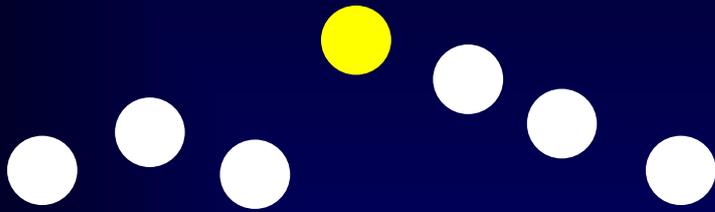


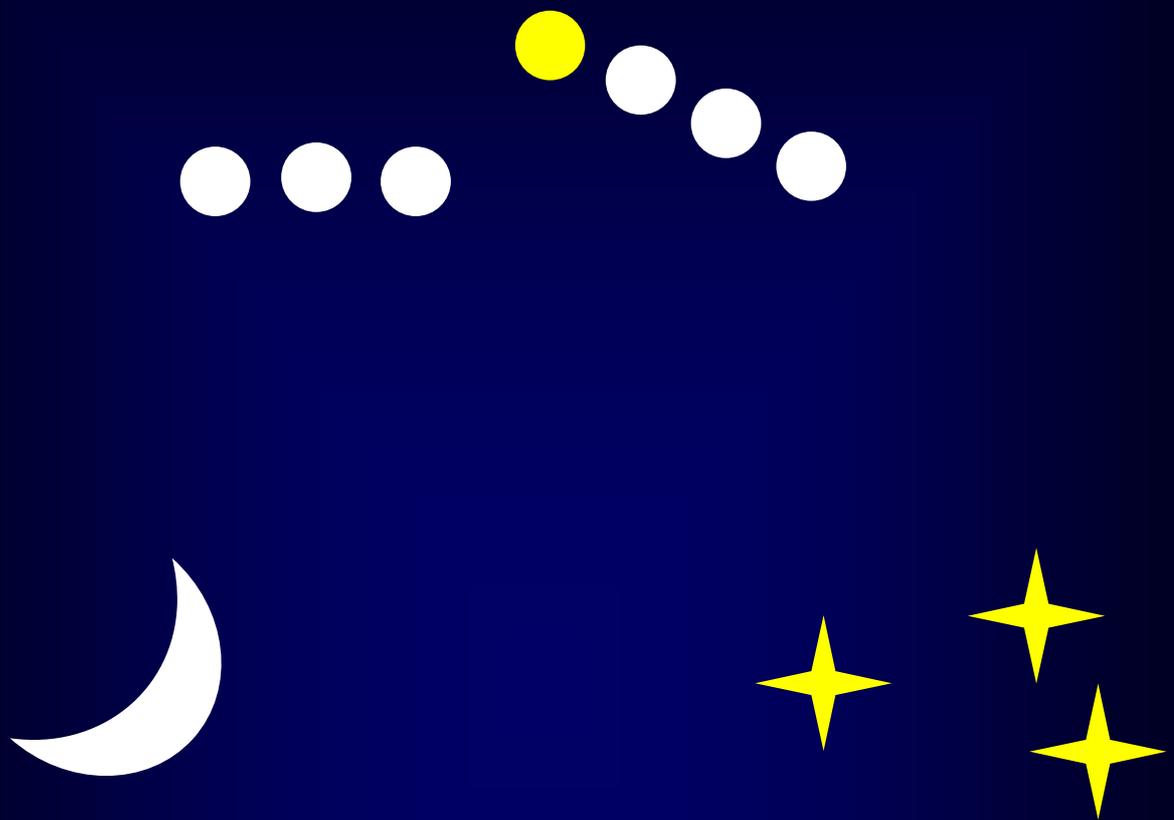
Der Mond ist aufgegangen

GL neu 93

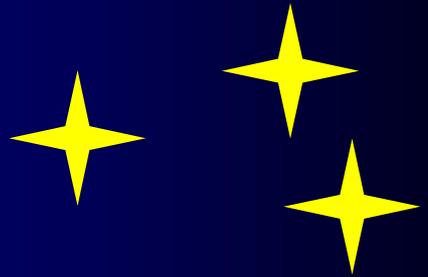
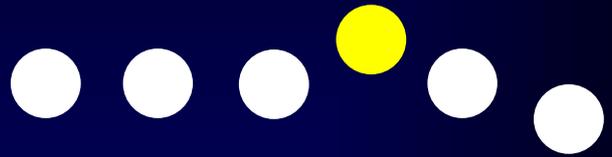
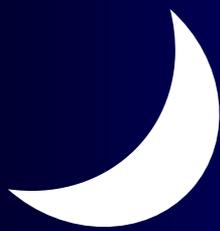
*Gotteslob neu, ISBN 978-3-85351-250-0, Wiener Dom-Verlag
Visualisierung: http://www.legalvisualization.com/kirchenlieder_gotteslob*



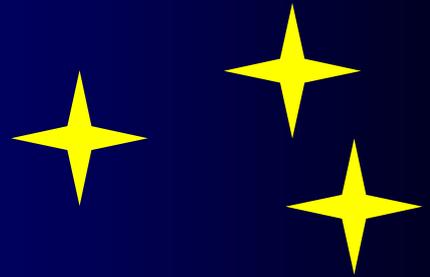
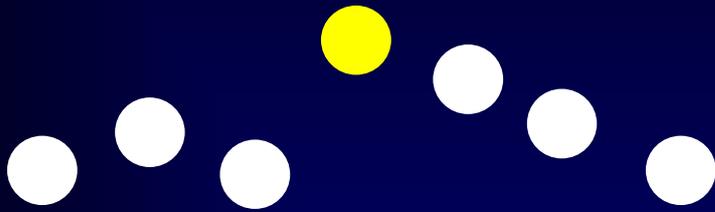
Der Mond ist **a**ufgegangen



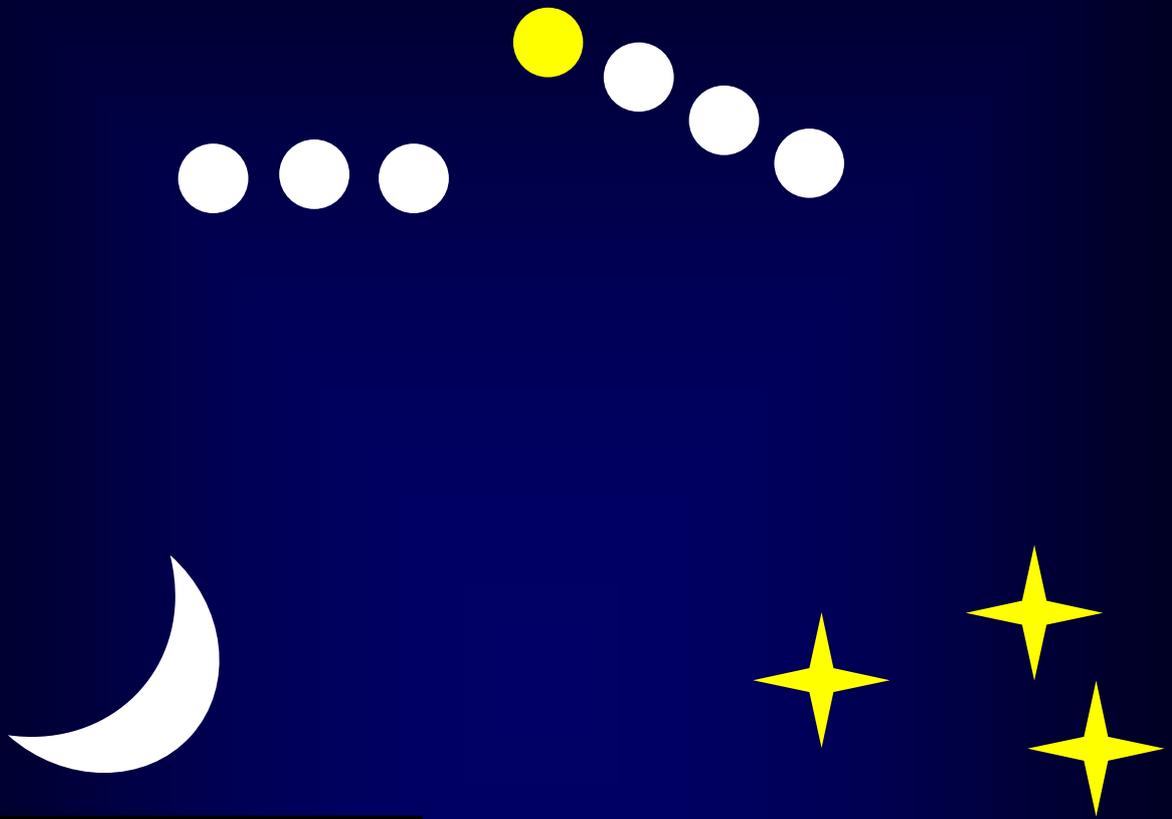
die goldnen Sternlein prangen



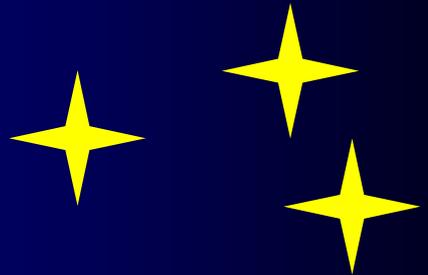
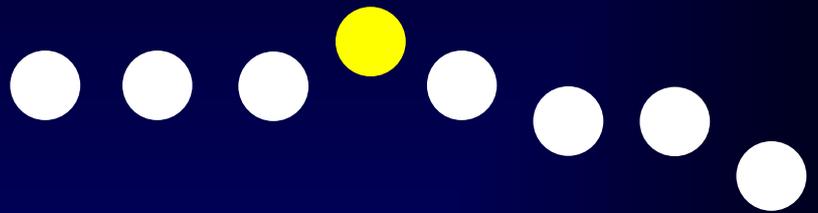
am Himmel hell und klar



