

De CL P S A L M E N

DAVIDS

In Musijk gebracht

Op vier en vijf Stemmen

Door

CLAUDYN LE JEUNE,

Geboren van Valent. &c.

Nu eerst met den Hollandsen Text, nevens alle de
Loffangen uytgegeven.

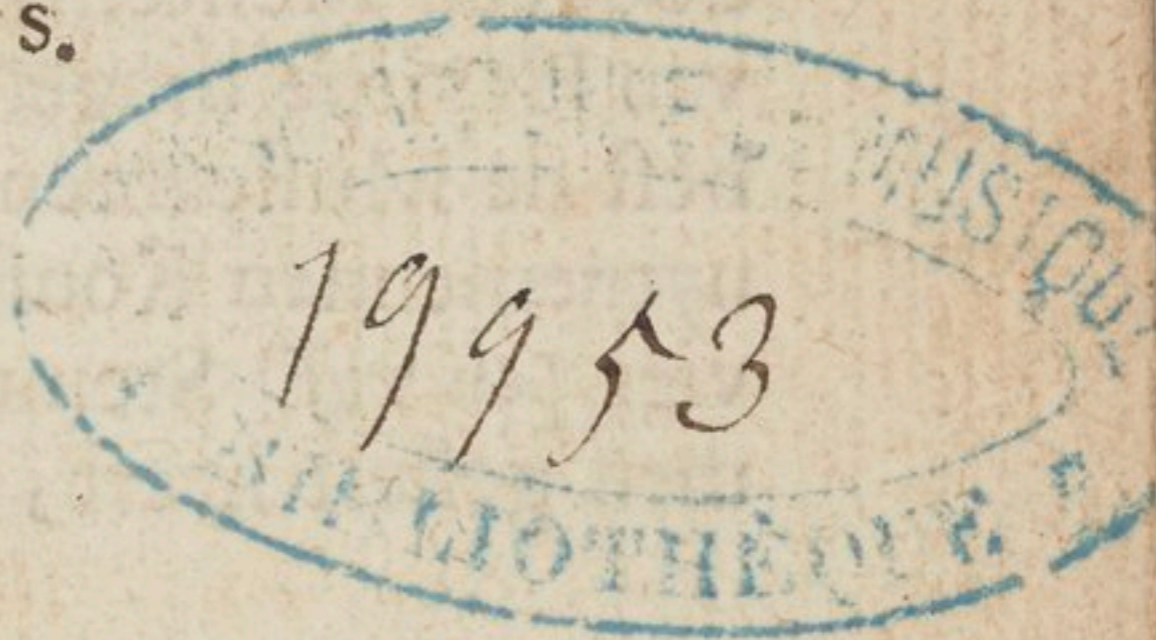
SUPERIUS.



Tot SCHIEDAM.

Gedrukt by *Laurens vander Wiel*, Stads Drukker,
en Boekverkooper op den Dam, Anno 1665.

Res. 648



Iudicium
Viri Celeberrimi.

Quantum in affectibus gravi oblectatione concitandis, & in altiori sacræ materiæ impressione promovendâ facere valeant, optimè deprehendunt Musicæ sacræ periti, cum Psalmos quatuor vocibus, ab excellenti Artifice Claudio Le Jeune compositos vulgari mensurâ canendos . . . expendunt.

d. s.

Hoe veel deselve vermogen, om het gemoedt door een stichtelijk vermaek tot diepen aendacht van Heylige dingen te bewegen, ervinden allerbest de Musicanten, als sy de Psalmen, die den uytnemenden Konstenaer Claudyn le Jeune, met vier [en vijf] Stemmen op de gemeyne maet, t'samen gestelt heeft, verstandelijk opfingen.

OPDRACHT

Aen de Eerbare Deugdrijke
Jonge-Juffrouw

Juffr. **MARIA VAN CLEEF,**

Dochter van den E. Achtbaren H^r. Abraham van Cleef,
Oud - Burgem^r. tot Schiedam, en Hoog - Heem - Raed
van Schieland,

ende

De Eerwaerde, Godsalige, seer geleerde
en beminden Heer

D. LUCAS MEYSTERUS,

Bedienaer des H. Evangeliums in de Gemeynte Jesu
Christi tot Schiedam.



E-Juffer, en Mijn Heer!

Ik bidde slaet uw' oogren

In gunst, op dese nieuw-gedruckte bladen neer.

En eyst ge reden af, waer door ik zy bewogen

Die soete t' Same-sang, (in Franse tong wel eer

De Psalmen aangepast) met onse Spraek te vougen,

Ey lieve! dese twee becingelden mijn hert:

Voor eerst, de groote lust en't geestelyk genougen,

Dat door 't gebruyck van dien in ons bevonden wert:

Geen wonder! aengesien de meeste konst-gesangen
Met minne-jankery, en stichteloose Tael,
Iae schier der Heydenen Afgoderij, behangen,
Een dubbel drouve saek! verstoren menigmael
Een nauwgesette ziel, in't midden van het singen,
En rukken als verbaest van sijne toonen af.
Hier hebje Davids harp, tot God, ô Stervelingen!
Met Tege-noten, die Claudyn le Jeune gaf:
Ten and'ren, Waerde Heer, en Juffer! ick beoogde
(Wyl't Franse werk ontbreekt) de gunst en vriend'lijkheit,
Waer me'e gy my soo dikwils eerden en verhoogde,
T' ontmoeten met een prouf van schuld'ge dankbaerheit.
Sie daer! ontfang Musijk voor uwe lieve keelen,
Die nu soo menigmael U gaven mede-deelt,
Met Clavecymbels-Bas-Continuò te streelen,
Terwijl het maet-geluyt van snaer en stemmen queelt.
En sing, en speel den lof van onsen God de Vader,
De Soon, en Heyl'ge Geest, soo lang dit Aerdse lijf
Noch worstelt hier bene'en; tot dat wy sullen nader
Aen synen Hemel-throon genieten ons verblijf,
Om voor 't aenbidd'lik Lam, en Choor van Ouderlingen,
Met duysent Engelen, en't salig Mensch-geslacht,
Het Heylig, Heylig, Heylig is de Heer! te singen,
Dien Heerlijkheit, en eer zy Eeuwig toegebracht.

PETRUS ANGIILLIUS,
Poliat. Schied.

8. Novemb.
1664.

Op de Mufijke van Claudyn le Jeune,
uytgegeven door

D' Hr. Petrus Angillius, Doct. Med.
Tot Schiedam.

Die Davids guld' en foete Pſalmen
Hoort konſtig op en neder galmen,
Door al de noten van *Claudyn*;
En niet en wert daer door bewogen
Noch inden Geest als opgetogen,
Moet van 't geſlacht van *Midas* zijn.
Weg weg *Apollo* met uw Lieren,
En al u ſchorrig tierelieren,
Wanneer men ſijne toonen treft,
En onſen Godt (den Godt der Goden
Die vrientlijk is ontrent ſijn' boden)
Verr' boven alle ding verheft.
De *Franch-man* ſal niet als voor deſen,
Maer *Hollandt* ook een deel-noot weſen
Van al dat liefelijk gedreun,
Dat ſo vermaeklijk is in d' ooren
Van die, die 't met verſtant aenhooren,
Doorvlochten van *Claudyn le Jeun.*
En ging het voorts na mijnen wil is,
'k Souw wenschen, dat de Heer *Angillis*,
Met ſijn Gefelſchap te gelijk
Voor haren vlijt getoont in deſen,
Van yder mochten zijn gepreſen,
Dus doet hier Uwen

O O S T E R W Y K.

Op de Contra-puntten

van

CLAUDYN LE IEUNE.

Wanneer de lage Bas uyt holle kaecken dondert :
Wanneer sig Tenor mengt, en Alt wat hooger sweeft :
Wanneer Supeer sig heft, en hemelsh hoogh begeeft :
Het is geen reedlijk mensch die sich dan niet verwondert.

Het ongelijck geluydt heeft door de Maet gelijkheyt ;
Veel meer dan eenigh dingh dat andre wel geliykt :
'T is ongelijck wanneer de keel de Maet ontwijckt :
Dus toont Gods wet ons doen, soo datter nergens wijck leydt.

Waer breeckt men soo 't geheel, doch sonder 't heel te breecken ?
De nooten meer geklieft verdubbelen het zoet,
En yder toon doordringht te scherper ons gemoet :
De tongh verdooft door maet de beste snaeren-streecken ;

Soo wort de toon het beelt van aller menschen woelen
In hoogh en laegh geval, waer in Gods wijse handt,
De Harmonie stelt ten best van Kerck en Landt :
Dees doet hy t' vrolijck hoog, die, t' naere laeg gevoelen.

Soo wort de Toon het beelt van aller ziel-gewemel :
Dan komt de ziel en Bas verlaeght door druck en hoon.
Dan lichtse sich wat op, en maect een Tenors toon.
Dan sweeftse met Supeer en Alt tot in den hemel.

Maer

Maer wat ! Wanneer en woort en sin slaen op de maten !
Als recht nae Pauli last de Toon verstandigh spreekt !
Als nae der nooten peyl het woort sich buyght en breekt !
Dan kan der Stemmen-konst en oor en ziele baeten.

Dus slaet Le Jeun de maet ! Hy toont de soetste galmen.
Hy menght recht hoogh en laegh : hy singht de beste stof :
Dus singht hy boven alle andre Sangers lof :
Hy past die Hemels-konst op D A V I D S heyl'ge Psalmen.

'T veranderen van stem, het laegen, en het hoogen,
Het breeken van de Toon, behoudens doch de Maet,
Is recht een Davids sangh : waer isser soo een staet
Door hoogh en laegh gestaegh gebroocken en bewoogen.

Dus songh die Fransche keel : Dit sagh een Nederlander :
Niet nydigh, maer gewekt om eygen Vaederlandt
Ten dienst van 't wijse volck te leenen Toon en handt :
Angillis past de toon en tael net op malkander.

Singht nu tot eer van Godt : Dit's stof voor alle menschen,
En Toon voor 't wijste breyn : Verdubbelt uwe vreught :
Claudin' le Jeun vernieuwde voortijts uwe jeught :
Maer desen Doctor geeft nu 't wit van 't lange wenschen.

FR. RIDDERUS.



Op de Contra-punten

van

CLAUDYN LE JEUNE.

H Eeft yemant oyt in't *Frans* gefongen
De Noten, door *Claudyn den Jongen*
Op *Same-tege-fang* gefteelt;
Die fal dat loflijk werkjen prijfen,
En aen dien *Phœnix* eer bewijfen,
Wiens raer *Mufijk* heel *Vrankrijk* melt.

Dit fegt de wijfe Heer *Meysterus*
Een kundig *Sanger*, en dat meer is
De voedfter van *Schiedamfe* kunst
Juffrouw Maria, die de *Baffen*
Op *Clavecymbel* weet te paffen,
En foo verkrijgt een yders gunft

Tot

Tot Harmony van stem en vedel.
Geen wetenschap hoe groot hoe edel
Bereykt die Goddelyke deugd:
Als and're Konsten sijn verfwonden
En door der Eeuwen eynd' verflonden
Behoudt den Hemel dese vreugd.

Maer die de Musicale Psalmen
In 't *Hollands* eerst quam uyt te galmen
Met onse kercke-rijm en trant;
Diens lof moet ook niet zijn vergeten,
En heeft verdient te zijn geheten
Een liever van het Vaderlant.

Dit doet gy Waerde Heer *Angillis*
Wiens vlugge geest dat nimmer stil is
Gy schenkt ons desen nieuwen druck,
En draegt het Offer op in dichten
Voor welke Rymers fouden swichten,
Doch ick infonderheyt

DE BUCK.

Den Drucker

aen den

Christelicken Sanger.

WY inaecken u E. door den Druck gemeen dese *Psalmen* van den Konincklicken Propheete *David*, op Rijm gestelt by *Petrus Dathenus*, en in Musijck gebracht door *Claudyn le Jeune*, op 4 en 5 Stemmen, zijnde deurgaens het eerste vers van yeder Psalm, soo dat alle die begeeren verder de geheele Psalmen uyt te singen, gelieven de moeyte te nemen en gebruycken daer een kleyn ordinaris Psalmboeckje by, dat bequamelick kan geschieden, soo mach yeder-een, van elcken Psalm soo veel singen als hem dunckt genoegh te zijn: hopende dat dese onsen arbeyd u E. sal wel gevallen. Wy hadden ons al een wijl beraden, of dese, of andere Rijm, aengenamer soude zijn geweest, als, van de *Hr. Aldegonde*, de *Hr. Westerbaen*, *D^m. de Bruyn*, *Christiaen van Heule*, &c. maer om dat allerley Psalm-Rijmen op dese Noten kunnen gesongen werden, als oock om niemand dier geprefene Heeren te verongelijcken, hebben wy dese, die van over lange sonder veranderinge in onse Kercken gebruyckelick zijn, voor de veyligste gekeurt. Vaert wel.

Ondertusschen sal ick zijn en blijven Uwer E. E.
allertoegenegen dienaer,

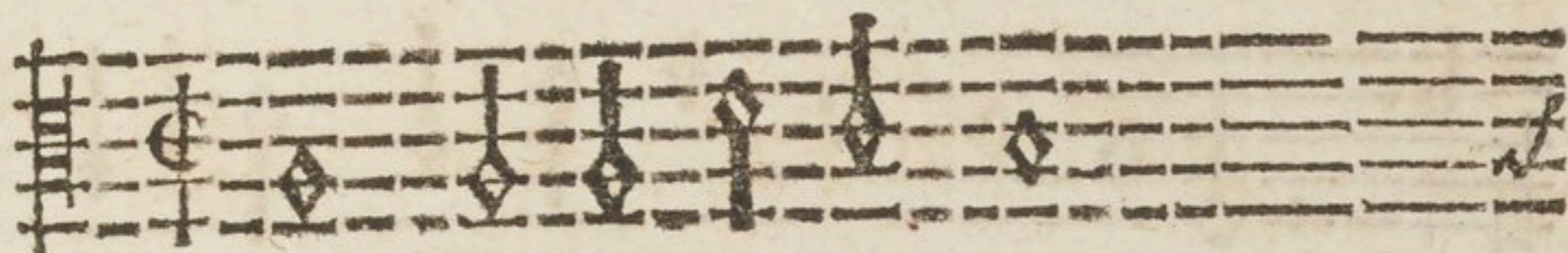
L. VANDER WIEL.

FUGVE A L'VNISSEON

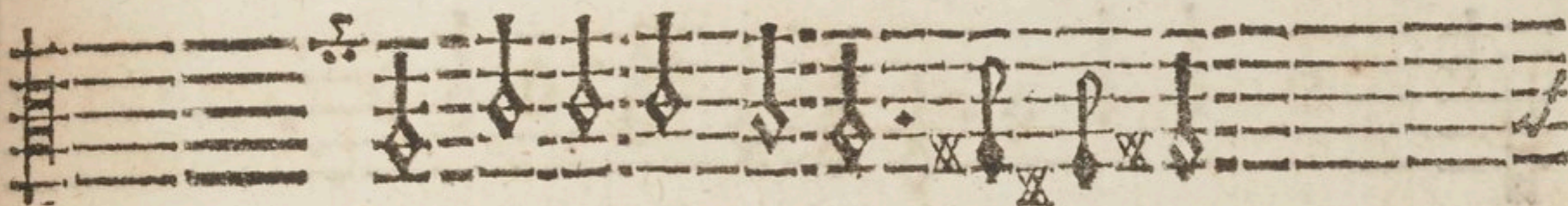
APRES DEUX TEMPS:

A CINQ.

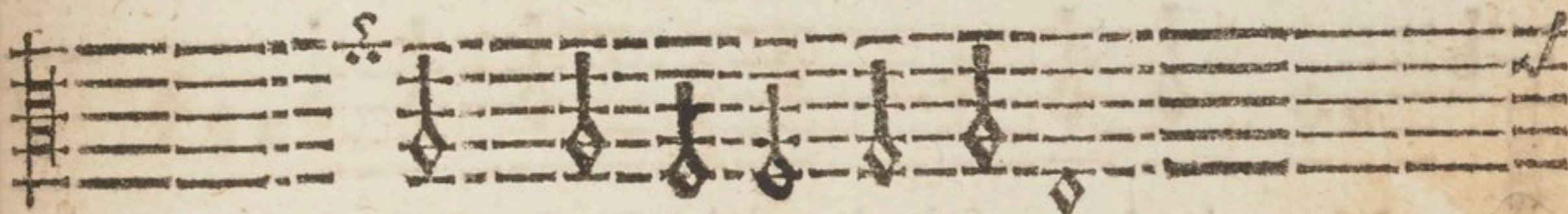
CANON.



! 'T is een groote vreug-



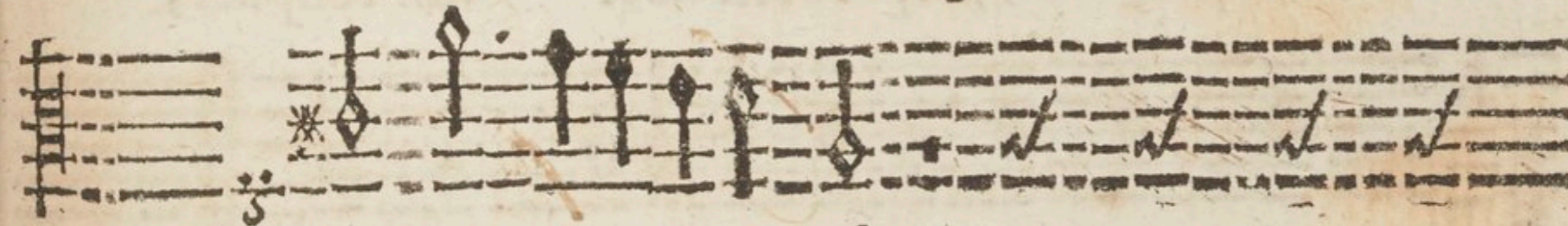
de Te lovenijnen



Godt: Geen ander aerds genot



Ons immer soo verheug-



de, verheug- de.

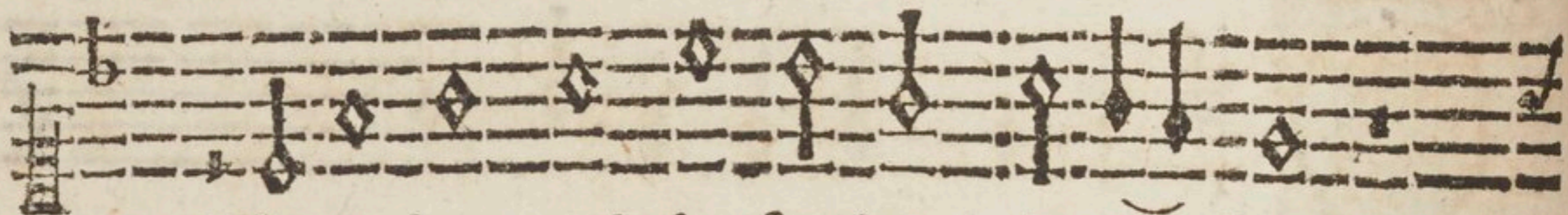
A

Superius.

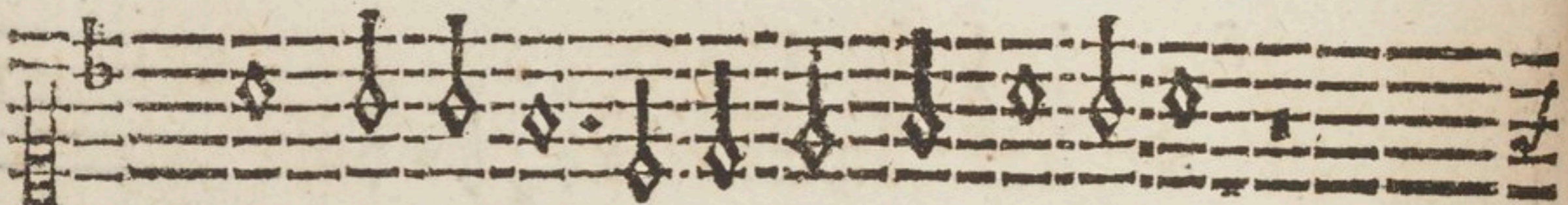
PSALM I.



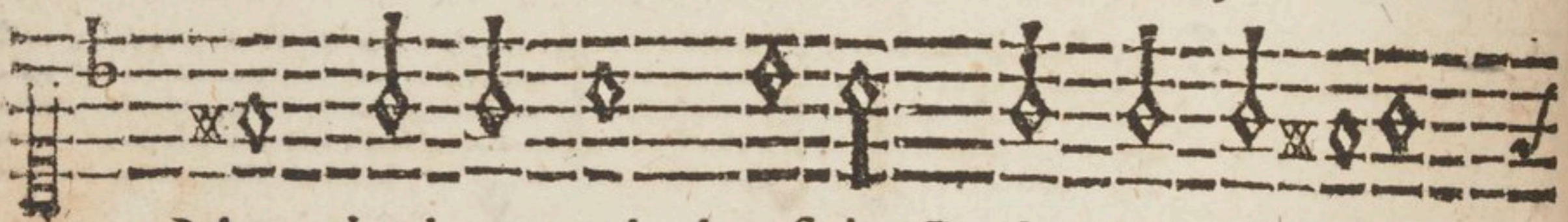
Ie niet en gaet in der godtloofsen raedt,



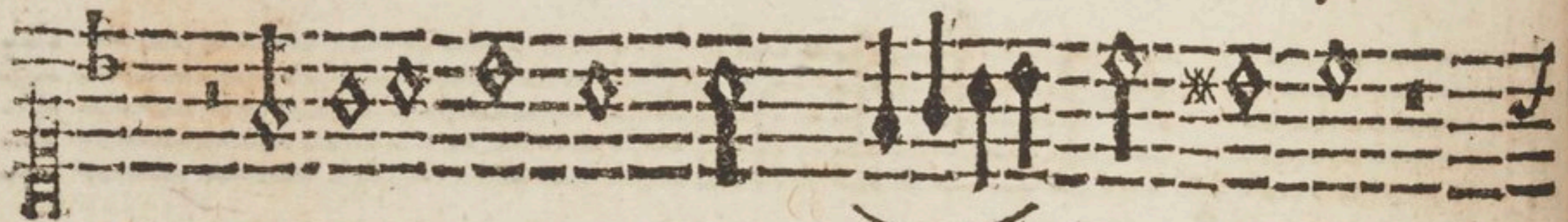
Die op den wegh der sondaers niet en staet,



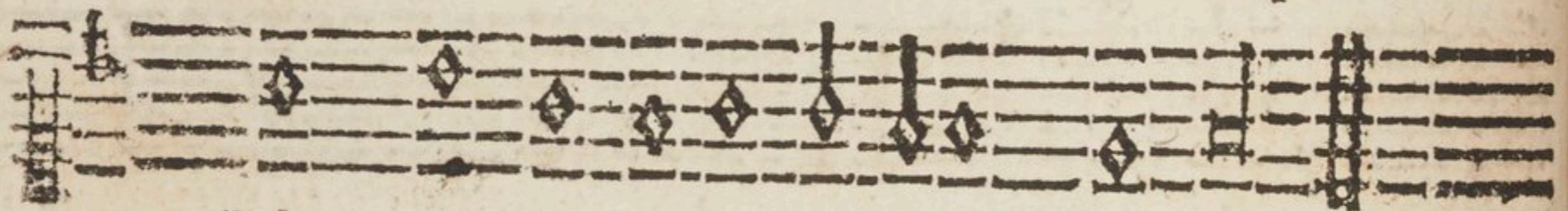
En niet en sit by den spotters onreyne ;



Maer dagh en nacht heeft in Godts Wet alleyn



Al sijnen lust, ja spreeckt daer van eenpaer,



Die mensch is wel geluckfaligh voorwaer.

Waerom raest dat volk met sulken hoogmoet?

Waerom komen de Heydenen te samen? Wat is 't dat

haer vergeefs soo woeden doet? En raedt slaen van din-

gen die niet beta- men? De Koningen hen te samen ver-

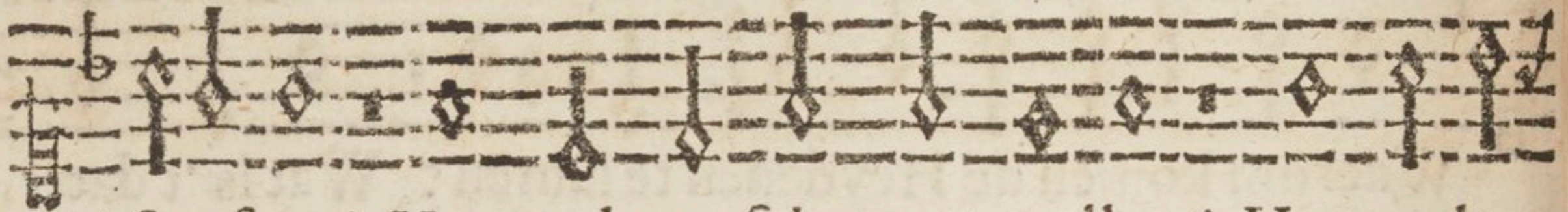
binden, De voornaemst' all' zijn oock daer toe bedacht,

Godt te bestrijden sy hen onderwinden En sijnen

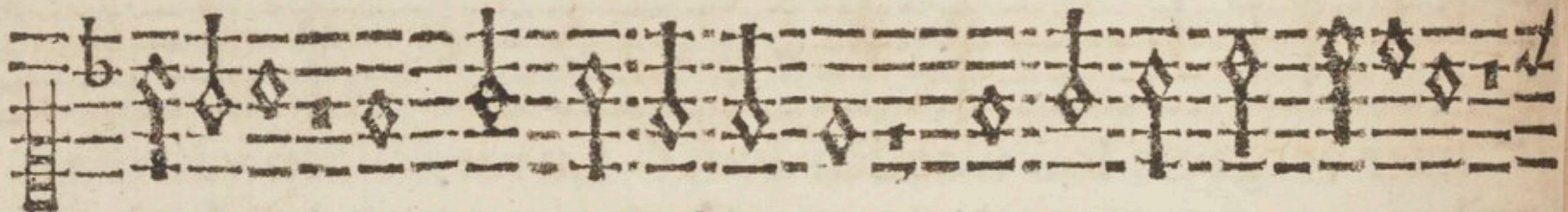
Gesallden met grooter macht.



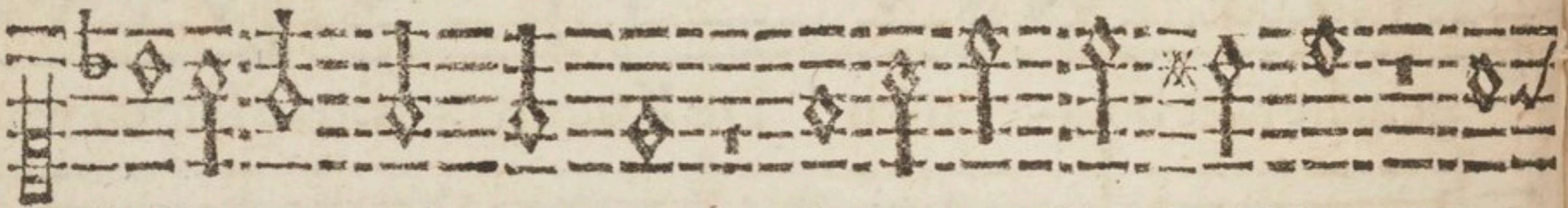
Oe veel is des volcks, Heer, Dat my be-



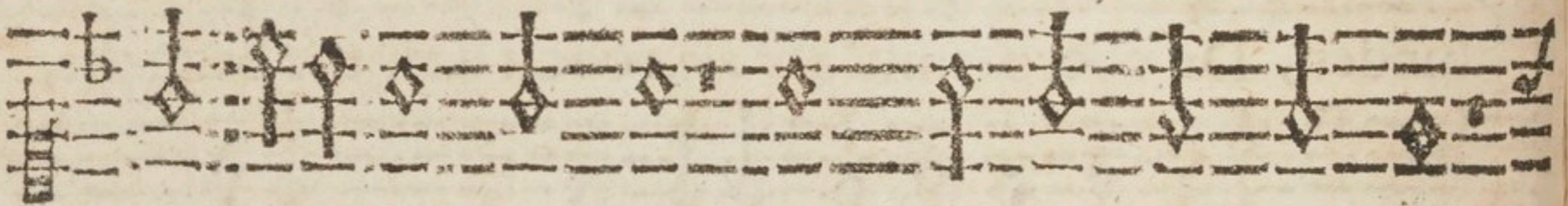
nijd soo seer? Hoe veel menschen my quellen? Hoe veel vy-



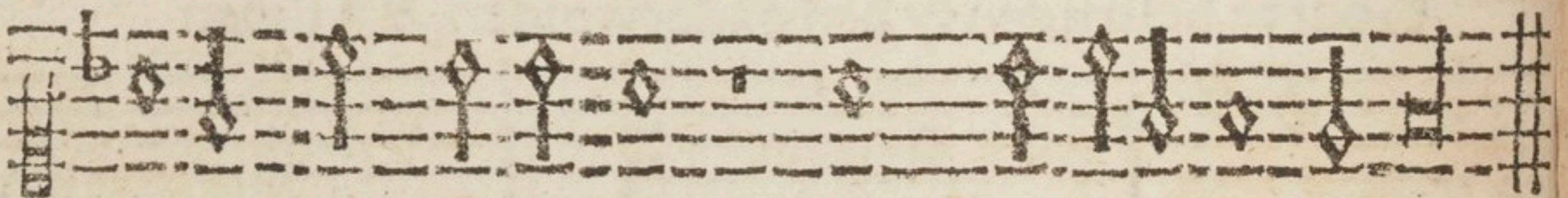
anden mijn Nu sterck te velde zijn, Die hen tegen my stellen?




Ick sie daer veel voorwaer, Die tot my spreken klaer; Ver-



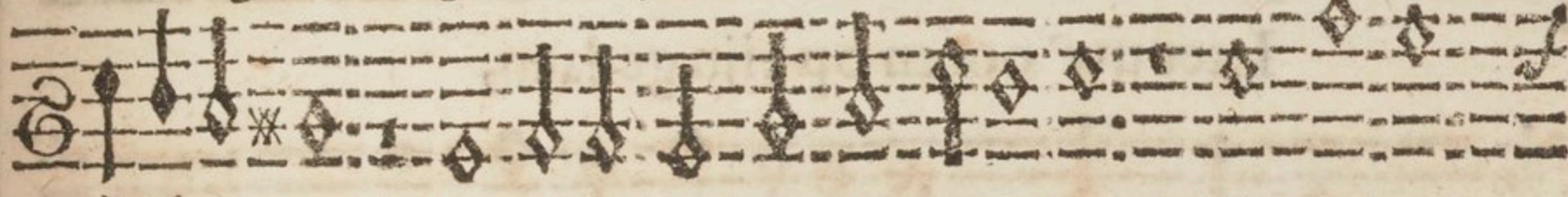
gaen zijn al sijn krachten, Sijn Godt die helpt hem niet

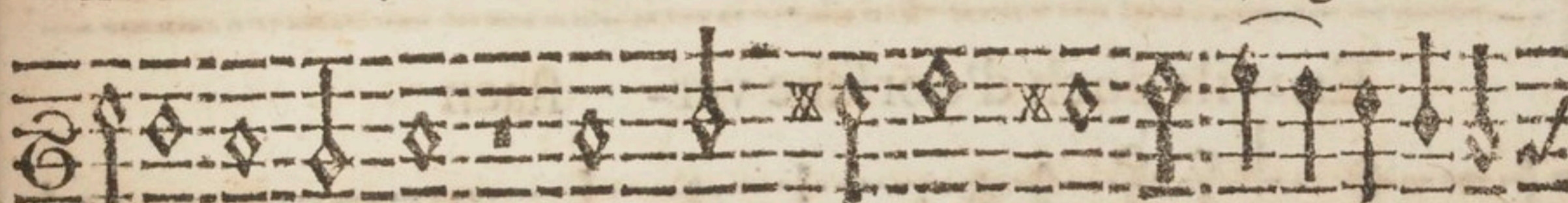


In dit kruys en verdriet: Maer 't zijn ydel gedachten.

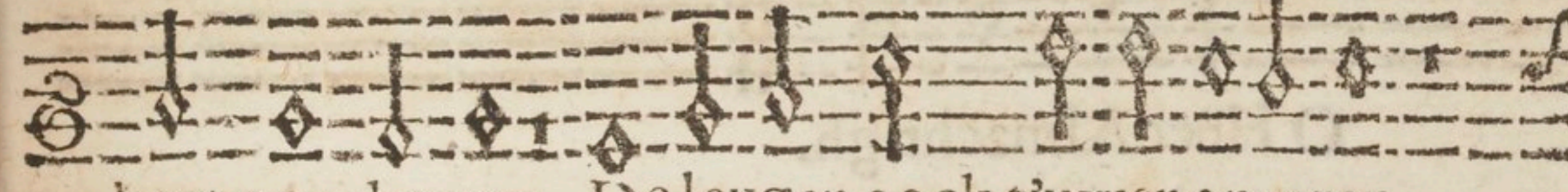
A 
 Ls ick u bidd', opent uw' ooren, O Heer,

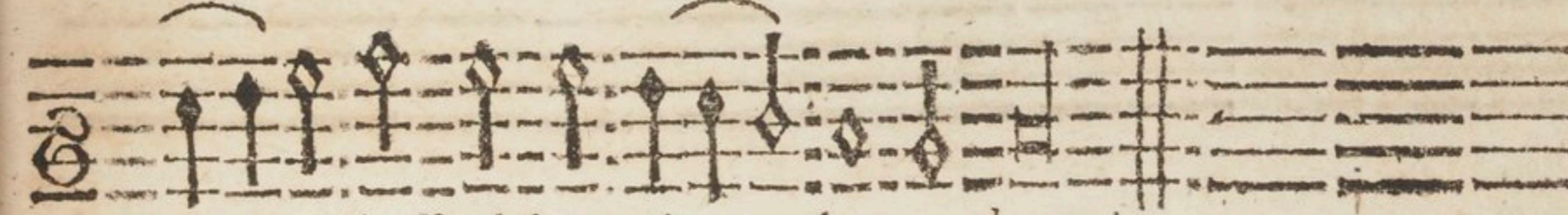

 mijner gerechtig- heyt; Laet mijn hert bangh uwen troost


 hoo- ren, En u stedes komen te voren Mijn gebed,


 na uw' goedigheyt. Hoe lang sult ghy soecken, ghy hee-


 ren, Mijn eer te schenden met hooghmoet? En u tot ydel-


 heyt gaen keeren, De leugen oock t' uwer onceren,

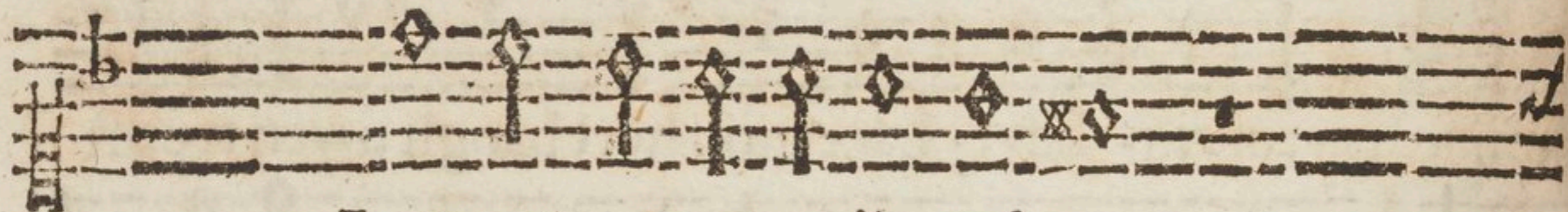

 Soo lief hebben als ghy nu doet?

Superius.

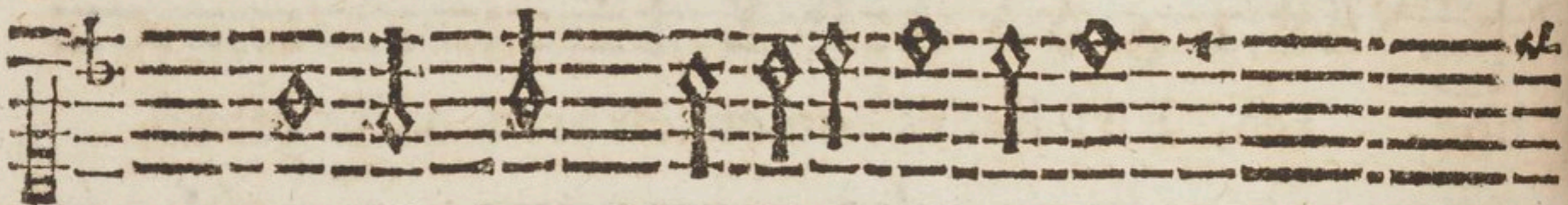
PSALM V.



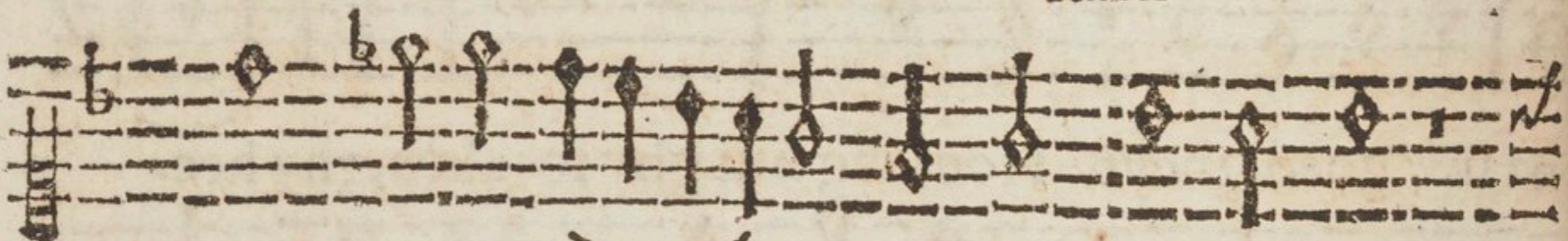
Erhoort, ô Godt, mijn woorden klachtigh,



Laet uw' ooren op zijn gedaen,



En wilt doch d'oorfake ver- ftaen

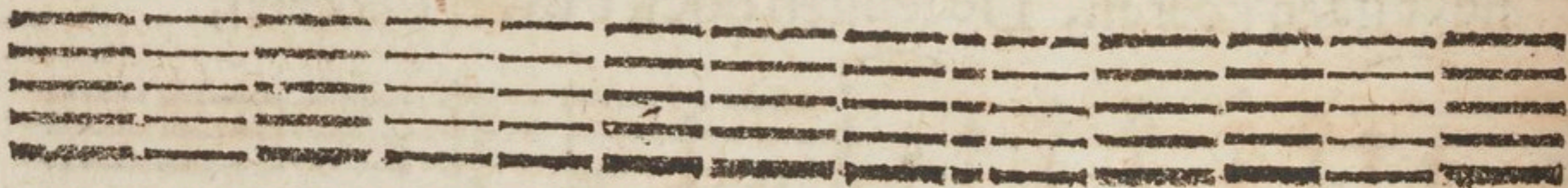


Mijns klagens en

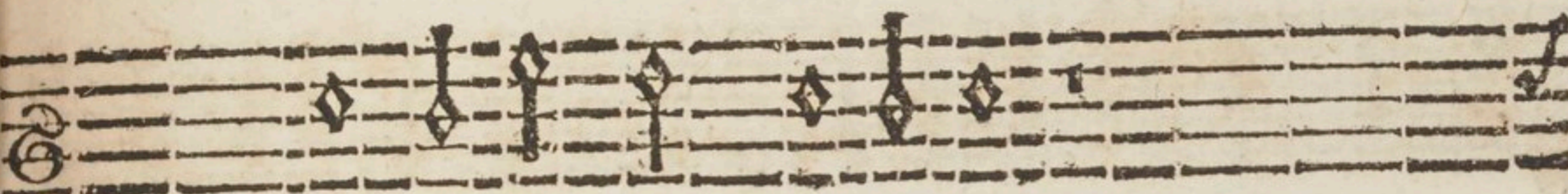
suchtens eendrachtigh,



O Heer Almachtigh.

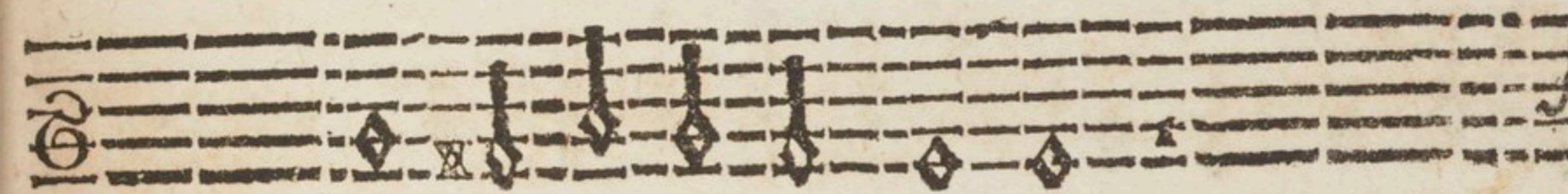


W 
 Ilt my niet straf- fen Hee- re,


 Die misdæen hebb' soo seere,


 In eenen grammen sin ;

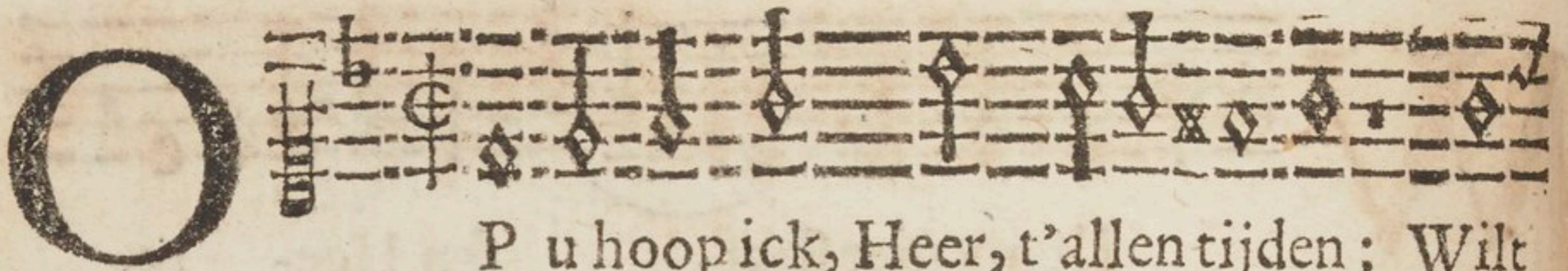

 In uwen toorn vervaerlick


 Kastijdt my niet soo svaerlick,


 Als ick wel waerdigh bin.

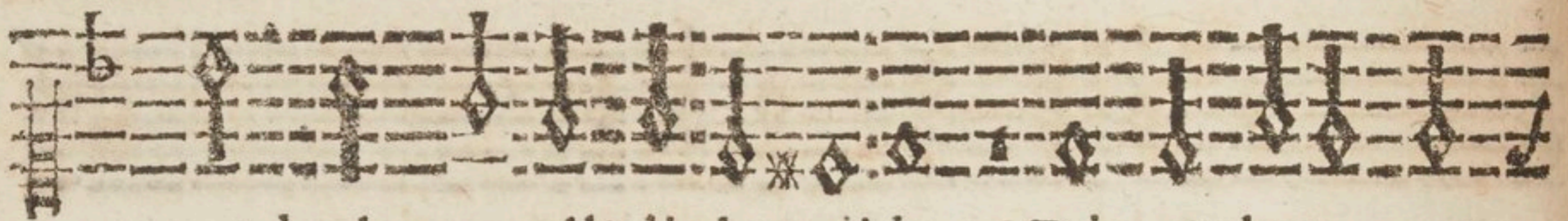
Superius.

PSALM VII.

