

The Duteous Day Now Closeth  
Paul Gerhardt, 1648.  
Henrich Isaac, 1490.

The duteous day now closeth,  
Each flower and tree reposeseth,  
Shade creeps o'er wild and wood:  
Let us, as night is falling,  
On God our Maker calling,  
Give thanks to Him, the Giver good.

Now all the heav'nly splendor  
Breaks forth in starlight tender  
From myriad worlds unknown;  
And man, the marvel seeing,  
Forgets his selfish being,  
For joy of beauty not his own.

His care he drowneth yonder,  
Lost in the abyss of wonder;  
To Heav'n his soul doth steal:  
This life he disesteemeth,  
The day it is that dreameth,  
That doth from truth his vision seal.

Awhile his mortal blindness  
May miss God's lovingkindness,  
And grope in faithless strife:  
But when life's day is over  
Shall death's fair night discover  
The fields of everlasting life.