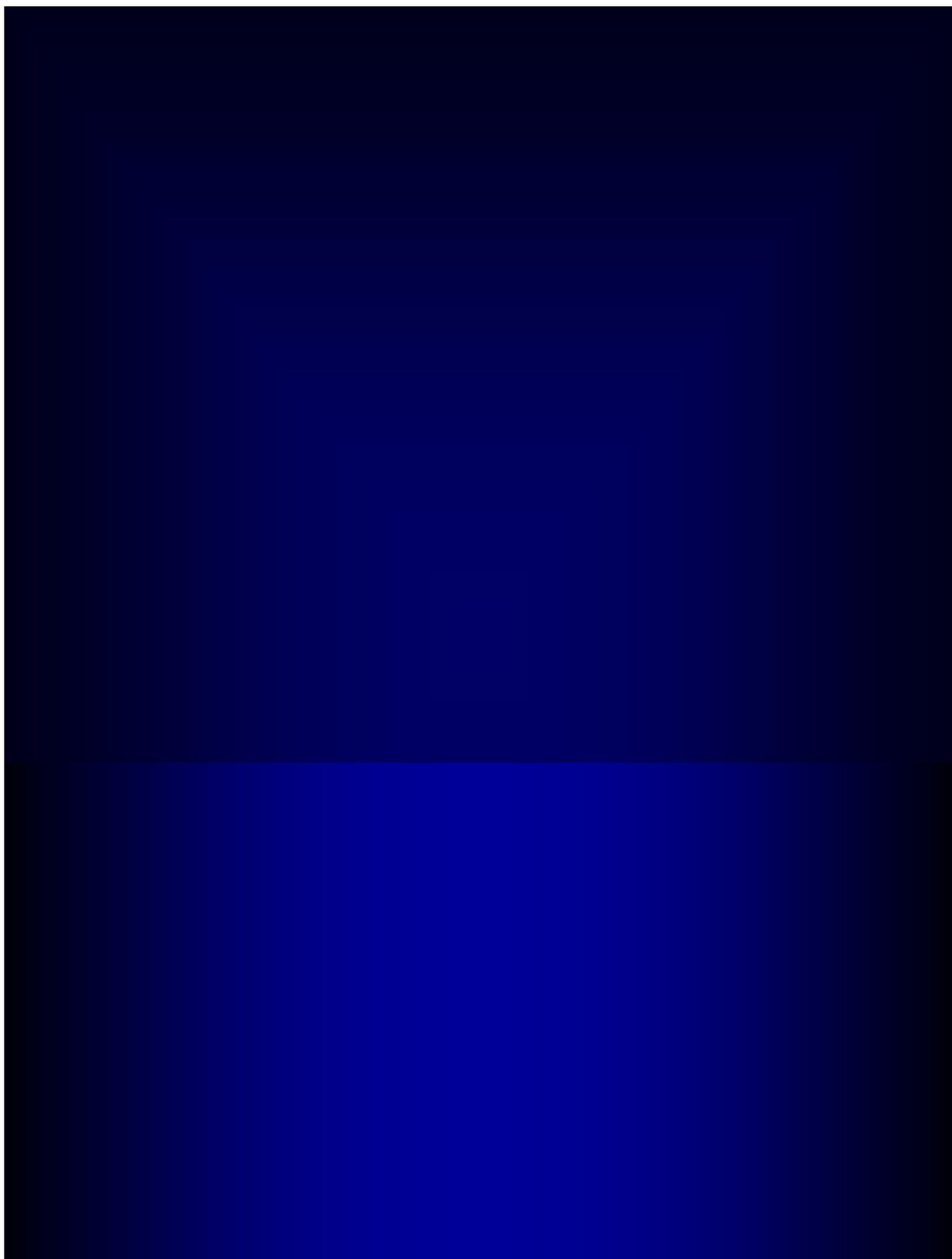
Der Wald steht schwarz und schweiget

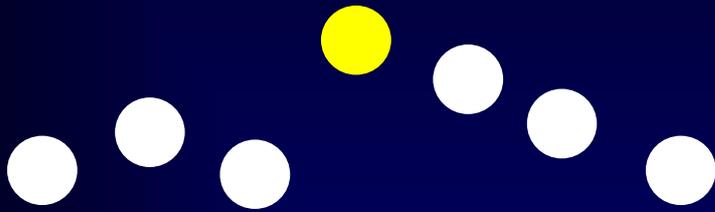


und aus den Wiesen steigt

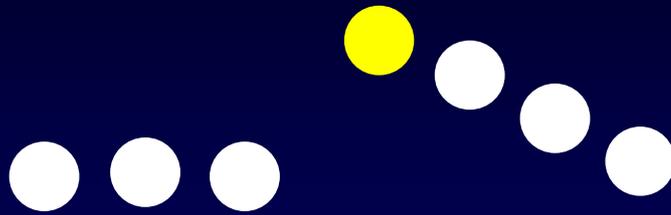


der weiÙe Nebel wunderbar

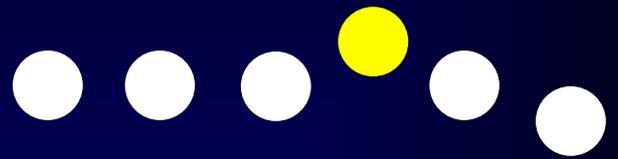




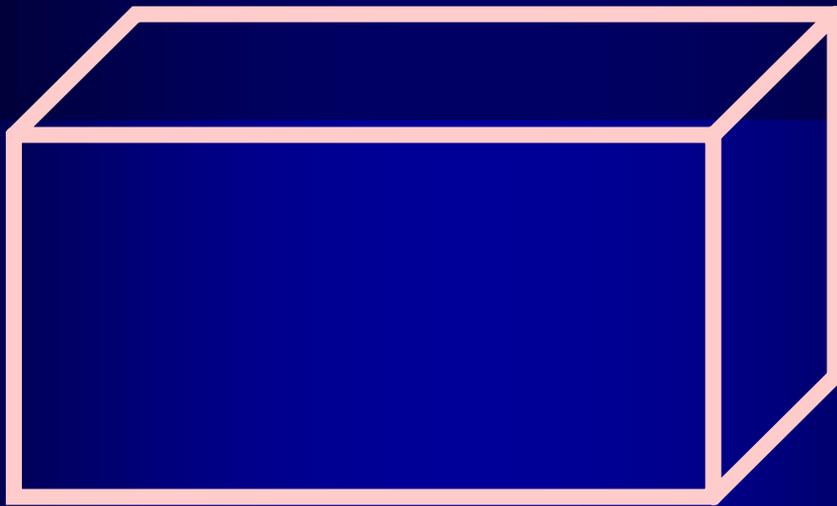
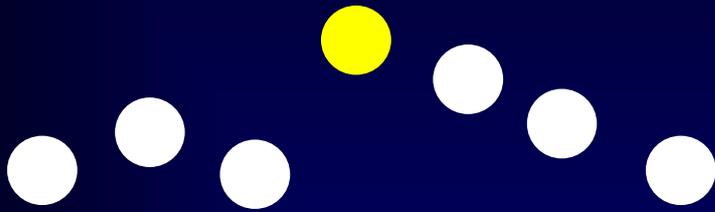
Wie ist die Welt so stille



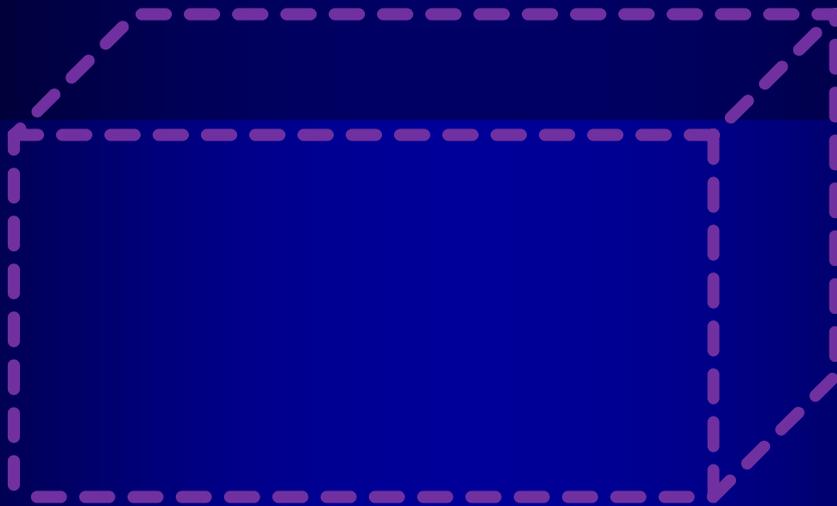
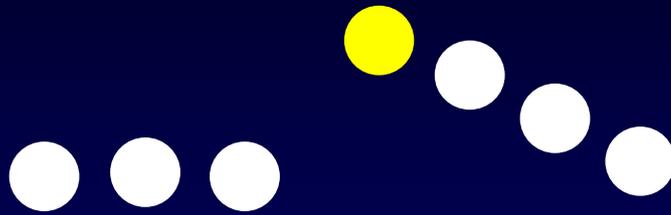
und in der Dämmung Hülle