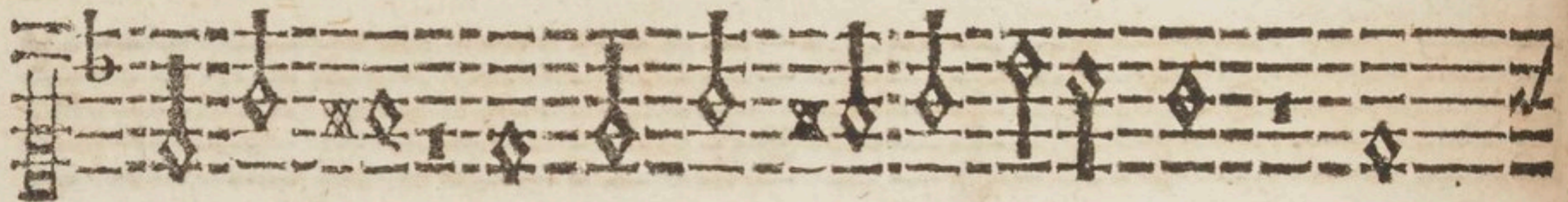


O

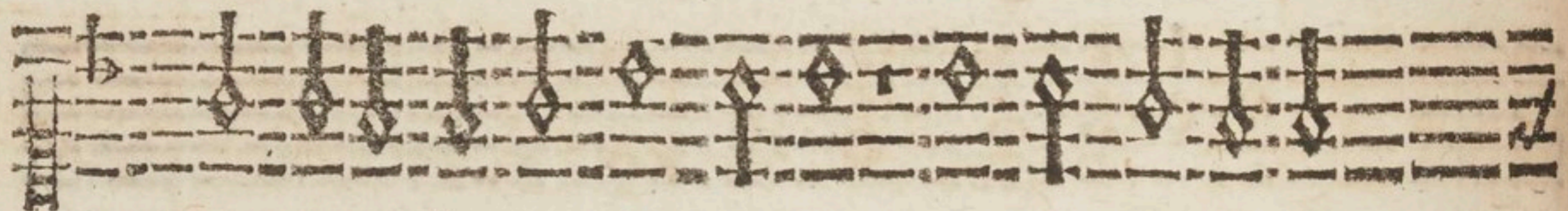
P u hoop ick, Heer, t'allen tijden: Wilt



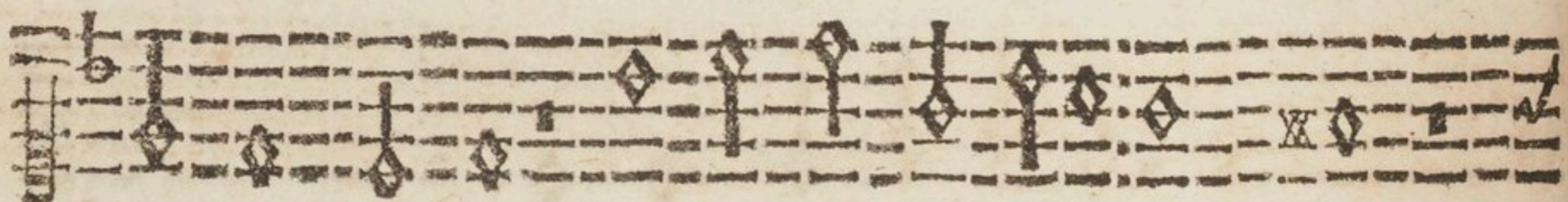
my doch voor all' die bevrijden, Die my haten met



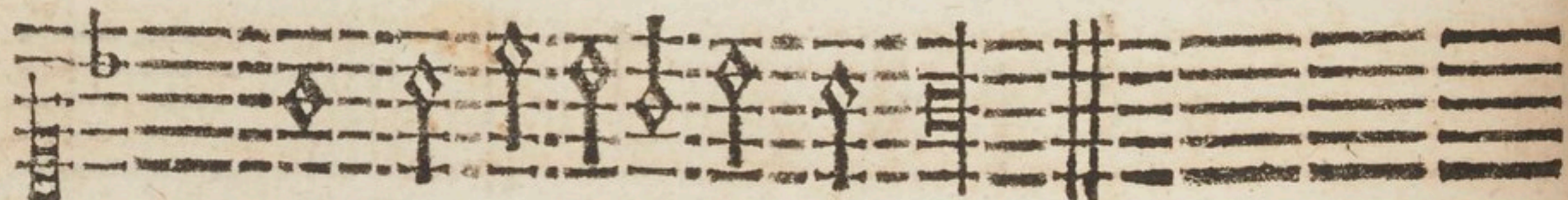
onverstant, Dat ick hen niet vall' in de hant. Dat



haer Overste my niet vange, En my, als eenen

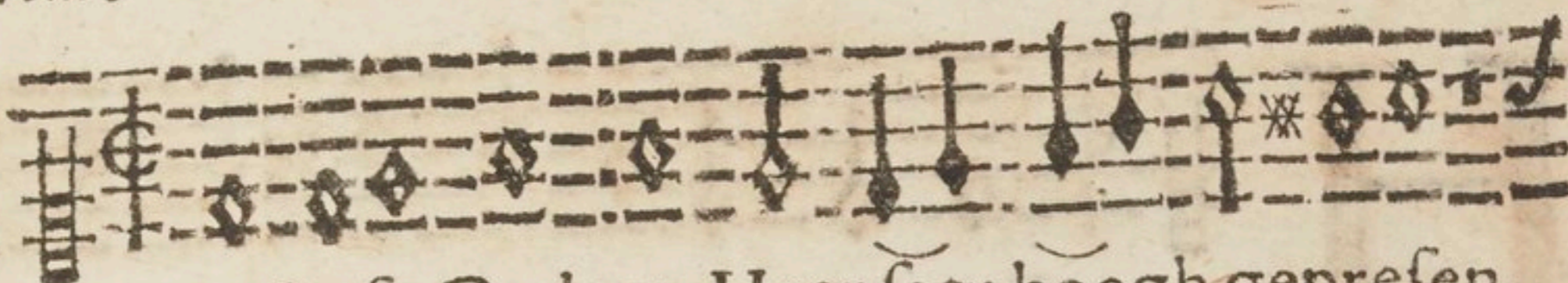


Leeuwe strange, Niet verniel' en make ter schandt,

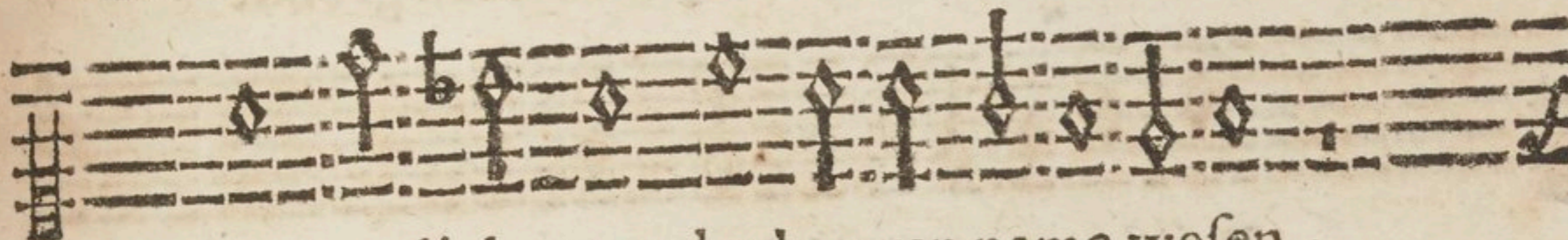


Bloot zijnde van uwen bystant.

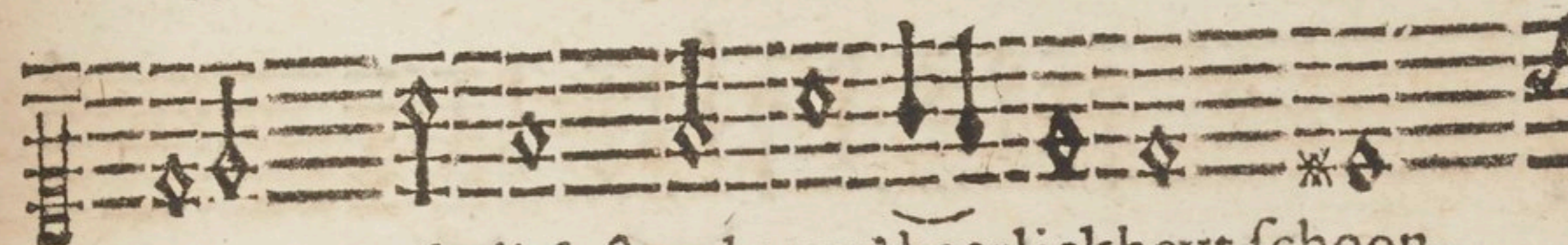
O



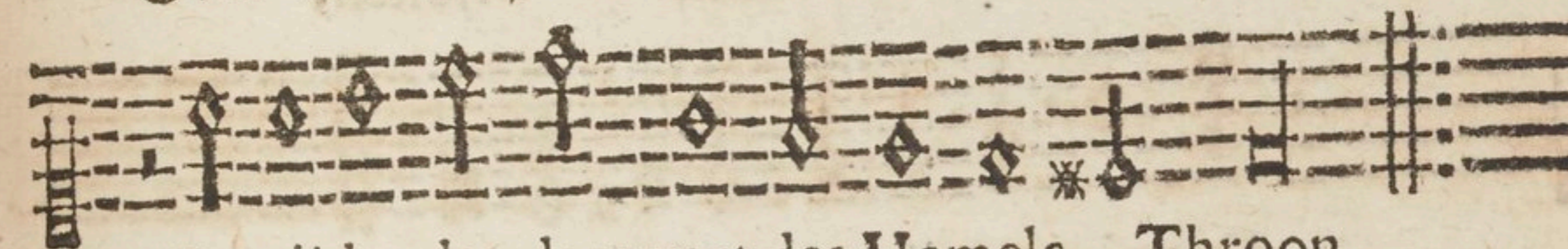
Onse Godt en Heer seer hoogh geprefen,



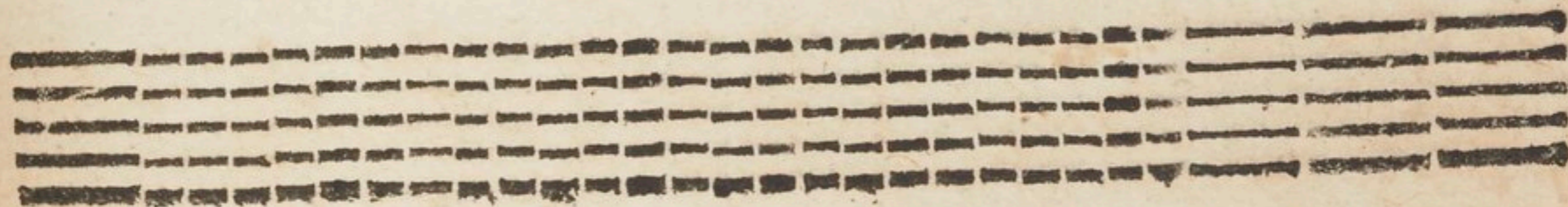
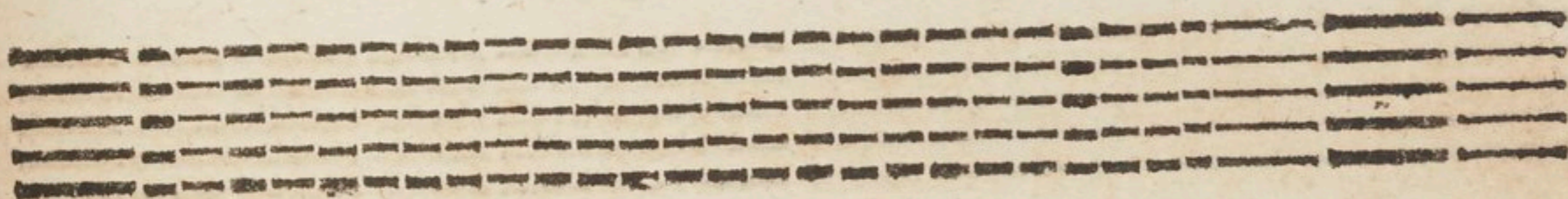
Hoe heerlick moet doch uwen name wesen ;



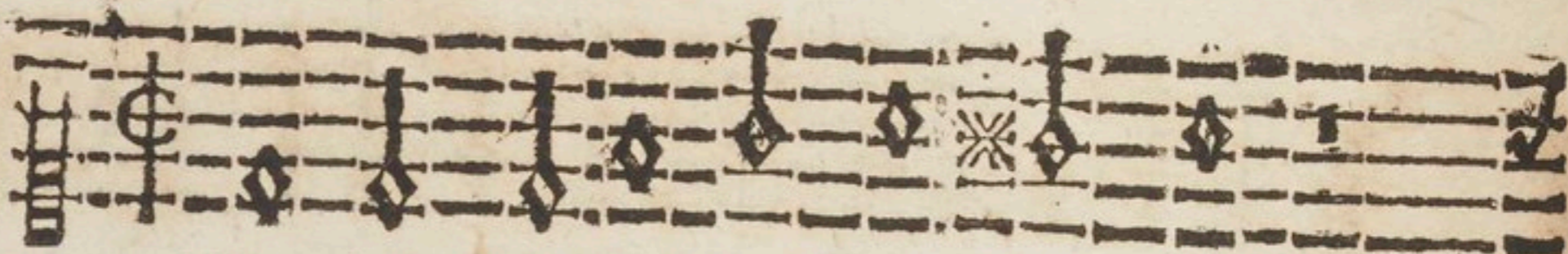
Over 't aerdtrijck streckt uw' heerlickheyt schoon,



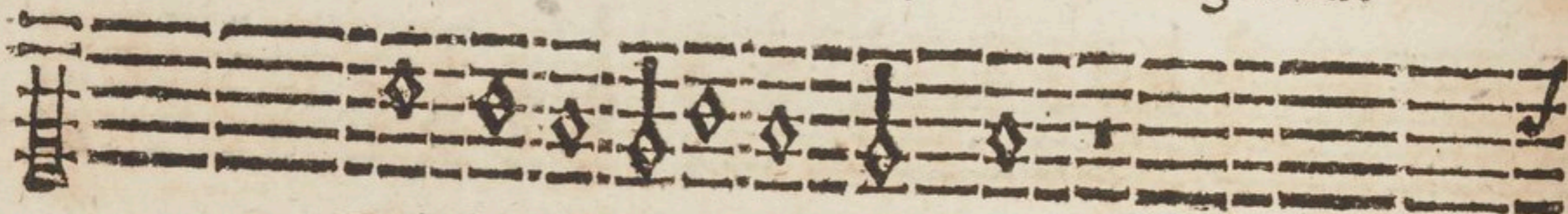
Ja wijder dan daer gaet des Hemels Throon.



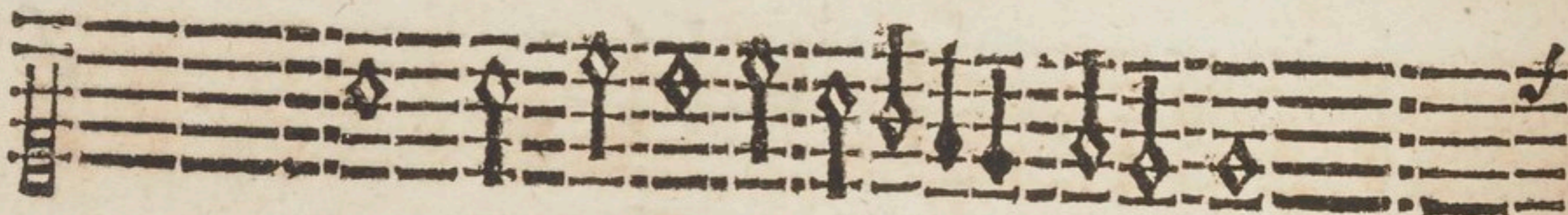
H



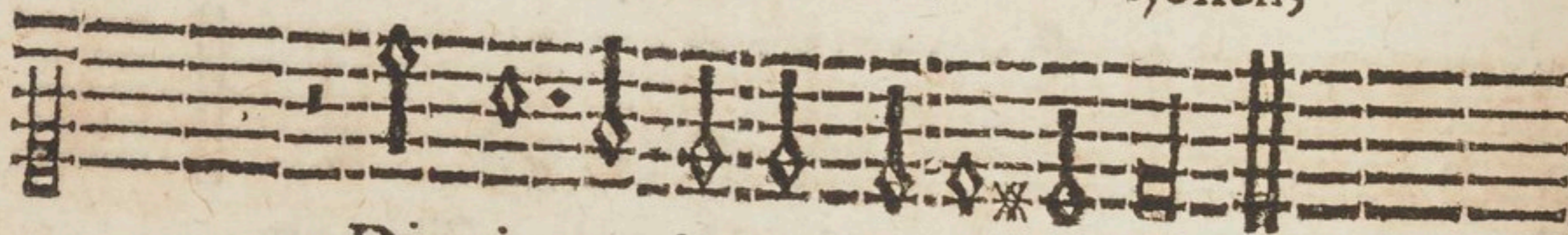
Eer, ick wil u uyt 's herten grondt



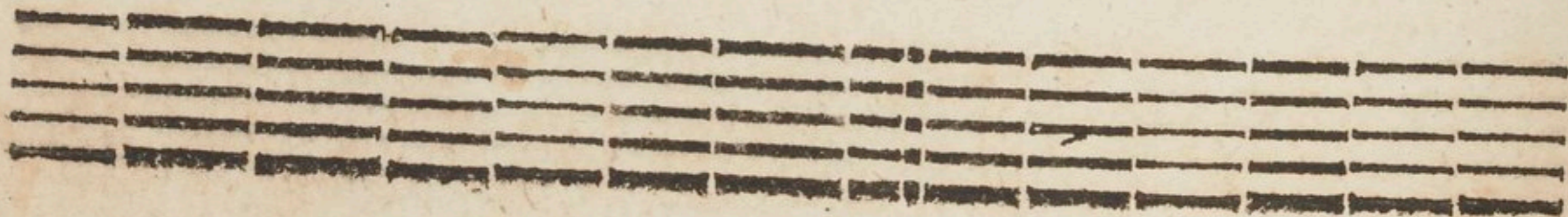
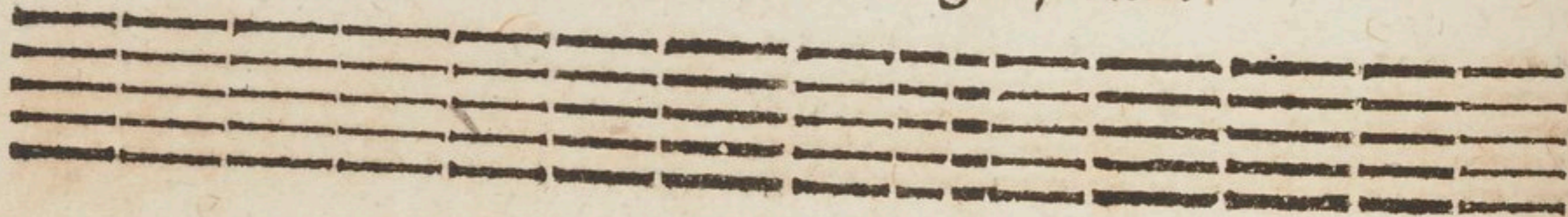
Prijfen, en over al doen kont

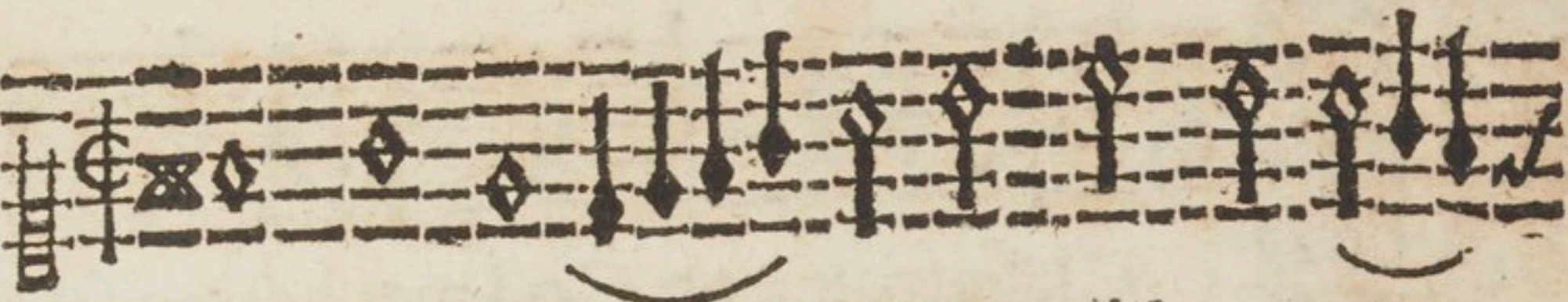


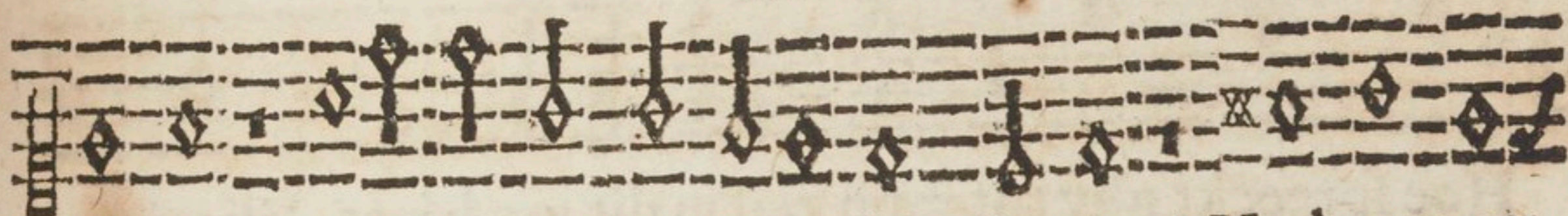
Uw' wonderen in allen wijcken,



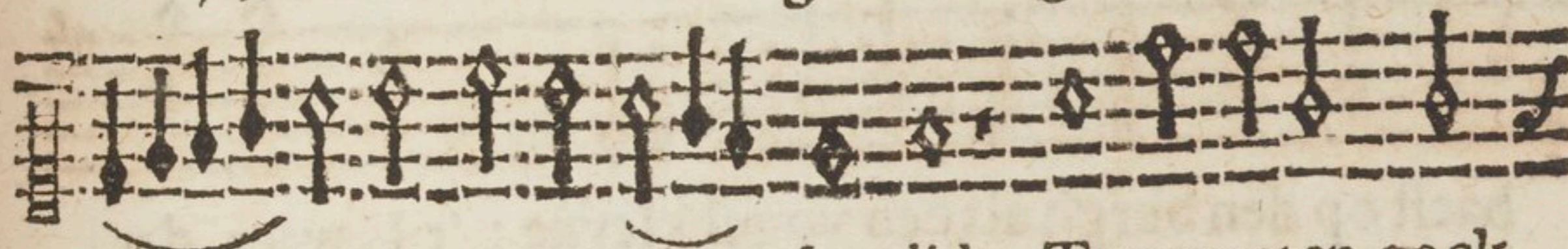
Die niet en zijn om vergelijcken.



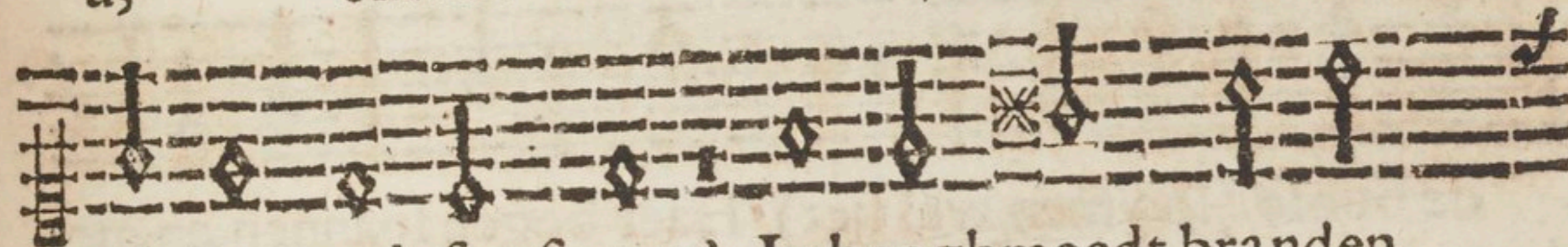
H  Oe komt dat gy, Heer, wijkt van ons



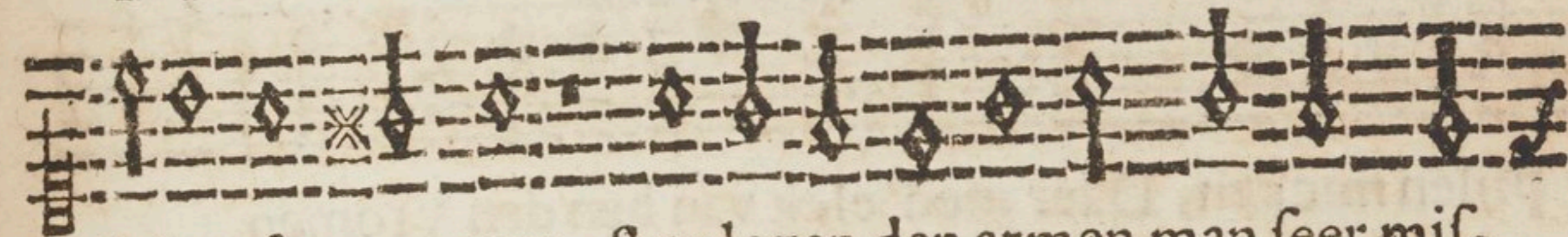
soo wijt, Ende bedeckt u aengesicht so gaer? Verbergt gy



u, om ons tot al- ler tijdt Te vergeten, oock



in den noodt soo swaer? In hooghmoedt branden



de boose voorwaer, Sy plagen den armen man seer mis-



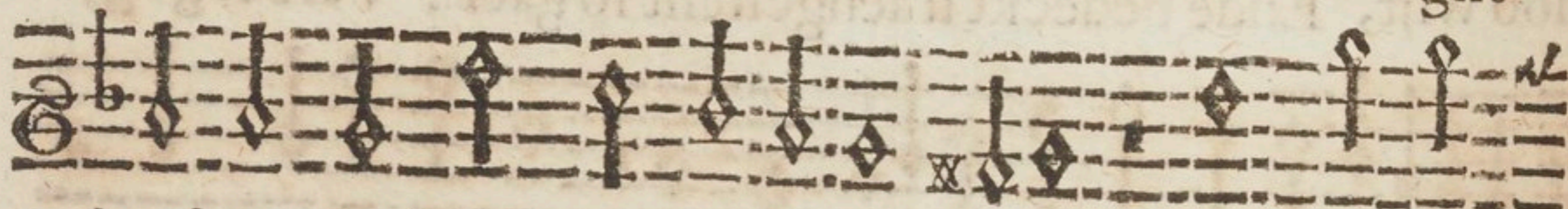
presen; Laets' in haer listen selfs gevangen we- sen.



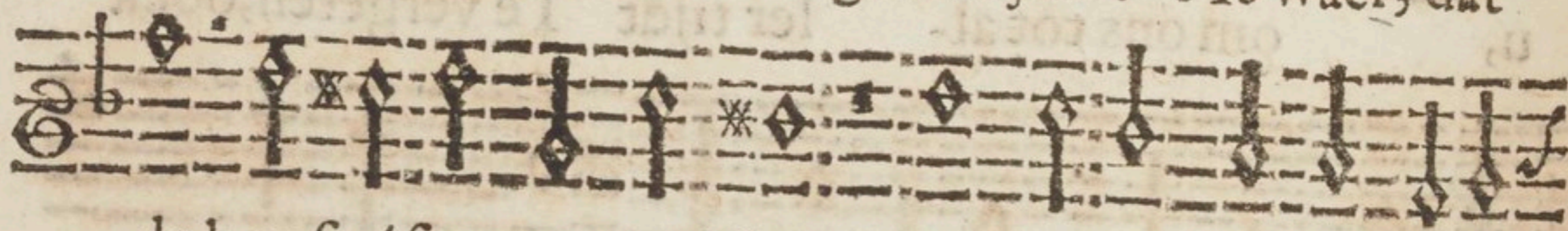
Eck betrouw op God met herten seer reyne ;



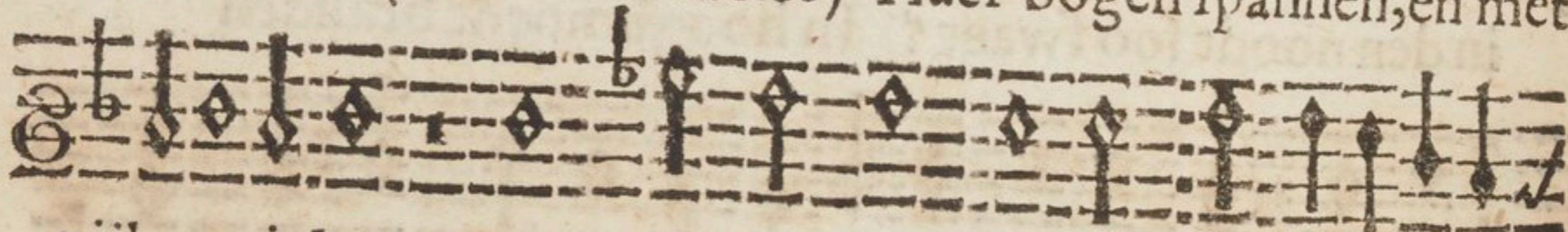
Hoe spreeckt ghy tot mijn ziel in dit verdriet? Vlieght



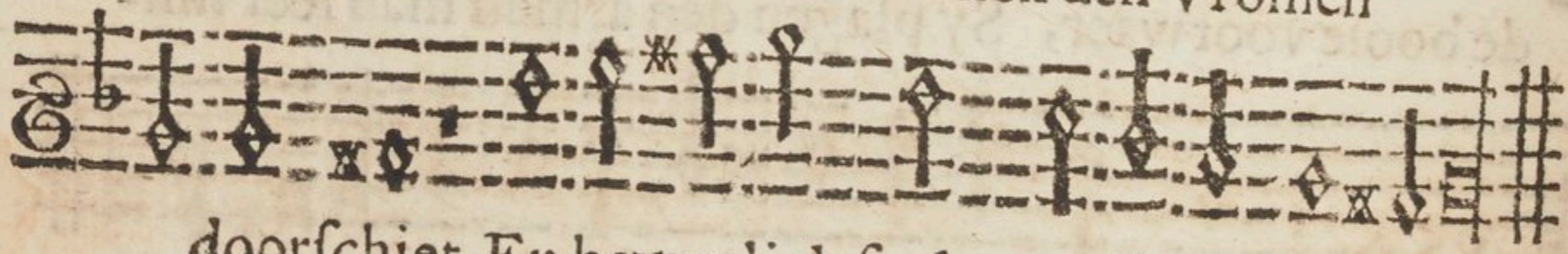
haest op den bergh als een vogel kleyne : 't Is waer, dat



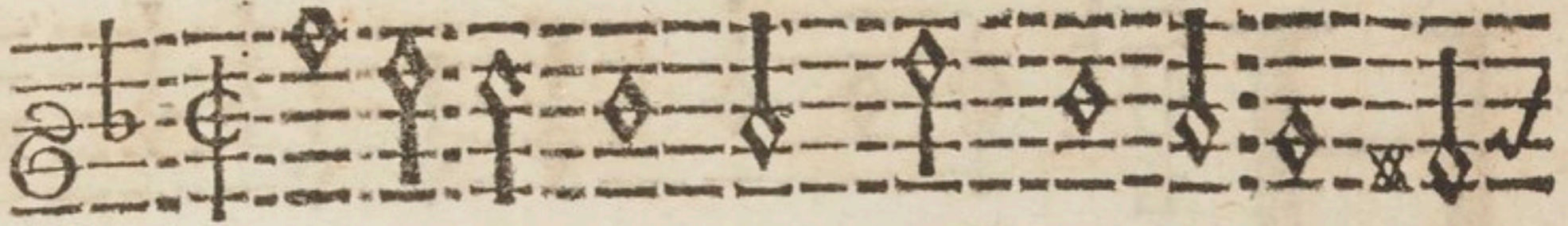
de boose (soo men wel fiet) Haer bogen spannen, en met



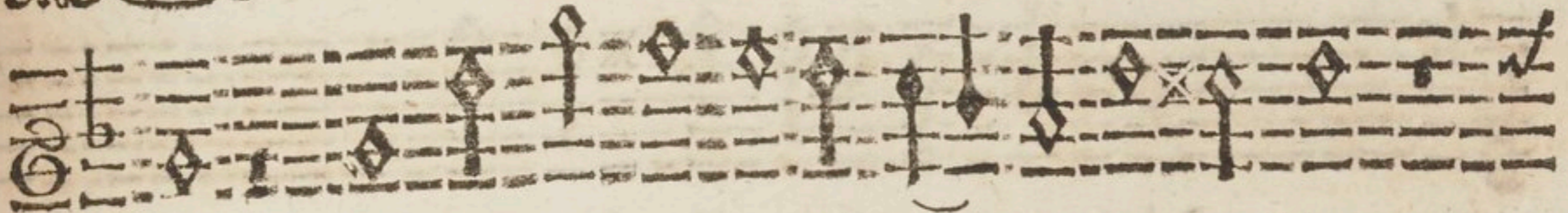
pijlen micken, Daer med' elck van hen den Vromen



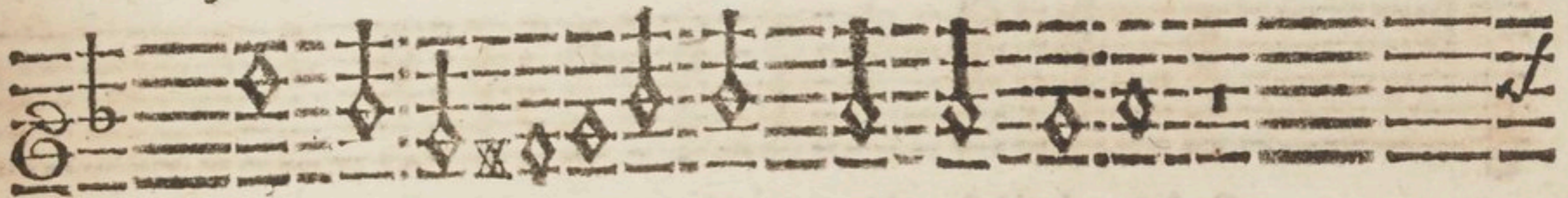
doorschiet, En heymelick soekt met list te verstricken.



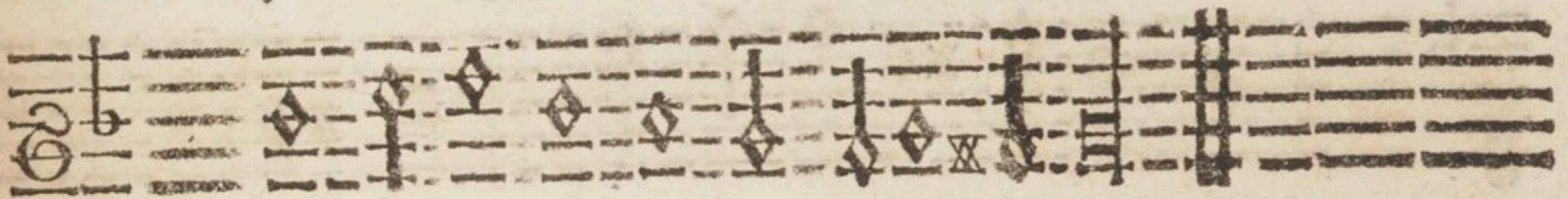
Oet ons bystant, 't is meer dan tijt, O Hee-



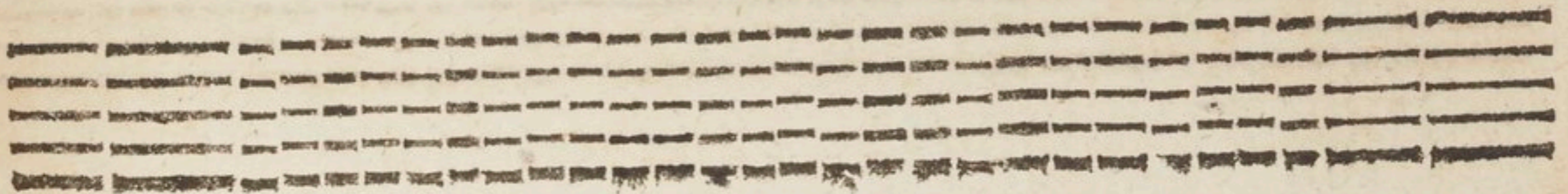
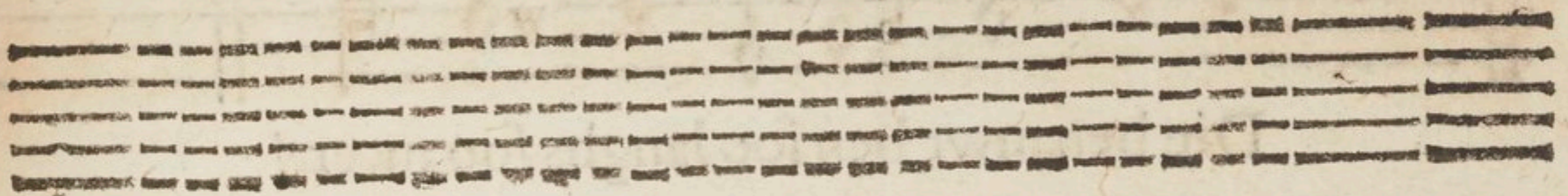
re; Want der vromer getal is worden kleen:

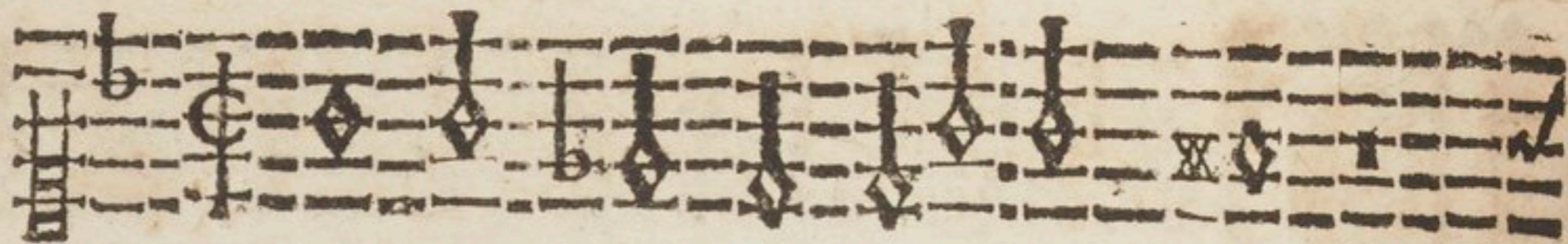


Sy hebben afgenomen soo gaer seere,

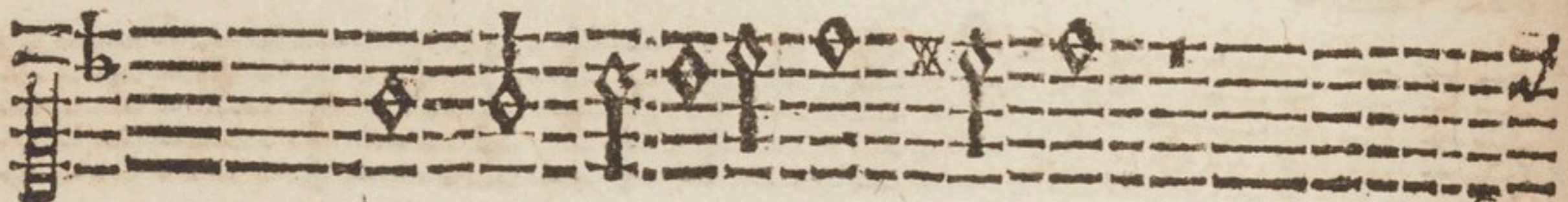


Dat der oprechten niet en is tot een.

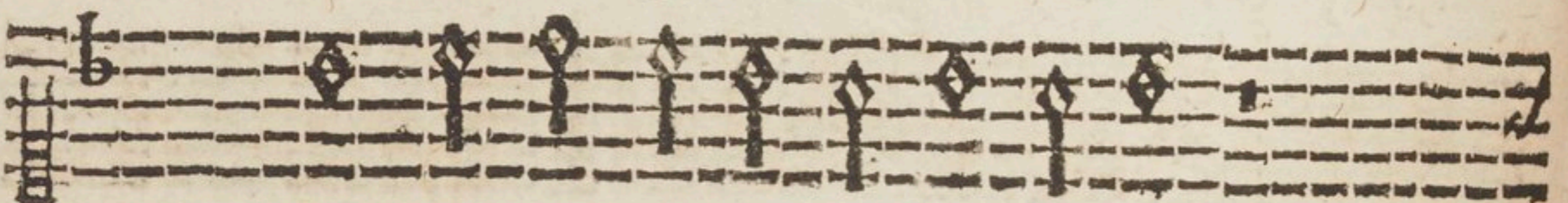


H 

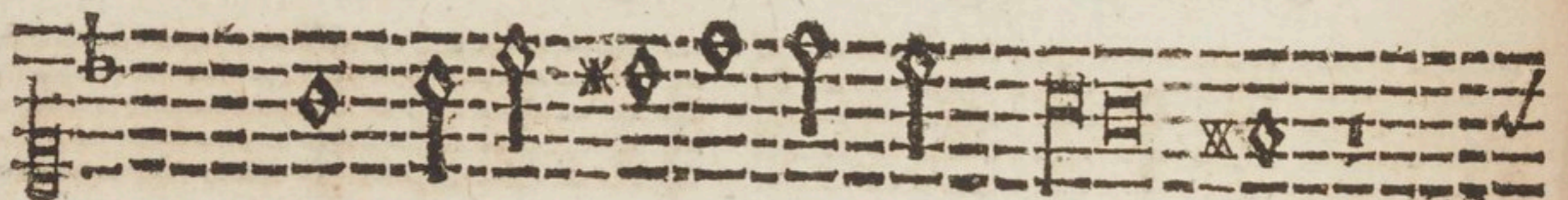
Oe lang' hebt ghy besloten, Heer,



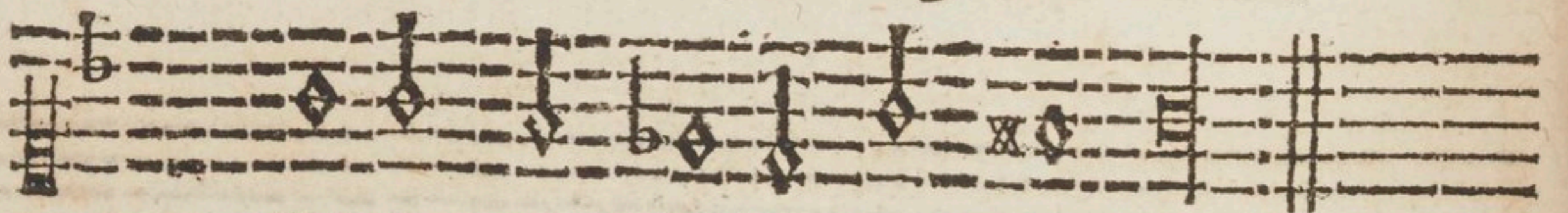
My te vergeten al- soo seer?



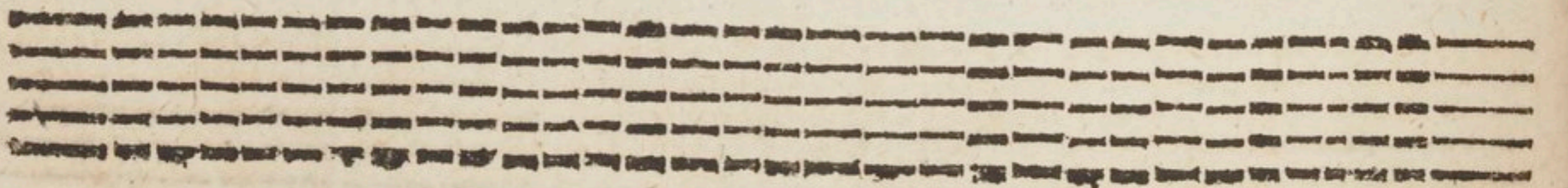
Sal't altijd zijn en nimmer enden?



Wilt ghy u van my eeuwigh wen- den,



Die benauwt ben soo langhs soo meer?



