I put off and pon - - der  
And shield me from al - - arm! Though e - vil would as - sail me,

To prayer and song be - - take thee; Let praise to thy Cre - - a - tor rise.  
Dis - pel - ling all my sad - ness, With - in my heart holds con - stant sway.  
Where crowns of gold are giv - en To all who faith - ful prove and true.  
How Christ will give me yon - der A robe of glor - ious ma - jest - y.  
Thy mer - cy will not fail me: I rest in Thy pro - tect - ing arm.

6. My loved ones, rest securely, For God this night will surely  
From peril guard your heads. Sweet slumbers may He send you  
And bid His hosts attend you And through the night watch o'er your beds.

# Nun ruhen alle Wälder

Musik: Heinrich Isaac (vor 1450 - 1517)

Satz: Johann Sebastian Bach (1685 - 1750)

Text: Paul Gerhardt

Layout: Bertie A. Lemmenmeier, 9.5.2006

1 Nun ru- hen al- le Wäl- der, Vieh, Men- schen, Städ- t und  
2. Der Tag ist nun ver- gan- gen, die güld- nen Stern- lein  
3. Auch euch, ihr mei- ne Lie- ben, soll heu- te nicht be-

4 Fel- der, es schläft die gan- ze Welt. Ihr  
pran- gen am blau- en Him- mels- saal; Ihr  
trü- ben kein Un- fall noch Ge- fahr. al-  
Gott

7 a- ber, mei- ne Sin- nen, auf, auf, ihr sollt be-  
so werd ich auch ste- hen, wenn mich wird hei- bsen  
lass euch se- lig schla- gen, stell euch die güld- nen

10 gin- nen, was eu- rem Schöp- fer wohl- ge- fällt.  
ge- hen mein Gott aus die- sem Jam- mer- tal.  
Waf- fen ums Bett und sei- ner En- gel Schar.