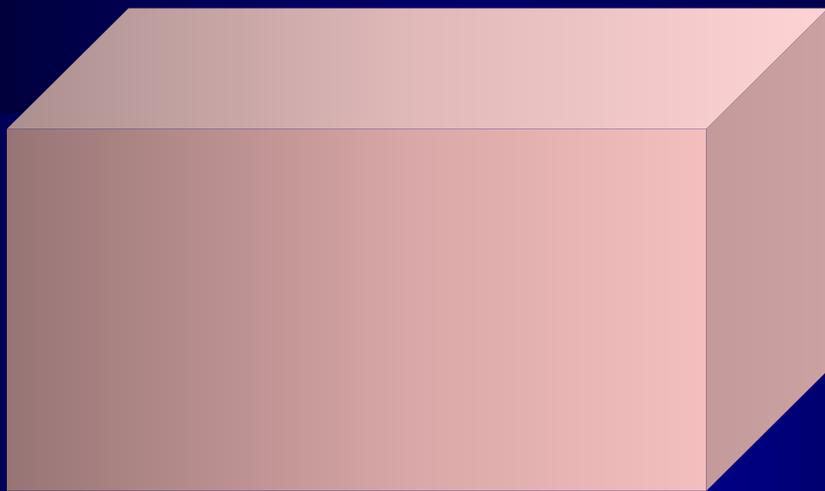
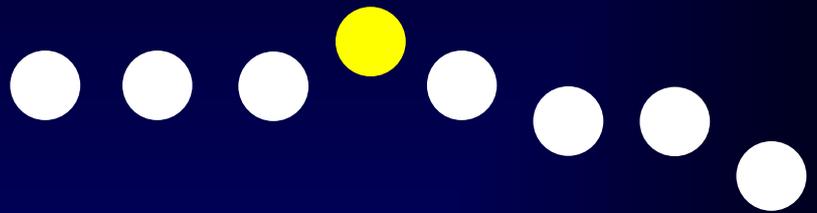
so traulich und so hold



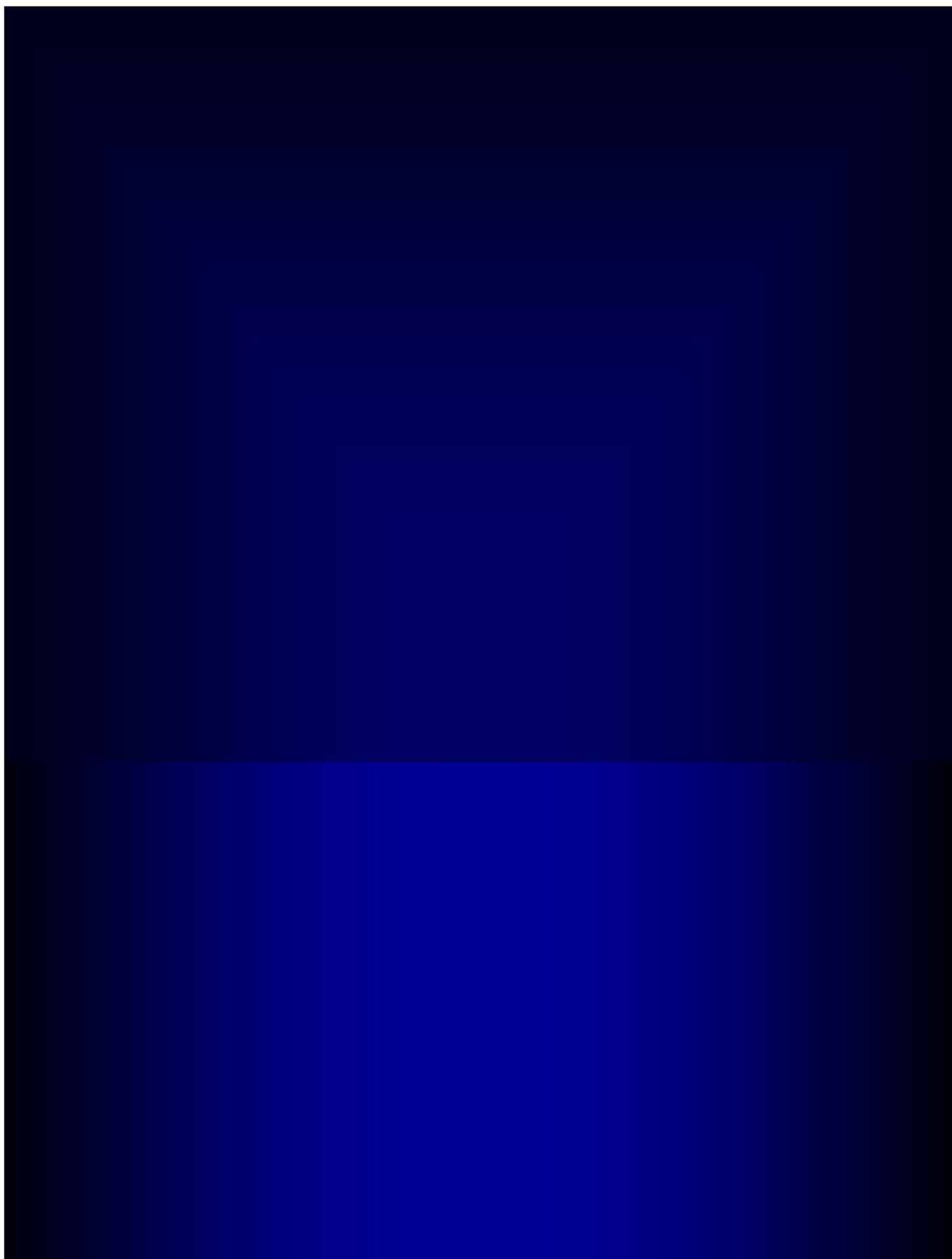
als eine stille Kammer

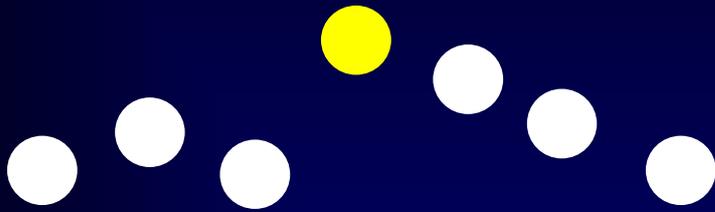


wo ihr des Tages Jammer

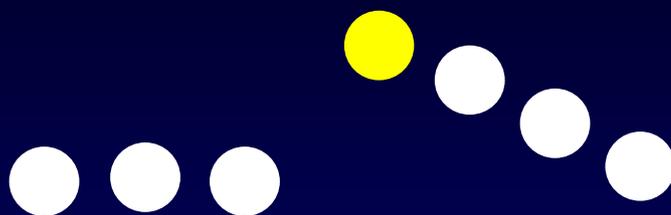


verschlafen **u**nd vergessen sollt

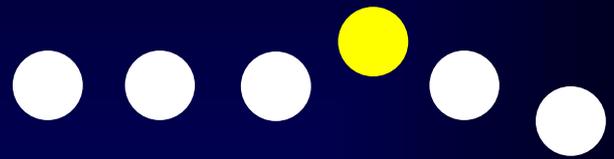
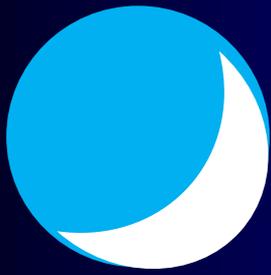




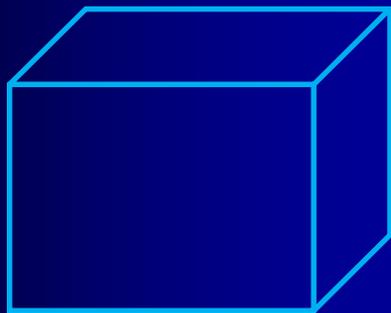
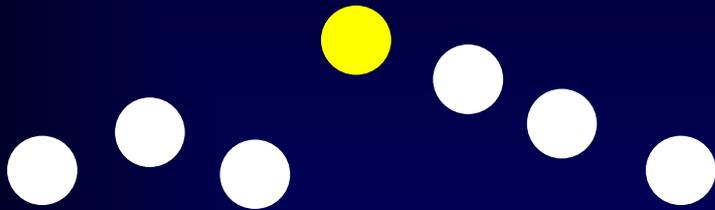
Seht ihr den Mond dort stehen?