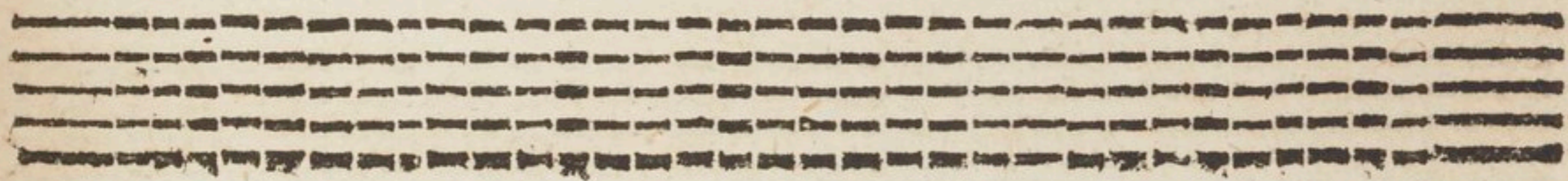
D E dwaes die spreekt in sijn herte seer

quaet ; Daer is geen Godt, en hy verwoest met desen

Sijn leven gantsch door sijn grouwelick wesen ;

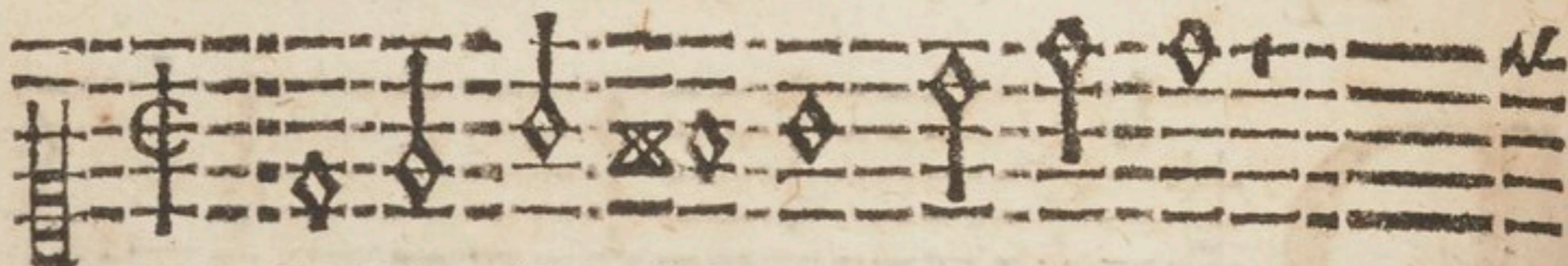
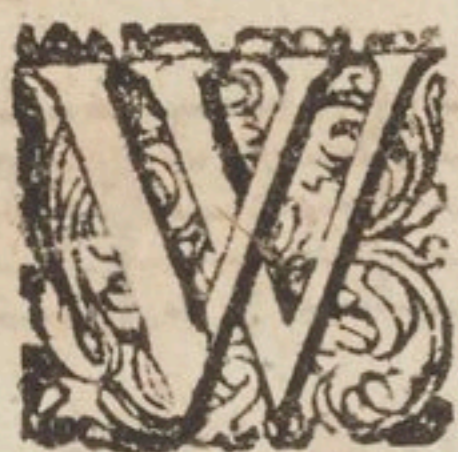
Daer is niet een die met woort ofte daet,

Wat goets begaet.



Superius.

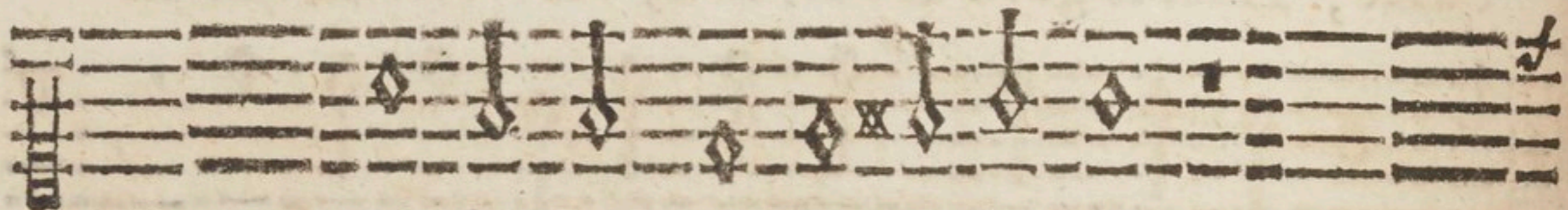
PSALM XV.



Ie is't die sal woonen eenpaer



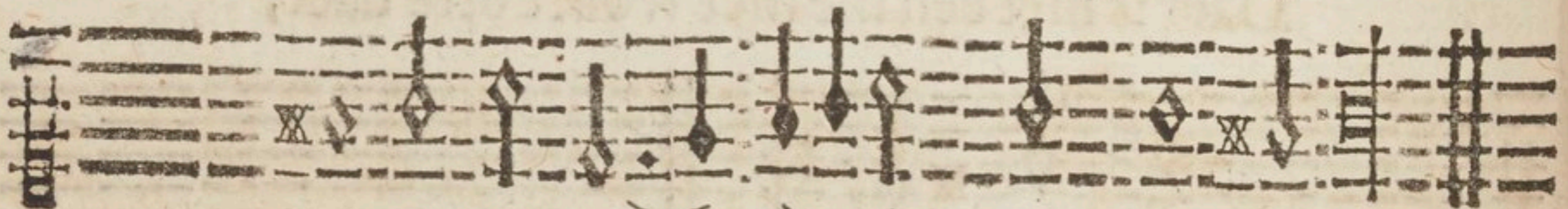
In u lieflicke tenten Hee- re?



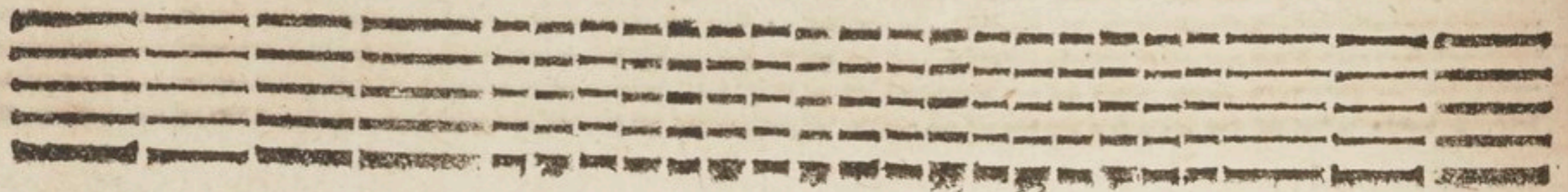
Wie sal doch verkeeren hier naer,

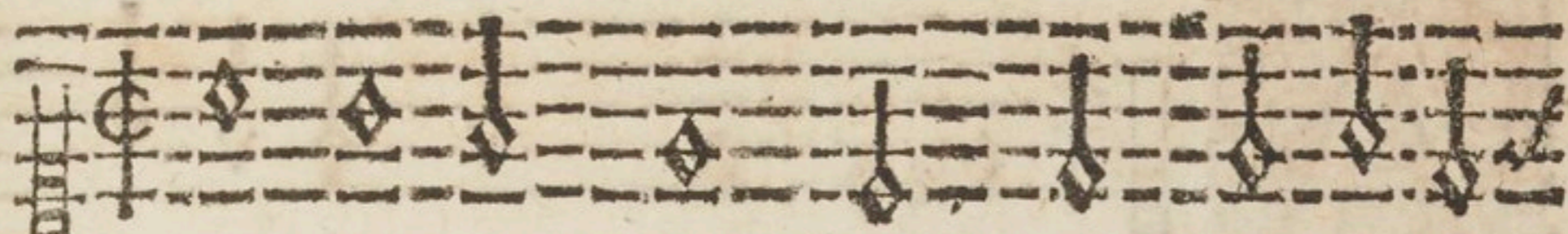
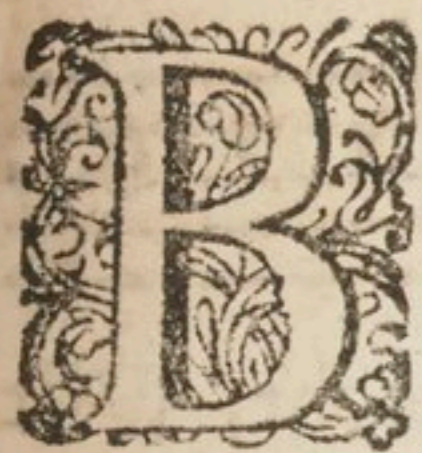


[Door uw' goetheyt, sonder gevaer,]

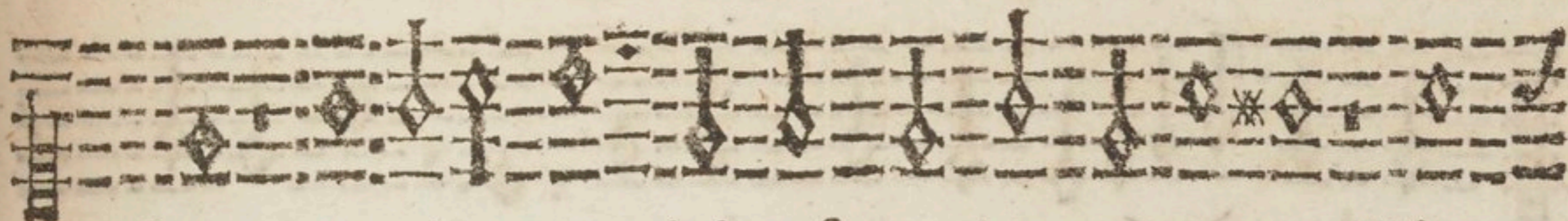


Op uwen heyl'- gen bergh met eere?





Ewaert my, Heer, weest doch mijn toever-



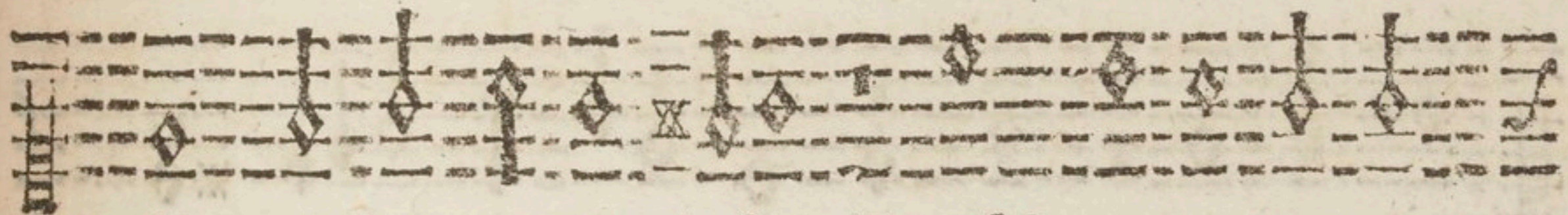
laet, Op u betrouw ick vast met herten reyne. Dies



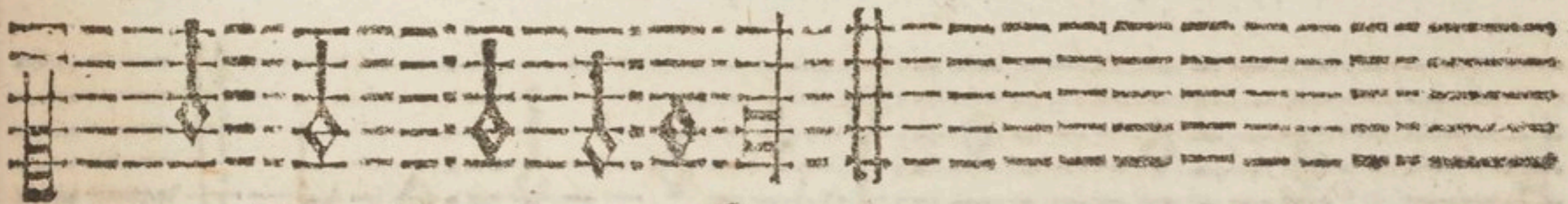
spreeckt mijn ziel tot u in desen staet: Ghy hebt,



Heer, over my de macht alleyne: Doch en komt uyt



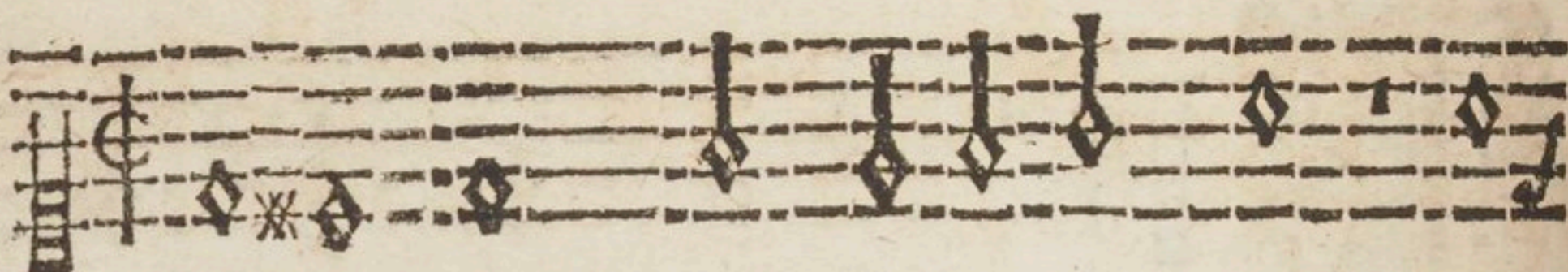
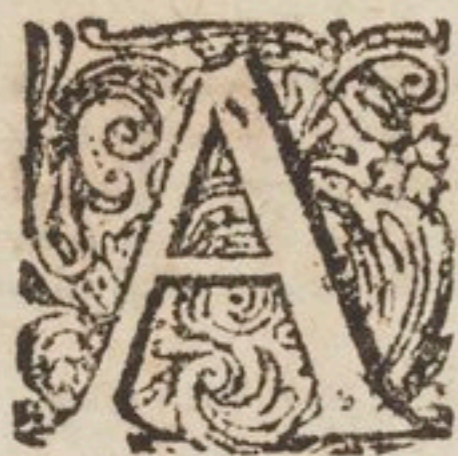
mijn wercken uytge- lesen Gantsch geen en nut tot



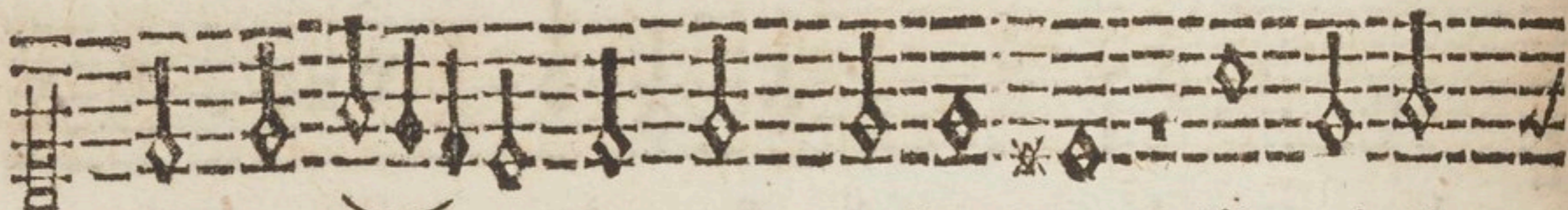
u, Heer hoogh gepresen.

Superius.

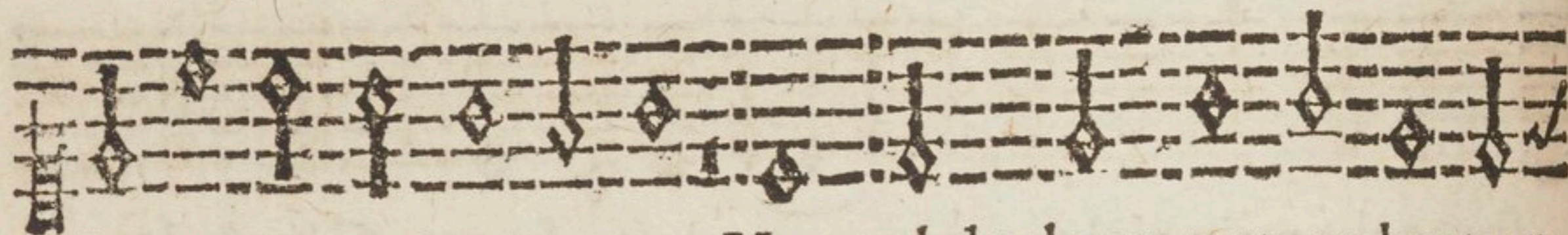
PSALM XVII.



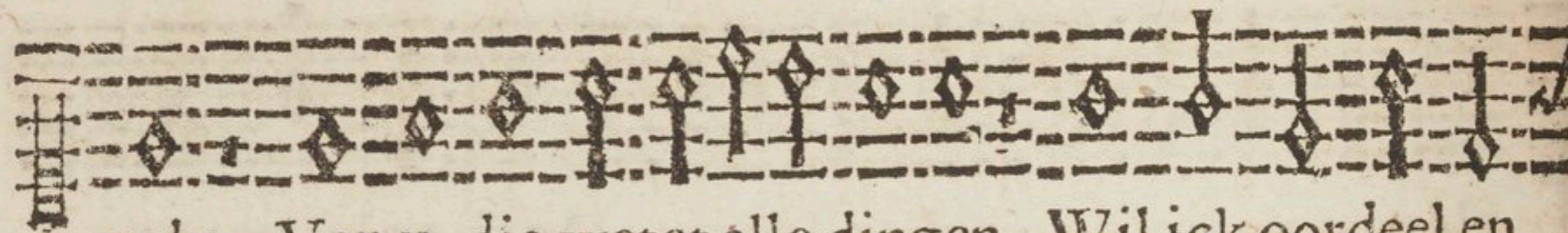
Enfiet, Heer, 't recht van uwen knecht, Wilt



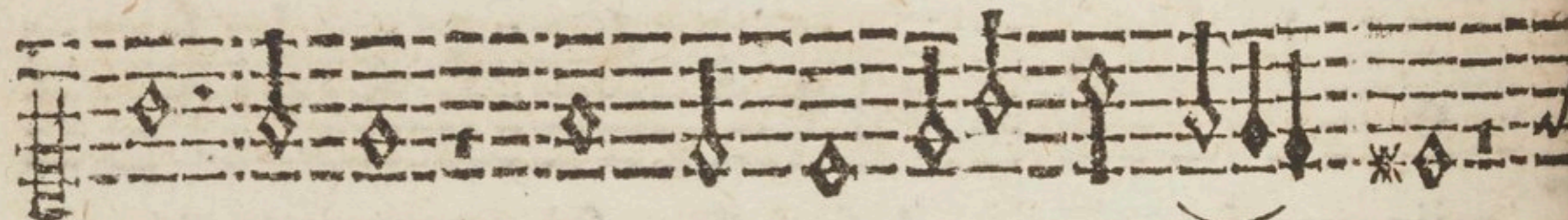
mijn geroep, ô Godt, verhooren, Mijn gebedt



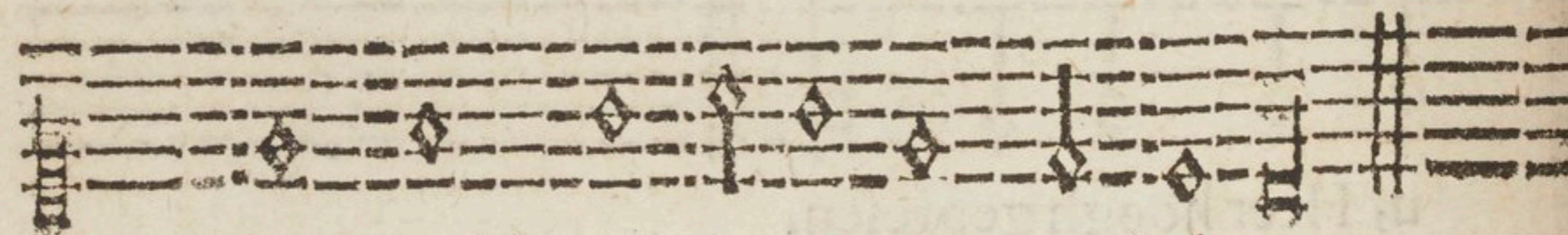
kome tot uw' ooren, Het welck vloeyt uyt een hert op-



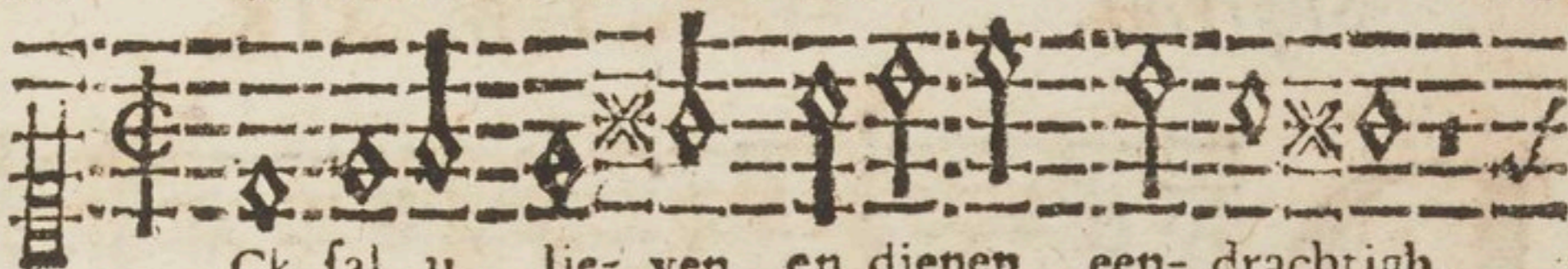
recht. Van u, die wetet alle dingen, Wil ick oordeel en



recht ontfaen, Wilt doch mijn sake mercken aen,



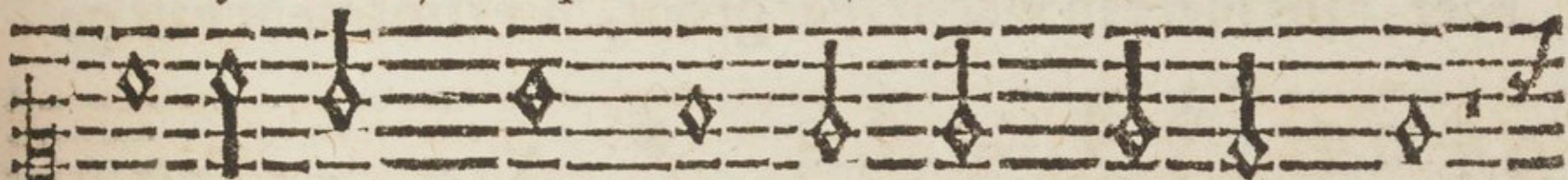
Want gantsch recht is al mijn voortbringen.



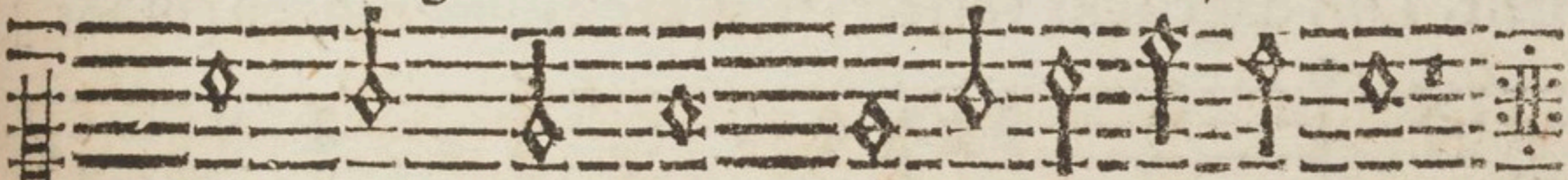
Ik sal u lie-ven en dienen een-drachtigh,
 I Mijn hope staet alleen op Godt gepresen,



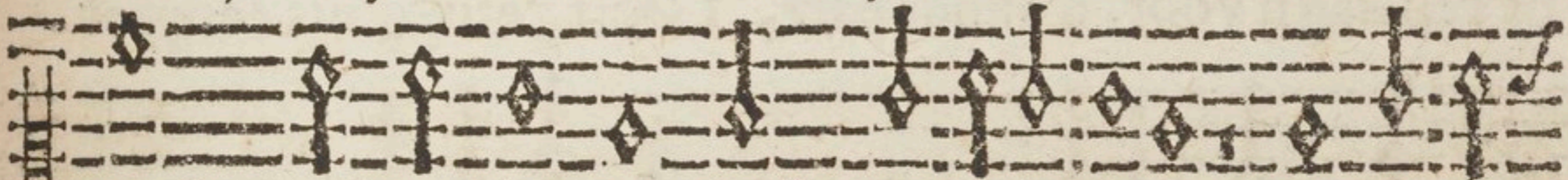
Mijn le-ven lang, O Godt mijn sterck-te krachtigh.
 Hy wil mijn wapen en mijn toevlucht wesen.



Ghy zijt mijn burcht, mijn troost, mijn heyl, mijn steen,
 Als ick hem groot maeck, en bidd' na sijn woordt,



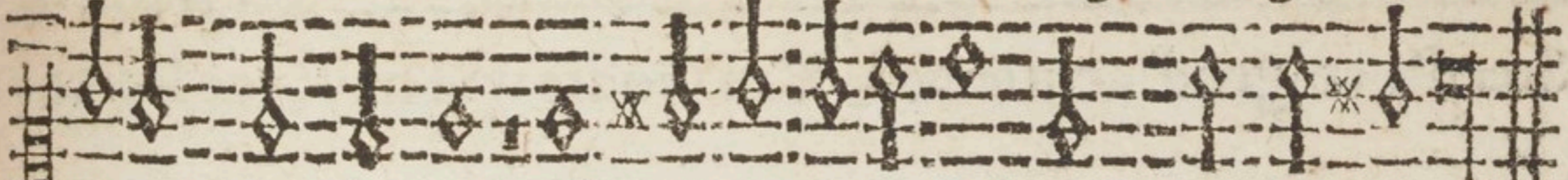
Mijn schildt, mijn hoorn, mijn bewaer-der al-leen.
 Mijn vy-an-den hy haestelick verstoort.



's Doods nood omving my deef' voorledē dagē, Stroomē der



boo-sen maectē't hert verflagen. De angst des grafs had-

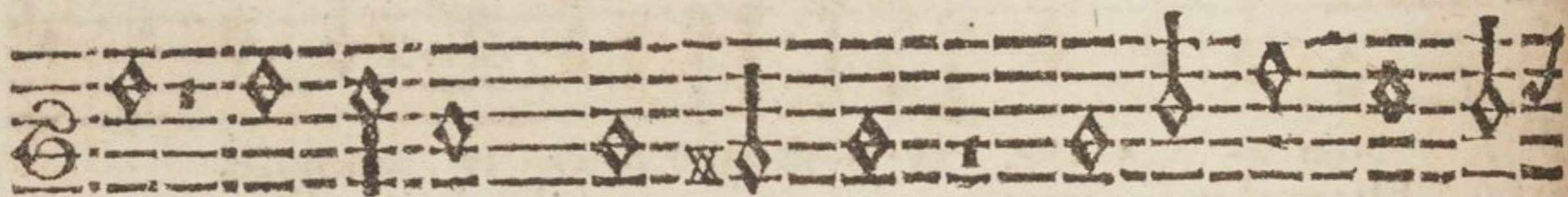


de my gants bevaē, Met dē strickē des doots was ik belaeen.

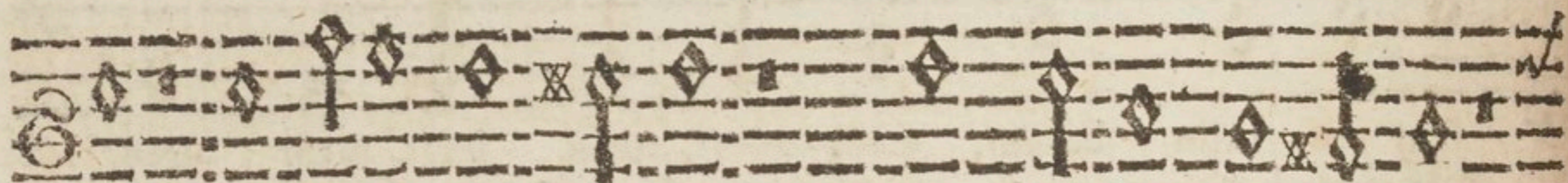
Superius.

PSALM XIX.

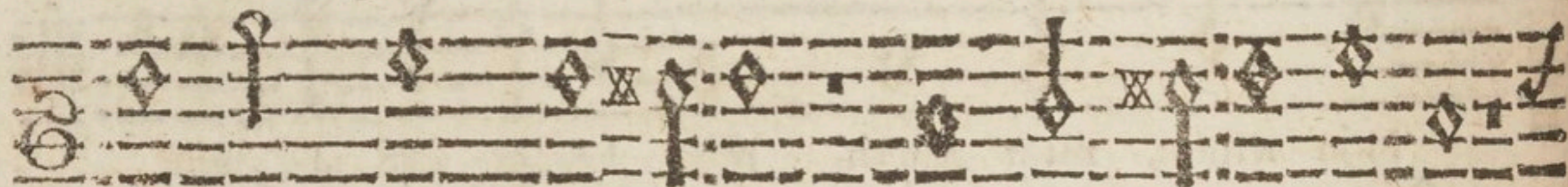
D  **E** Hemelen seer klaer Verkonden open-



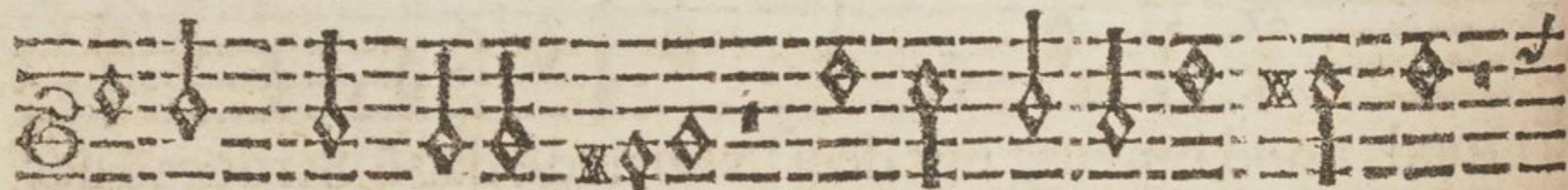
baer Des Heeren macht seer groot, 't Firmament vast ge-



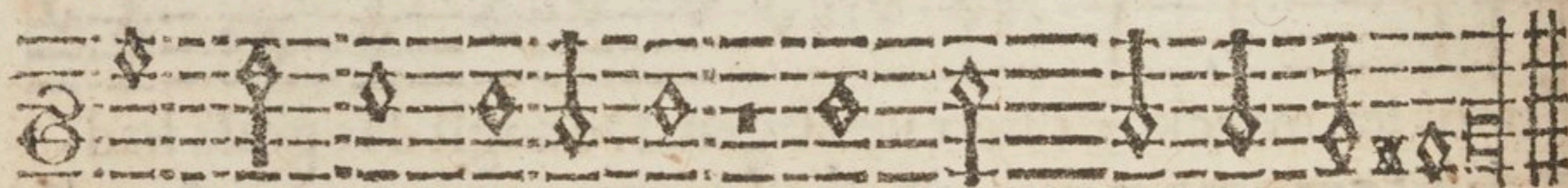
stelt, Ons dagelicks vertelt 't Werck sijner handen [bloot.]



D'een dagh voor, d'ander naer, Geeft getuyg'nis eenpaer



Ons van Godt onsen Heere : Denachten alge- meen

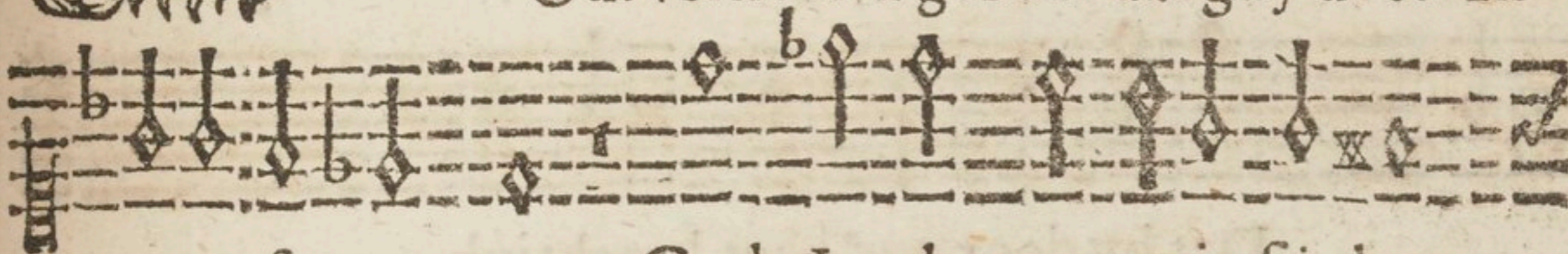


Steed's volgend' achter een, Van Godts wijs heyt ons leeren.

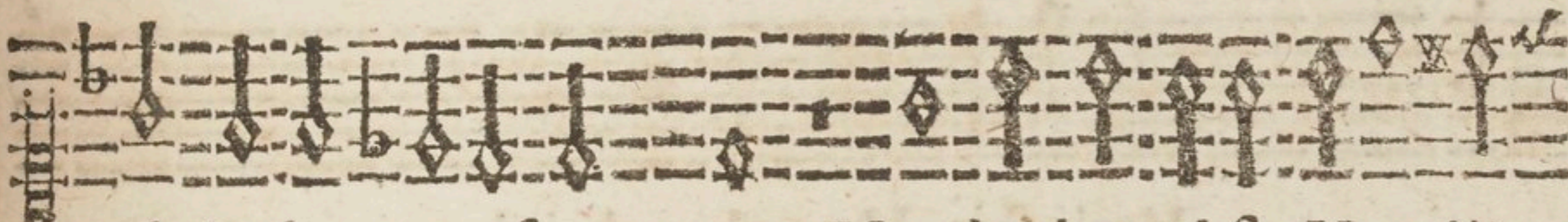
de me gans beysd Met de trick des doors was ik betaen.



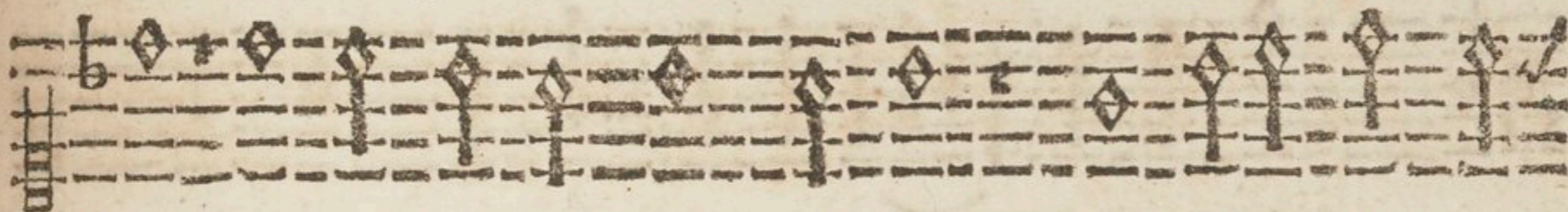
Odt verhoor u gebedt dat ghy doet In



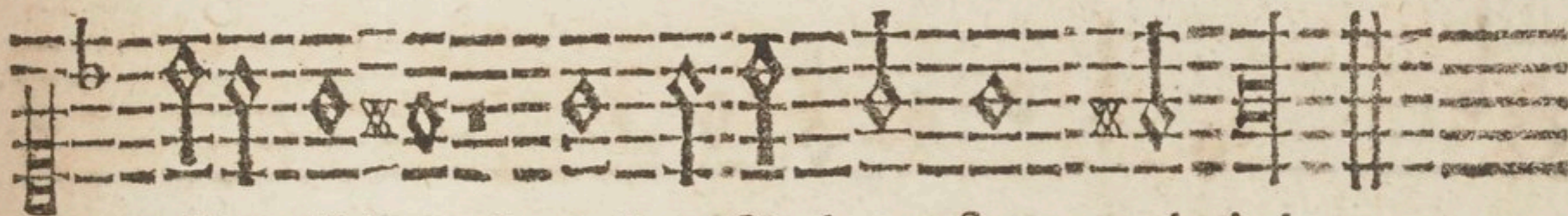
uwen swaren noot ; Godt Jacobs neem u in sijn be-



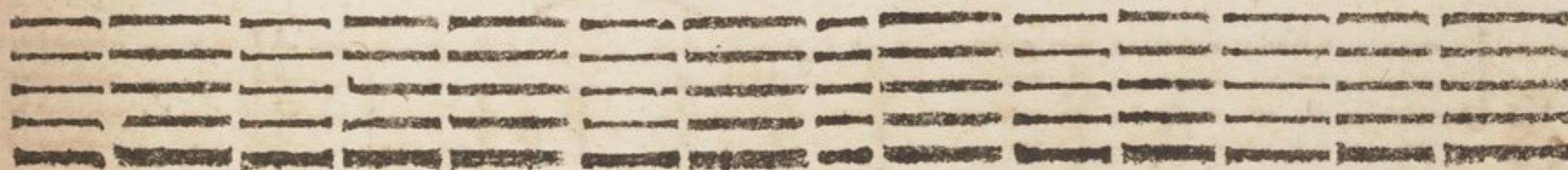
hoed, In den tegenspoet groot. Uyt den hemel sie Hy u lij-



den, En help u oock seer krachtigh, Van Zion den bergh




t'allen tijden Sterck' u sijn hant seer machtigh.

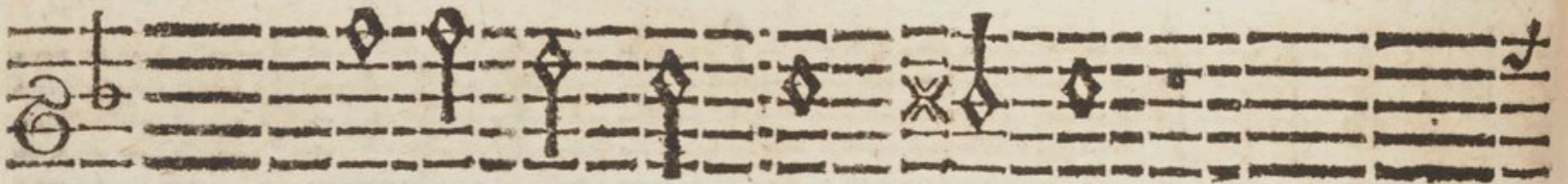


Superius.

PSALM XXI.

D 

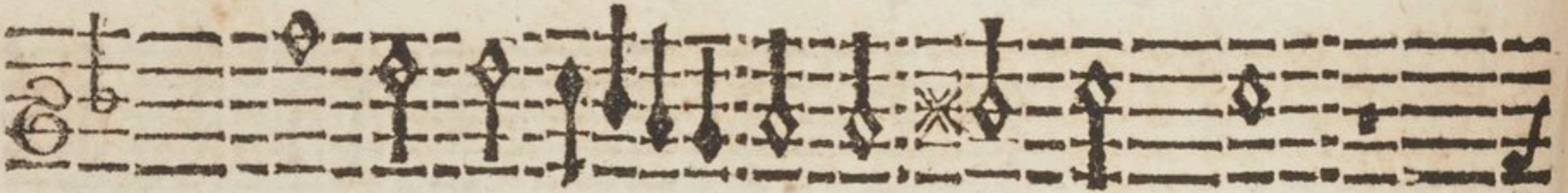
E Koningh sal seer zijn verheught,



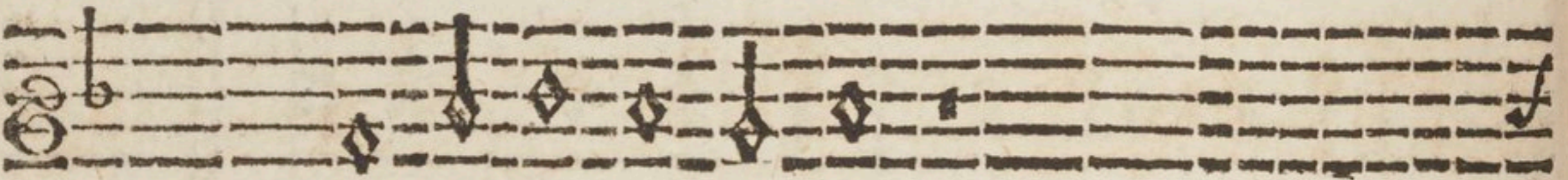
Dat hy door uw' hant krachtigh



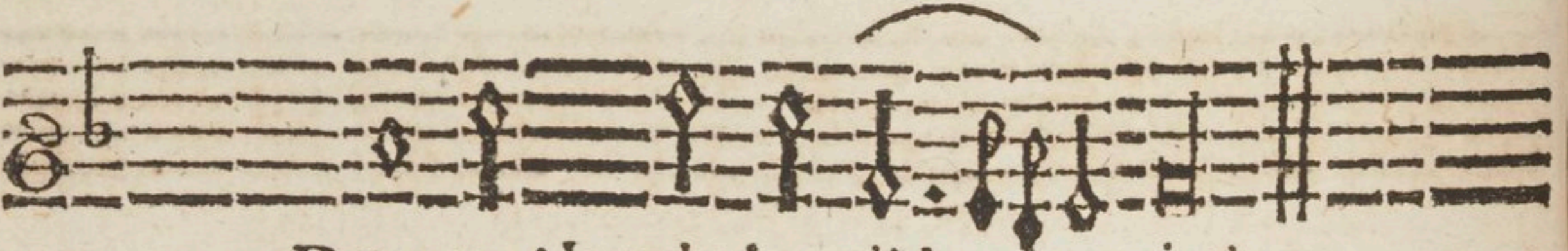
Verloft is, Heer almachtigh :



Hoe vol sal hy we- sen der vreugd,



Siende dat hy gewis



Door uw' kracht bevrijdt is ?

W Aerom verlaet gy my, mijn God, mijn Heer?

Verr' is uw' hulp, doch ben ick benouwt seer, Verre hebt

ghy mijn klachten ver- steken, Die my uytbreken.

Des daeghs aenroep ick u uyt's herten gronde,

Nochtans antwoord ghy my tot geender stonde, Ende des

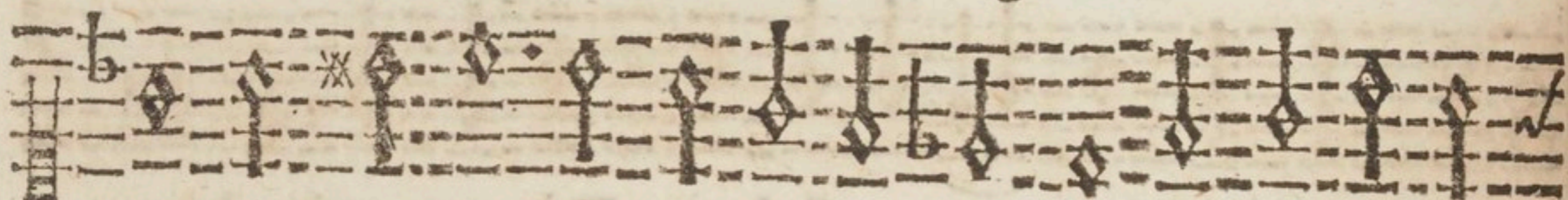
nachts laet ick niet af van klagen, Seer verflagen.



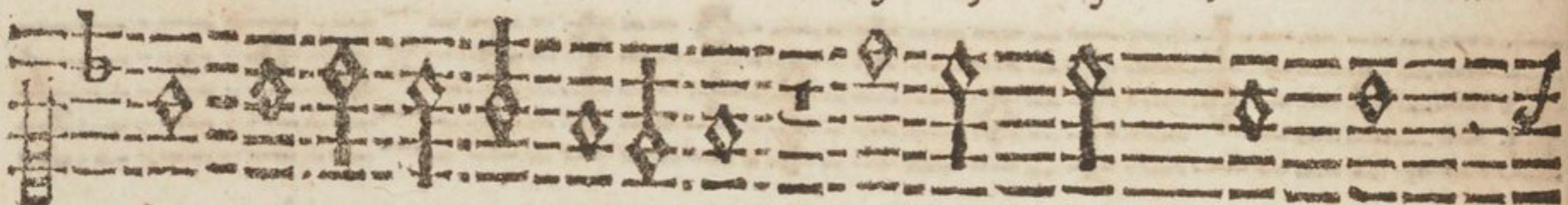
Yn Godt voed my als mijn Herder ge-



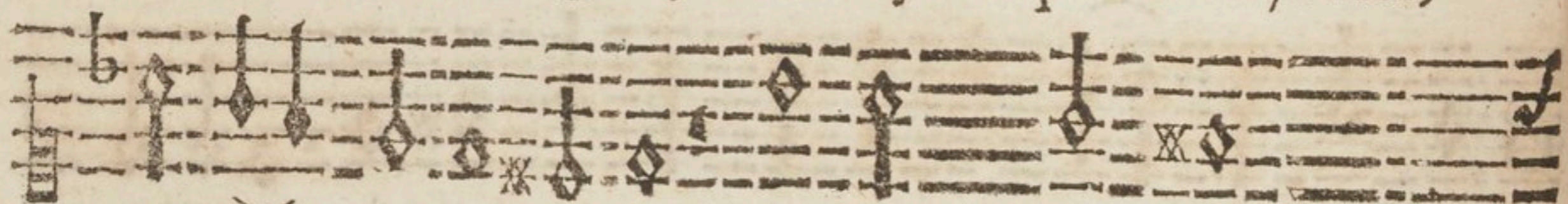
presen, Dies sal ick geenes dings behoeffick wesen.



