

Opgang, 29 september

Teksten

1. Thomas Campion, Sing a song of joy

Sing a song of joy,
Praise our God with mirth.
His flock who can destroy?
Is he not Lord of heav'n and earth?

Sing we then secure,
Tuning well our strings,
With voice as echo pure
Let us renown the King of Kings,

First who taught the day
From the East to rise;
Whom doth the sun obey
When in the seas his glory dies.

He the stars directs,
That in order stand.
Who heav'n and earth protects
But he that fram'd them with his hand?

Angels round attend,
Waiting on his will.
Arm'd millions he doth send
To aid the good or plague the ill.

All that dread his name,
And his hests observe,
His arm will shield from shame,
Their steps from truth shall never swerve.

Let us then rejoice,
Sounding loud his praise,
So will he hear our voice,
And bless on earth our peaceful days.

2. Henry Purcell, O God, Thou Art My God, Z35

O God, thou art my God: early will I seek thee
My soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh also longeth after thee:
in a barren and dry land where no water is
Thus have I looked for thee in holiness: that I might behold thy power and glory
For thy loving-kindness is better than the life itself: my lips shall praise thee
As long as I live will I magnify thee on this manner: and lift up my hands in thy Name
Because thou hast been my helper: therefore under the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice

4. Thomas Tallis, Remember not, O Lord God

Remember not, O Lord God,
our old iniquities,
but let thy mercy speed'ly prevent us,
for we be very miserable.
Help us, God our Saviour, and,
for the glory of thy name, deliver us.
Be merciful and forgive our sins,
for thy name's sake.
Let not the wicked people say,

“Where is their God?”
We be thy people,
and the sheep of thy pasture.
We shall give thanks unto thee for ever.
From age to age we shall set forth
thy laud and praise.
To thee be honour and glory,
world without end. Amen.

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5. Hymn, How sweet the names of Jesus sounds

De melodie is 'St Peter', gecomponeerd door Alexander R. Reinagle ca 1836

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

It makes the wounded spirit whole
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art,
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding Place,
My never-failing Treas'ry filled
With boundless stores of grace!

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
And may the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

6. Ralph Vaughan Williams - A Whitsunday Hym

Come, holy Spirite, most blessed Lord,
Fulfl our harts nowe with Thy grace,
And make our myndes of one accorde,
Kyndle them with love in every place. Alleluya.

O holy fyre, and conforth moste swete,
Fyll our hertes with fayth and boldnesse,
To abyde by The in colde and hete,
Content to suffre for ryghteousnesse. Alleluya.

O holy lyght, moste principall,
The worde of lyfe shewe unto us,
And cause us to knowe God over all
For our owne Father moste gracious. Alleluya.

O Lord, Thou forgevest our trespace,
And callest the folke of every cowntre
To the ryght fayth and truste of Thy grace,
That we may give thankes and synge to Thee.
Alleluya.

7. Chant Psalm 23

The Lord is my shepherd; therefore can I lack nothing.
He shall feed me in a green pasture,
and lead me forth beside the waters of comfort.
He shall convert my soul,
and bring me forth in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil;
for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff comfort me.
Thou shalt prepare a table before me in the presence of them that trouble me;
thou hast anointed my head with oil, and my cup shall be full.
Surely thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life;
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

Glory be tot the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be,
world without end. Amen

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8. Edgar Elgar, Lux Aeterna (Nimrod)

Lux aeterna luceat eis, Domine,
cum sanctis tuis in aeternum,
quia pius es.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis

Moge eeuwig licht op hen schijnen, Heer,
bij uw heiligen voor eeuwig,
omdat u barmhartig bent.

Geef hen eeuwige rust, Heer,
en moge eeuwig licht op hen schijnen

9. Alexander L'Estrange, An Irish Blessing

Irish Blessing

Moge de weg je tegemoet komen.
Moge de wind altijd in je rug zijn.
Moge de zon warm op je gezicht schijnen,
de regen zacht op je velden vallen.
En tot we elkaar weerzien,
moge God je vasthouden in de palm van Zijn hand.