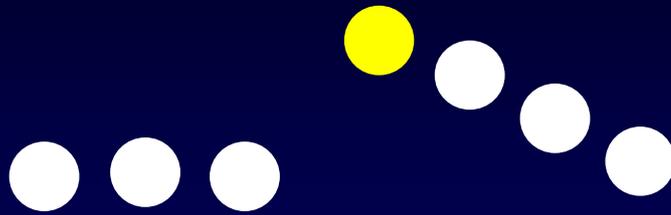
Er ist nur halb zu sehen



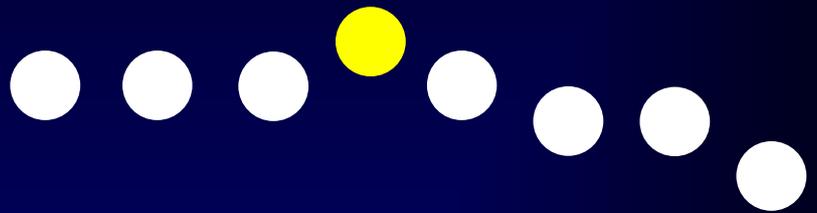
und ist doch **ru**nd und schön



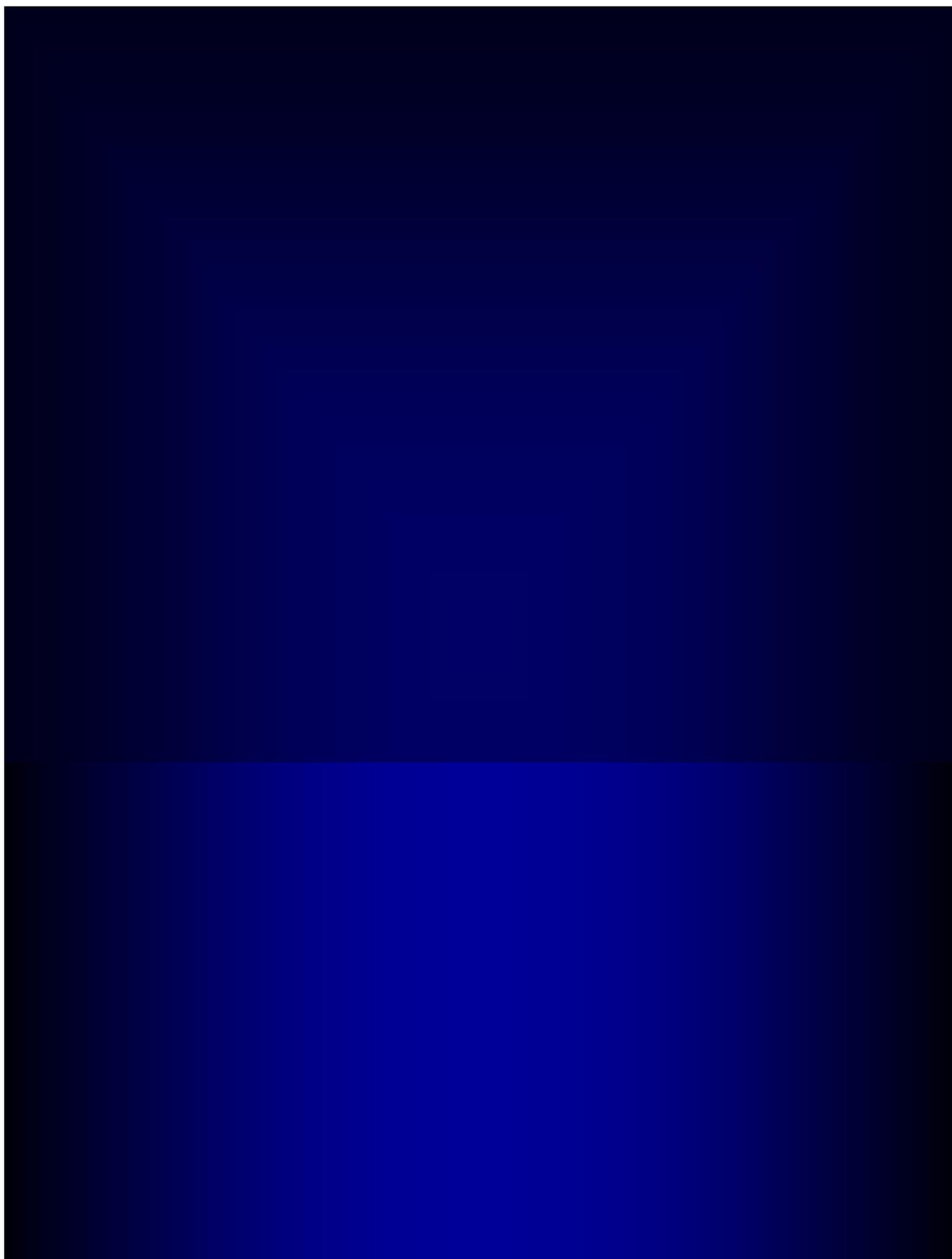
So sind wohl manche Sachen

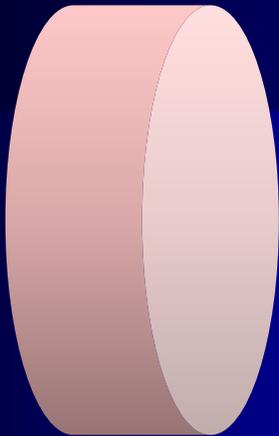
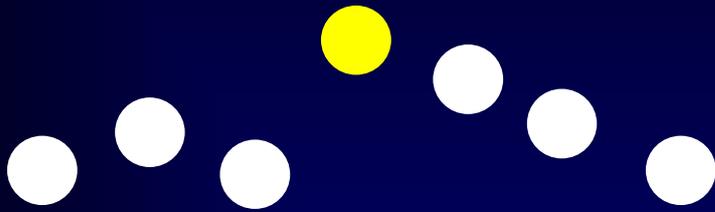


die wir getrost belachen

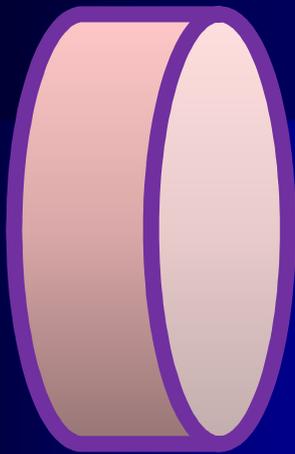
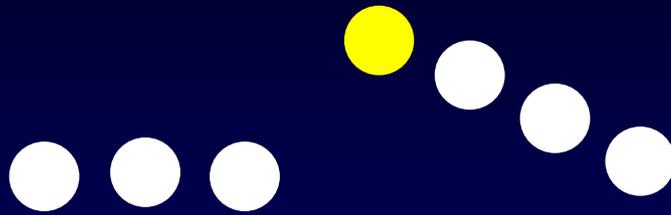


weil unsre **A**ugen sie nicht sehn

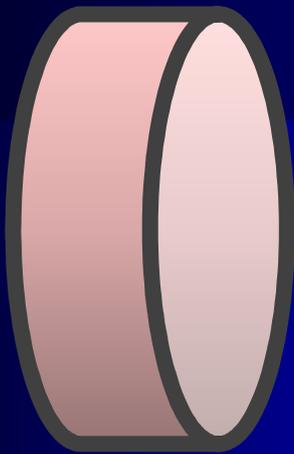
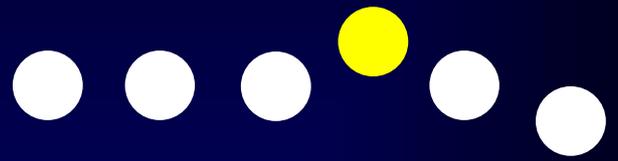




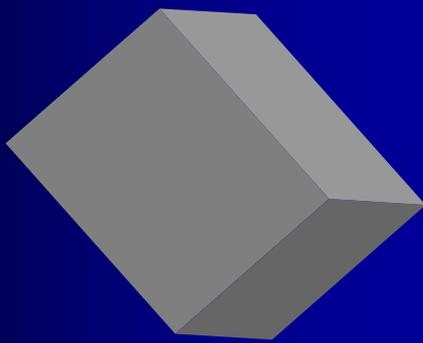
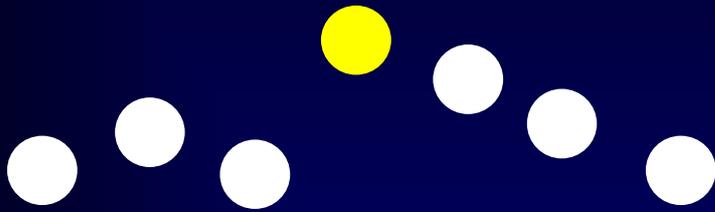
Wir stolzen Menschenkinder



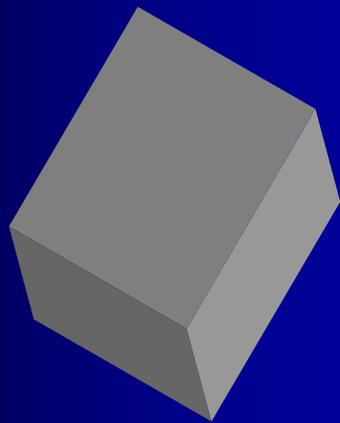
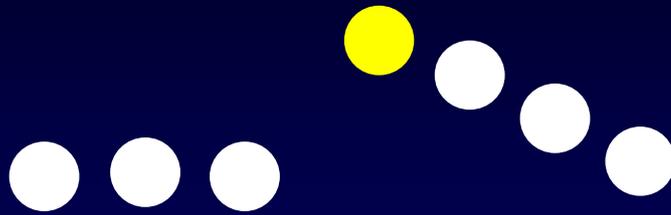
sind eitel arme Sünder



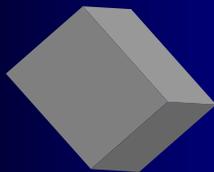
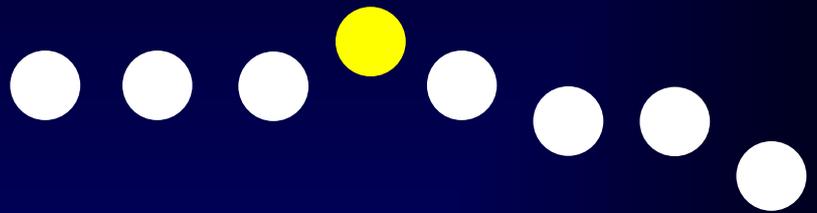
und wissen gar nicht viel