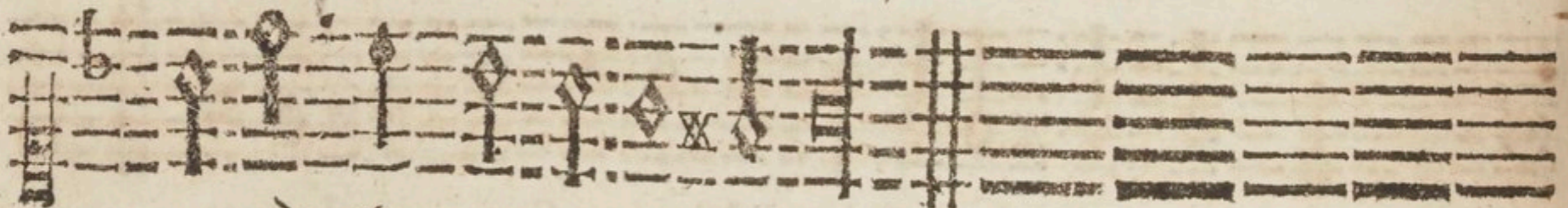
In 't groene gras seer lieflick hy my weydet, En aen dat



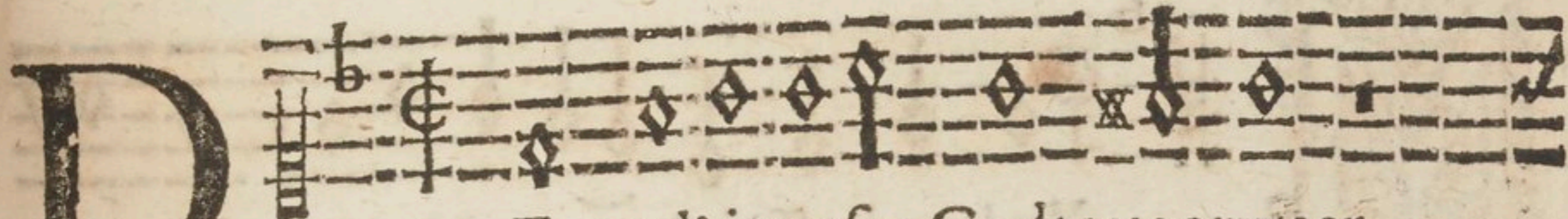
soet water hy my geleydet. Hy verquickt mijn ziel,



die seer is verslegen, Om sijns Naems wil



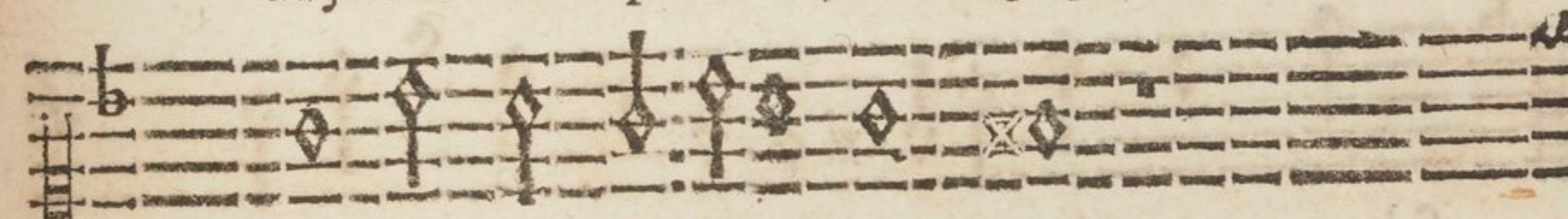
leyt hy my in sijn wegen.

D  E aerd' is onses Godts voorwaer,

 En wat sy be- grijpt verr' en naer,

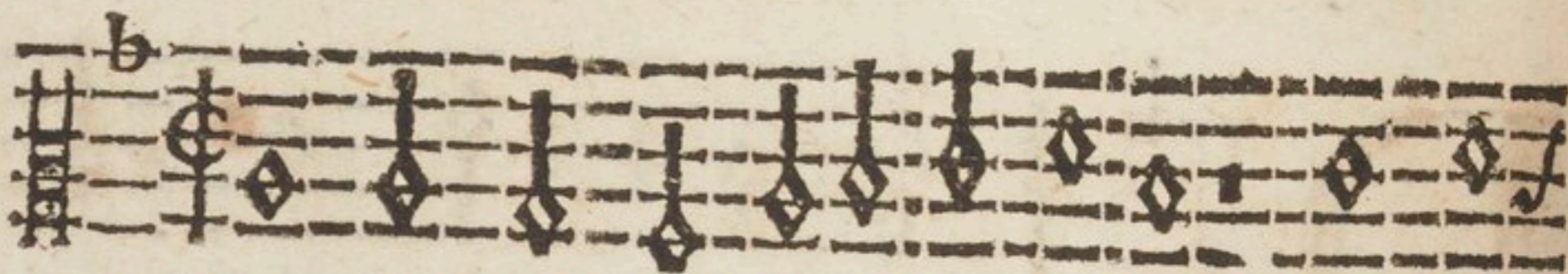
 Met den menschen daer in woonachtigh.

 Hy heeft die op 't Meyr vast gegrondt,

 Hy verrijckt die alsins in 't rondt

 Met veel schoone rivieren krachtigh.

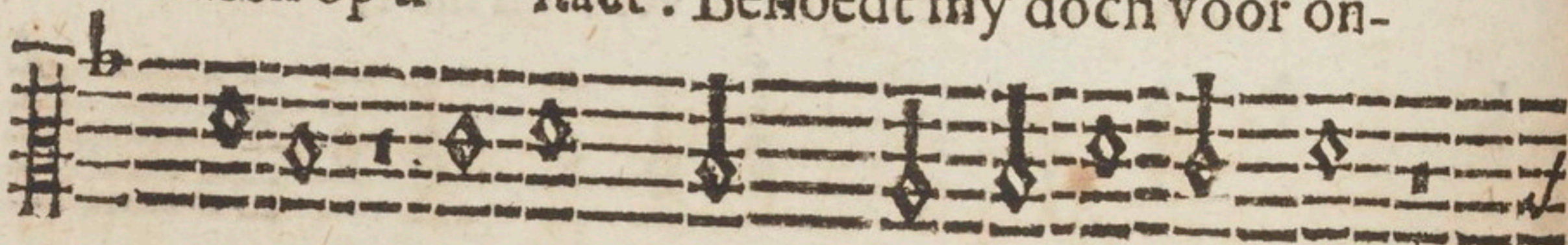
M



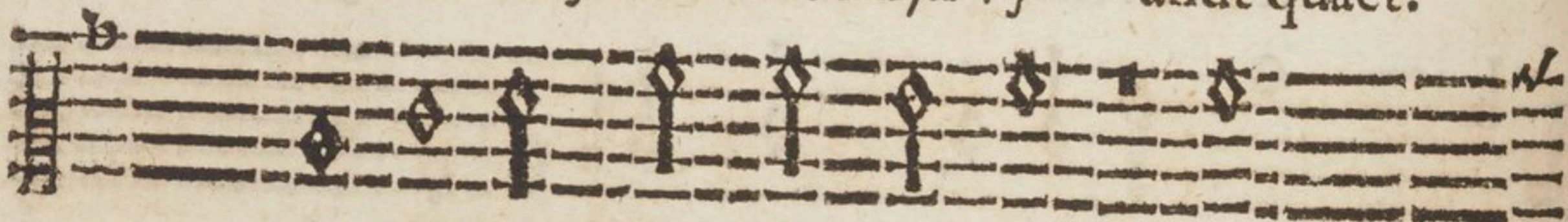
Yn hert heff' ick tot u Heere; Mijn hoop



alleen op u staet: Behoedt my doch voor on-



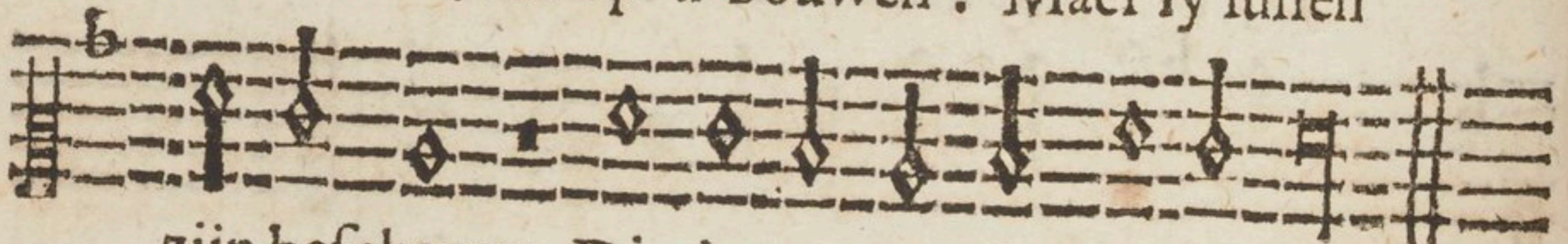
eere, Die my wenscht mijn vy- andt quaet.



Sy werden, Heer, soo't betaemt Niet

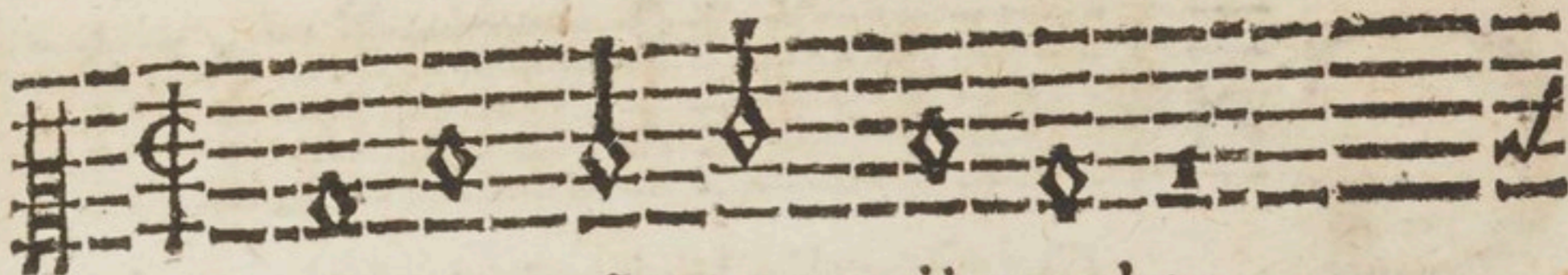


schaemroot, die op u bouwen: Maer sy sullen

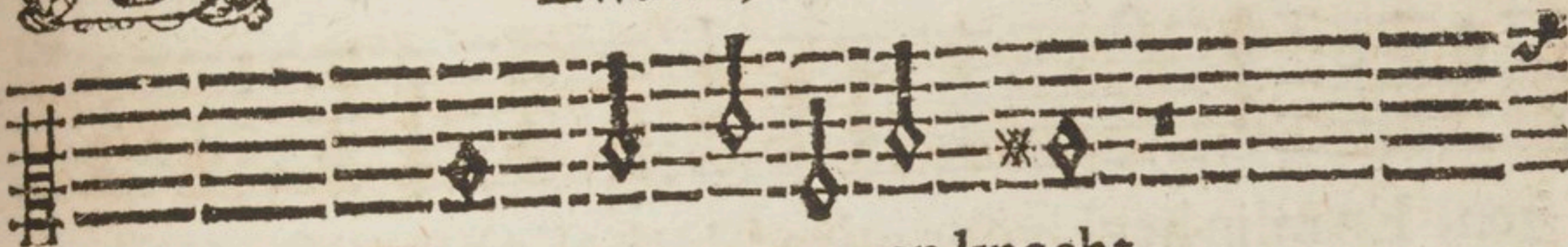


zijn beschaemt Die de vromen hier benouwen.

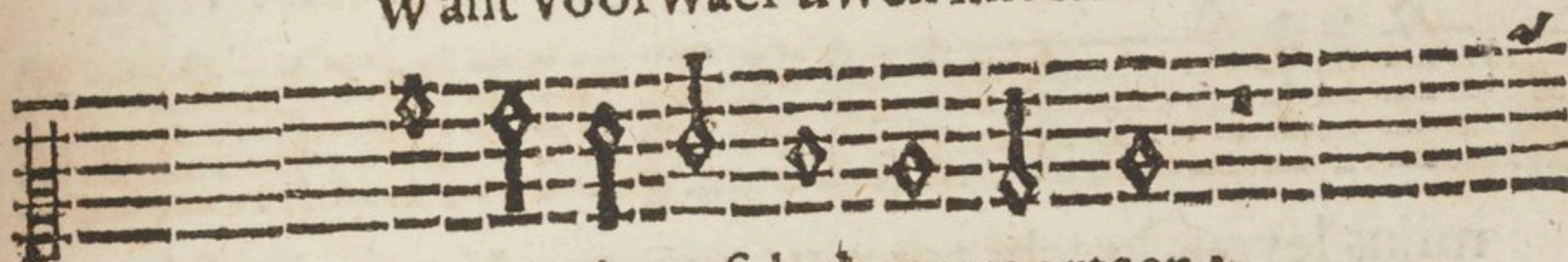
B



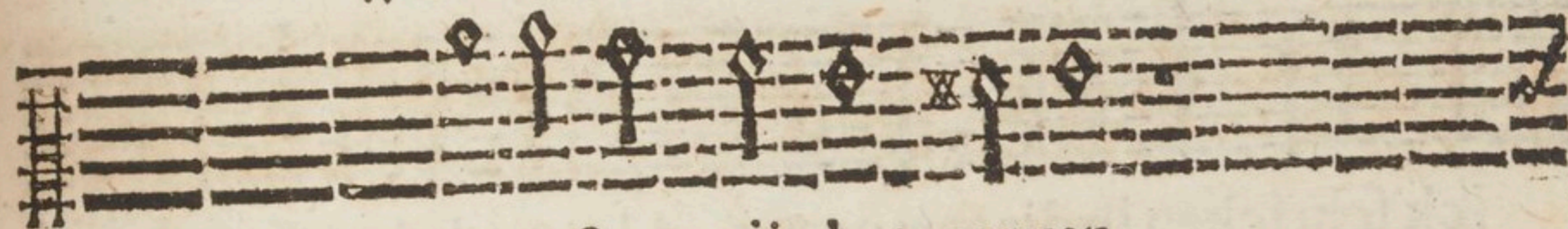
Ewaert, ô Heer, mijn recht :



Want voorwaer uwen knecht



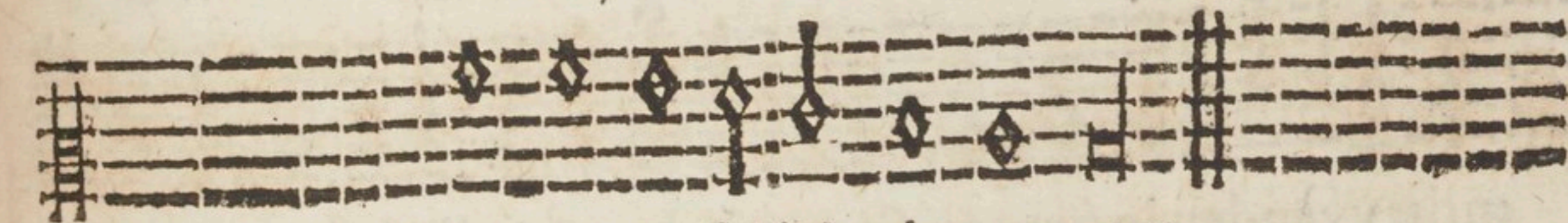
Wandelt in onschult nu voortaan :



Op u staet mijn betrouwen,



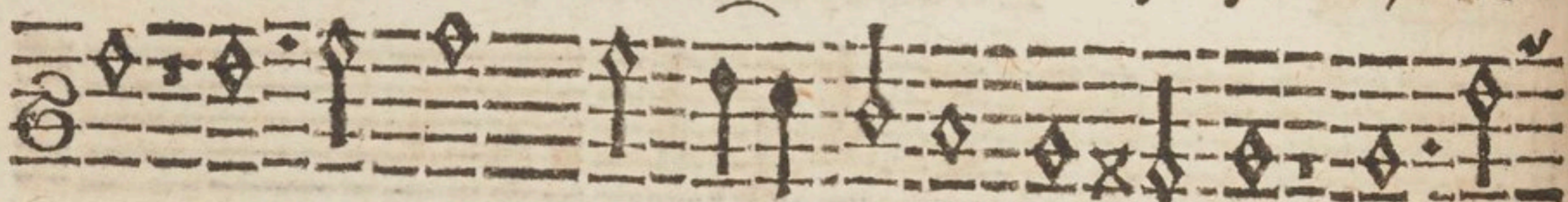
In al mijn swaer benouwen,



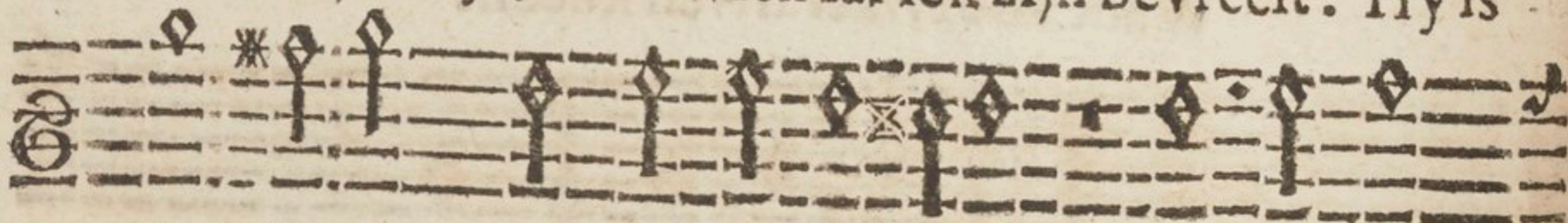
Daerom en sal ick niet vergaen.

G 

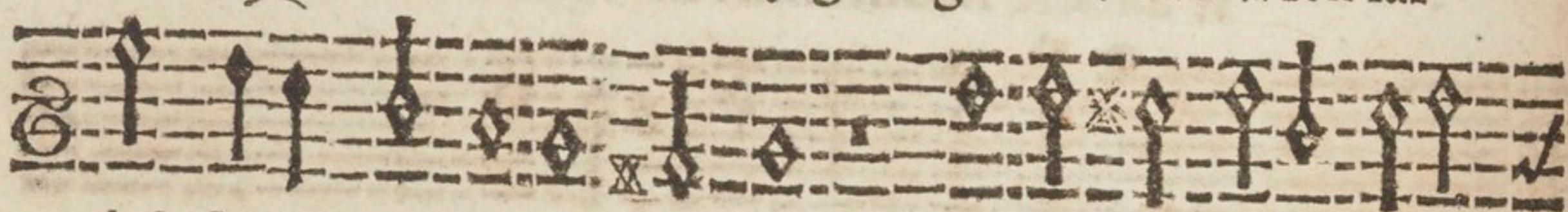
Odt is mijn licht, 't welck my leyt in sijn we-



gen, En mijn heyl, voor wien sal ick zijn bevreesst: Hy is



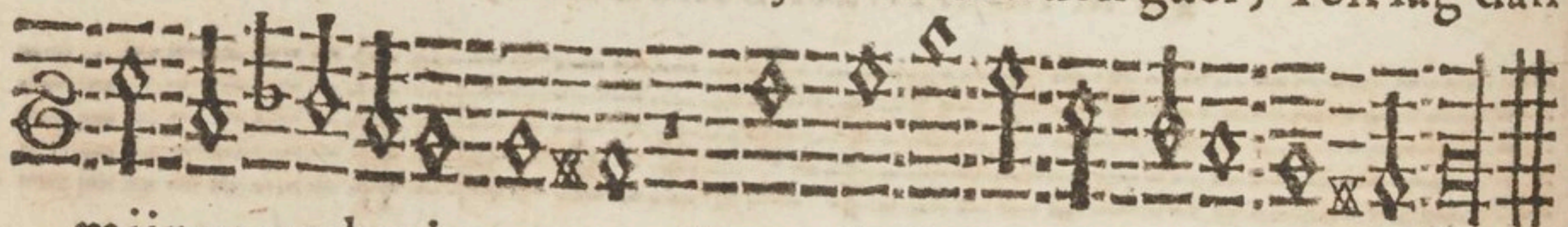
mijns levens kracht tot my genegen. Voor wien sal



ick schricken in dit tempeest? Als my de boose deden

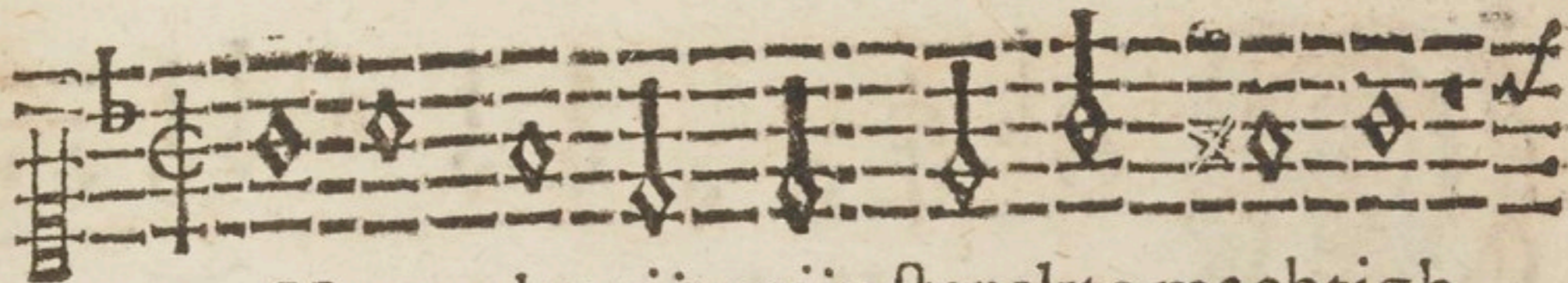


overloop, Ende sochten my te verslinden gaer, Ick sag dan

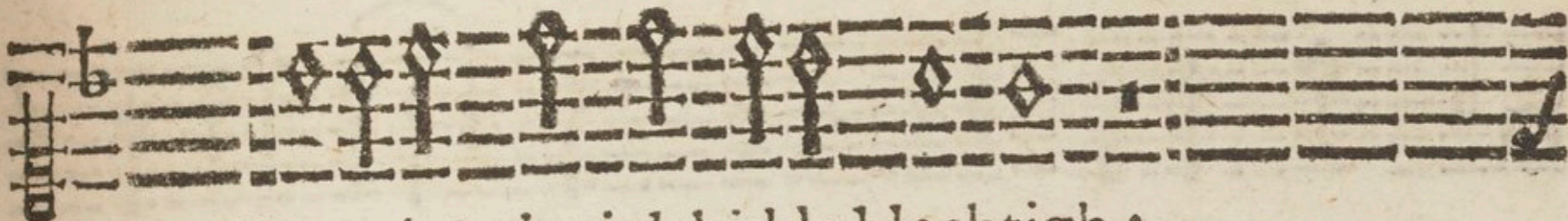


mijn vyanden in gevaer Struyckelen en vallen al over hoop.

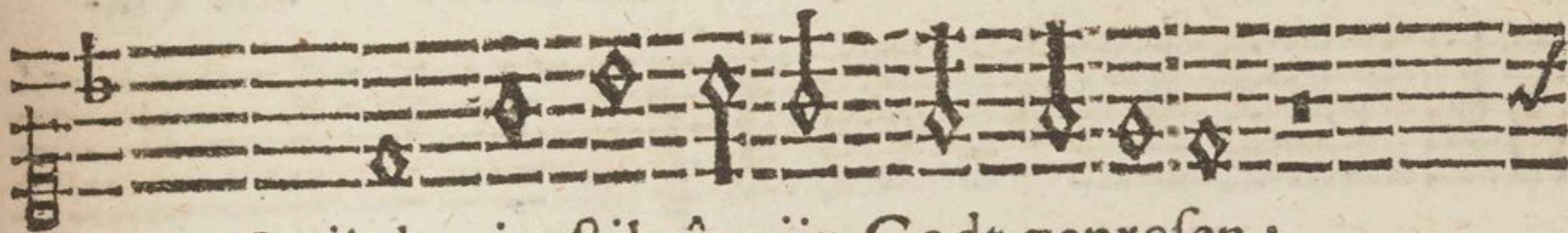
O



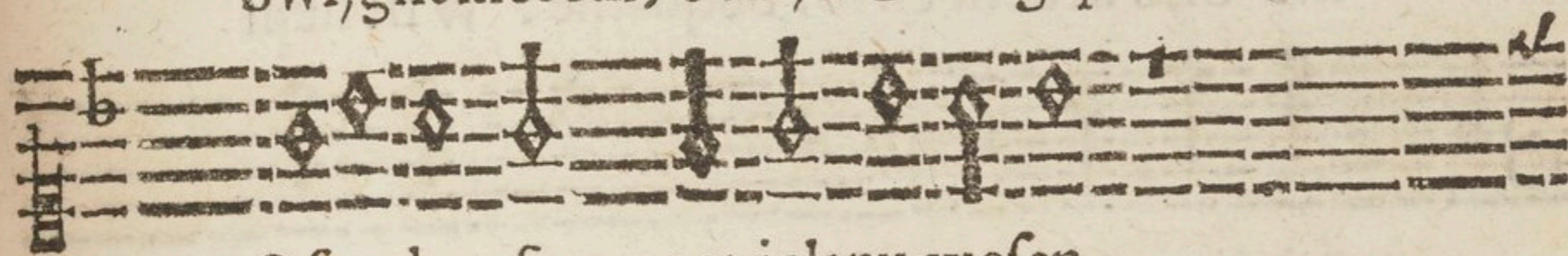
Heer, ghy zyt mijn sterckte machtigh,



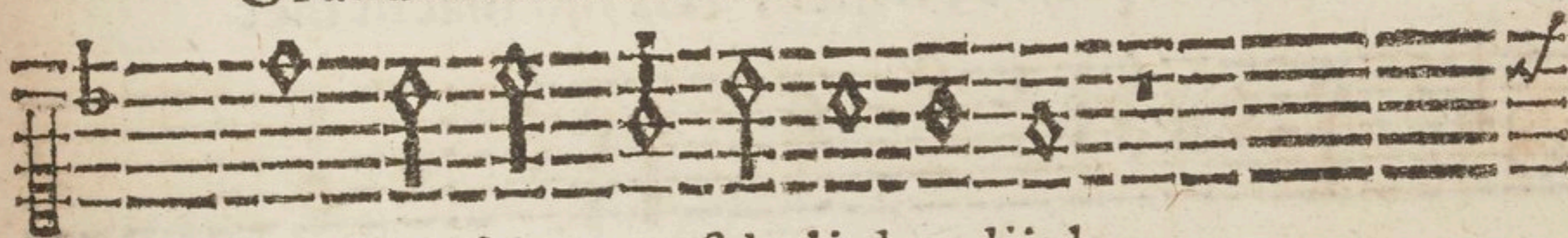
Tot u is 't dat ick bidde klachtigh :



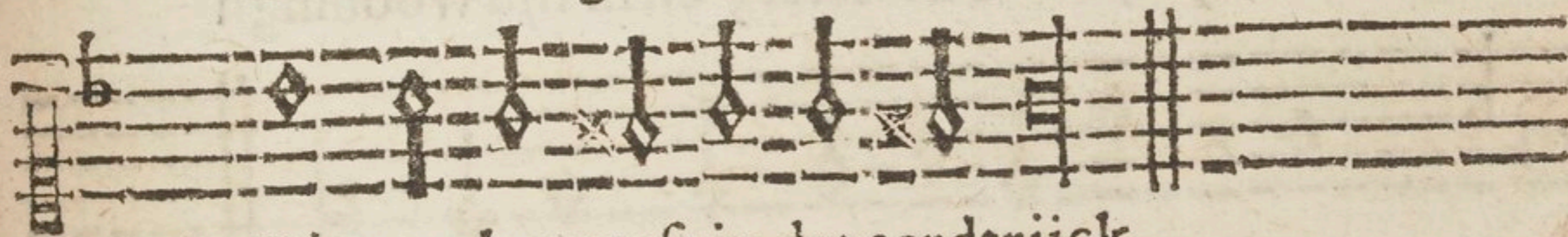
Swijght niet stil, ô mijn Godt gepresen :



Of anders soo moet ick nu wesen



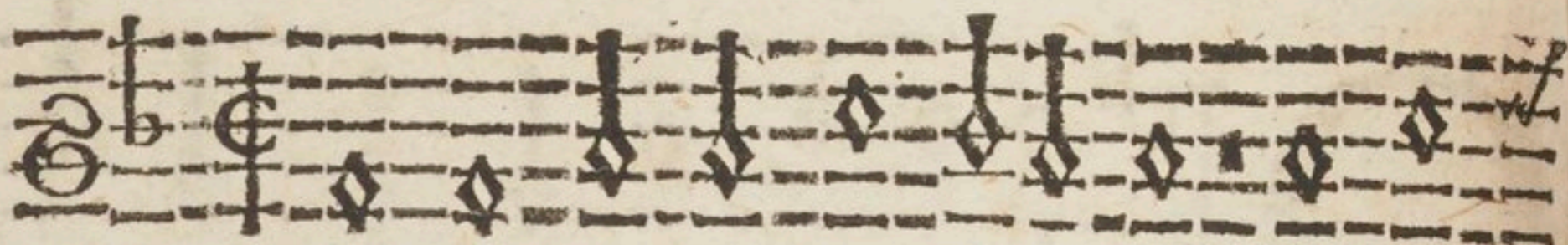
Een mensche gantschelick gelijk,



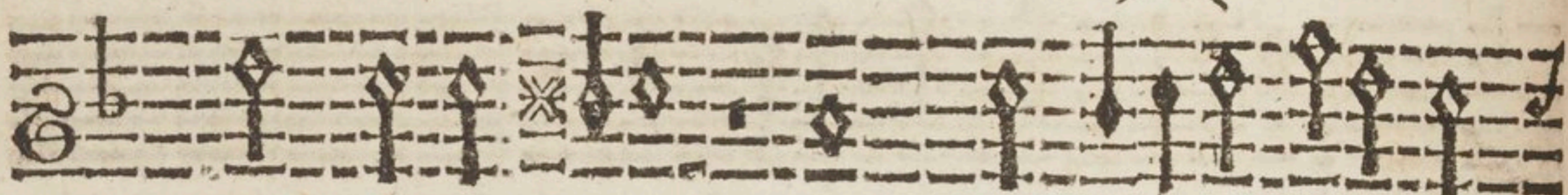
Die men begraeft in dat aerdtrijck.

Superius.

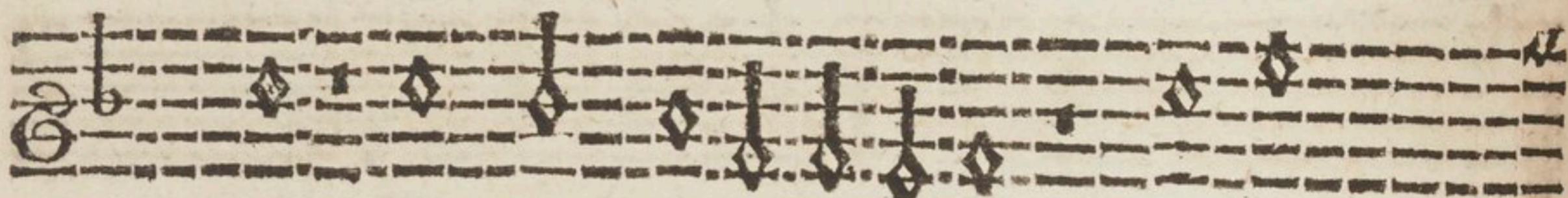
PSALM XXIX.



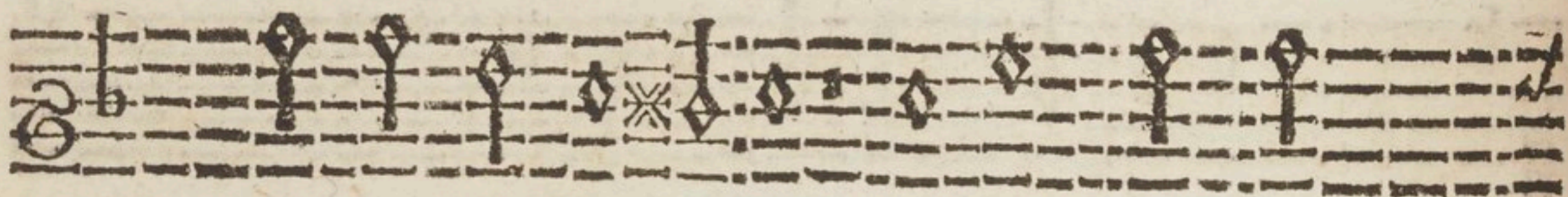
Hy Prinçen en ghy Heeren, Begaeft



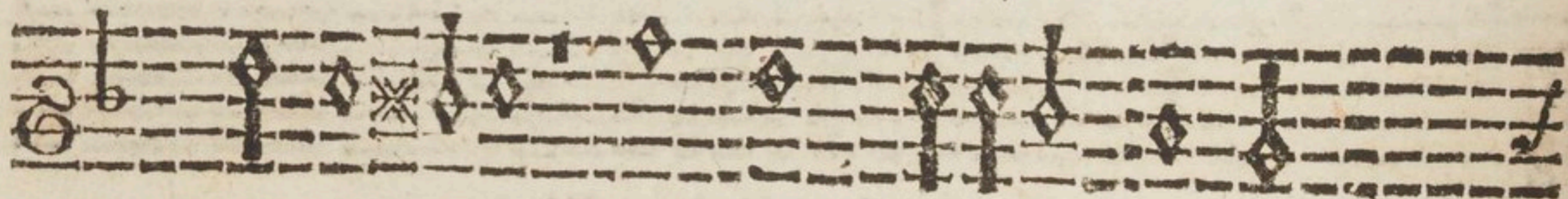
met grooter eeren, Schrijft Godt toe alle t'sa-



me Sijn kracht en lof bequame: Wilt hem



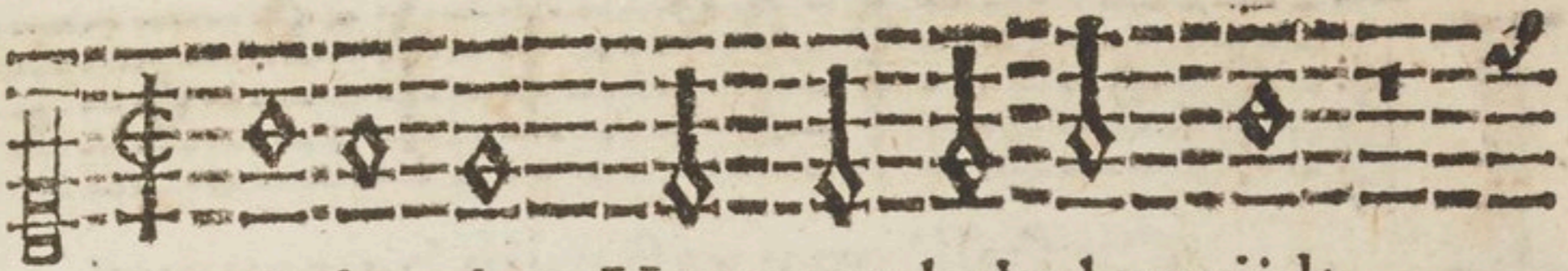
fulcken prijs bewijfen, Als sijn macht niet



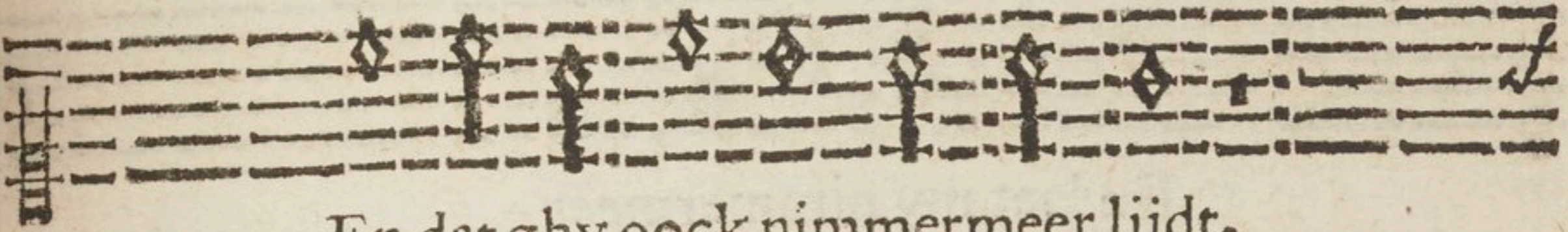
om volprijsen Toe-ftaet; en in sijn wooningh



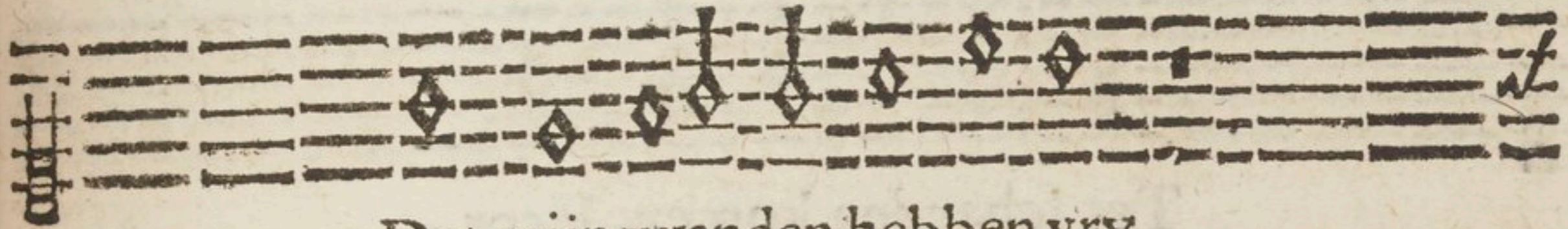
goedt Buyget hem de knyen met ootmoedt.



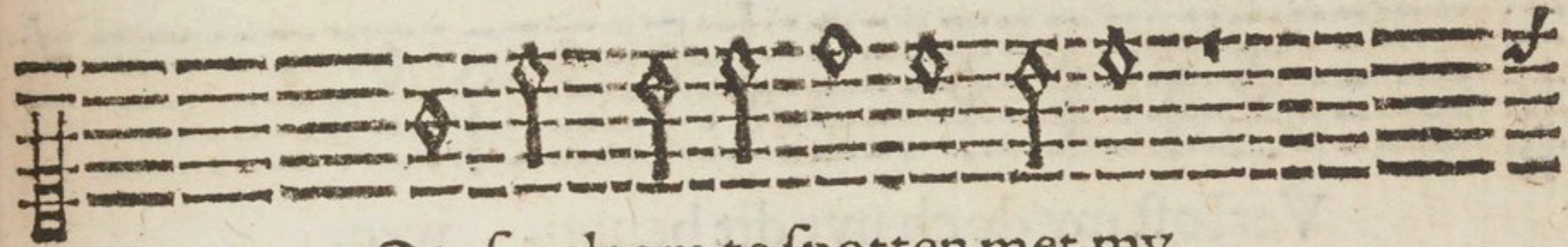
A dat ghy, Heer, my hebt bevrijdt,



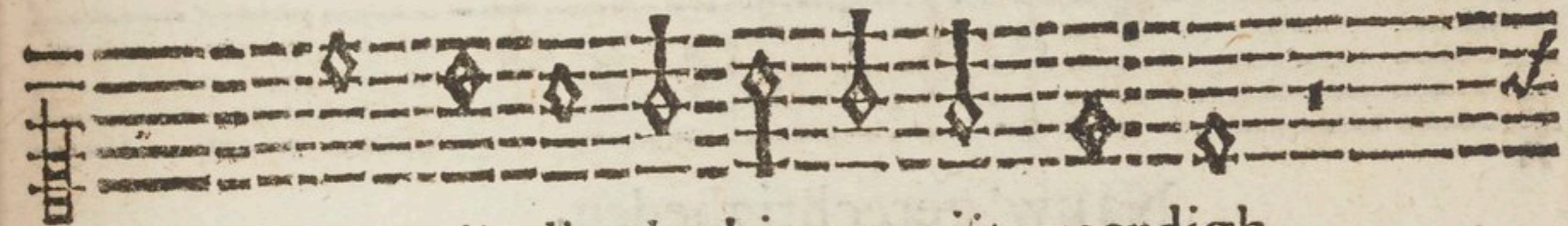
En dat ghy oock nimmermeer lijdt,



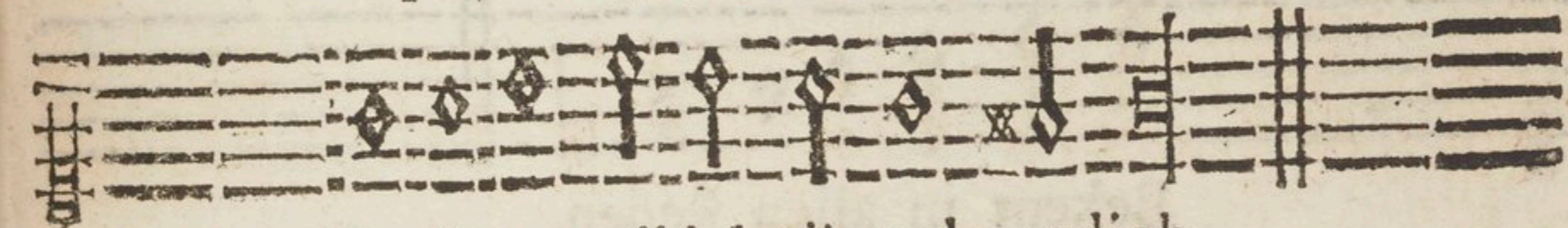
Dat mijn vyanden hebben vry



Oorfaeck om te spotten met my,



Den prijs die ghy hierom zijt weerdigh,



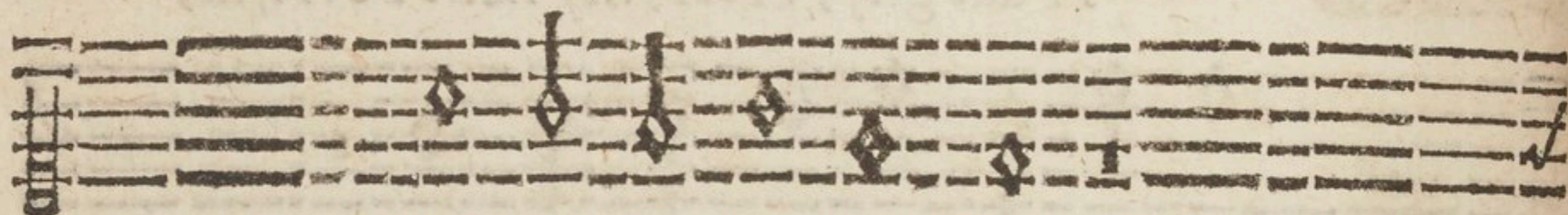
Te singen wil ick zijn volveerdigh.

Superius.

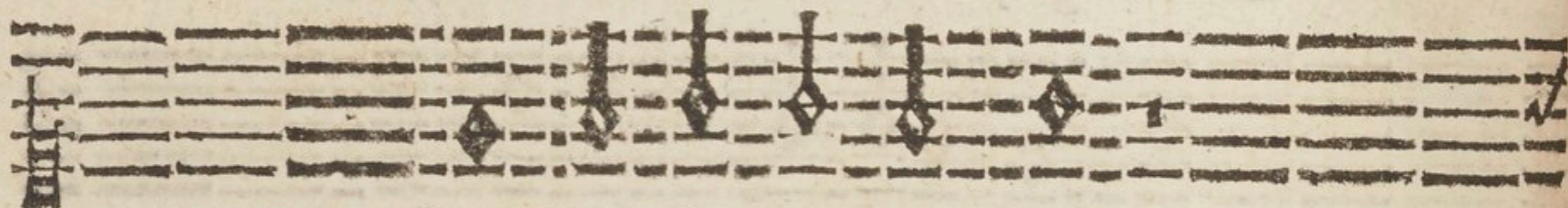
PSALM XXXI.



