The duteous day now closes



The duteous day now closeth, Each flower and tree reposeth, 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. 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.

Paul Gerhardt