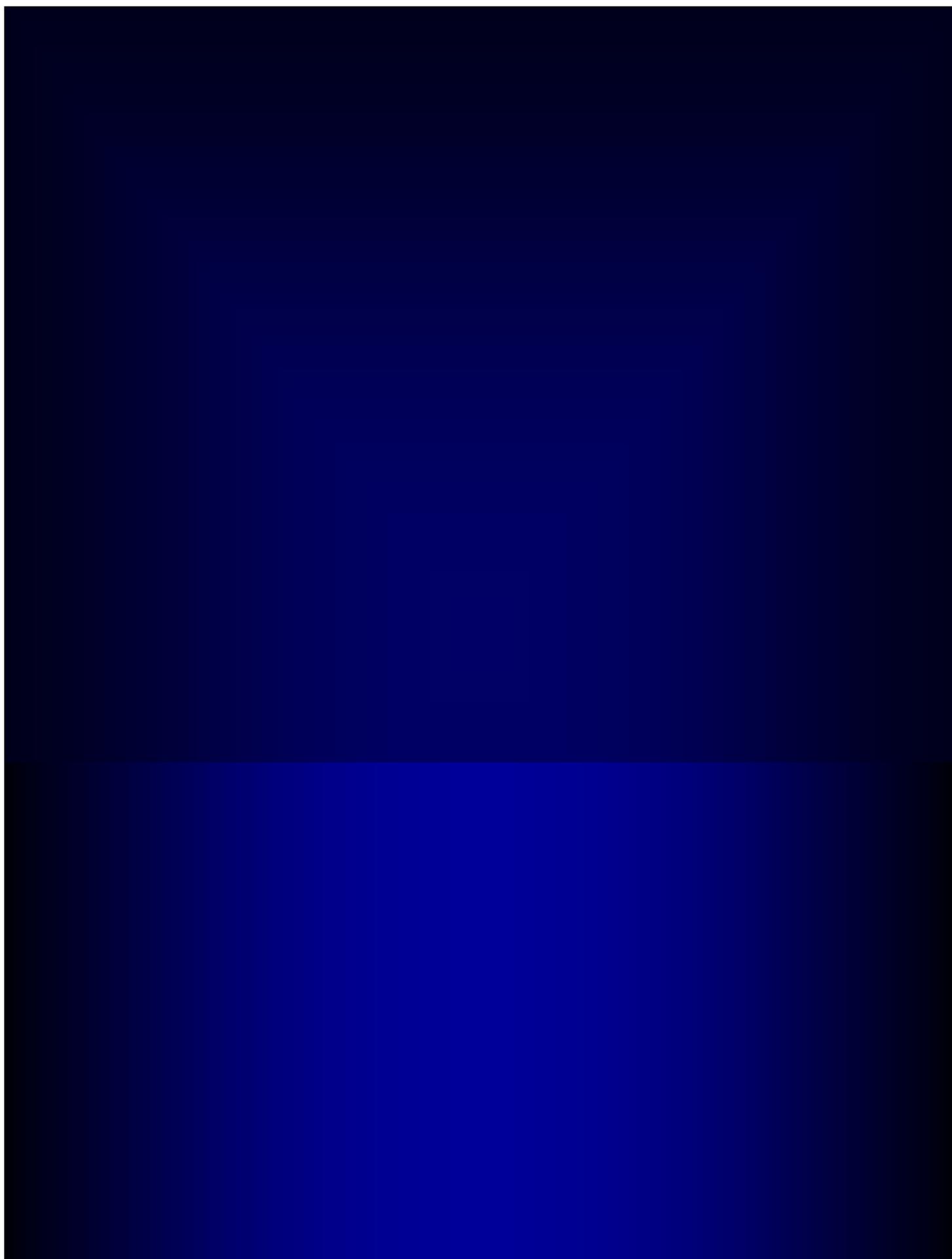
Wir spinnen Luftgespinste

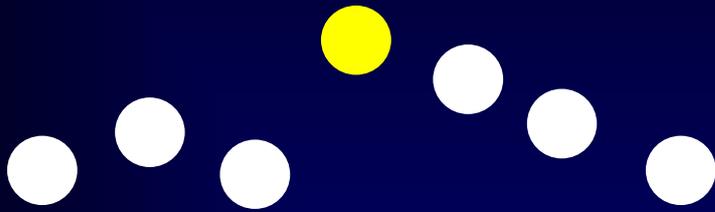


und suchen viele Künste

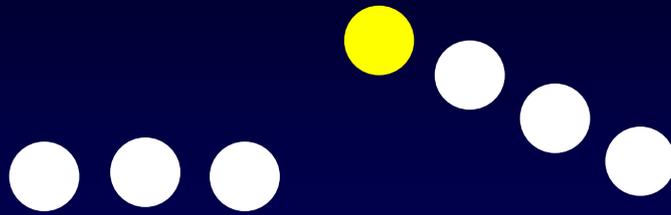


und kommen weiter von dem Ziel

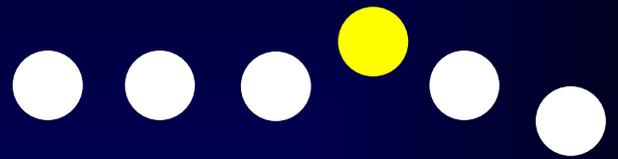




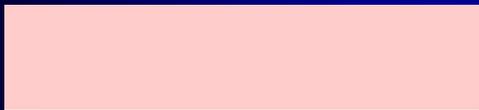
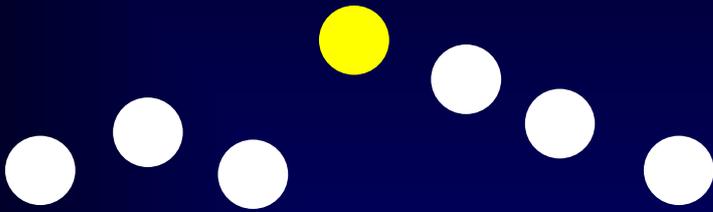
Gott, lass uns dein Heil schauen



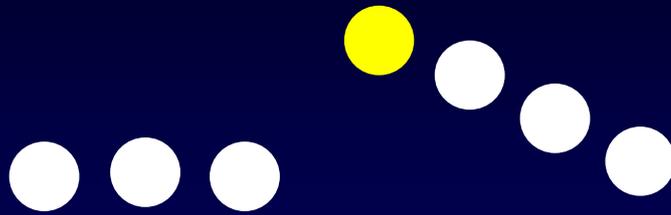
auf nichts Vergänglich^hs trauen



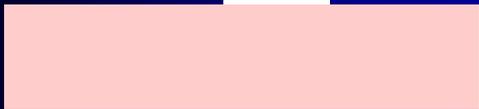
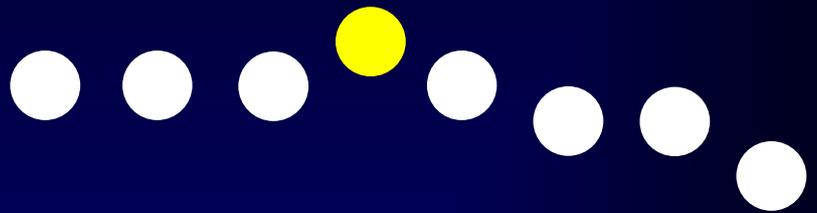
nicht Eitelkeit uns freun