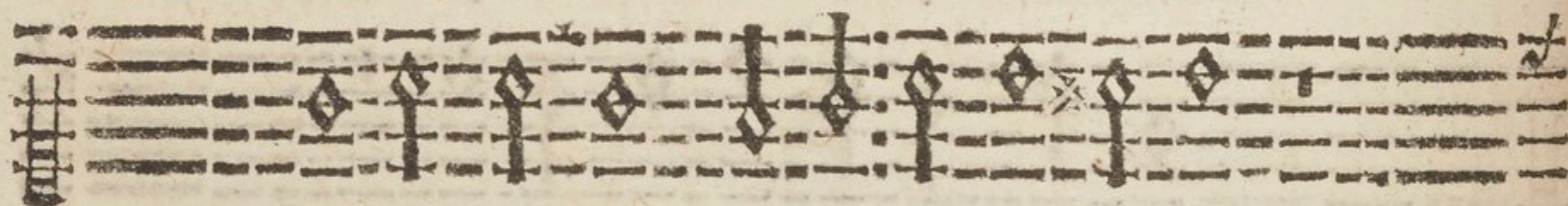
I Ik stell' op u vast mijn betrouwen,



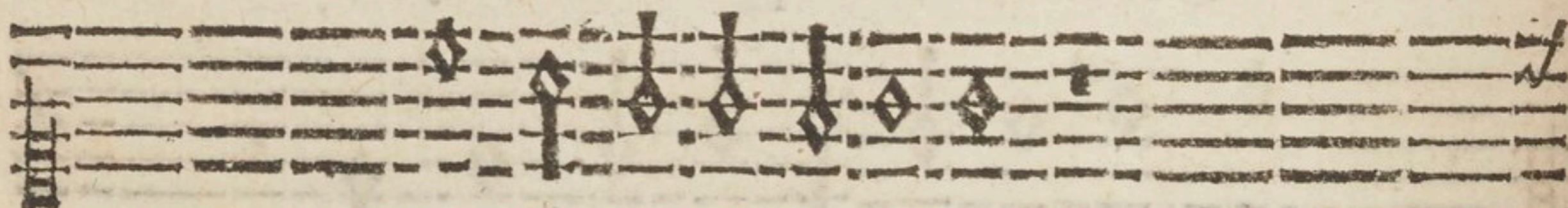
En laet my nimmermeer



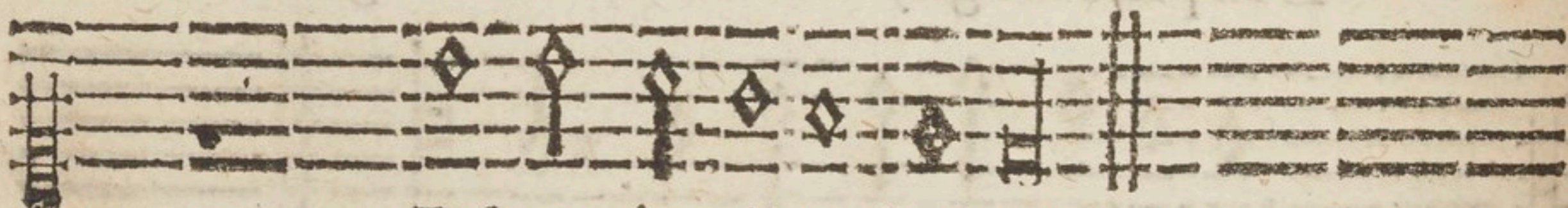
Tot schanden komen, Heer ;



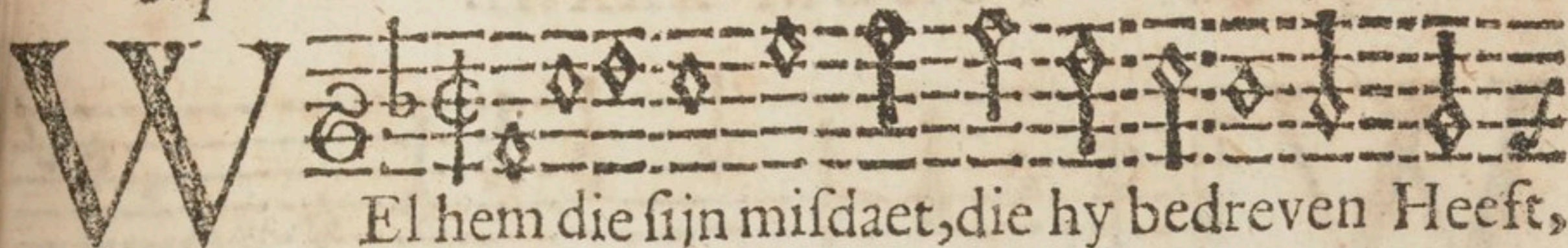
Verloft my doch uyt dit benouwen,




Nauw' gerechtigheden,



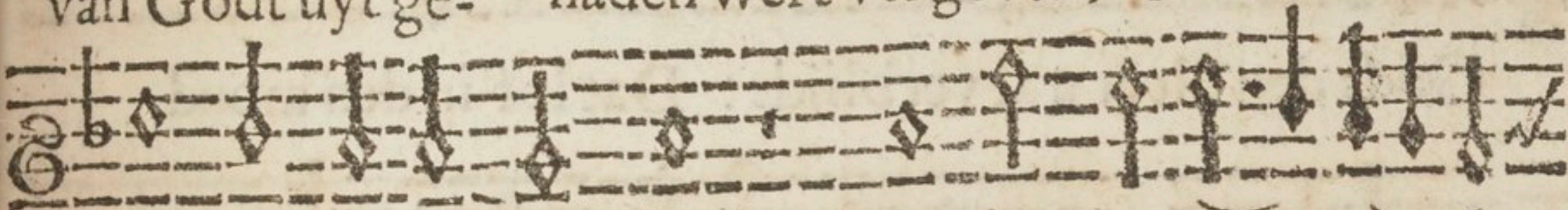
Bekent in allen steden.

W 

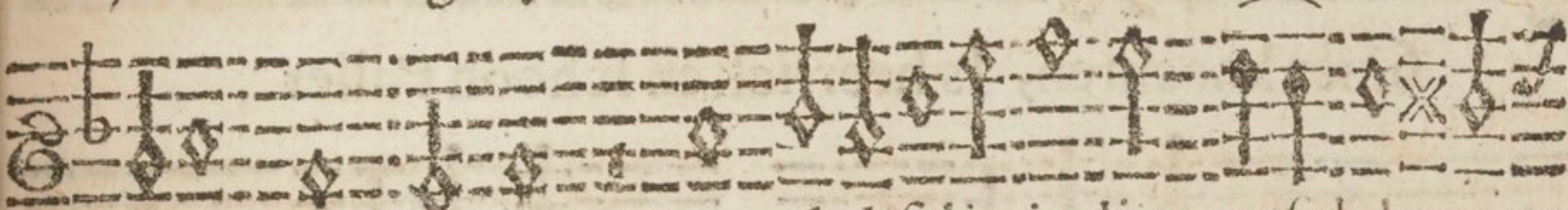
El hem die sijn misdaet, die hy bedreven Heeft,



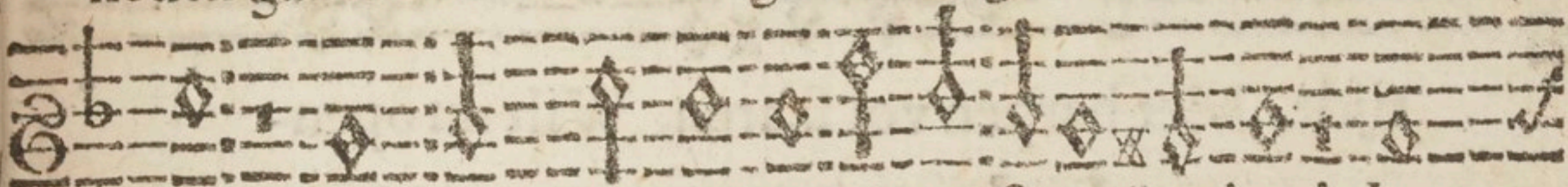
van Godt uyt ge- naden wert vergeven, Over wien Godt



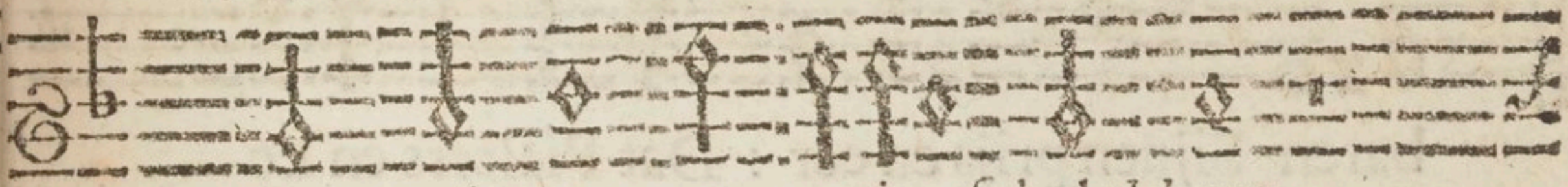
sijn barmhertigheyt streckt, Daer door hy sijn boof-



heden gants bedeckt. Hoe gelukkig is die mensch bevon-



den, Die Godt niet toe en rekent sijne sonden ! In



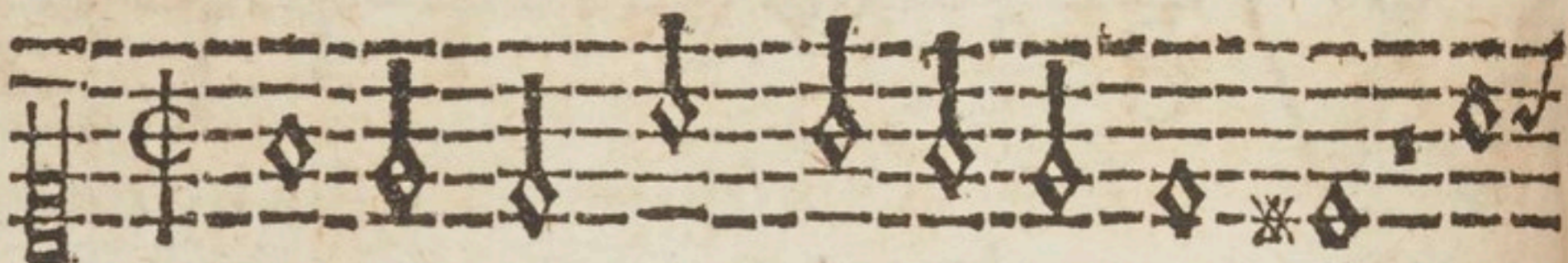
wiens geest niet woont eenige schalckheyt,

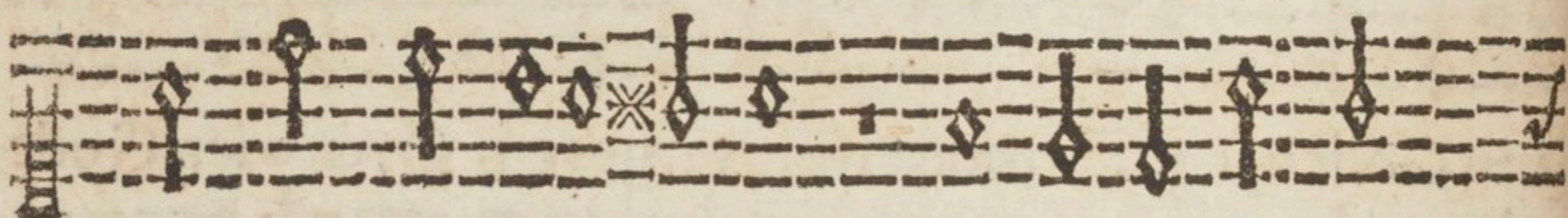


Nach geen bedrogh of- te geveynsdigheyt.

Superius.

PSALM XXXIII.

W  Eest nu verheught al ghy oprechten, In



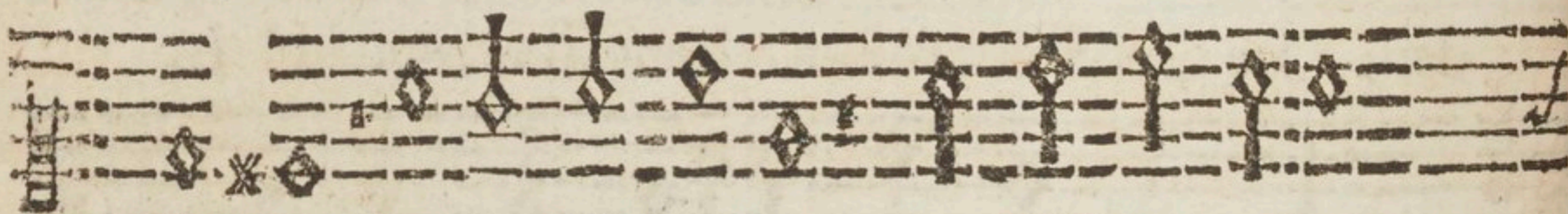
Godt den Heer u al verblijdt: Dat lof in den mond.



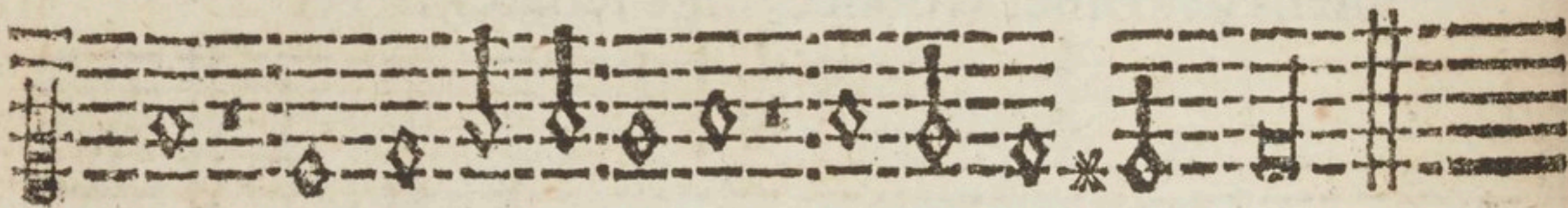
sijner knechten, Is heerlick en schoon t'aller



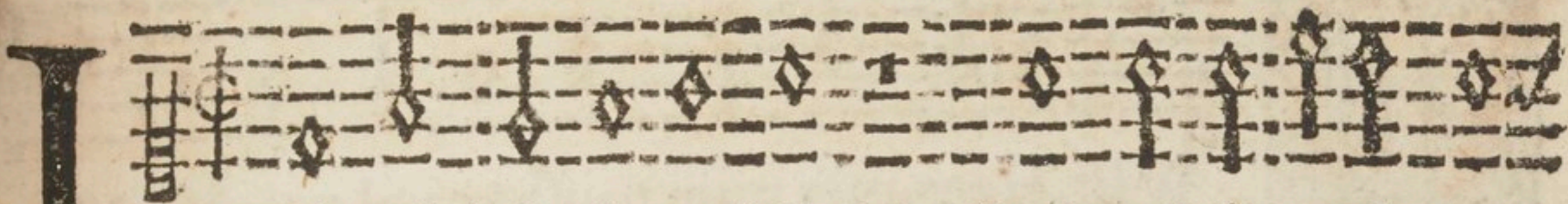
tijdt. Met harpen vol snaren, Wilt nu open-



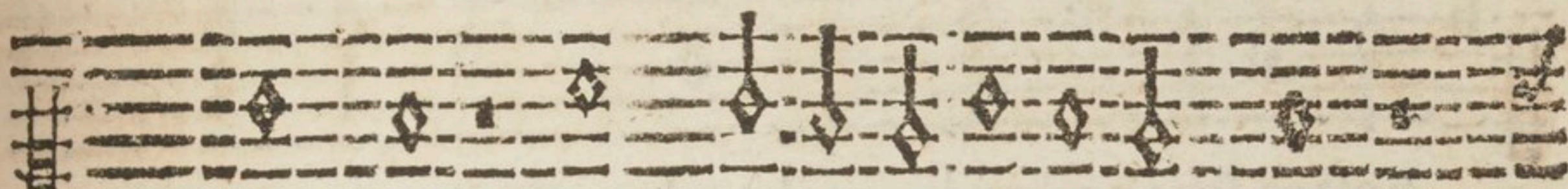
baren Sijnen prijs en eer: Dat Psalters en ke-



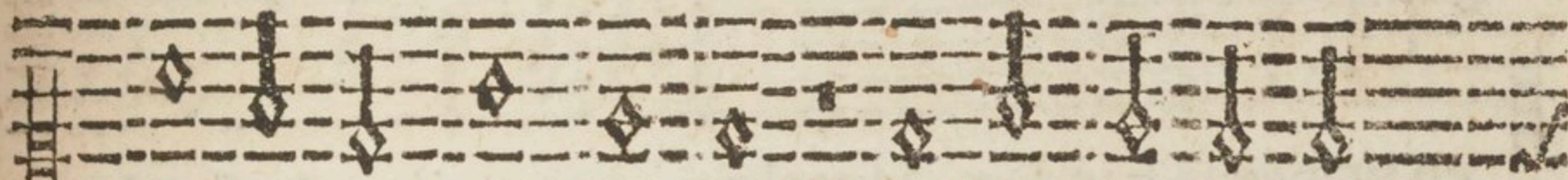
len. Nu singen en spelen Onsen God en Heer.



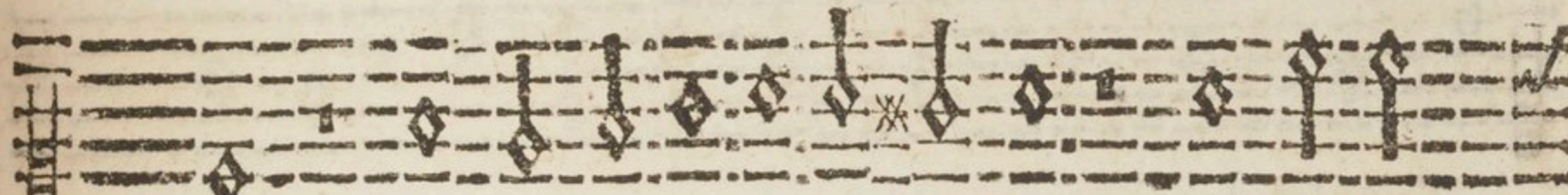
Ick wil (zijnde verblijdt) Godt prijsen ende ma-



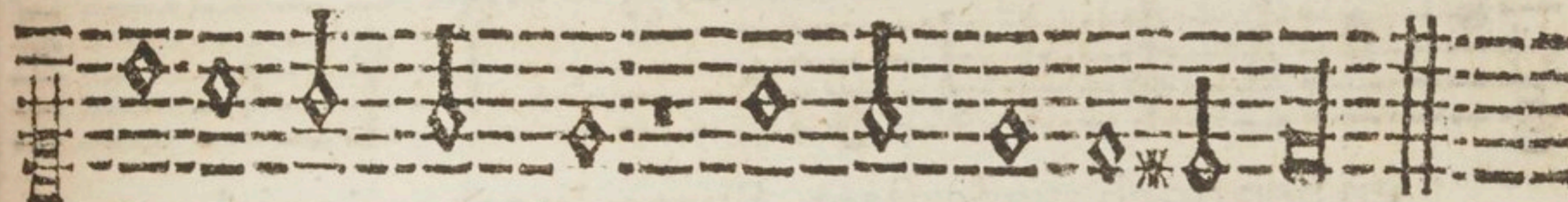
ken groot : Mijn mont sal nu sijnen lof bloot



Verkonden breedt en wijdt. Ick heb geen ander



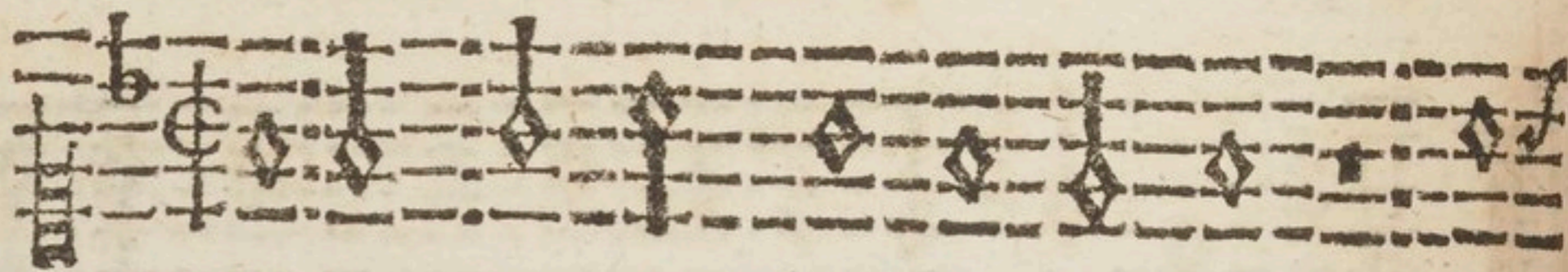
vreugd, Dan dat gepresen zy de Heer ; Op dat sy



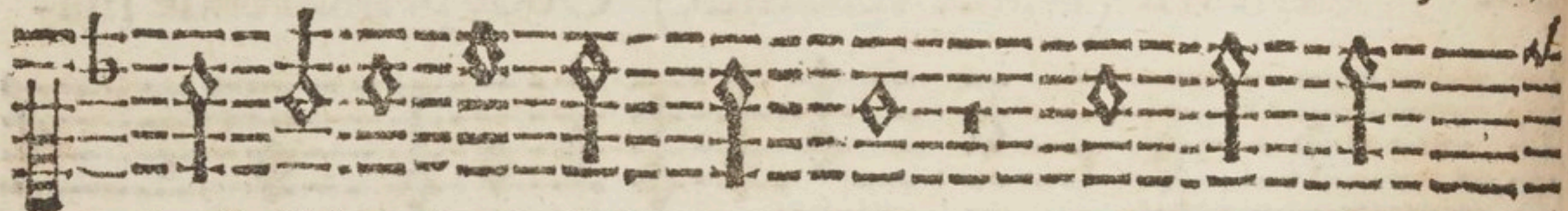
die benauwt zijn seer, Daer door werden verheugt.

Superius.

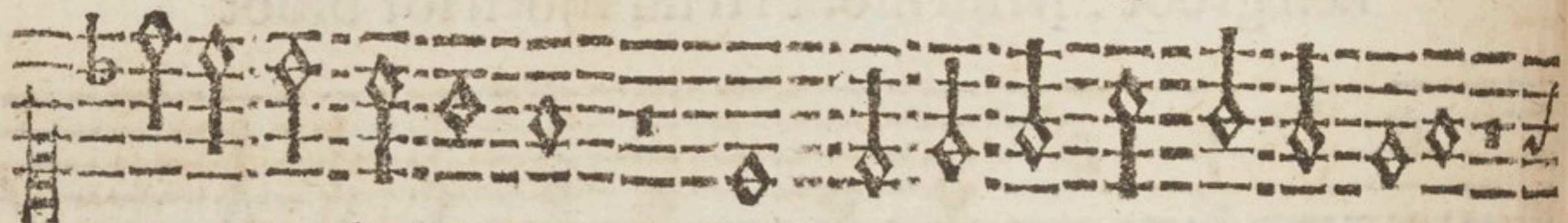
PSALM XXXV.



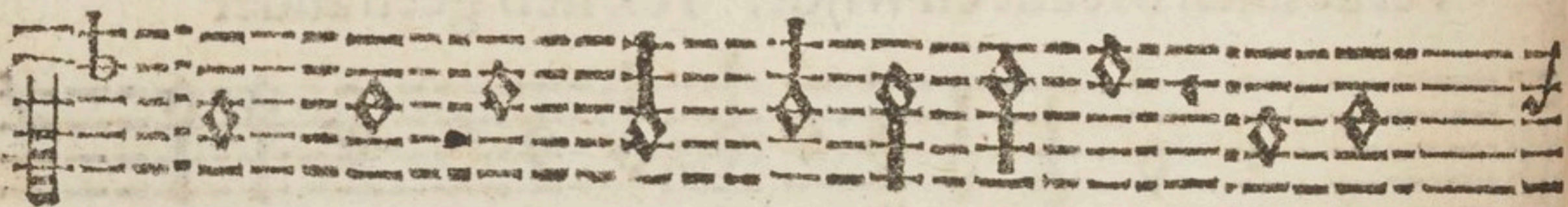
Wist, Heer, met mijn twisters vol pracht; Mijn



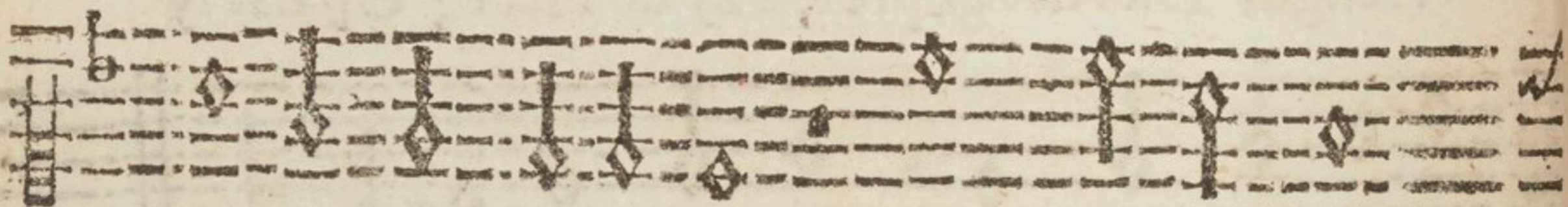
bestrijders bestrijdt met kracht; Grijpt den schild



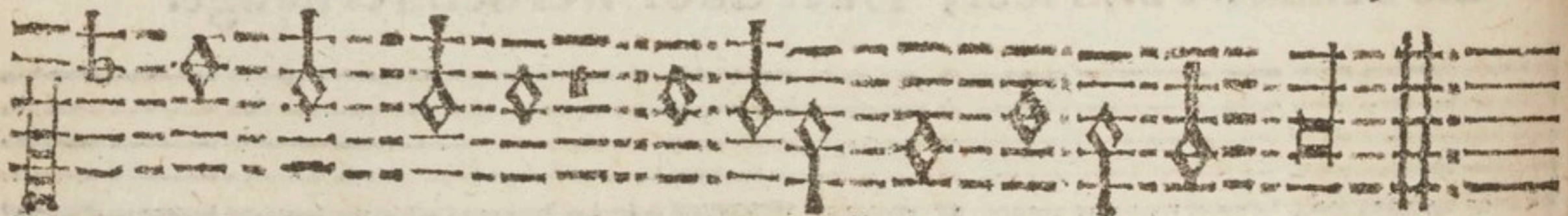
en wapen in handen, Maeckt u op tot mijnen bystande.



Treckt dat sweert uyt, voor my nu gaet, Hindert's

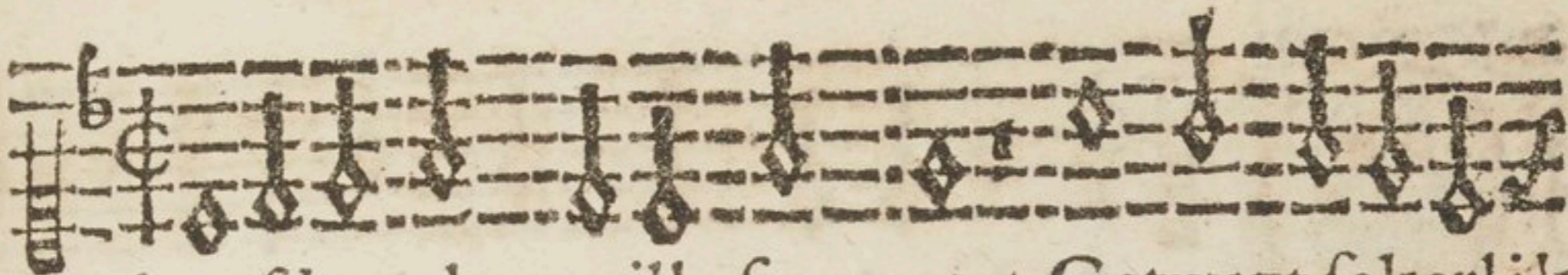


en hen doch wederstaet, Spreeckt tot mijn ziel;

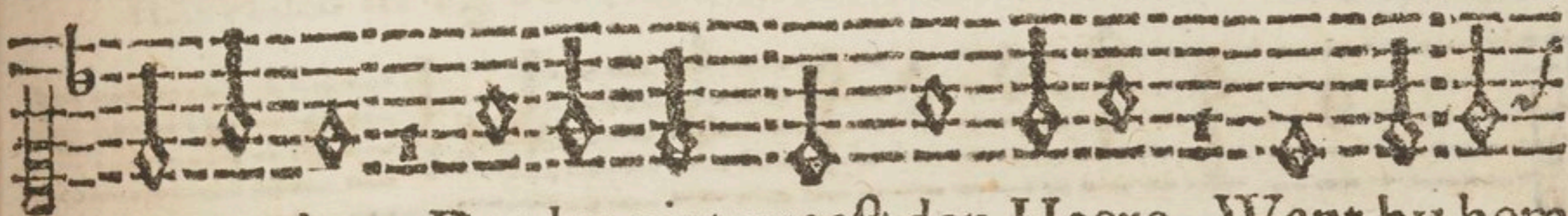


Ick ben 't alleen, Die u bewaert en anders geen.

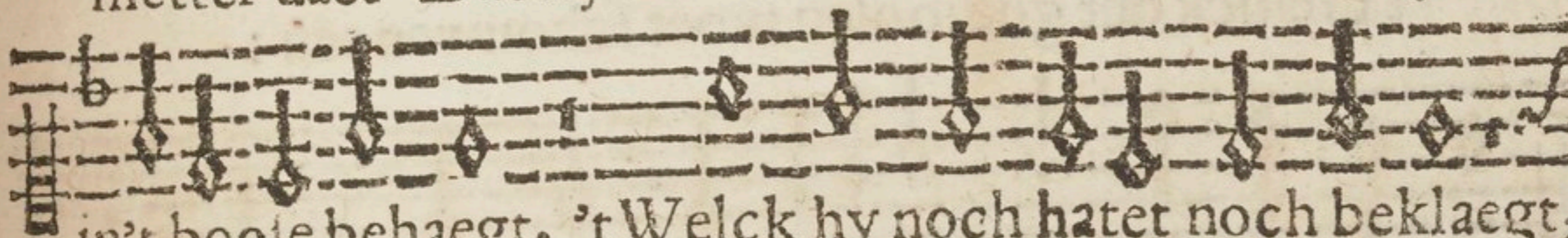
D



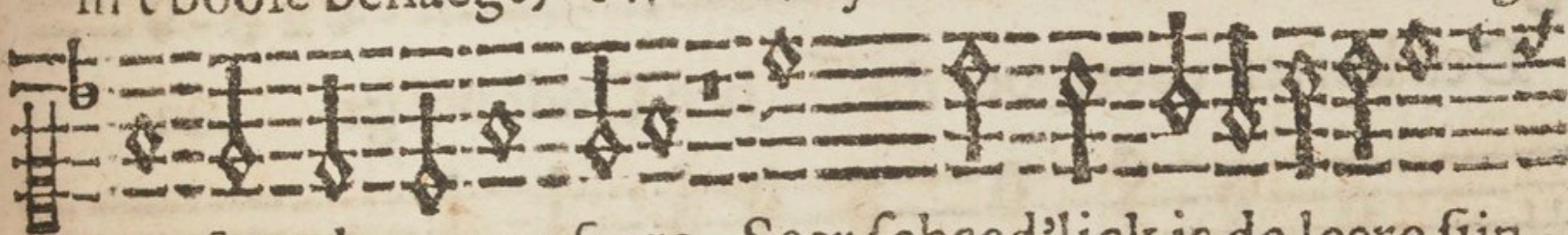
Es boosdoenders wille seer quaet Getuygt sekerlik



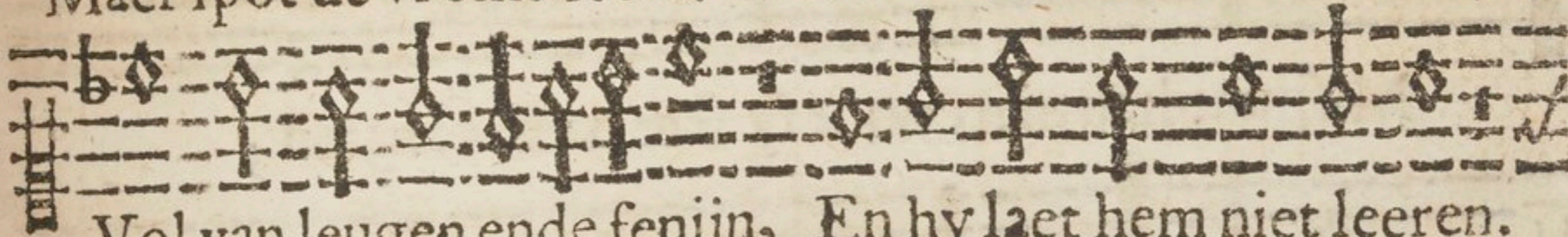
metter daet Dat hy niet vrees: den Heere. Want hy hem



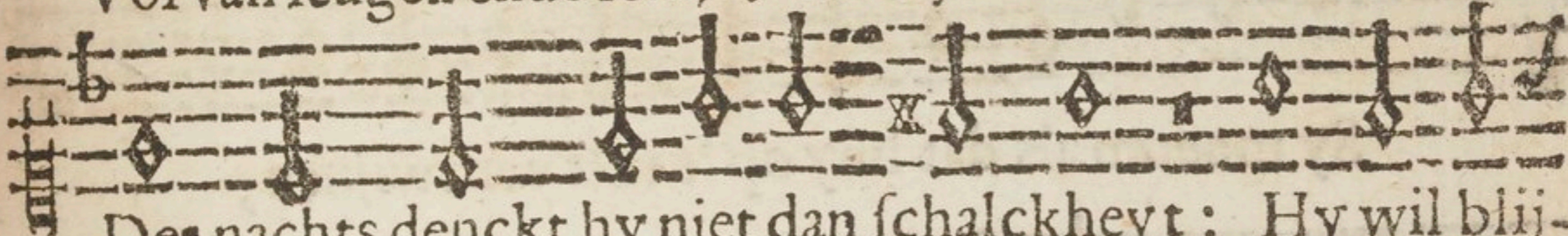
in't boosie behaegt, 't Welck hy noch hatet noch beklægt,



Maer spot de vrome seere. Seer schaed'lick is de leere sijn,



Vol van leugen ende fenijn, En hy laet hem niet leeren.



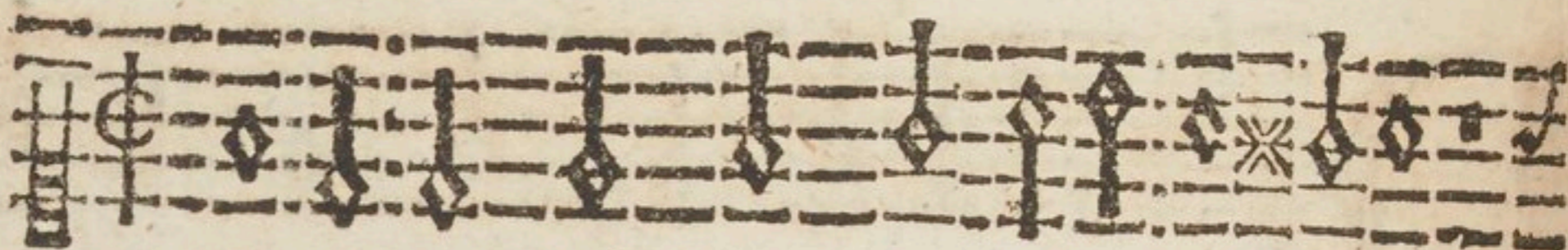
Des nachts denckt hy niet dan schalckheyt: Hy wil blij-



ven in der boosheyt, En van geen quaet hem keeren.

Superius.

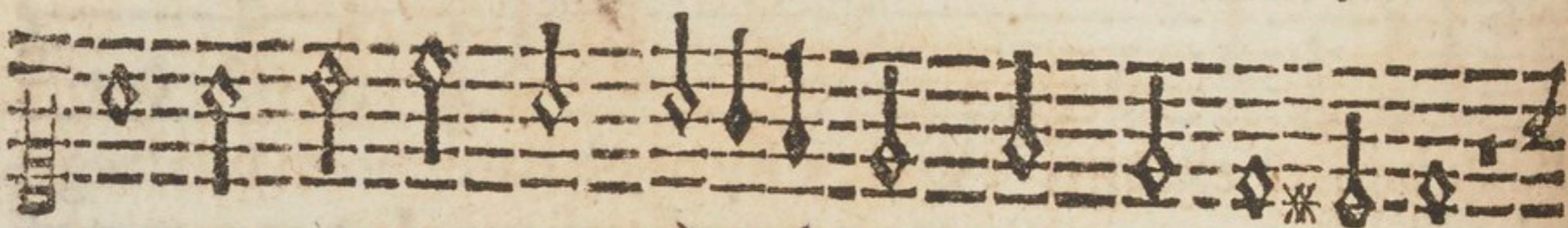
PSALM XXXVII.



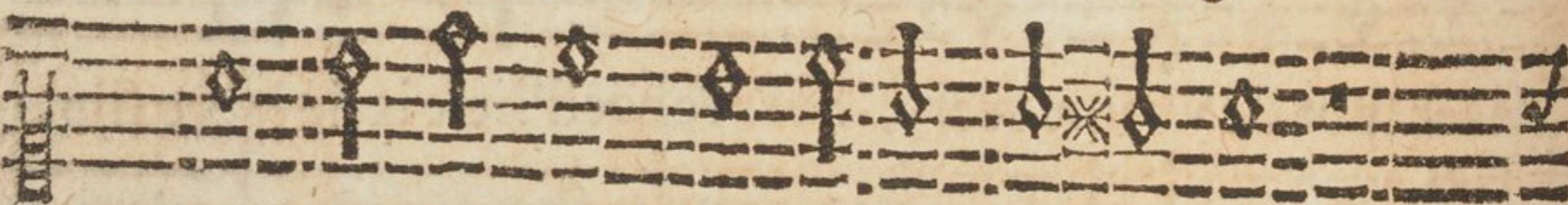
Uelt u daer med' niet, soo gy in dit leven



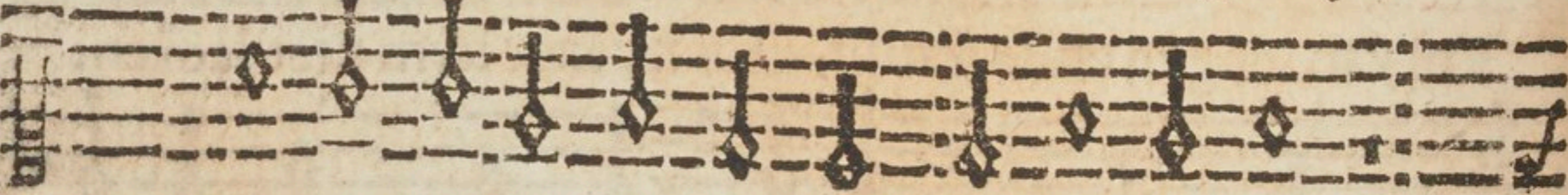
't Geluck der godloosen moet schouwen aen :



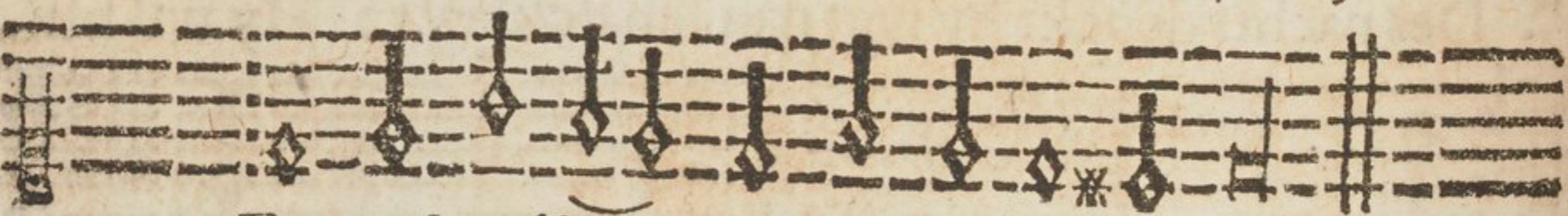
Den korten voorspoet die hen Godt wil ge- ven




Misgunt hen niet, want sy seer haest vergaen ;

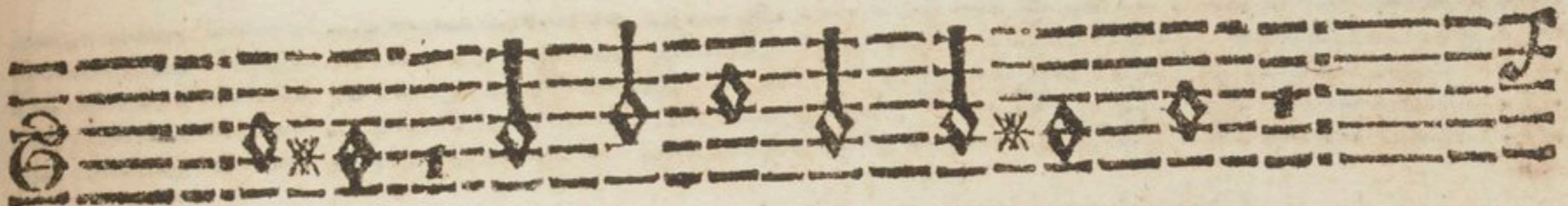


Sy moeten als dat hoy op 't velt verdwijnen ;

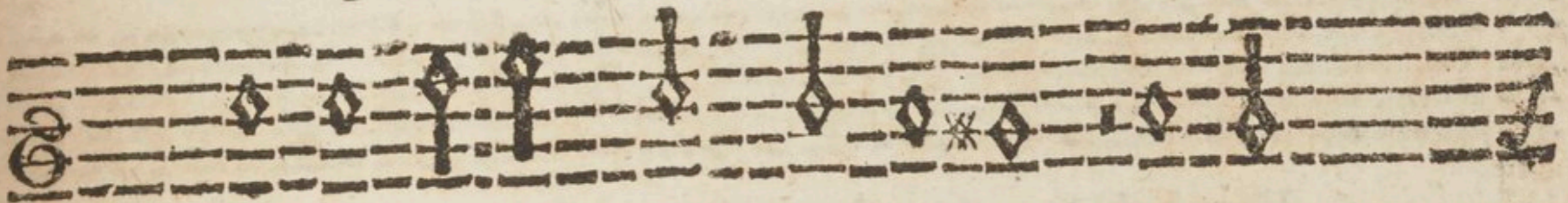


En oock gelijk dat gras verdorren saen.

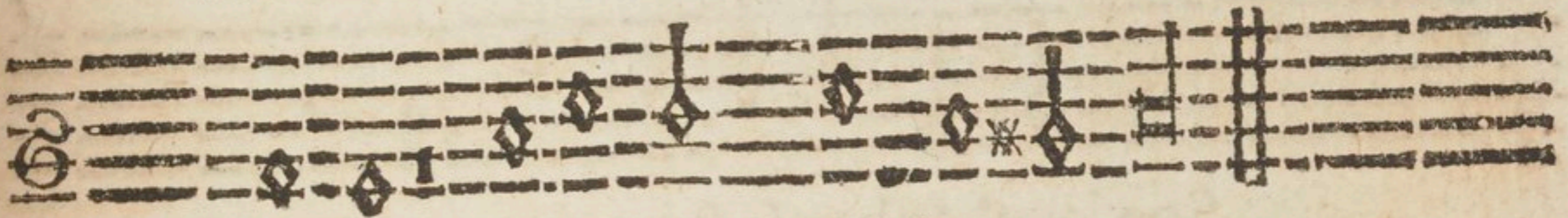
W 
 Ilt in uwen toorn gestadigh, Heer ge-



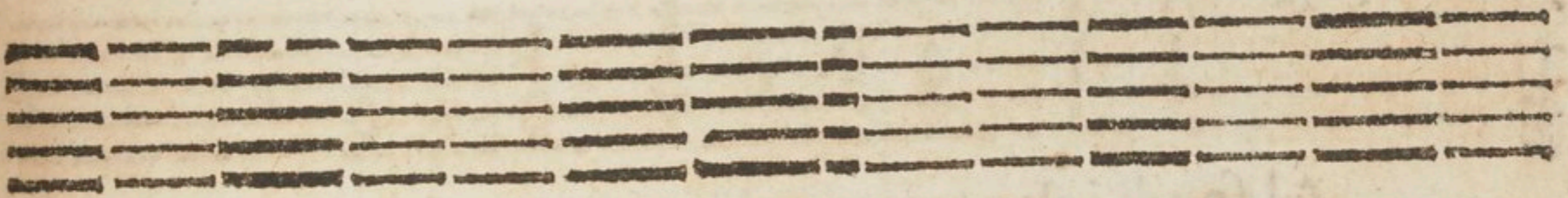
nadigh, My doch straffen niet soo feer,

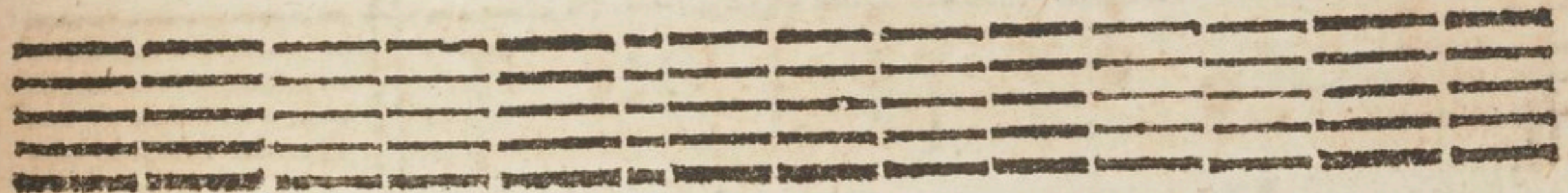


De hitt' uwes toorns wilt keeren Van my,



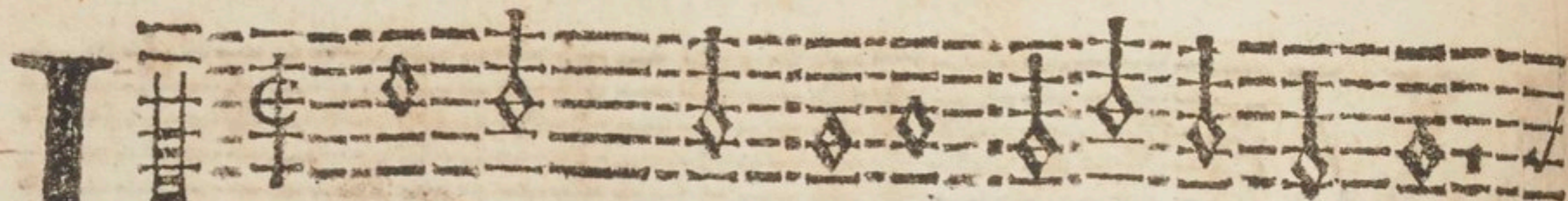
Heere, Die nu gaer swack ben en teer.



