Night song

John Troutbeck (trans.)
(1832-99)

Franz Wilhelm Abt
(1819-85)

Soprano: *p* 1. Dark-ness rests on wood and mea-dow, Per-fect peace now reigns su-preme;

Alto: *p* 1. Dark-ness rests on wood and mea-dow, Per-fect peace now reigns su-preme;

Tenor: *p* 1. Dark-ness rests on wood and mea-dow, Per-fect peace now reigns su-preme;

Bass: *p* 1. Dark-ness rests on wood and mea-dow, Per-fect peace now reigns su-preme;

S: Yet, with half - for - got-ten sor-row, Sings a bird, as *pp* in a dream.

A: Yet, with half - for - got-ten sor-row, Sings a bird, as *pp* in a dream.

T: Yet, with half - for - got-ten sor-row, Sings a bird, as *pp* in a dream.

B: Yet, with half - for - got-ten sor-row, Sings a bird, as *pp* in a dream.

Si - lent night, a gen-tle warn-ing To my soul is borne by thee;

Si - lent night, a gen-tle warn-ing To my soul is borne by thee;

Si -lent night, a gen-tle warn-ing To my soul is borne by thee;

Si - lent night, a gen-tle warn-ing To my soul is borne by thee;

mf I too feel, with blest fore - bod - ing, *p* There is peace a - wait-ing me,

mf I too feel, with blest fore - bod - ing, *p* There is peace a - wait-ing me,

mf I too feel, with blest fore - bod - ing, *p* There is peace a - wait-ing me,

mf I too feel, with blest fore - bod - ing, *p* There is peace a - wait - ing me,

S: *mf* I too feel, with blest for - bod - ing, *pp* There is peace a - wait - ing me.

A: *mf* I too feel, with blest for - bod - ing, *pp* There is peace a - wait - ing me.

T: *mf* I too feel, with blest for - bod - ing, *pp* There is peace a - wait - ing me.

B: *mf* I too feel, with blest for - bod - ing, *pp* There is peace a - wait - ing me.

S: *p* 2. Peace, O peace! an ea - ger long - ing Fills my poor for - sa - ken heart;

A: *p* 2. Peace, O peace! an ea - ger long - ing Fills my poor for - sa - ken heart;

T: *p* 2. Peace, O peace! an ea - ger long - ing Fills my poor for - sa - ken heart;

B: *p* 2. Peace, O peace! an ea - ger long - ing Fills my poor for - sa - ken heart;

Up to heav'n I gaze, en-treat-ing, While the tears un- _pp_ bid-den start.

On my eye-lids be thou fall-ing, Sweet re-pose, with friend-ly might,

Send thy dew once more to bless me, Thou en-chant-ing sum-mer night,

Send thy dew once more to bless me, Thou en-chant-ing sum-mer night.