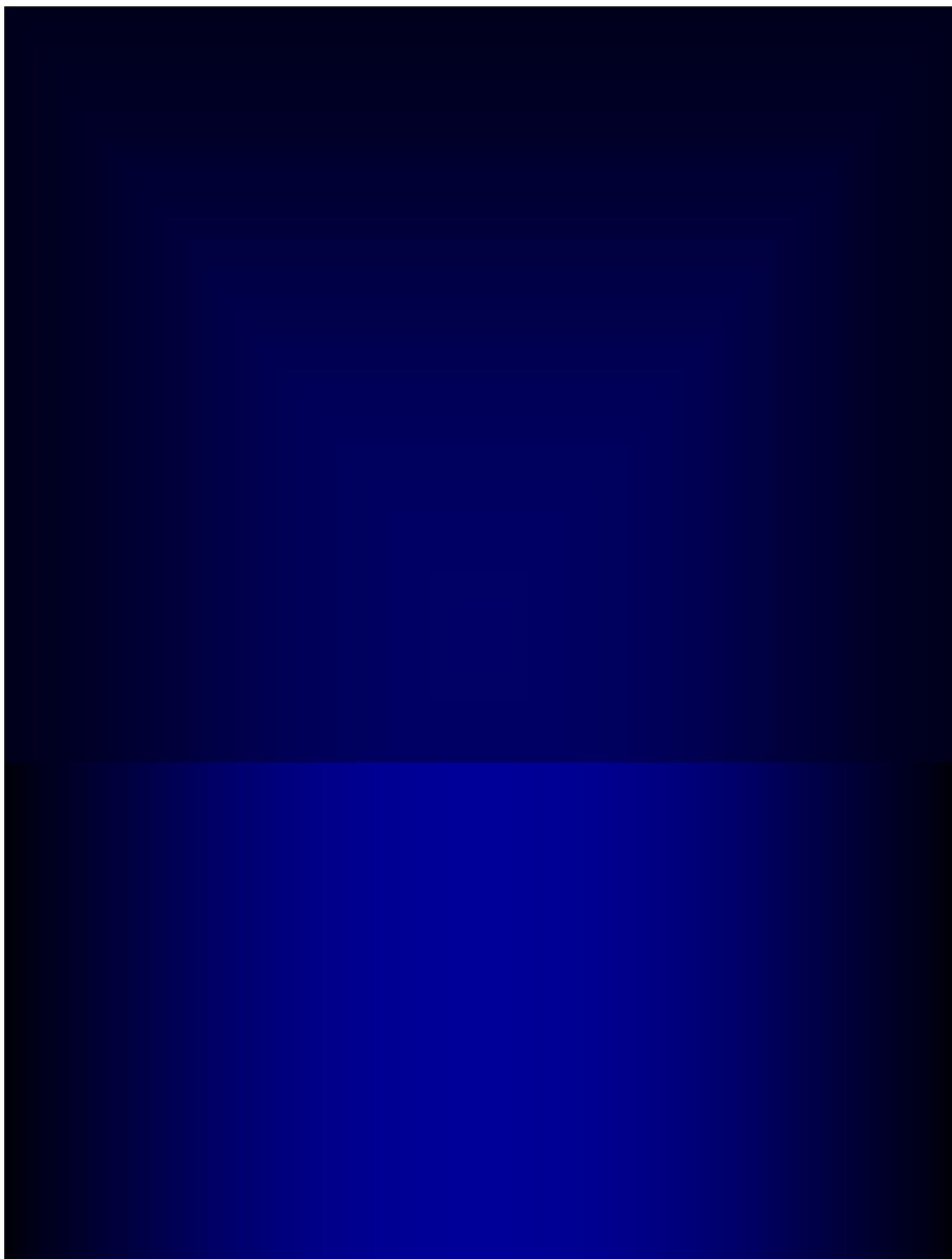
lass uns einfältig werden

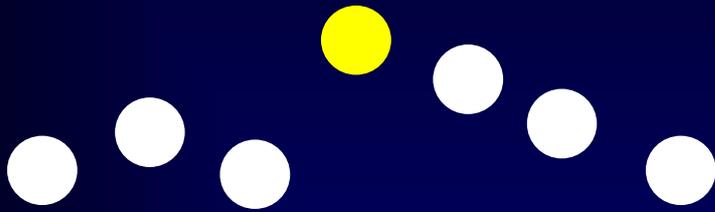


und vor dir hier auf Erden

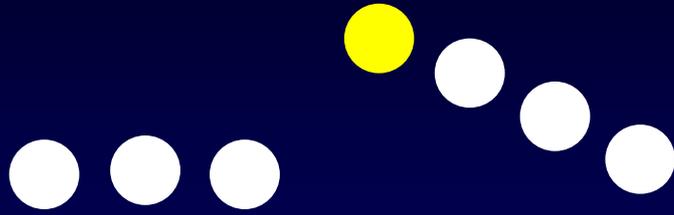


wie Kinder fromm und fröhlich sein





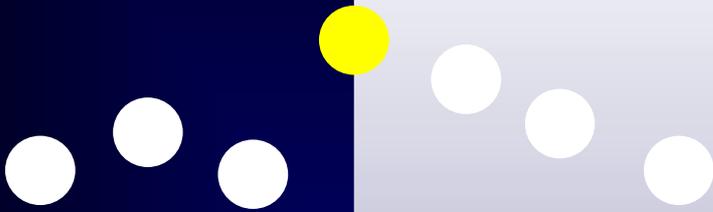
Wollst endlich **s**onder Grämen



aus dieser Welt uns nehmen



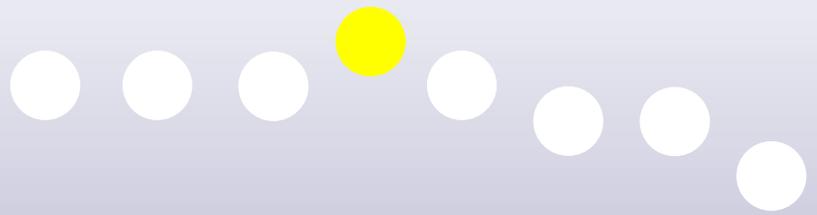
durch einen sanften Tod



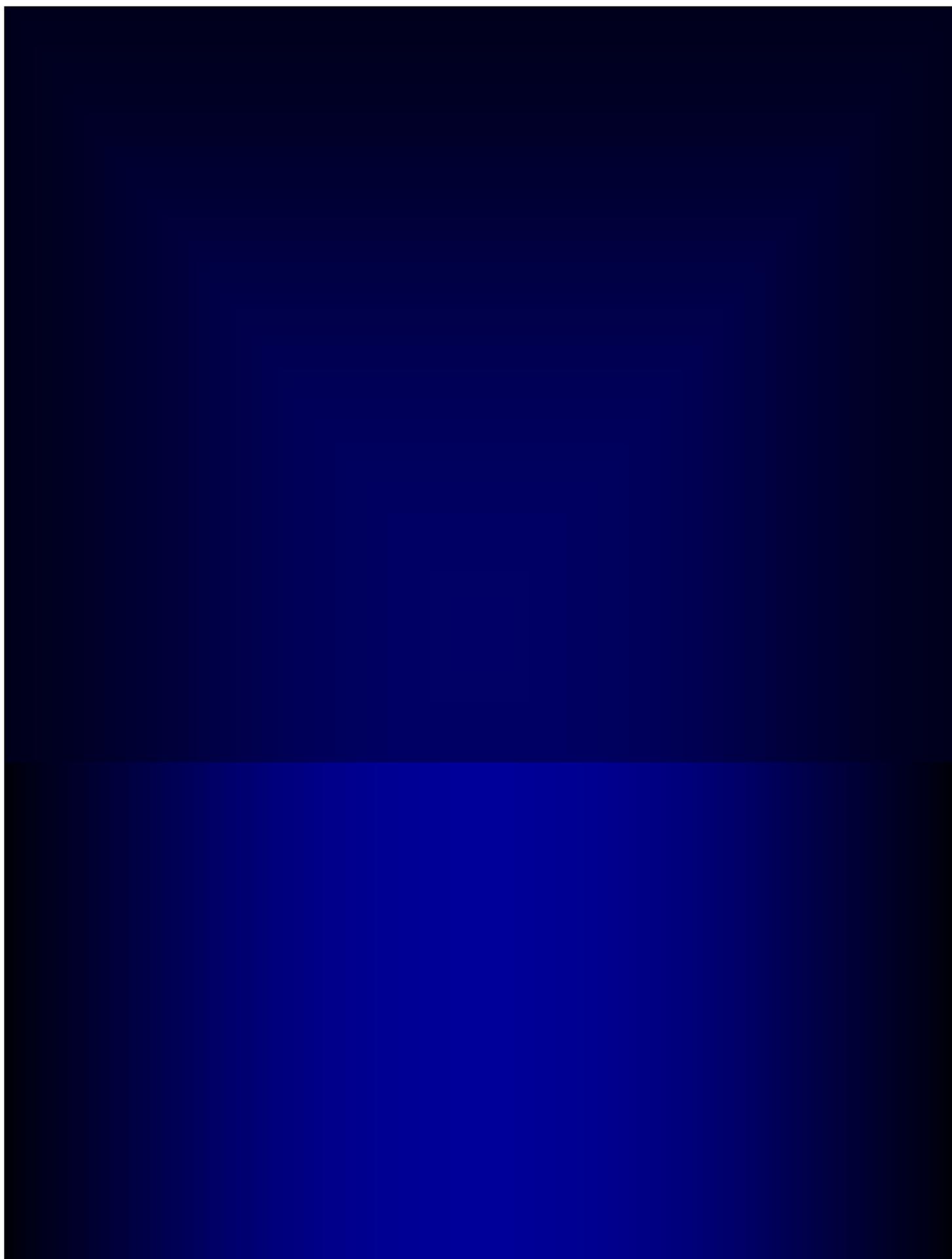
und wenn du **u**ns genommen

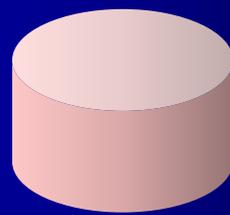
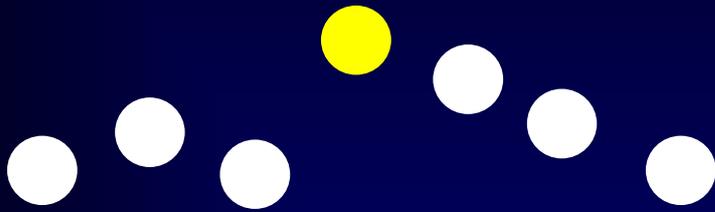