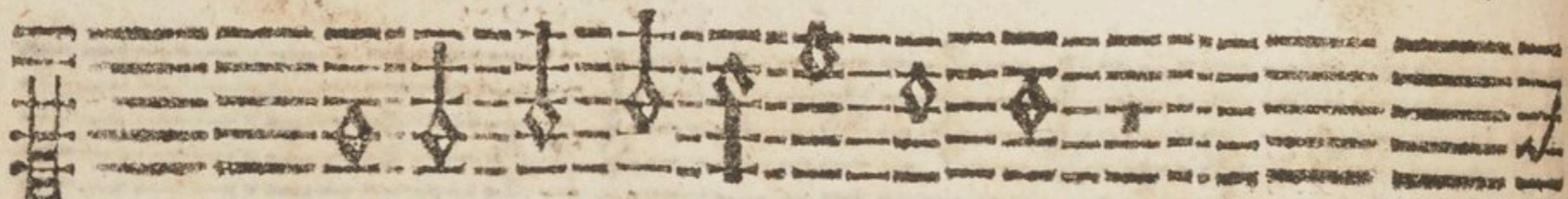


Superius.

PSALM XXXIX.



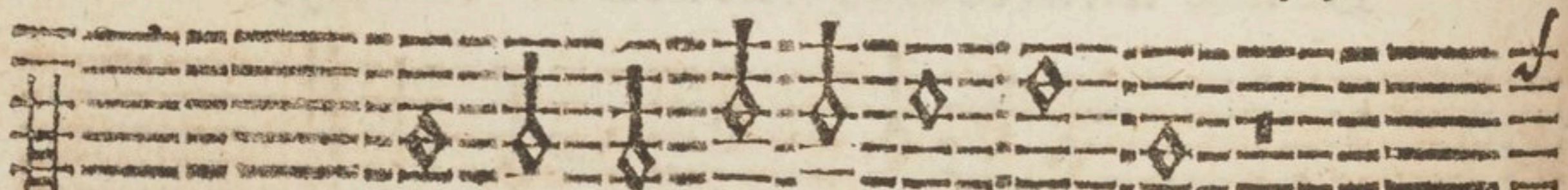
Ick sprack ; Ick woude (zijnde wel bedacht)



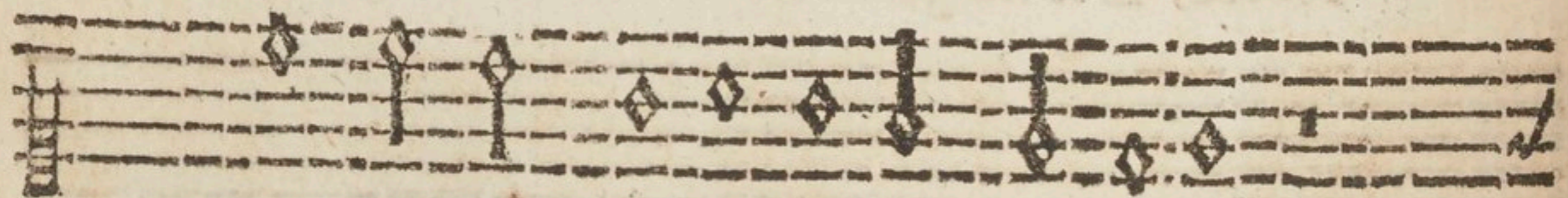
Op al mijn wegen nemen acht,



Dat ick met spreken niet misdeed' onvry ;

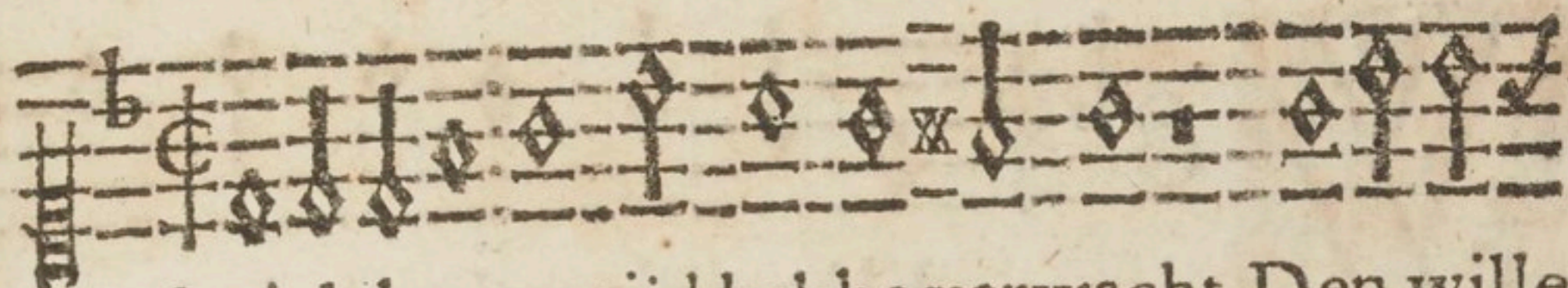


Soo lang' de boose staen voor my :

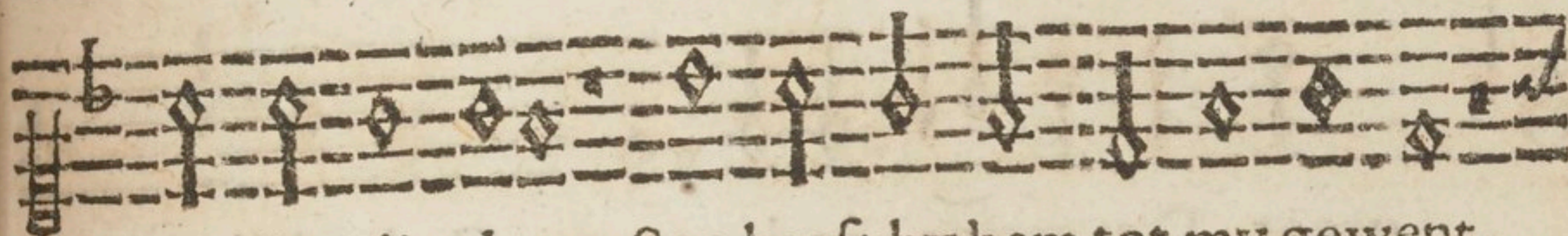


Al soud' ick moeten mijnen mont altijd
Met eenen toom houden bevrijdt.

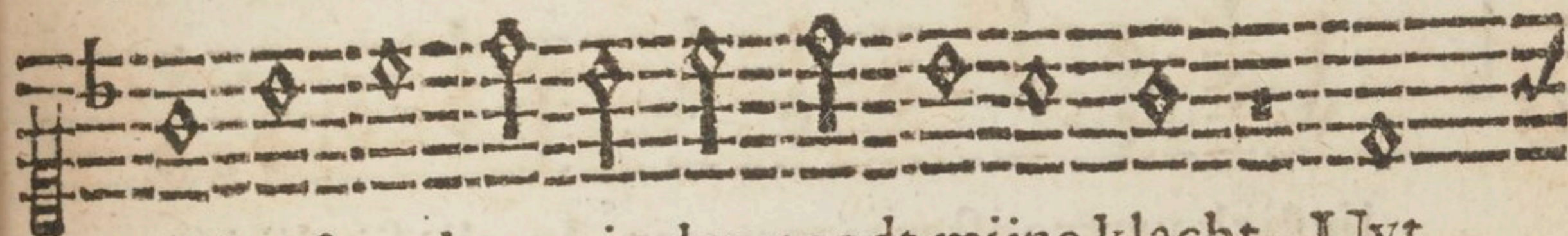
N



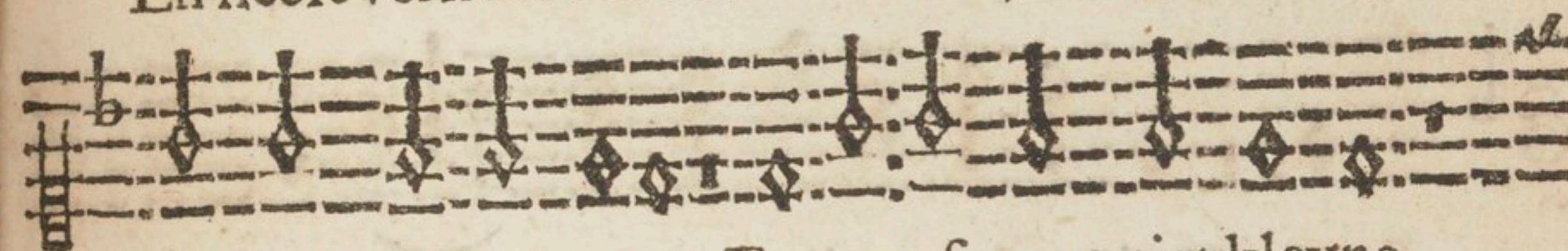
A dat ick langen tijd hebbe verwacht Den wille



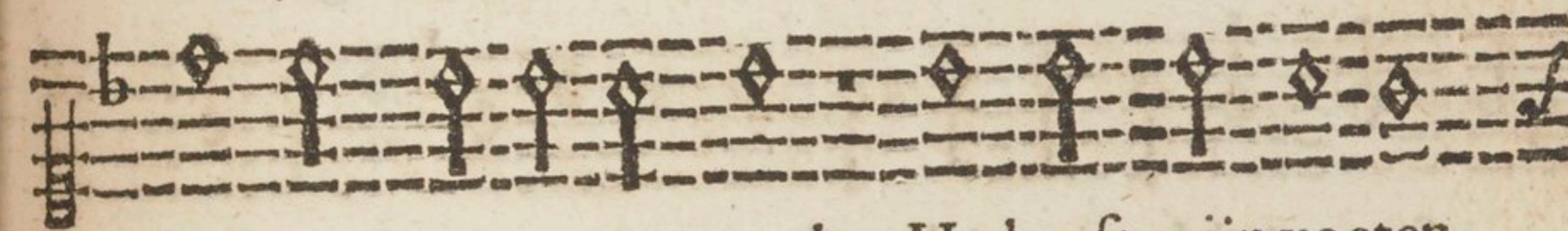
Godts in mijn elent, Soo heeft hy hem tot my gewent,



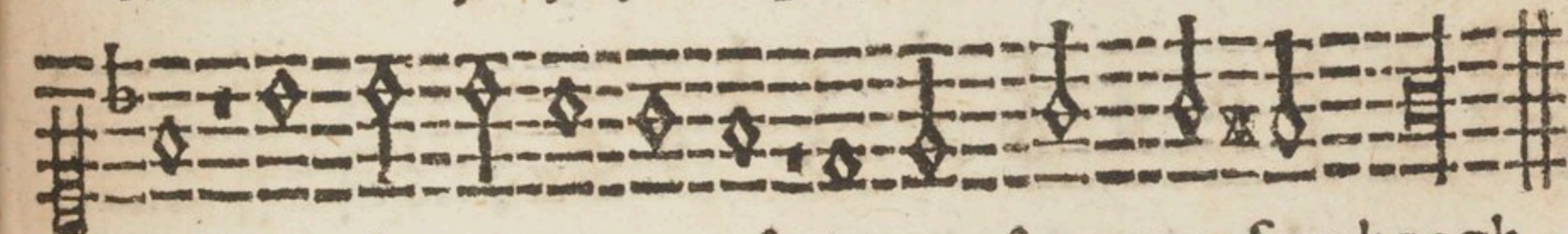
En heeft verhoort in den noodt mijne klacht. Uyt



den slijck seer onreyne, En een afgront niet kleyne,



Met kracht hy my uyt toogh ; Hy heeft mijn voeten

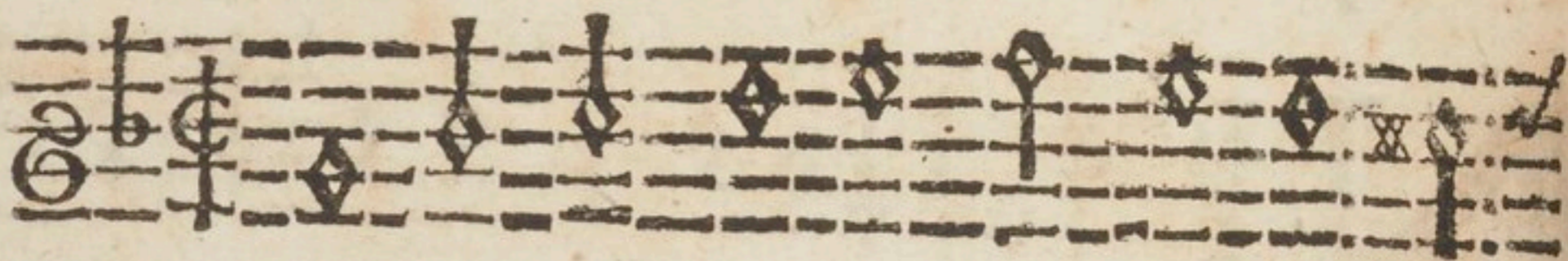


vast, Tot sijn wegen gepast Op een steenrotz seer hoogh.

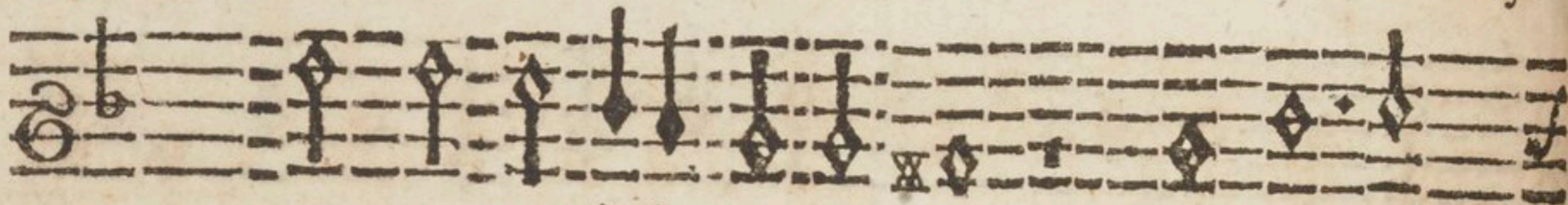
Superius.

PSALM XLI.

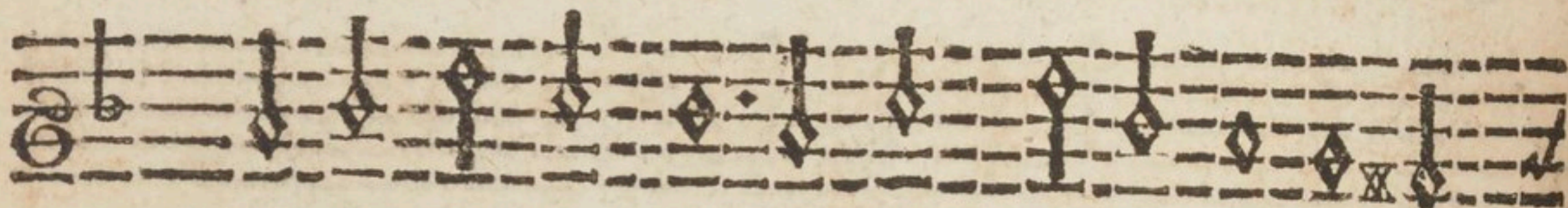
W



El hem die recht oordeelt van dat kruys



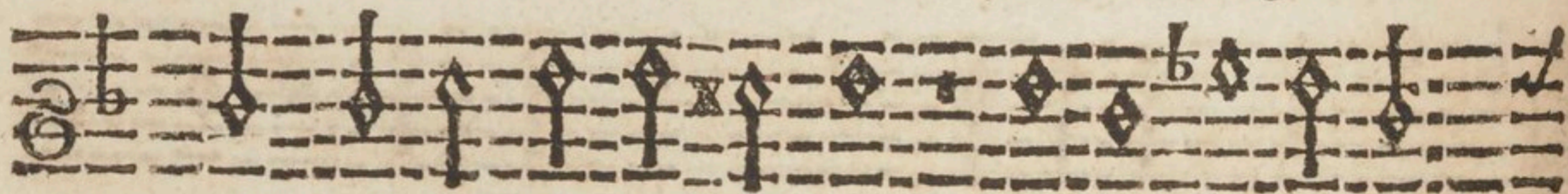
groot, Des armen in den noot : Godt sal dien



liefflick vertroosten voorwaer, In all' sijn lijdē



swaer, En hem laten zijn wel fraey en ge-



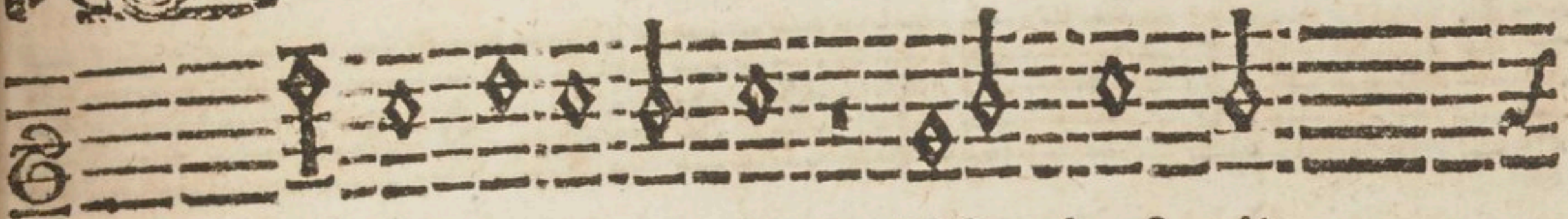
font, Ja bloeijen t'aller stont : Hy sal hem na den



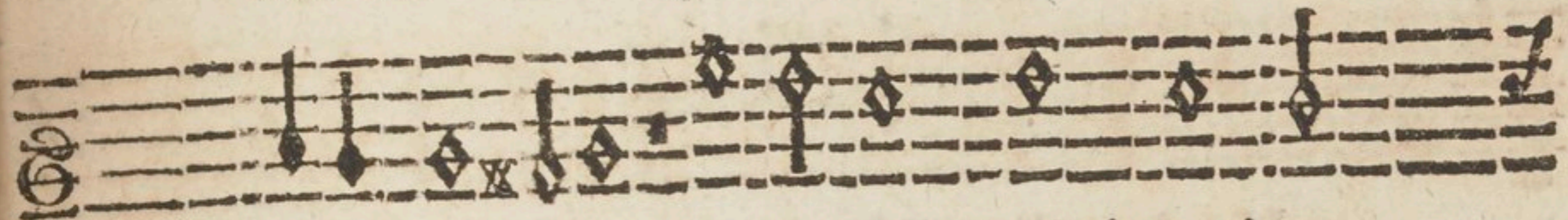
wil der boosen niet Verlaten in't verdriet.



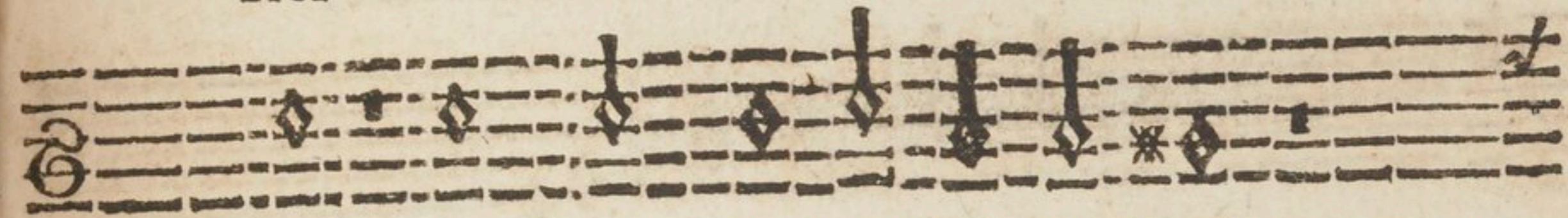
Als een hert gejaeght, ô Heere, Dat



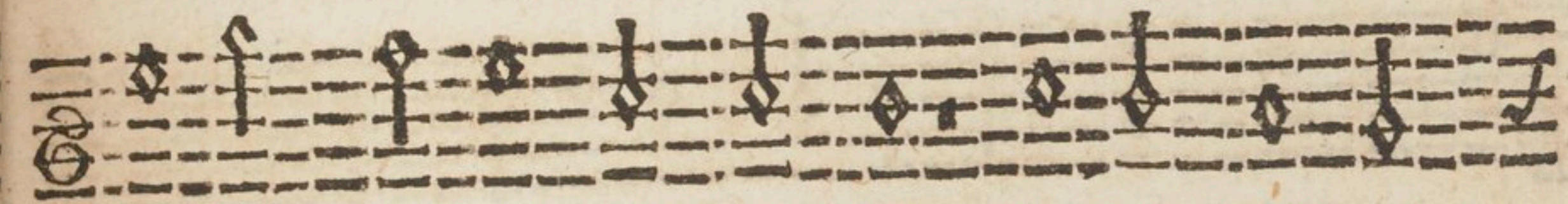
versche water begeert ; Alsoo dorst mijn



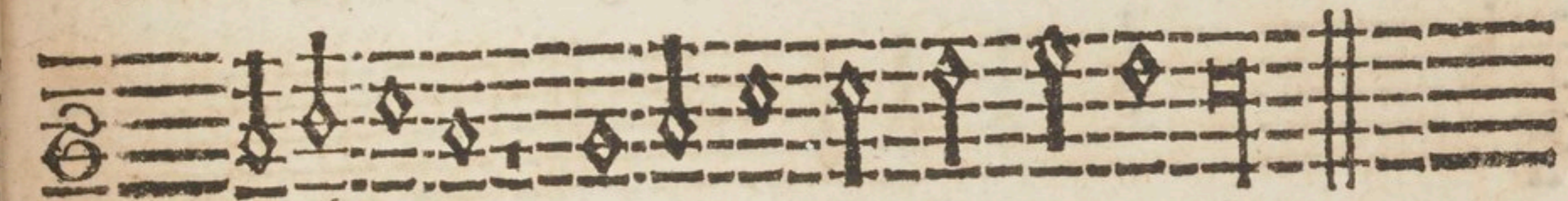
ziel oock seere Na u mijn Godt hoogh ge-



eert , En spreeckt by haer met geklagh,



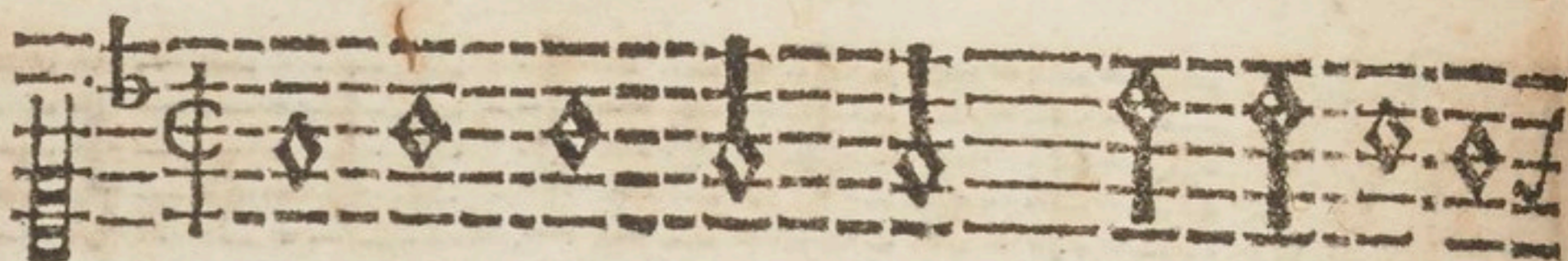
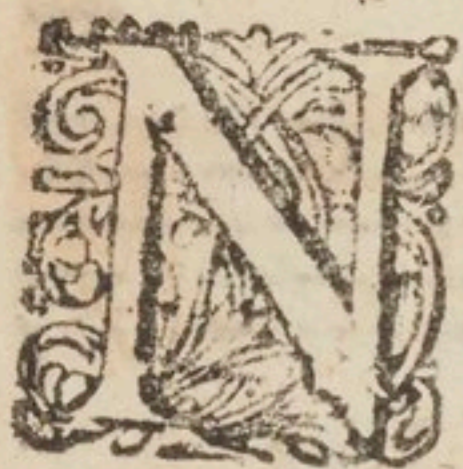
O Heer, wanneer komt dien dagh, Dat ick doch by



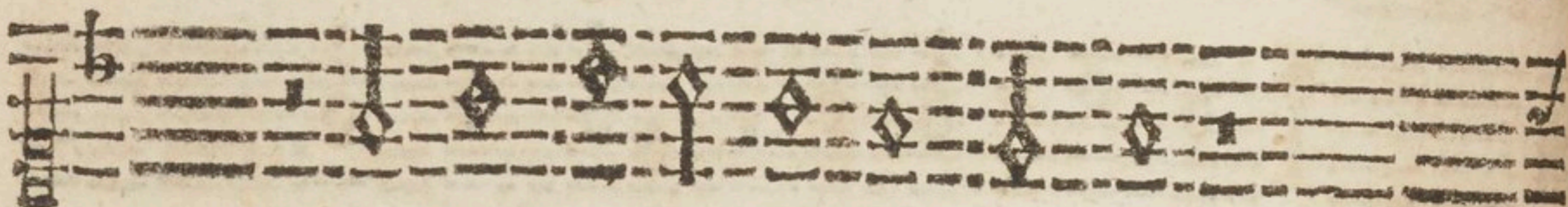
u sal wesen, En sien u aenschijn gepresen ?

Superius.

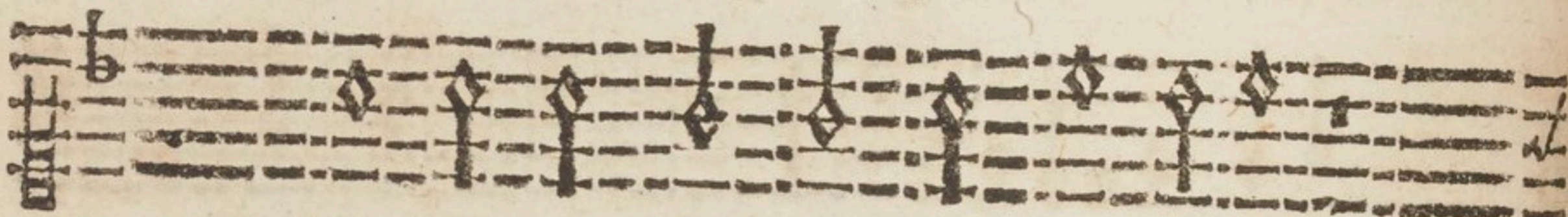
PSALM XLIII.



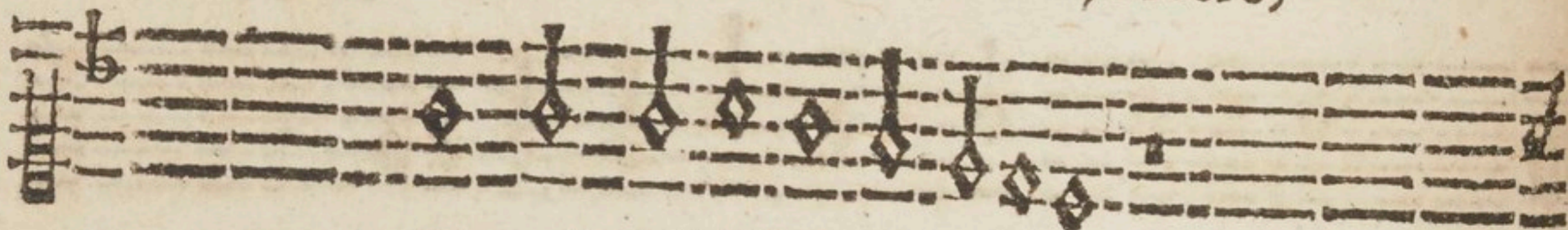
Eemt mijn saeck aen, wreeckt my, ô Heere,



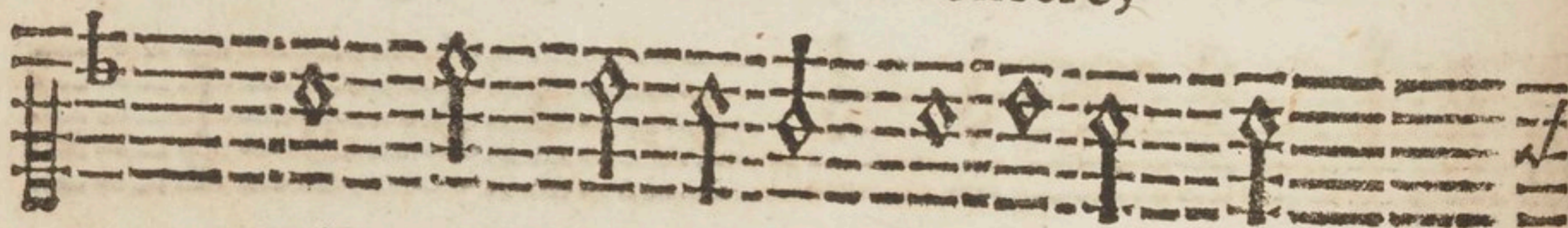
Na uw' groote goetheyt vermaert :



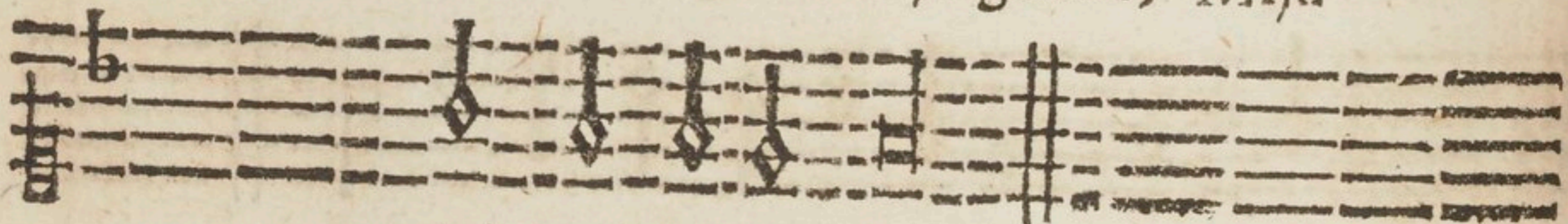
Van hen die valsch en wreet zijn seere,



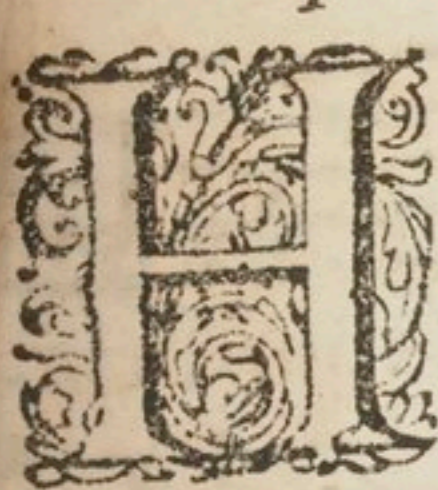
Ja oock vol listen en oneere,



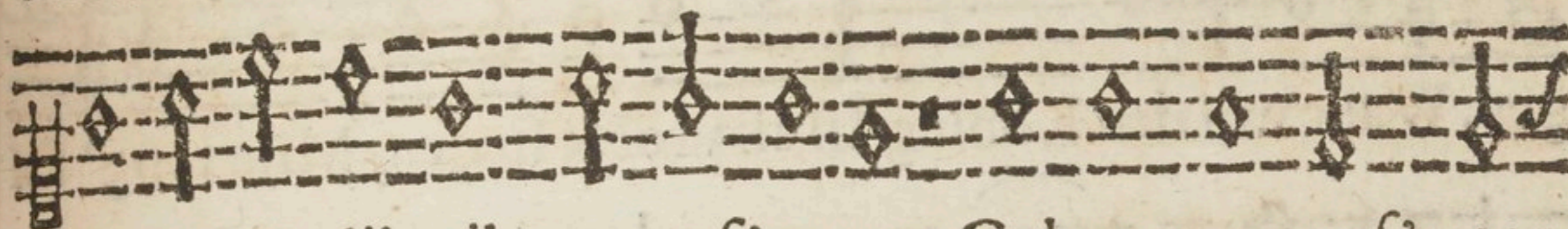
Die gantsch booffelick zijn geaert, Mijn



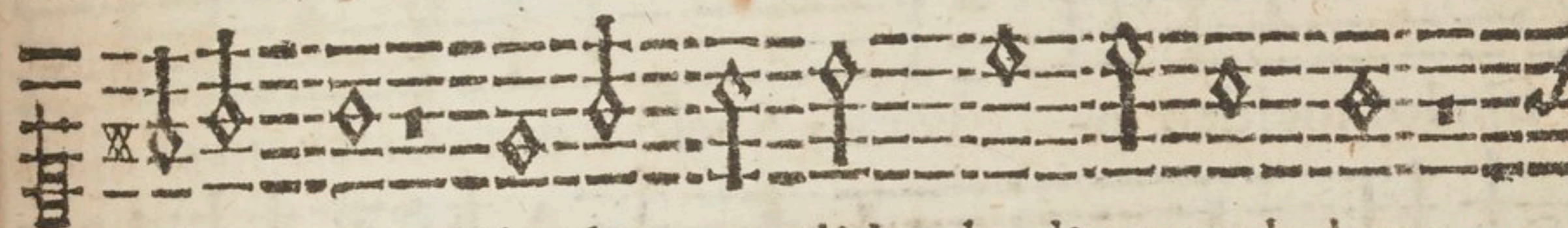
ziel doch nu bewaert.



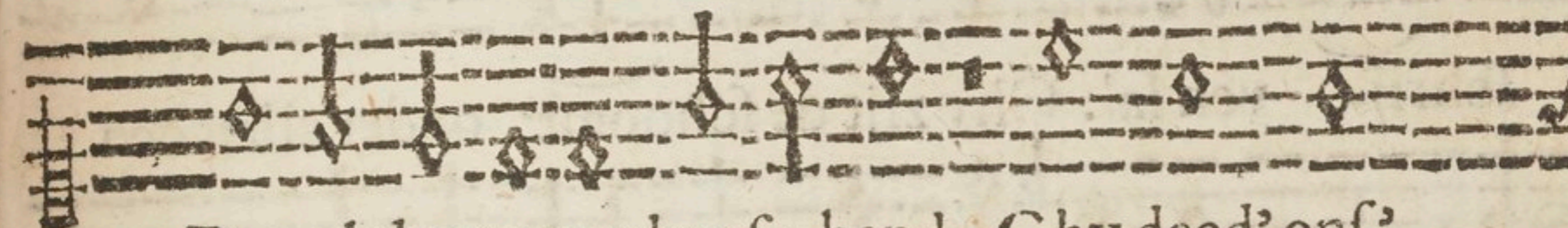
Eer, uw' wonder werc- ken verko- ren



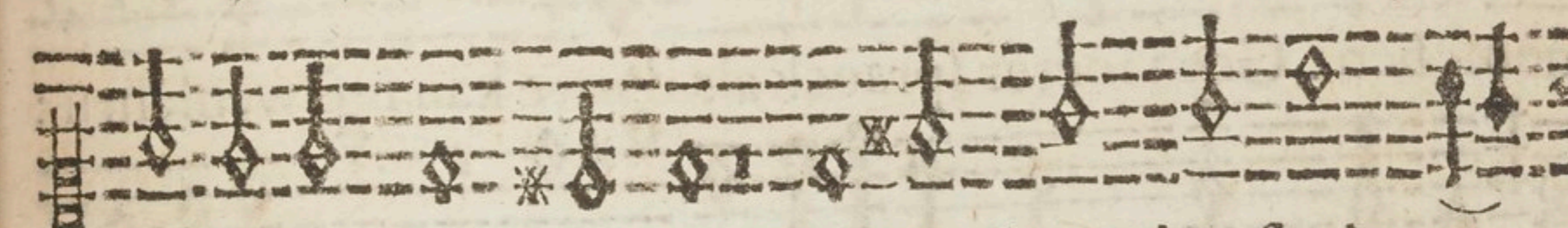
Hebben wy dikwils met onf' ooren Gehoort van onf' voor-



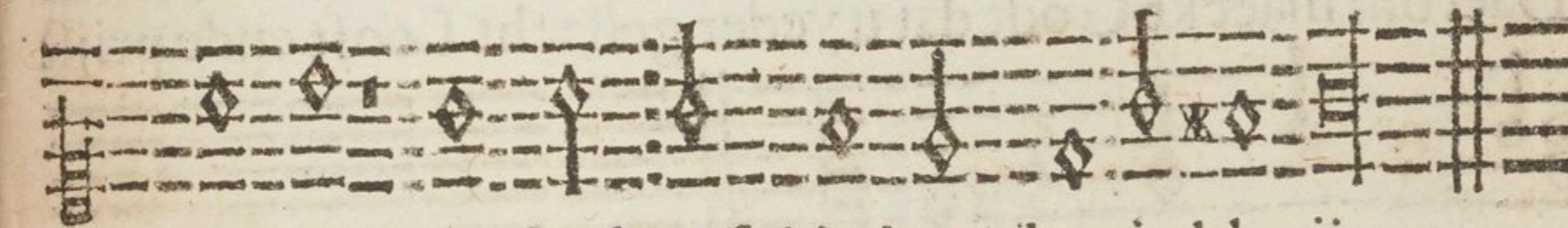
vaders goet, Die ghy voortijds deed' en noch doet.



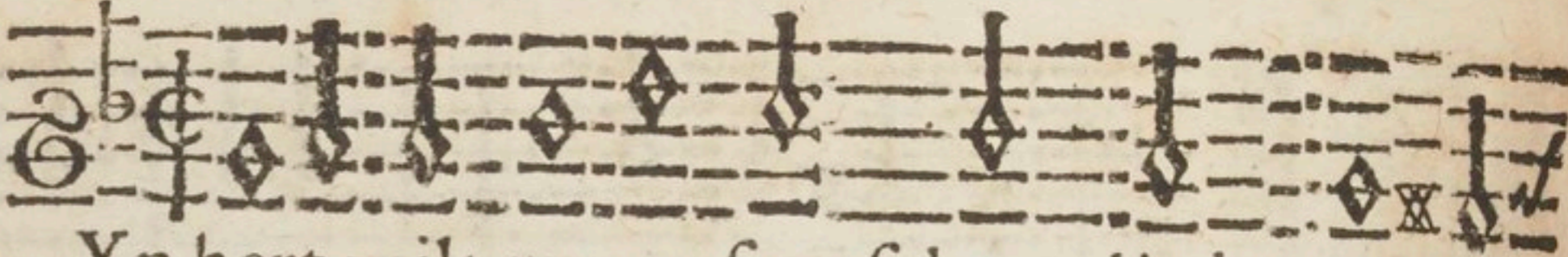
De volckeren verdreef u hand, Ghy deed' onf'



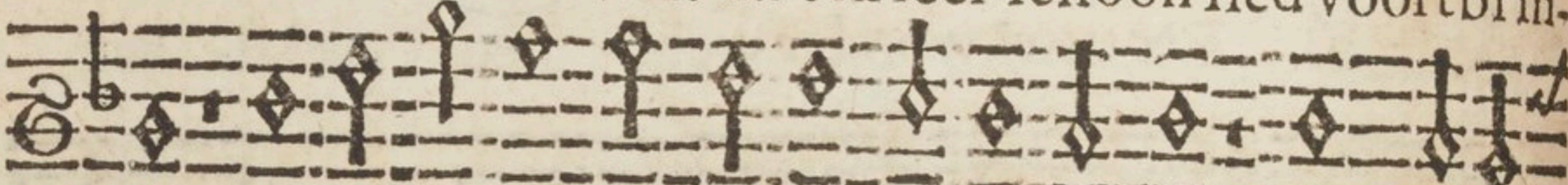
vaders in 't lant groeijen, De Heyd'nen dreeft ghy uyt



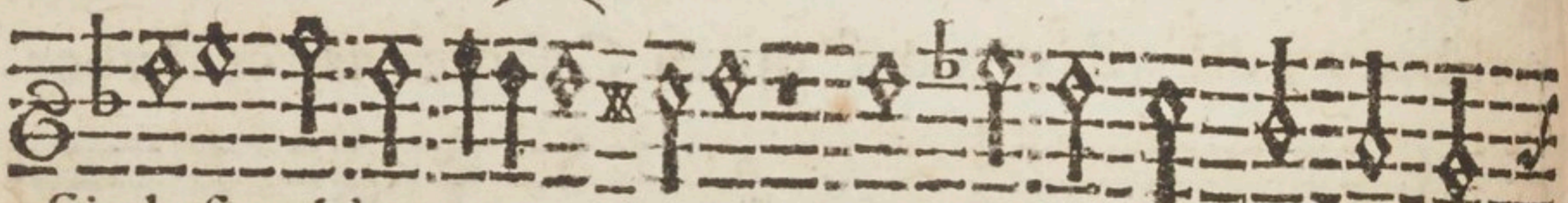
dat land, En deed' onf' kind'ren daer in bloeijen.

M 

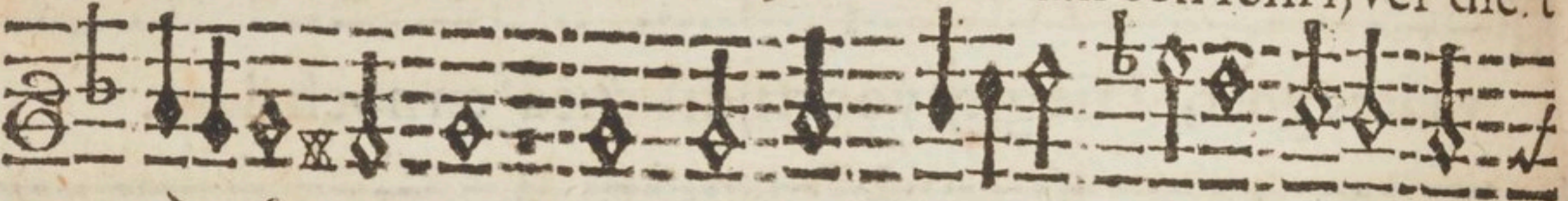
Yn hert wilt nu een seer schoon lied voortbrin-



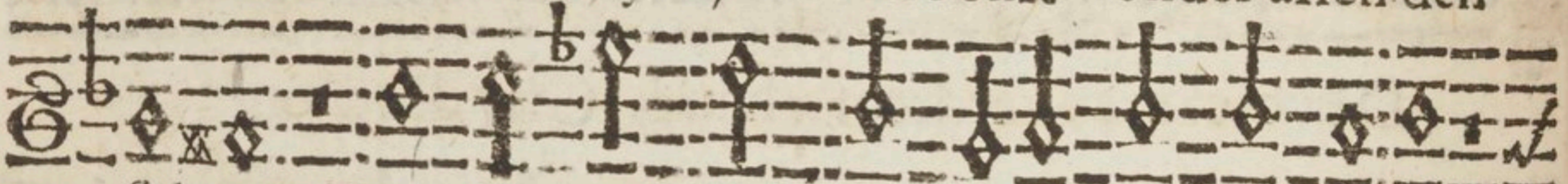
gen. Want van den Koning sal ik vrolik singen; Mijn tong' sal



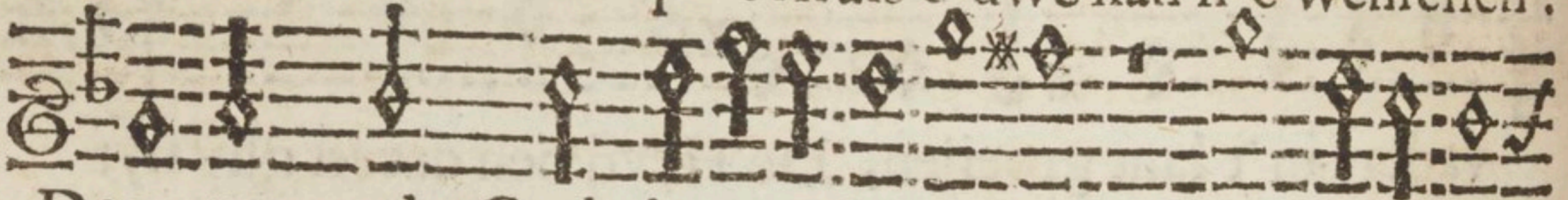
fijn lof melden o- ver al, Snelder dan een schrijver die't



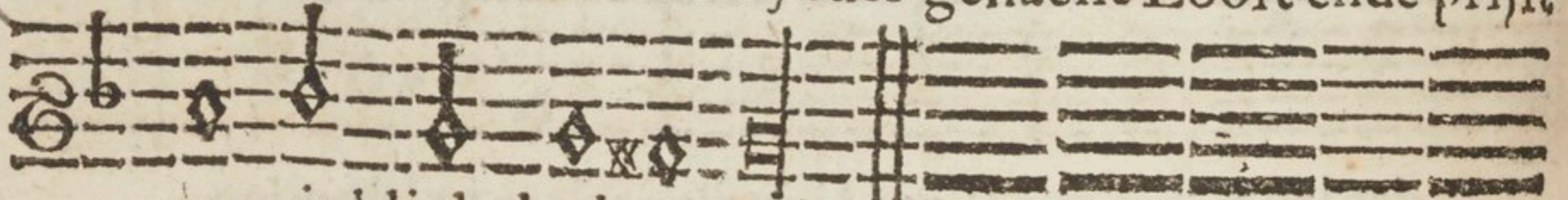
fchrij- ven sal. Ghy zijt de schoonst' onder allen den



menschen: Geen soeter spraeck als d'uwe kan mē wenschen:

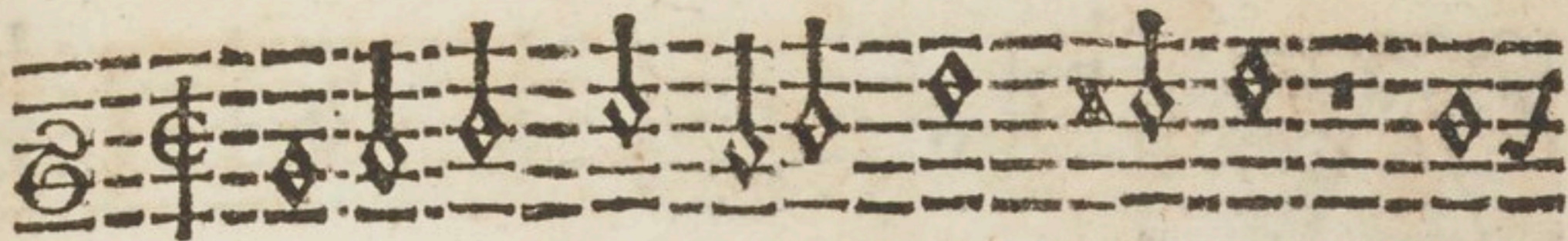


Daerom maect Godt dat u yeder geslacht Looft ende prijst



eeuwighlick dagh en nacht.

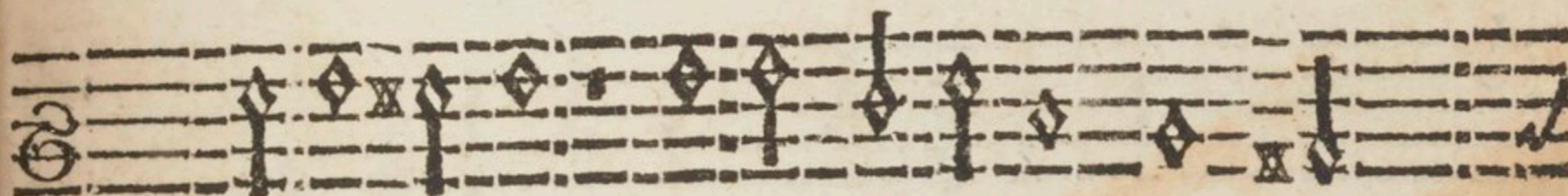
A



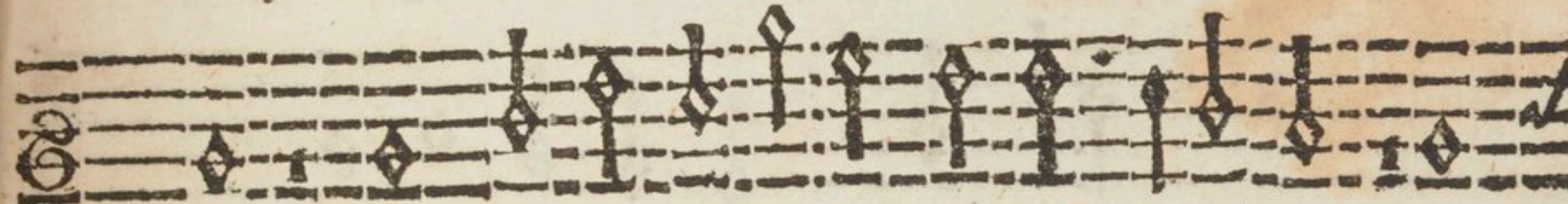
Als ons de noodt overvalt krachtigh, Onf'



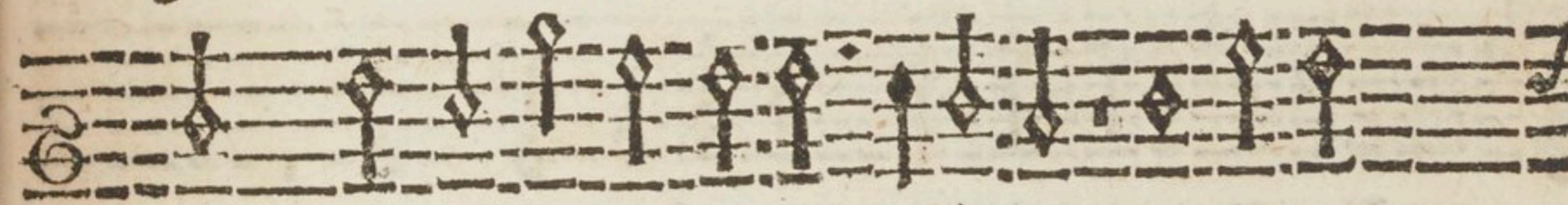
borcht en heyl is Godt almachtigh : Sulcx bevinden



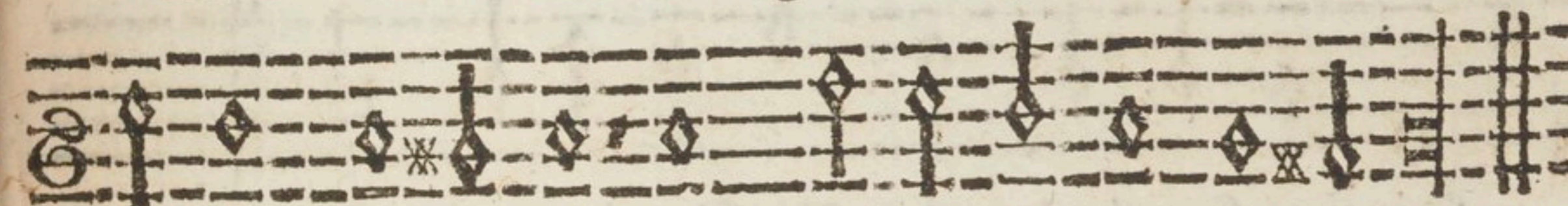
wy in den noot, En hebben in hem troost seer



groot. Dies vreesen wy in geenen din- ge, Al



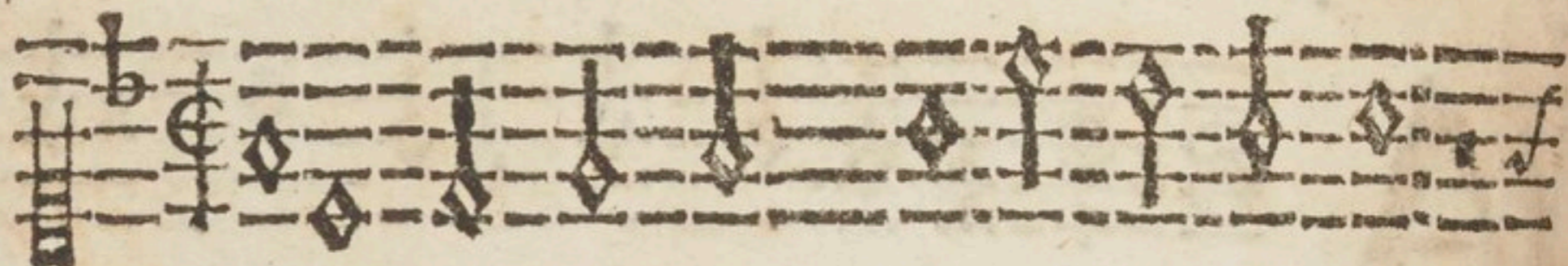
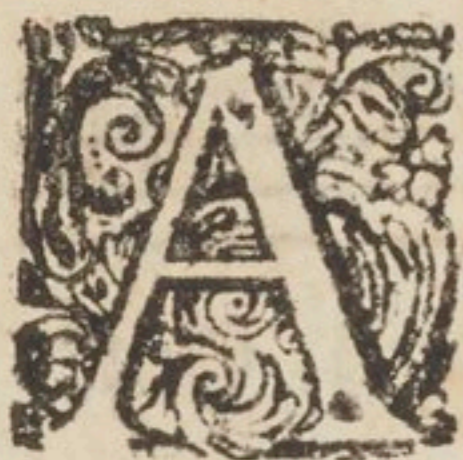
waer 't dat de werelt vergin- ge, En de ber-



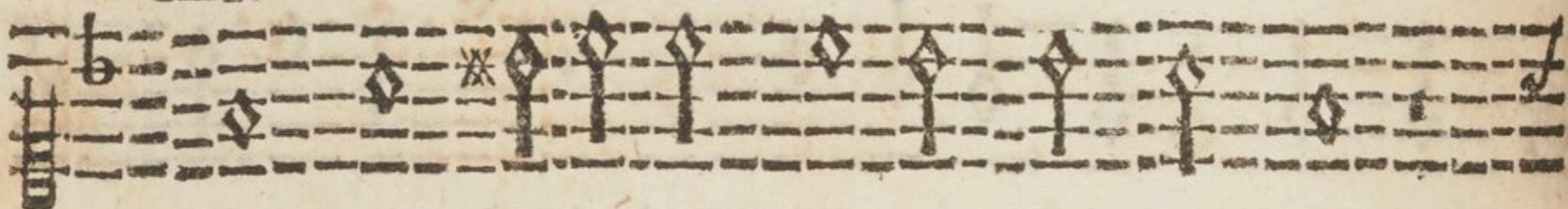
gen hen wierpen snel In 't midden der zee diep en fel :

Superius.

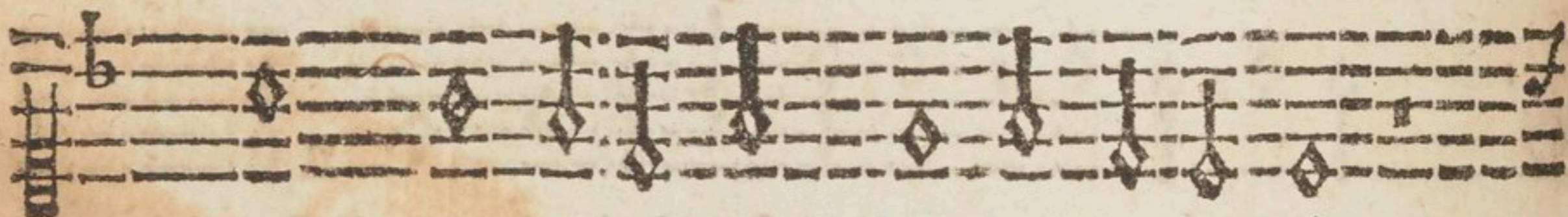
PSALM XLVII.



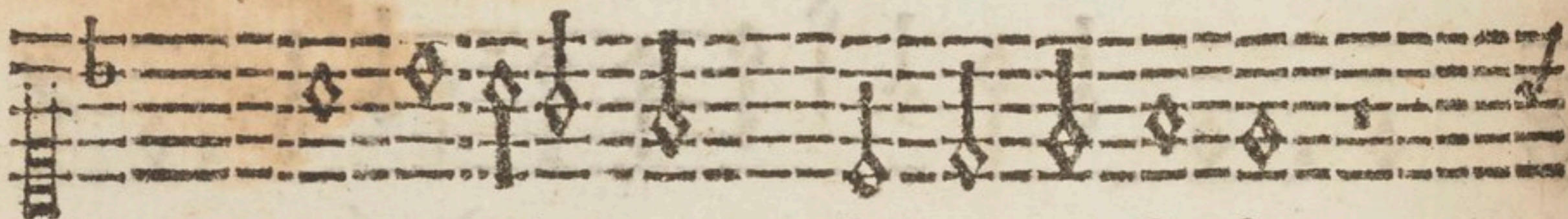
Lle volck gemeyn, Sla de handen reyn,



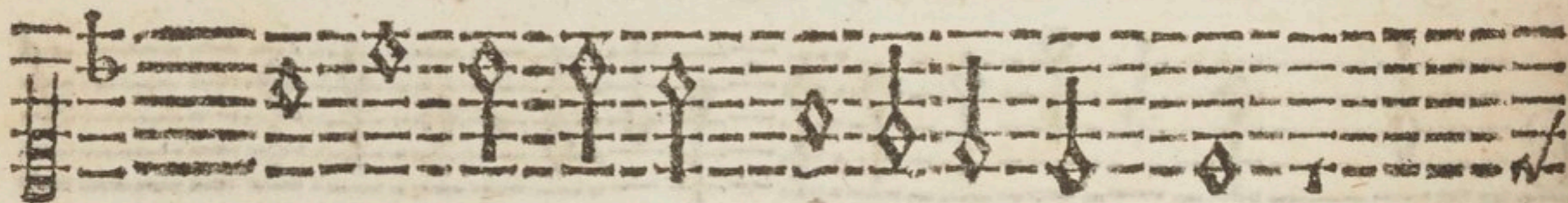
Met vreughde te saem, En met sijngh bequaem :



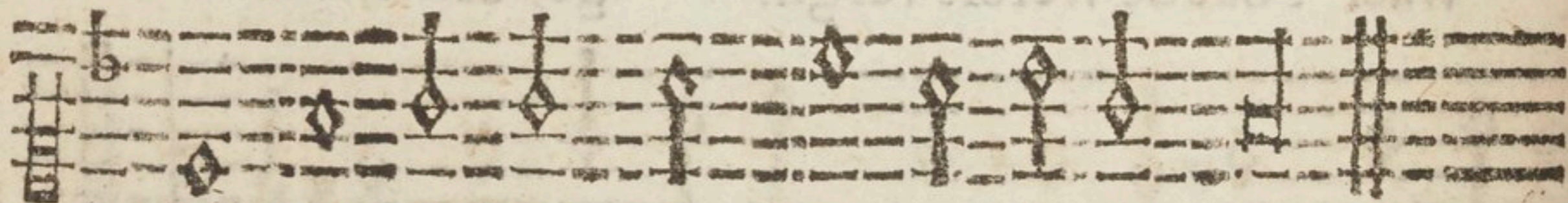
Prijft Godts name goet, Met hert en gemoet :



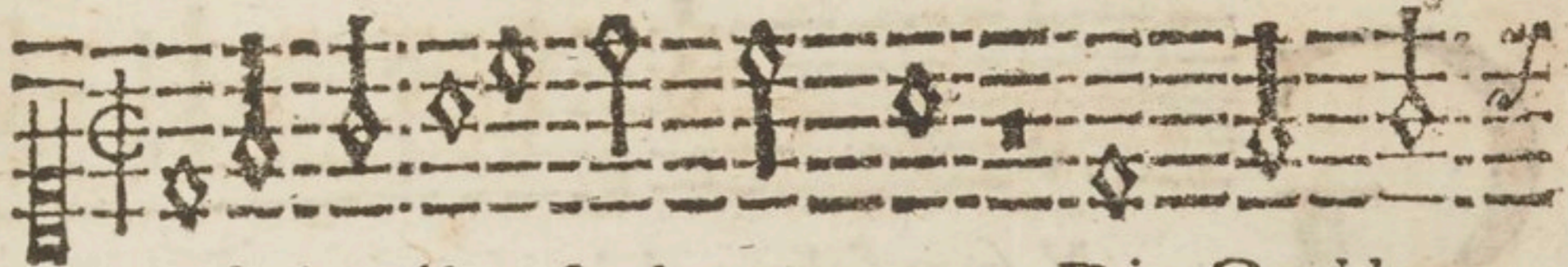
Want hy is de Heer, Dien wy vreesen seer :



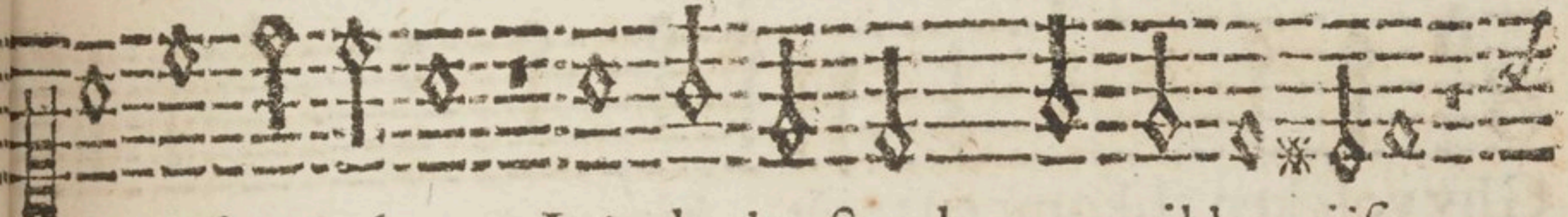
Een Koningh is hy, Die alsins toont vry



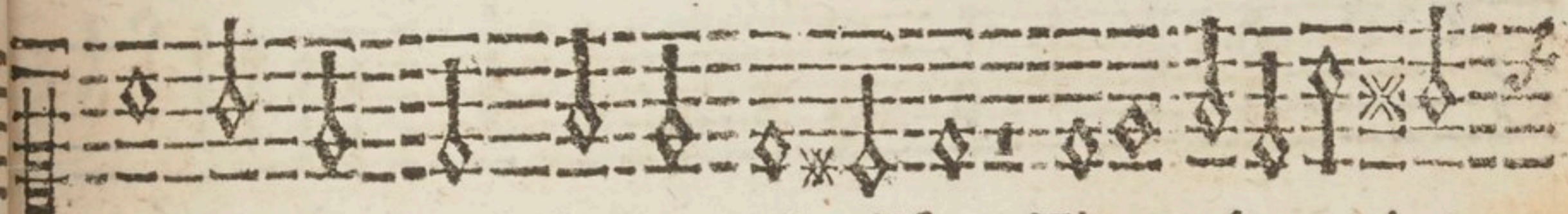
Sijn seer stercke kracht, En sijn groote macht.



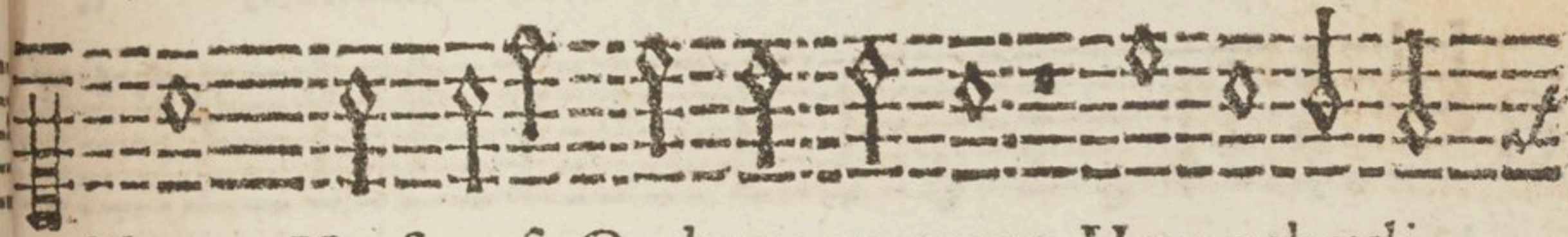
N de heylige stad voorwaer, Die God hem



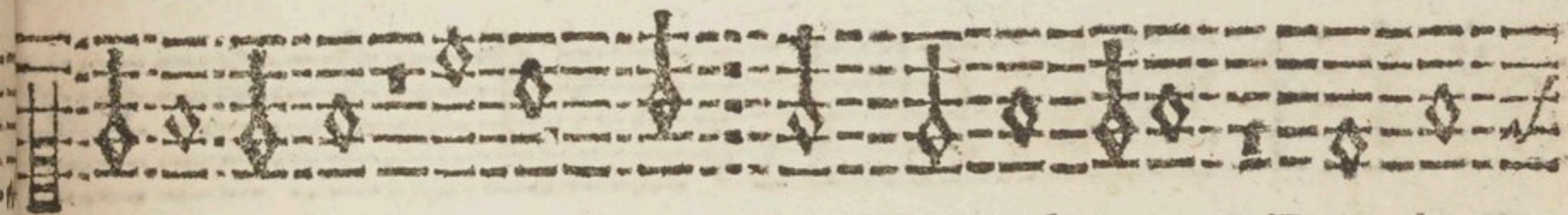
verkieft openbaer, Is 't dat hy steeds ons wil bewijfen,



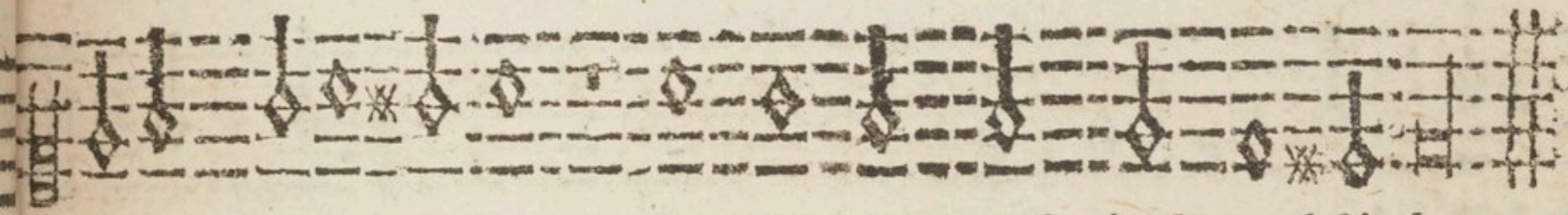
Sijn heerlickheyt niet om volprijsen, Zion gelegen in 't



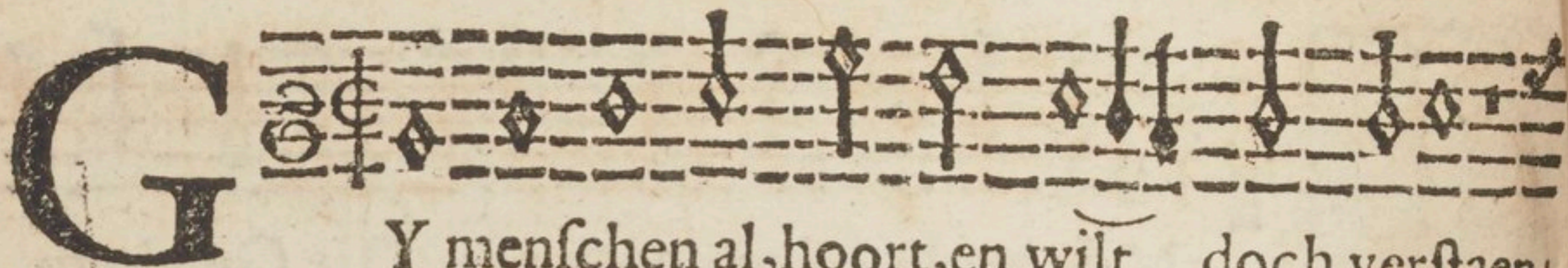
Noort, Heeft onse Godt van nu voort Hem geheyli-



get al voren, In een schoon lant uytverkoren ; Daer in



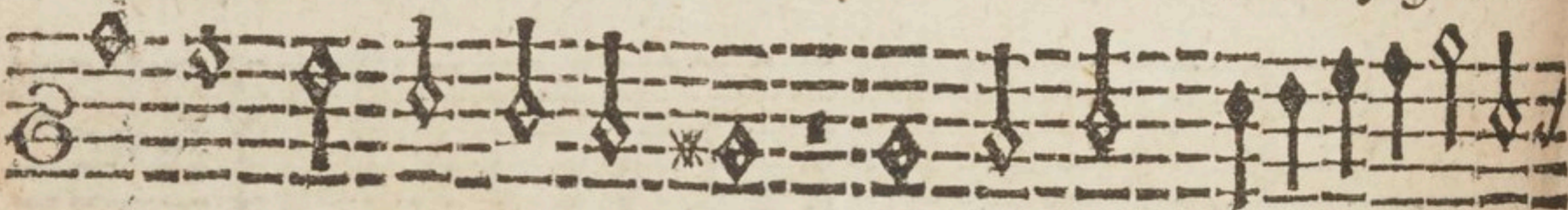
alleen t' allen tijden Moet hem dat aerdtrijck verblijden.

G 

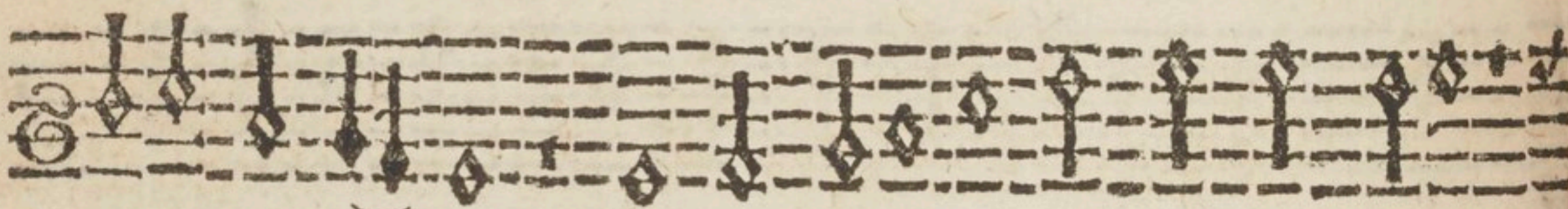
Y menschen al, hoort, en wilt doch verstaen:



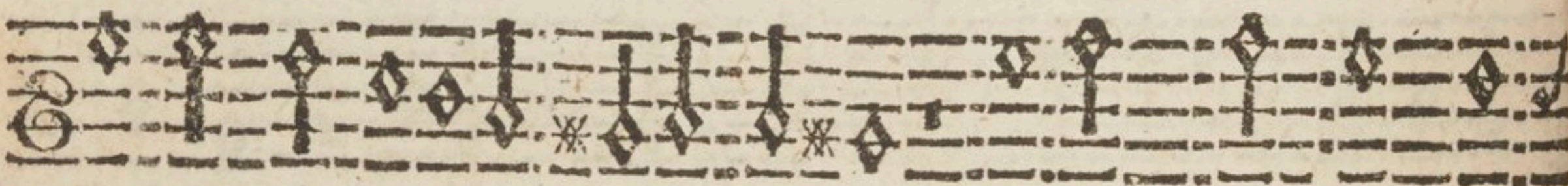
Ghy volcken al, komt en treet hier voor aen, Ghy gemeen



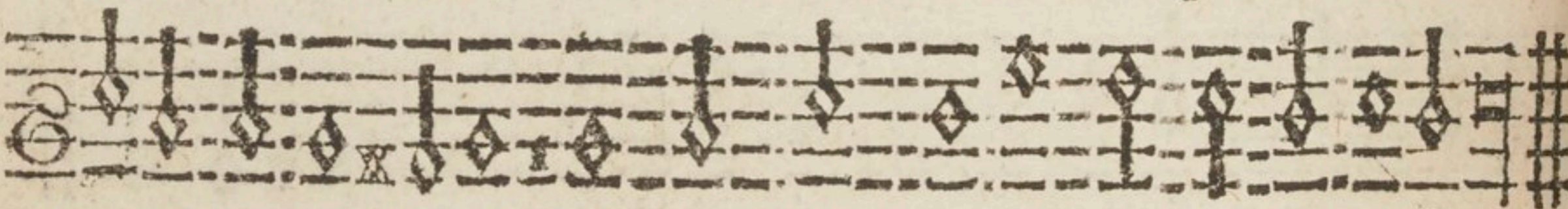
volck, ook die als heeren leeft, Rijk, arm, en kranck, u



tot hooren begeeft, Wijf heyt sal u uyt spreken de mont mijn,



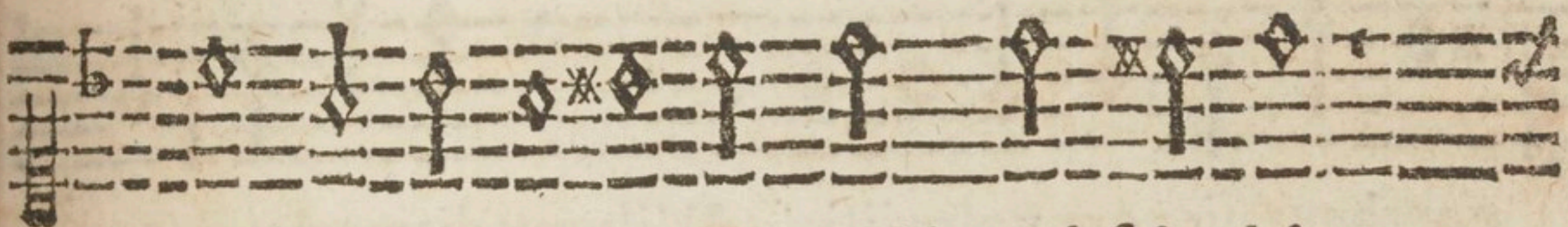
En van verstandige reden vol zijn. Goede spreucken hoor



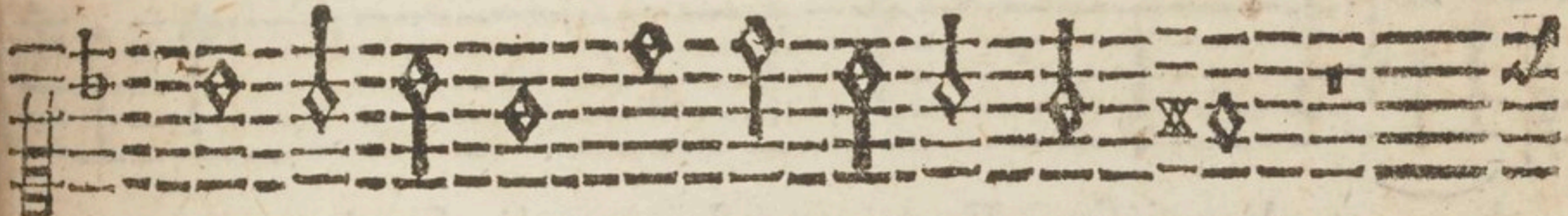
ick sonder vervelen, Op mijn harp wil ik groote dingē spelen.

G 

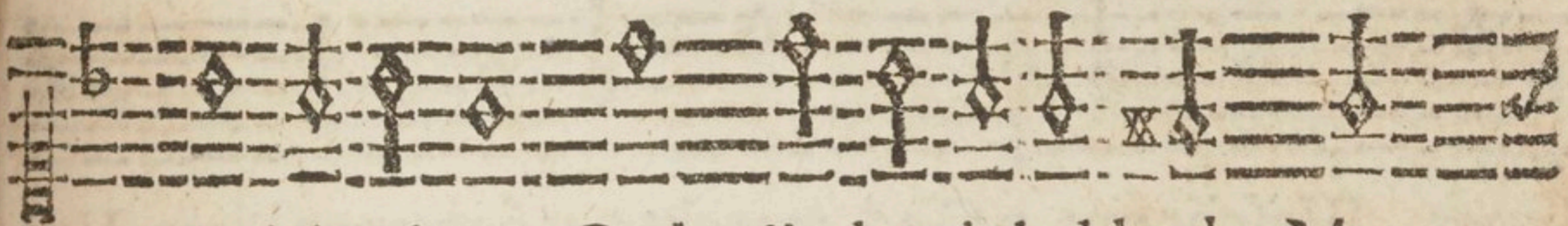
Odt, die der goden Heer is, spreken sal,



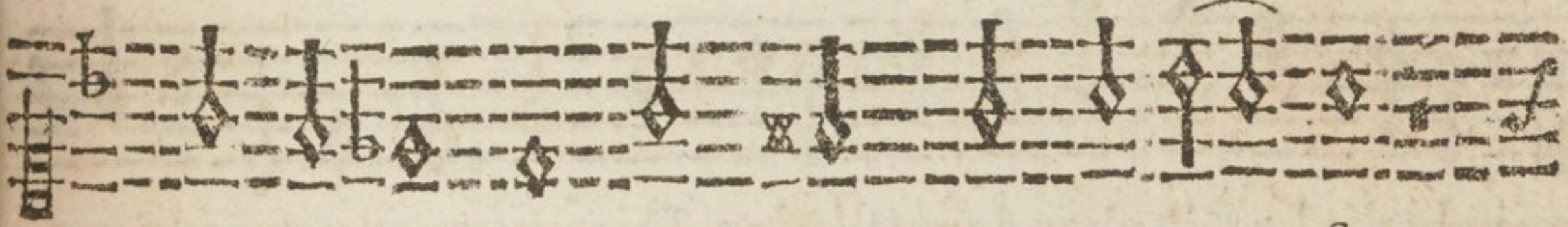
En t' samen roepen dat gantsch aerdtische dal ;



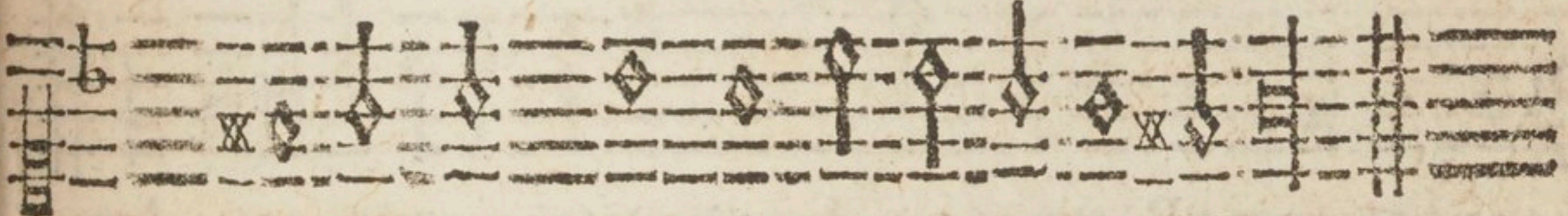
Van den opgangh tot den nedergangh breedt.



Uyt Zion komt Godt, die daer is bekleedt Met



heerlickheyt, en schoonheyt hoogh gepre- sen.



Onse Godt komt, die niet stille sal wesen :

O Ntfermt u over my arme fondaer, Heer na uwe

goetheyt niet om volprijsen ; Wilt my ditmael u gena-

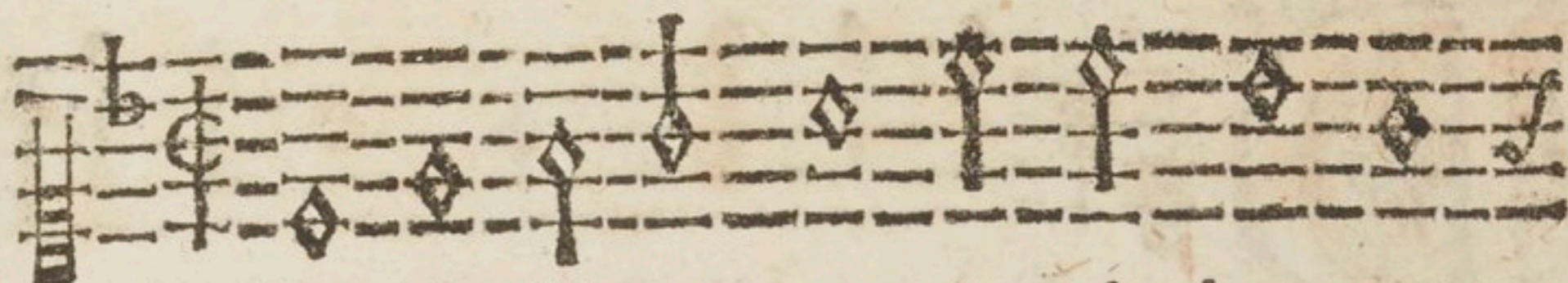
de bewijsen, En vergeeft my mijn sonden groot en

swaer. Wascht my, o God, maeckt my suyver en klaer Van

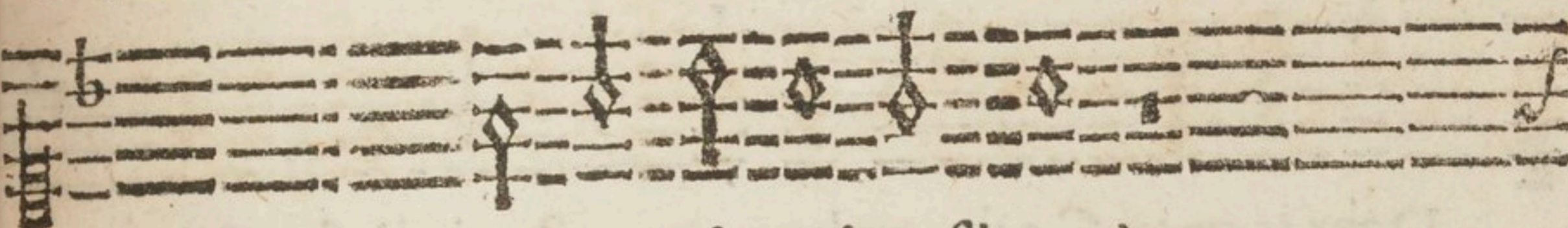
mijn leelicke stinckende misdaden, Die my voor u onreyn ma-

ken voorwaer ; Reynigt my door 't water uwer gena-

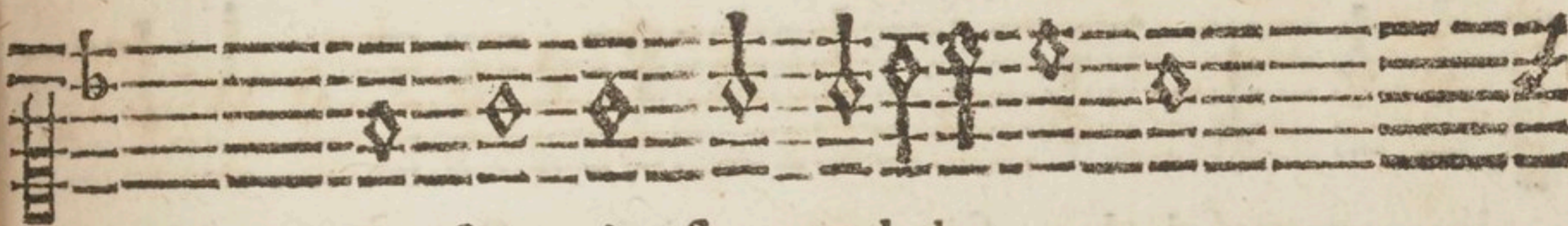
den.



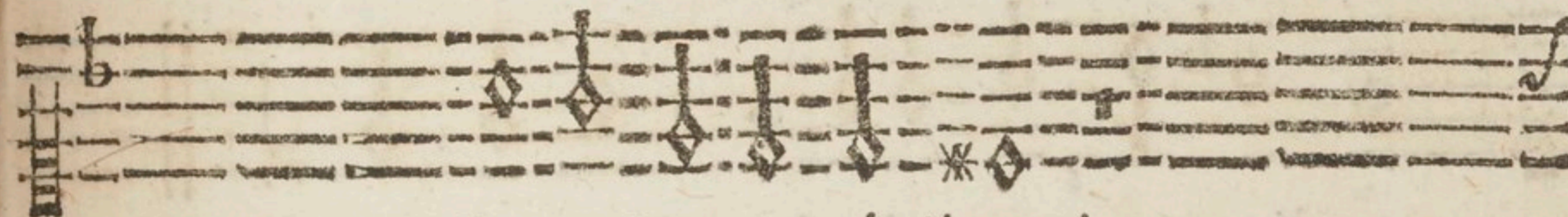
Egt ghy Tyran, waer op ghy bouwet



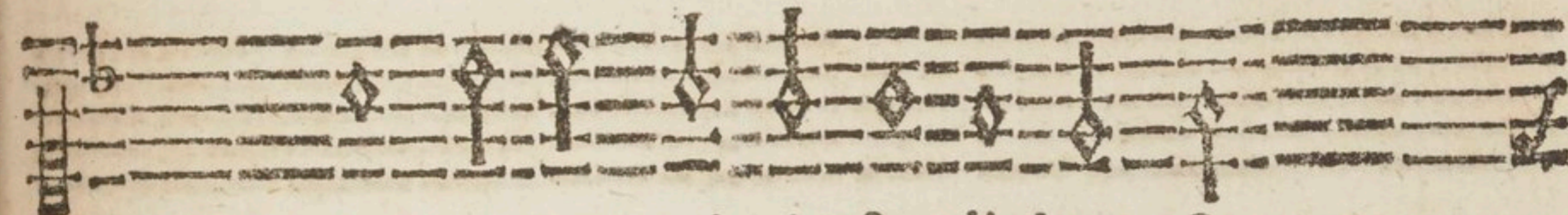
Met gewelt en boofheyt?



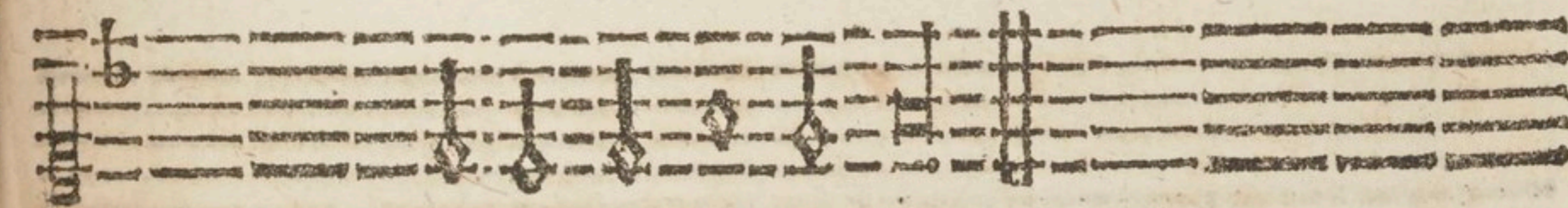
Hoe staet ghy soo, ende betrouwet



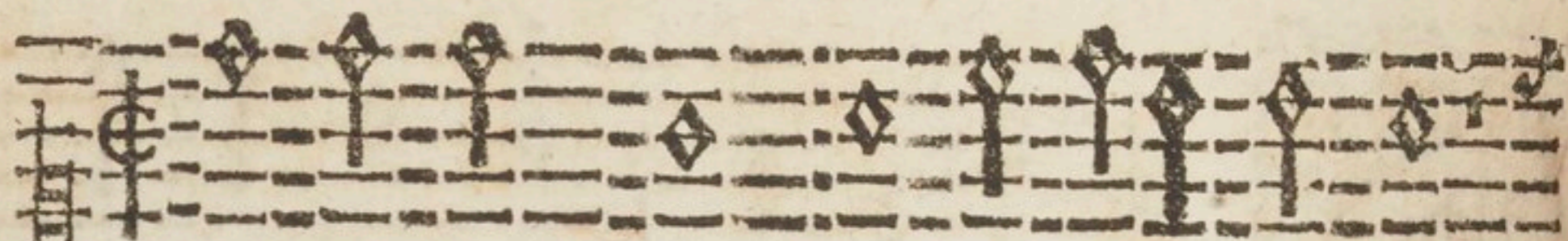
Op uw' ongerecht'heyt?



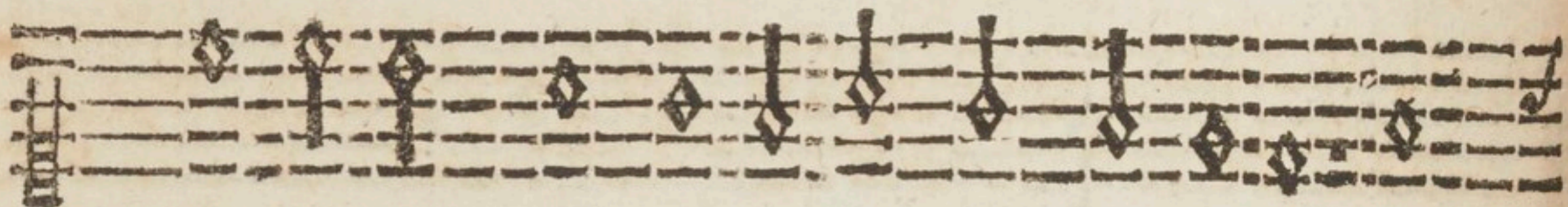
Nochtans is Godts bystandigheyt Ons



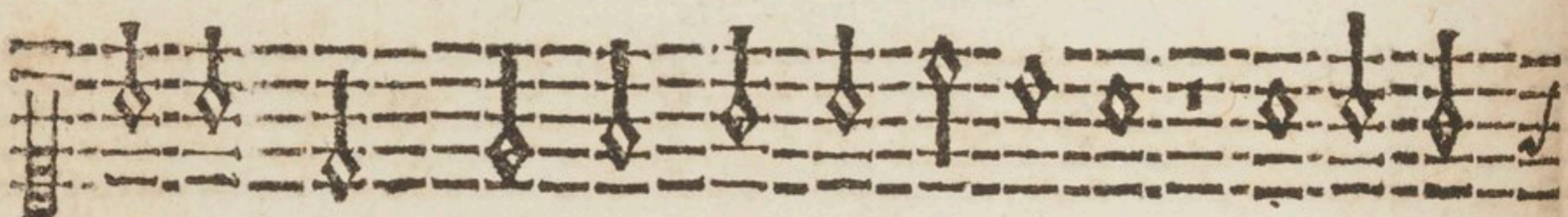
dagelicks be-reyt.