lass uns in' Himmel kommen

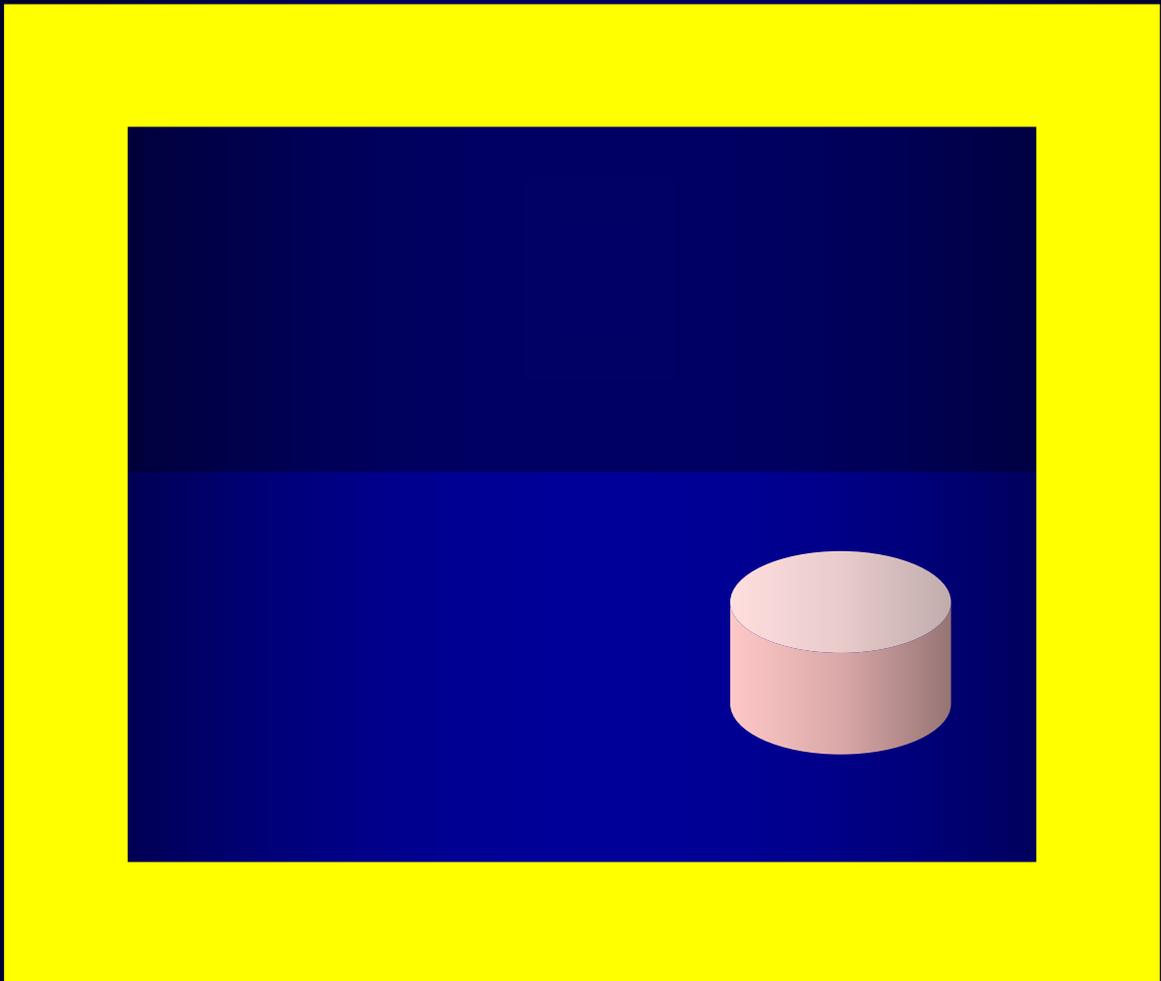
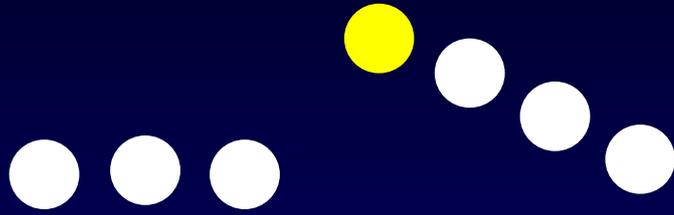


du unser Herr und Gott

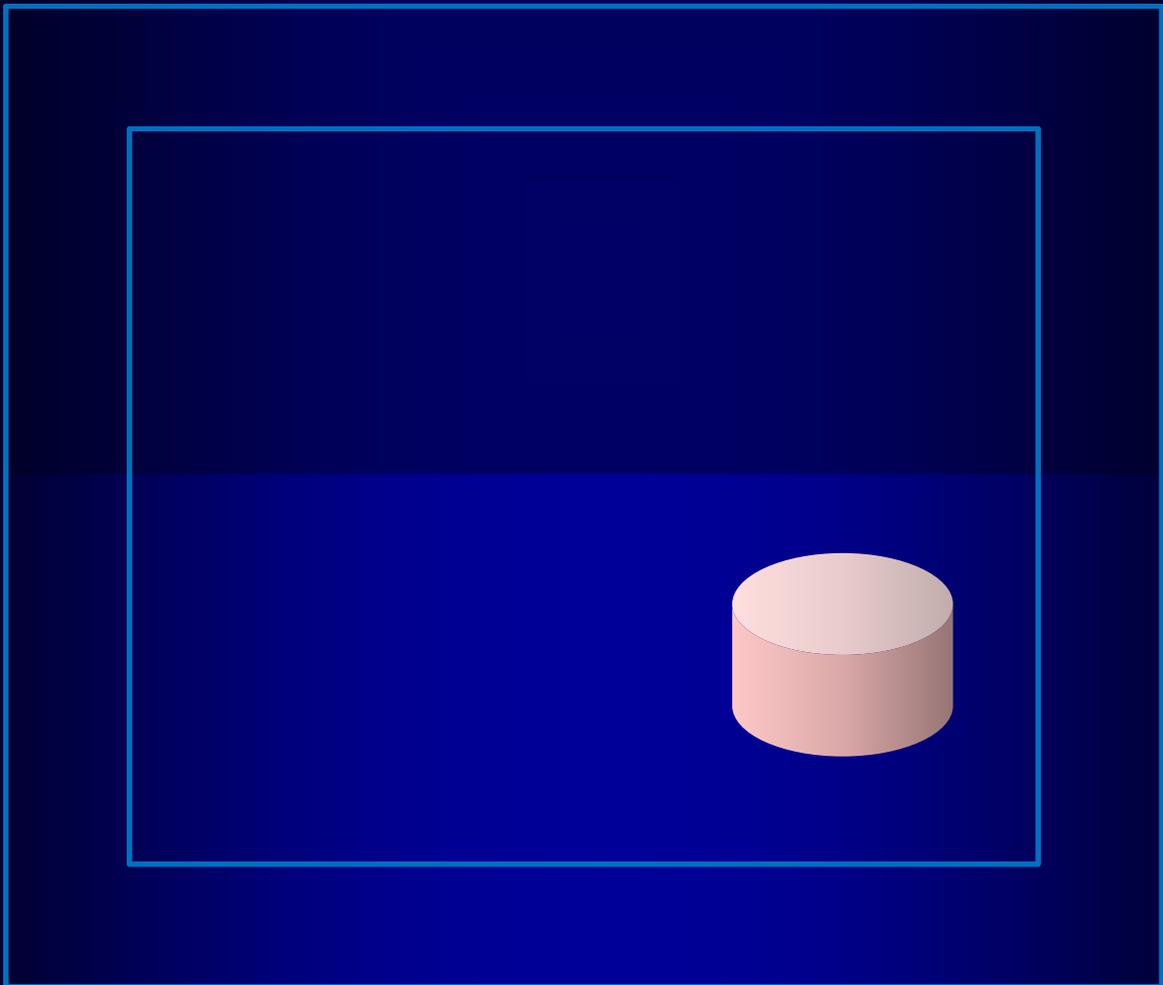
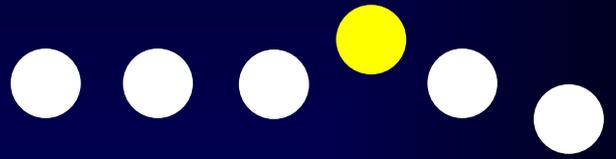




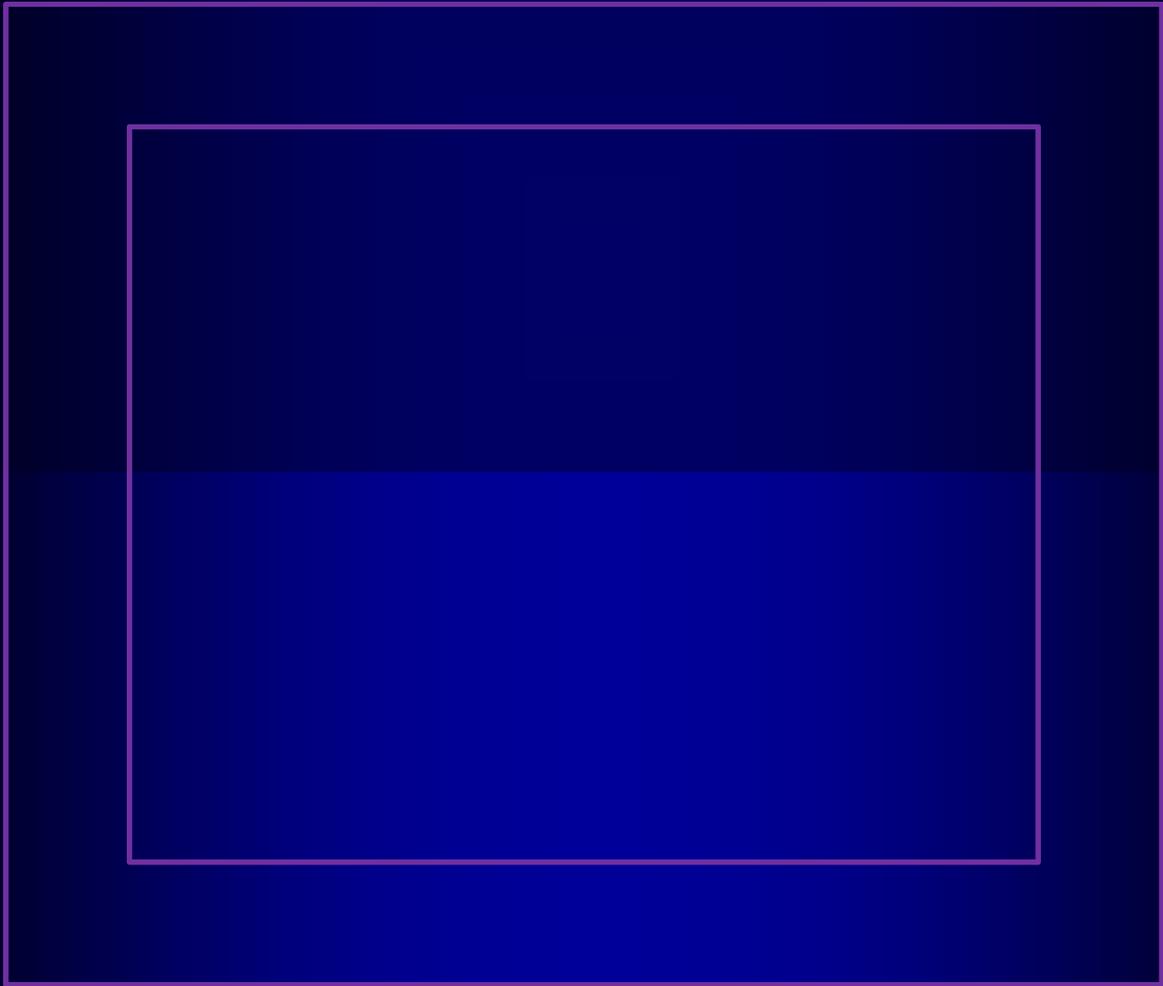
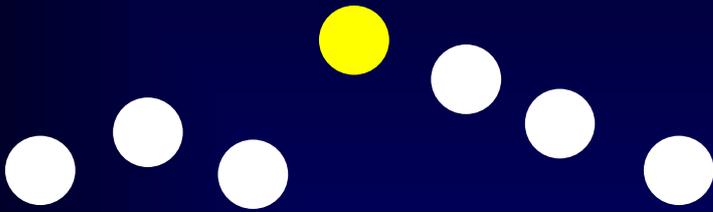
So legt euch denn, ihr Brüder,



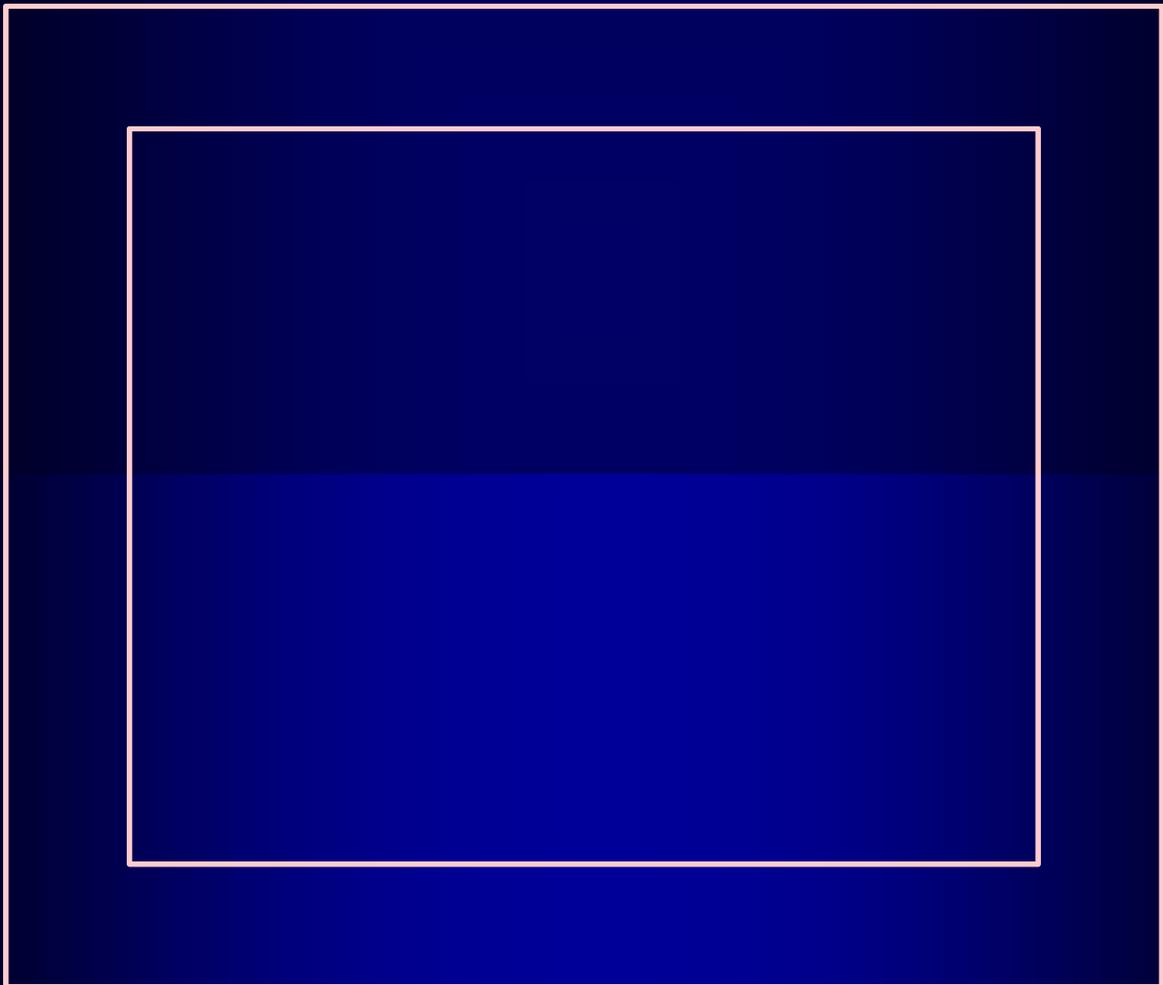
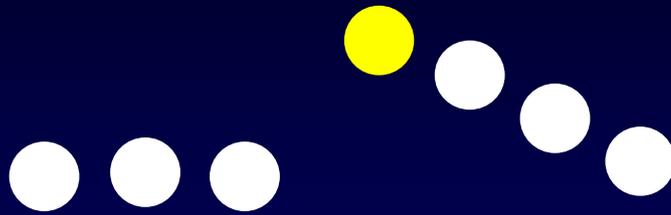
in Gottes Namen nieder



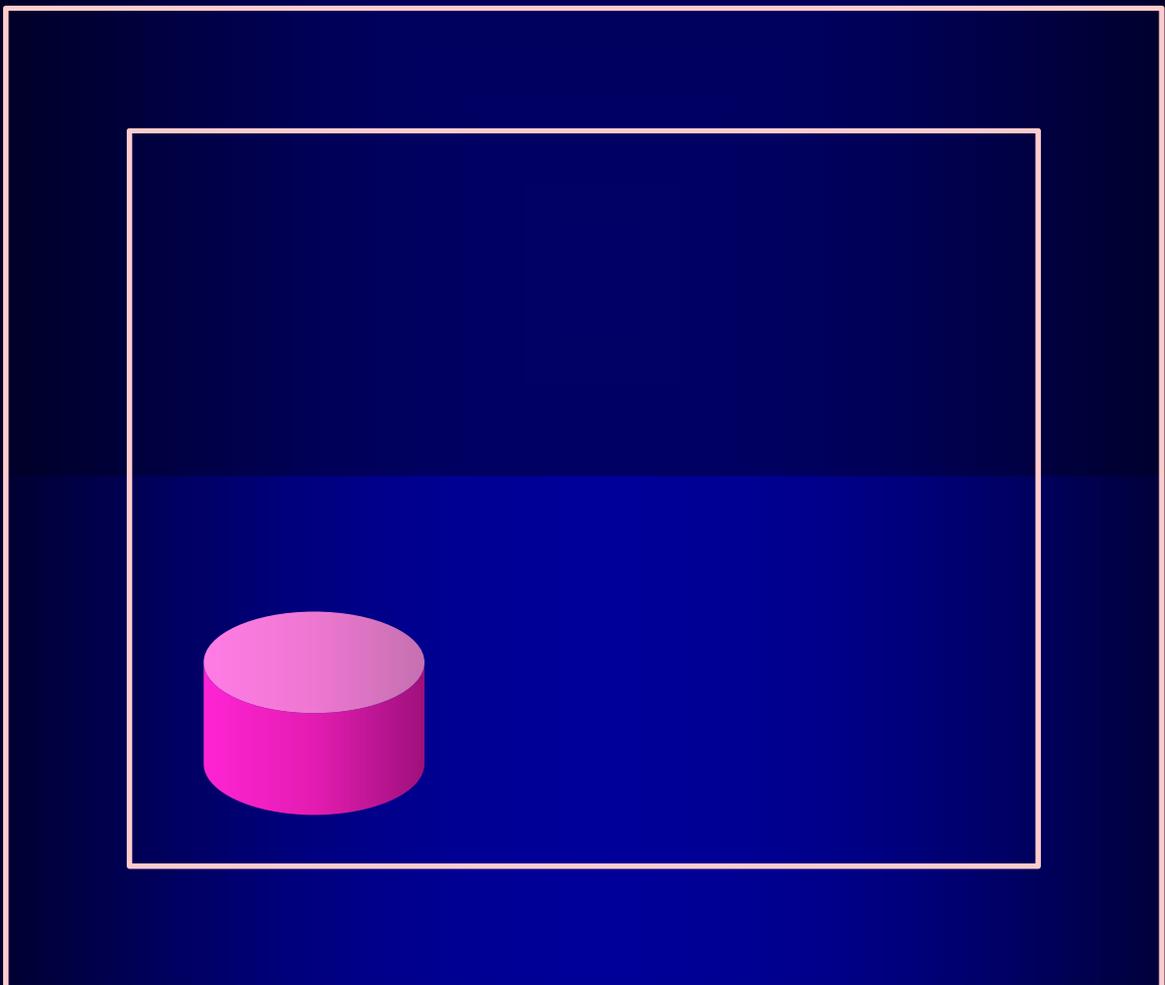
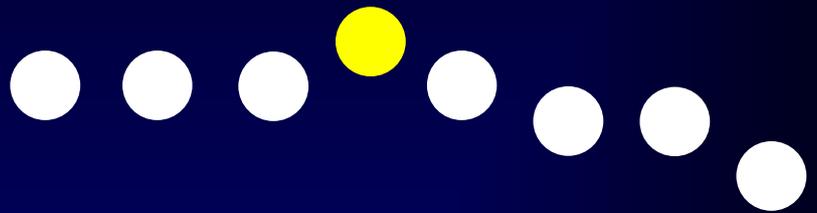
kalt ist der Abendhauch



Verschon uns, Gott, mit Strafen



und lass uns ruhig schlafen



und unsern kranken Nachbarn auch