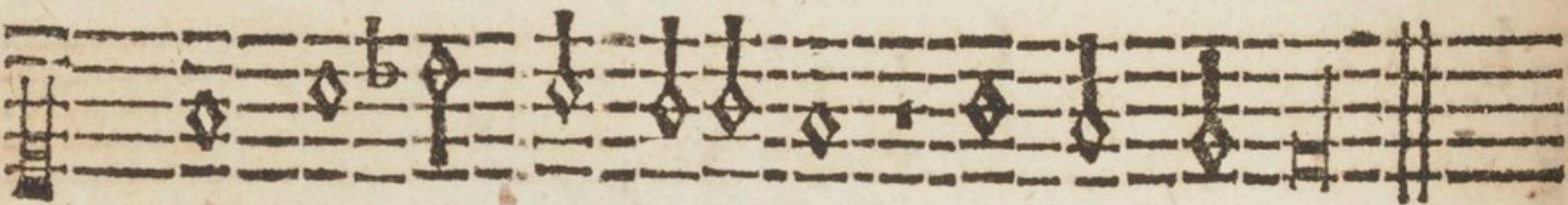
E dwaes die spreeckt in sijn herte seer quaet,



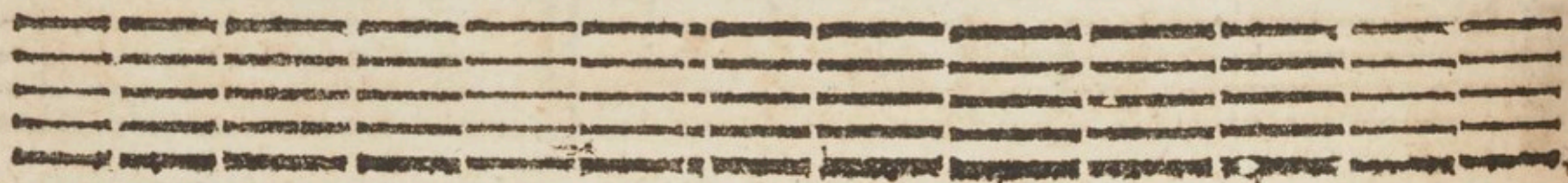
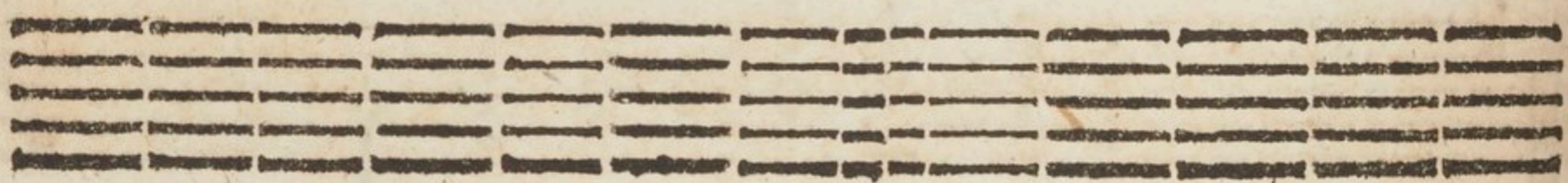
Daer is geen Godt, en hy verwoest mitdesen Sijn



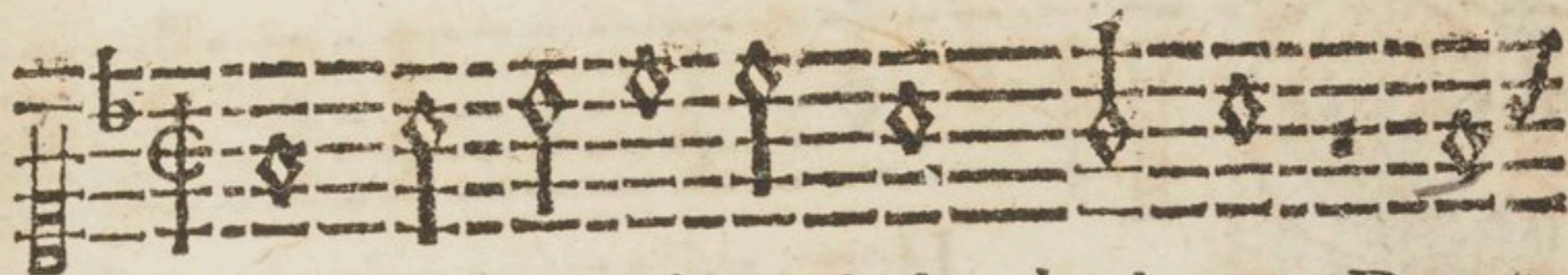
leven gantsch door sijn grouwelick wesen, Daer is niet



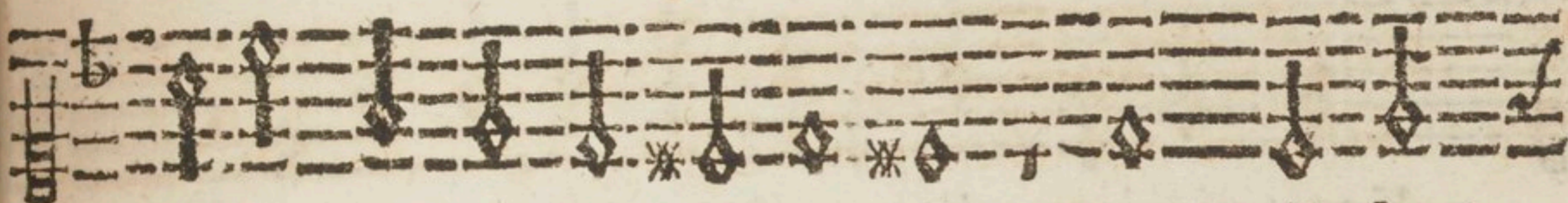
een die met woort ofte daet Wat goets begaet.



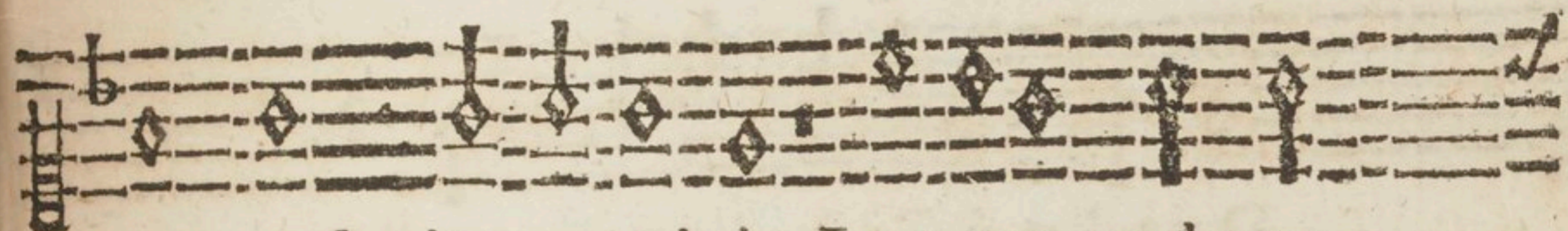
O



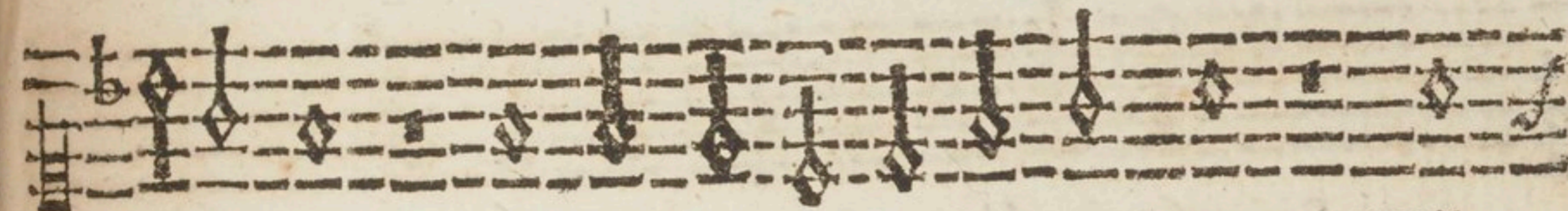
Ch Heer almachtig, helpt doch my, Door



uwen naem en sterckte krachtig, Neemt mijn saeck



aen, weest mijns gedachtig, Laet uwe macht ver-



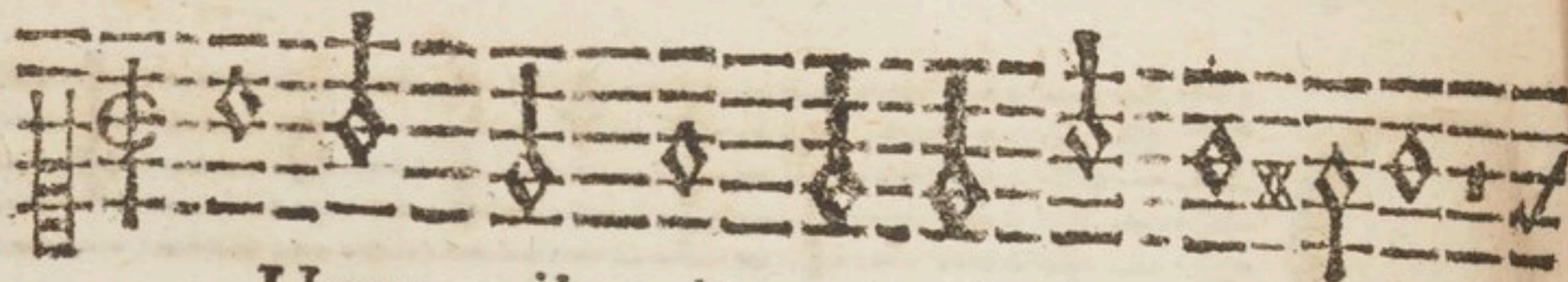
schijnen vry. 't Gebedt dat ick nu doe, verhoort : Wilt,



Heer, neygen tot my u ooren, Op dat gy meugt goe-



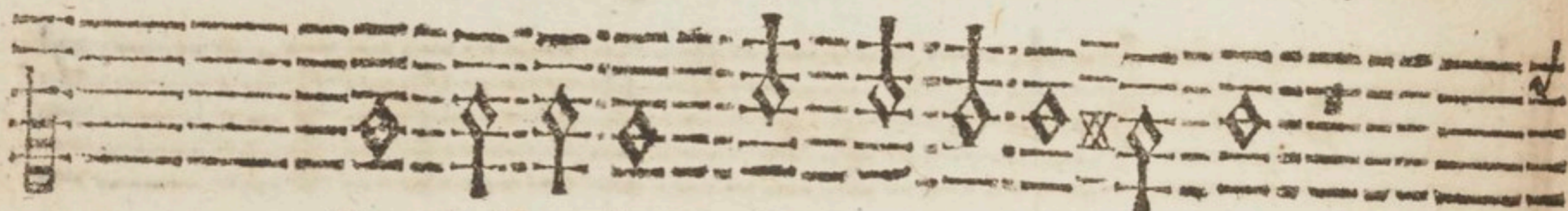
dighlick hooren De woorden die ick brenge voort.



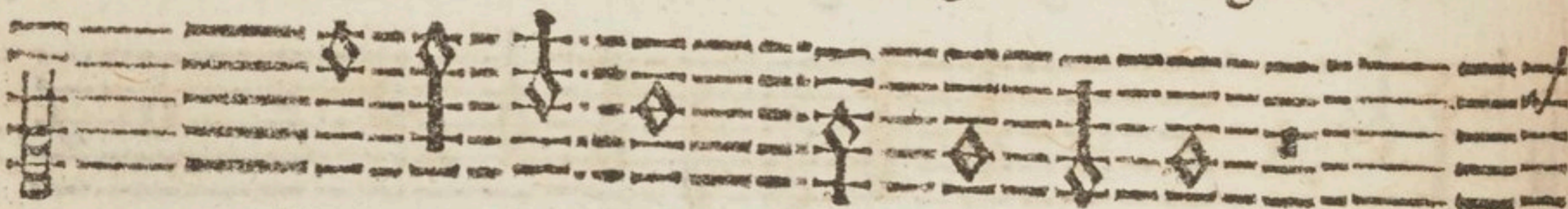
Heer, wilt mijn gebedt verhoo- ren :



Keert niet van mijn smeecken uw' ooren,



Dat ick u, ô Godt, doe gesta- digh.



Siet my doch aen, hoort mijn gewagh :



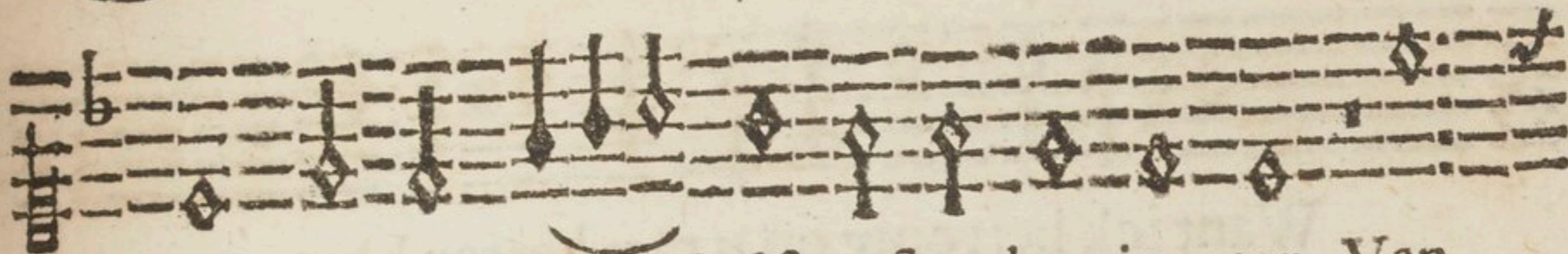
Want ick sucht en doe mijn geklagh,



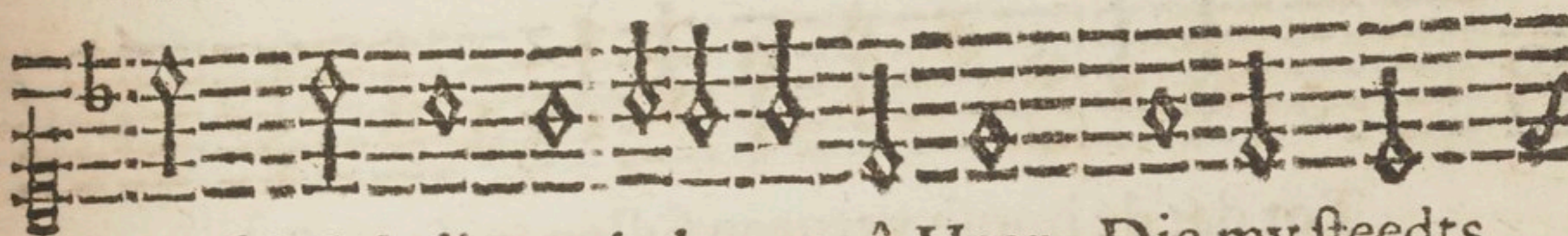
Tot u schrey ick weest my genadigh.



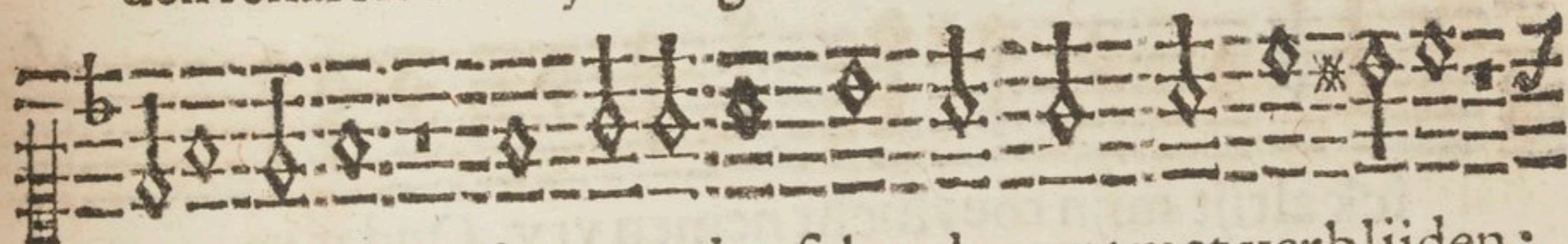
Ntfermt u mijns, die nu benauwt ben seer :



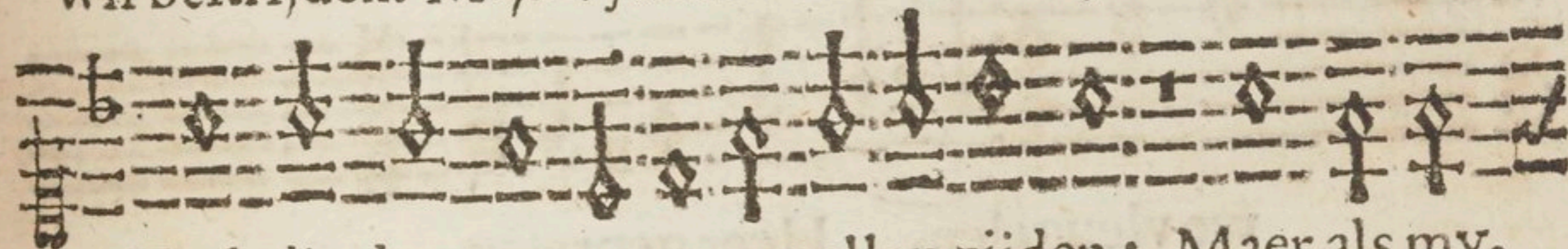
Want ick ben schier half verflonden, ja meer, Van



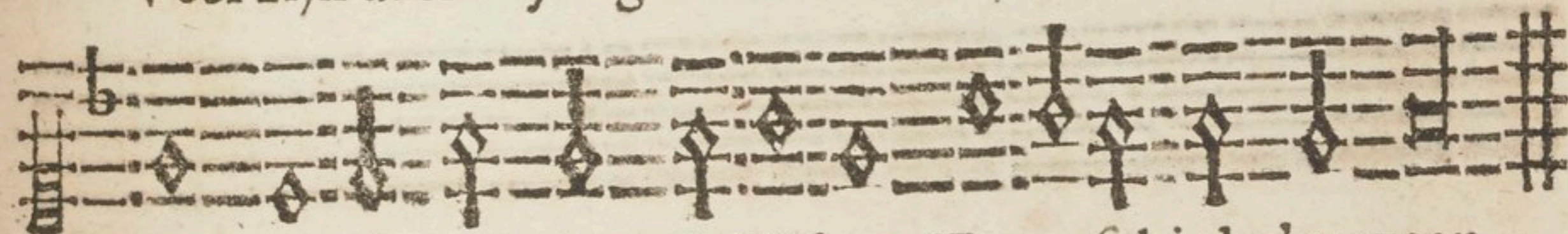
den schalck die my belegert, ô Heer, Die my steeds



wil bestrijden. Mijn vyanden schenden my met verblijden :



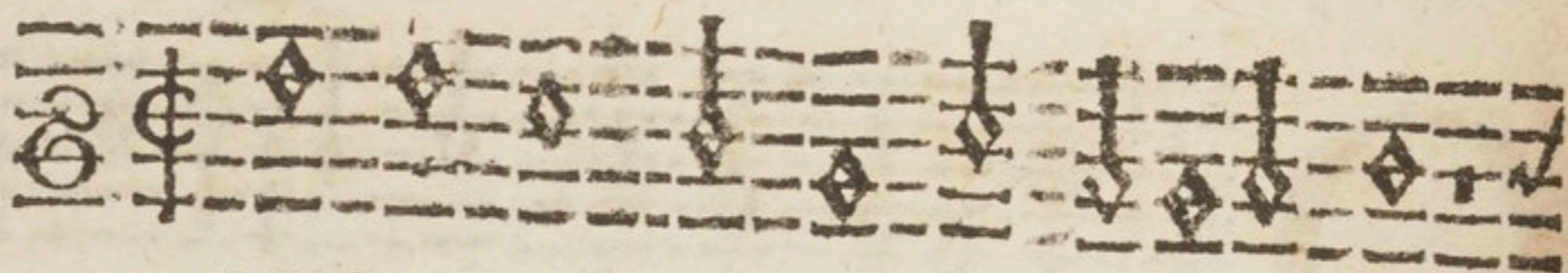
Veel zijn daer my tegen aen allen zijden : Maer als my,



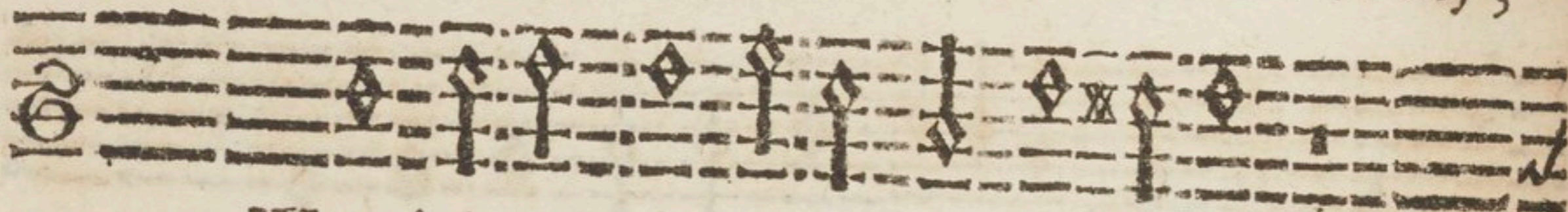
Heer, vreesse quelt in mijn lijden, Tot u sal ick dan gaen.

Superius.

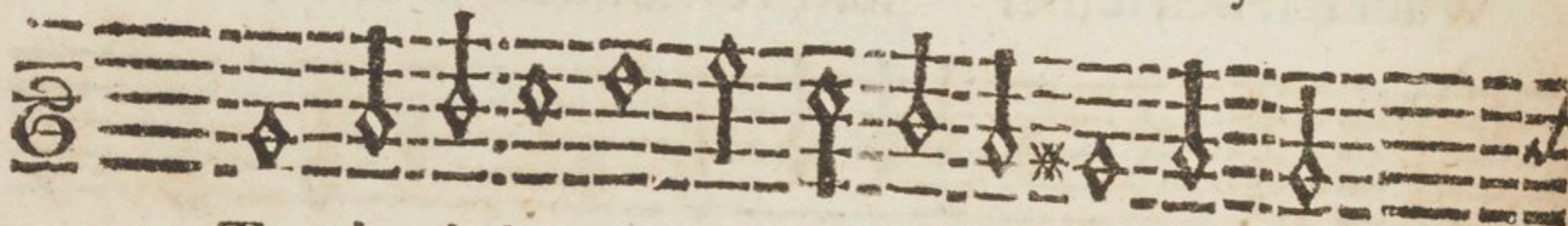
PSALM LVII.



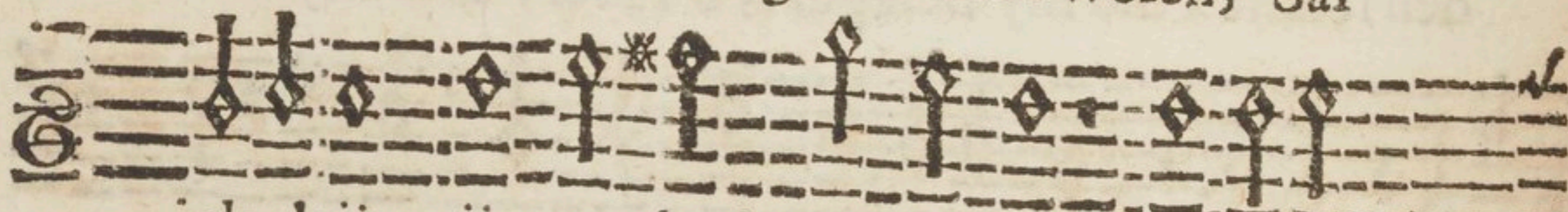
Ontfermt u Heer, ontfermt u over my ;



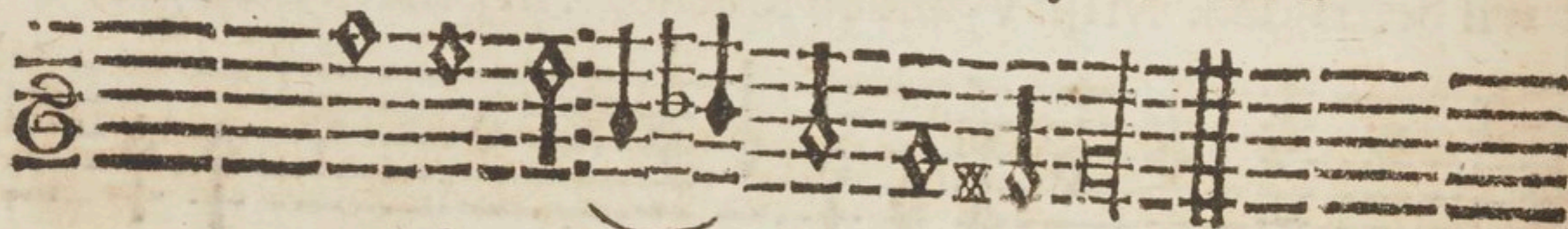
Want ick betrouw op u met herten bly :



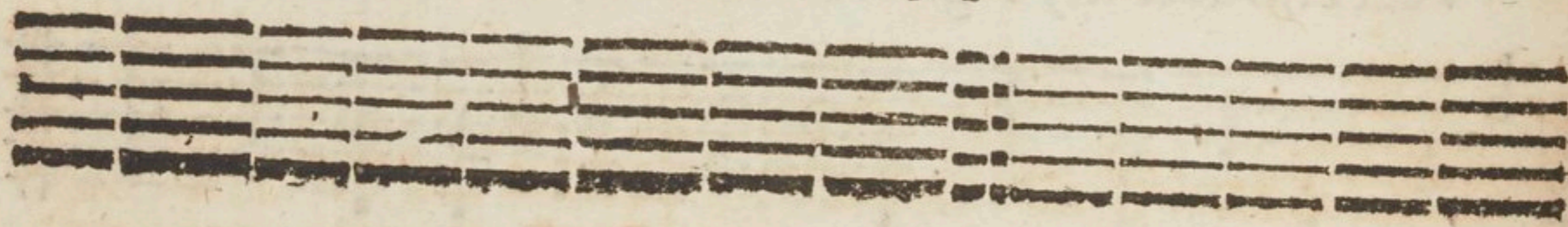
Tot dat de boose vergaen sullen wesen, Sal

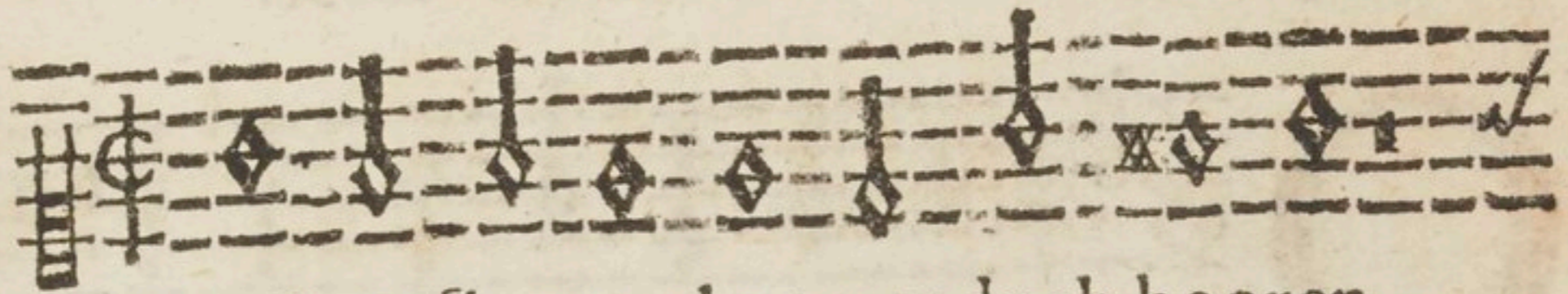


ick altijd mijn toevlucht nemen vry Onder u-

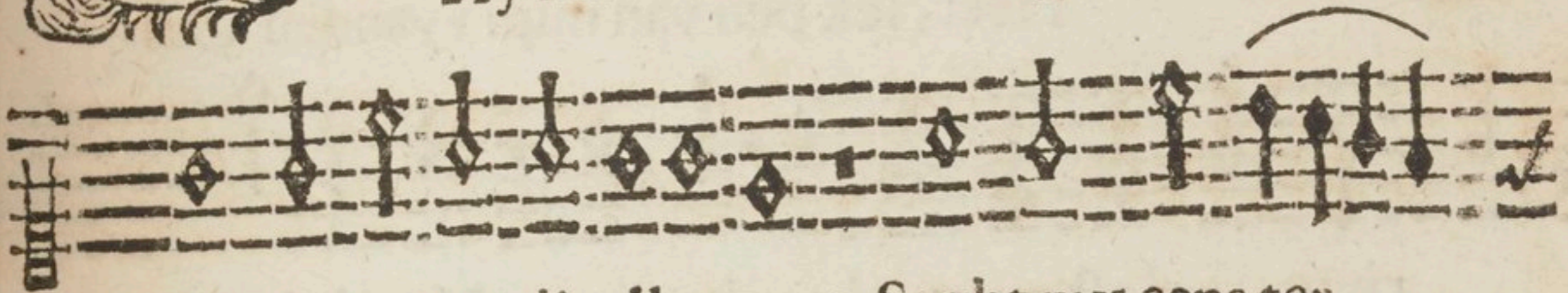


we vleugelen, Heer gepresen.

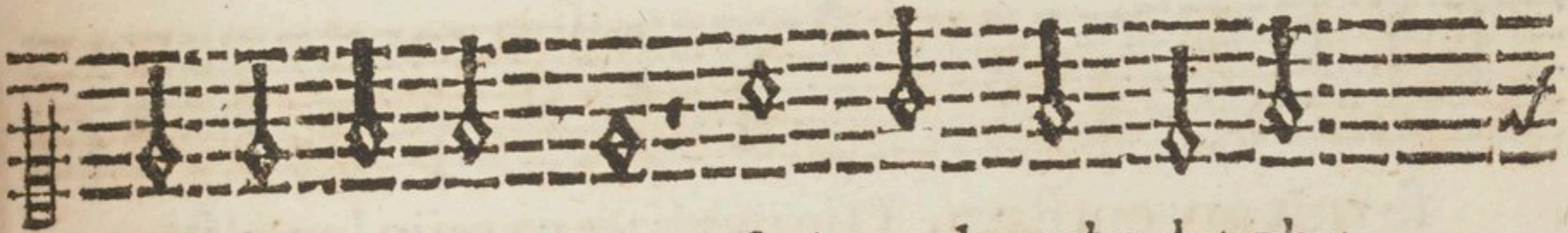




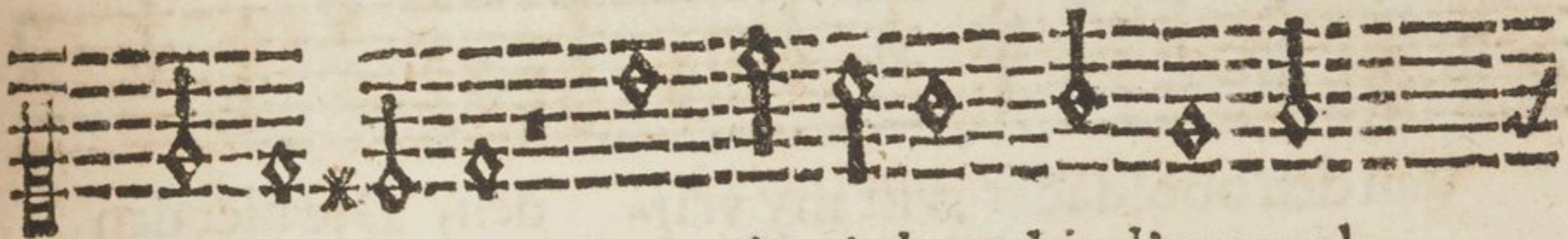
Hy Raetsheeren laet my doch hooren,



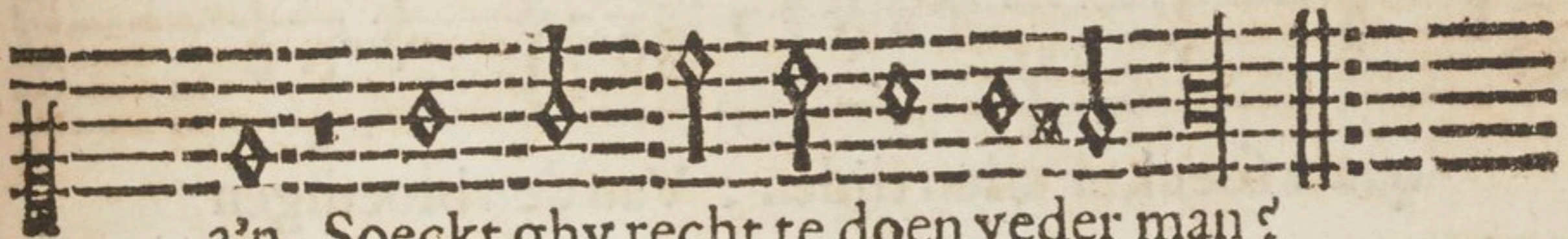
Die my tegen zigt allegaer : Seght my eens ter



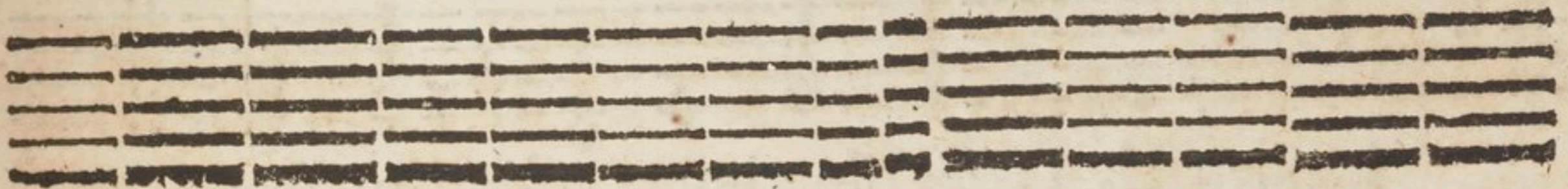
trouwen voorwaer, Is 't oock recht dat ghy



u neemt voren ? Segt ghy Adams kind'ren wel

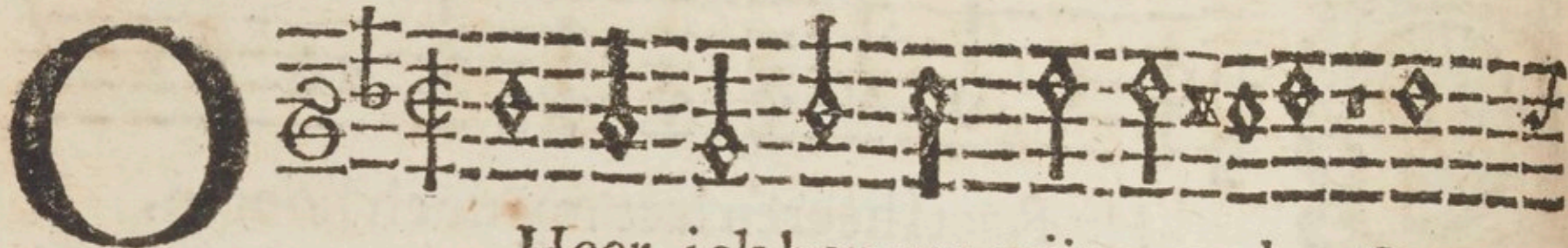


a'n, Soeckt ghy recht te doen yeder man ?

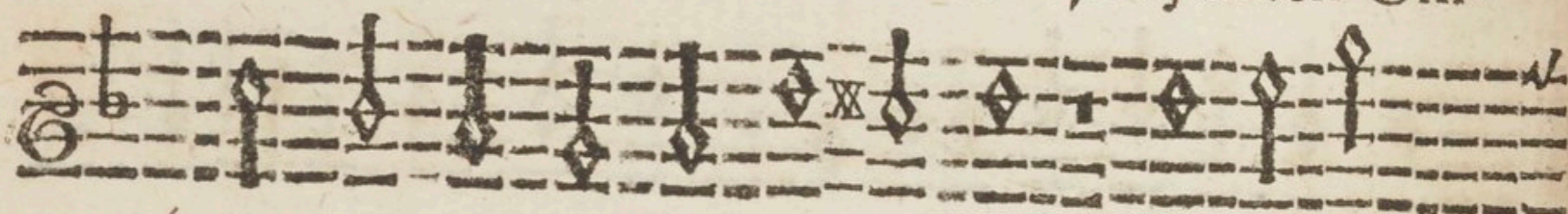


Superius.

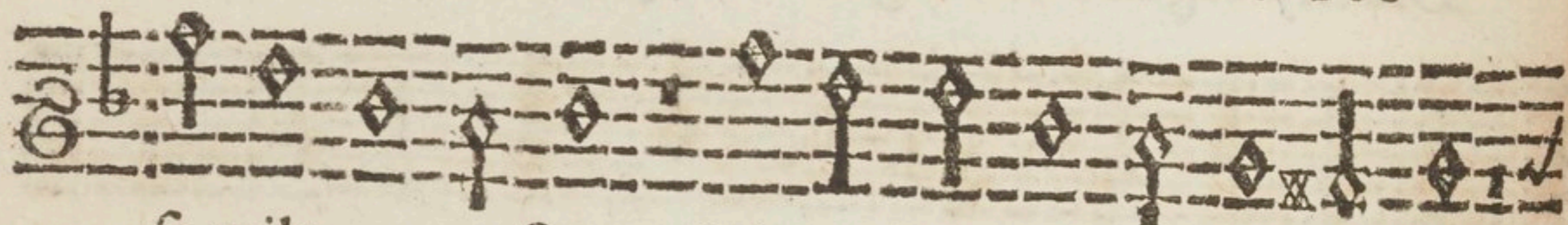
PSALM LIX.



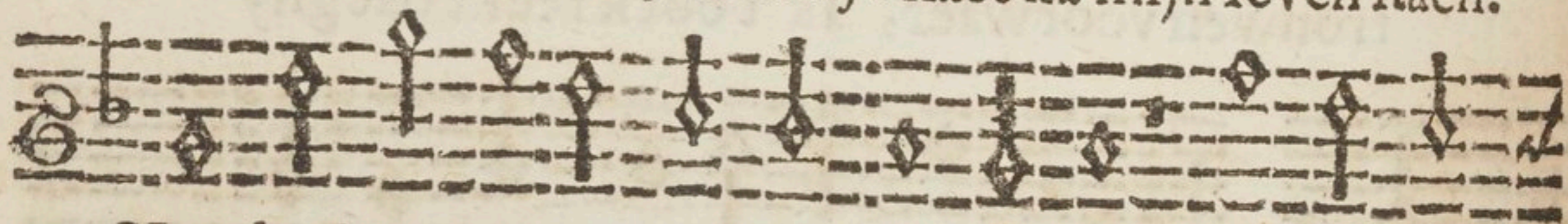
Heer, ick ben van mijn vyanden Om-



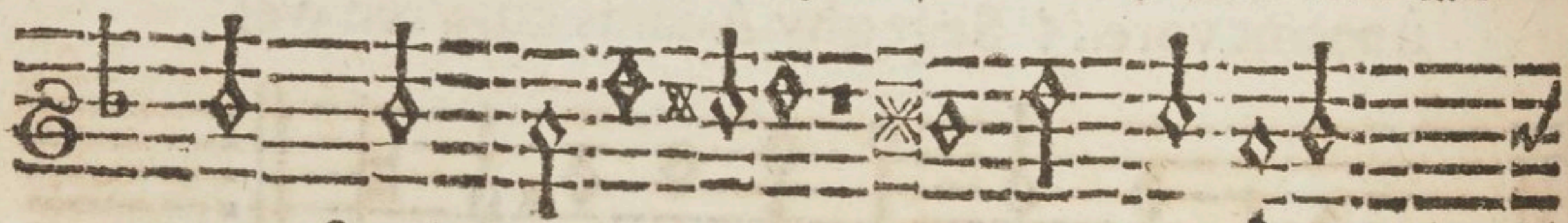
ringt, verlost my uyt haer handen : Van de boo-



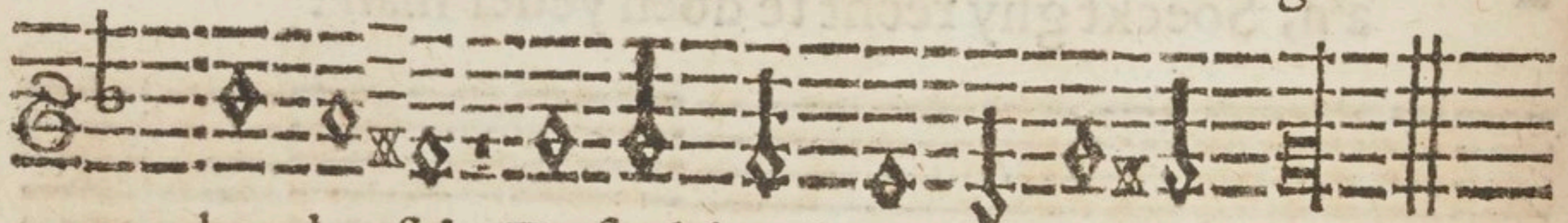
se wilt my ontslaen, Die uyt haet na mijn leven staen.




Van den boofdader wilt my vrij- den, Die niet dan

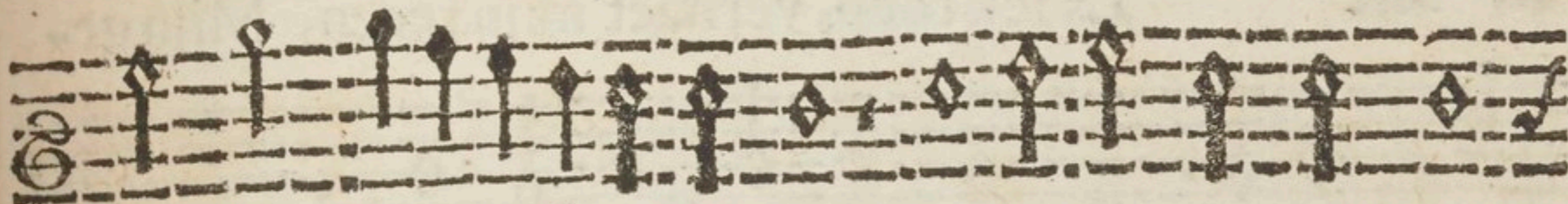
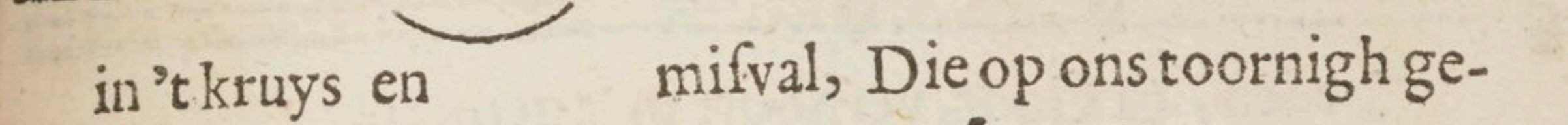


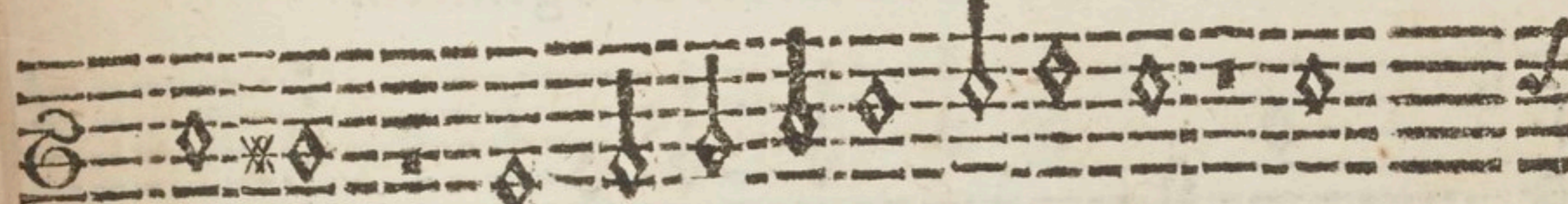
quaet soeck t'allen tijden : Van den bloedigen



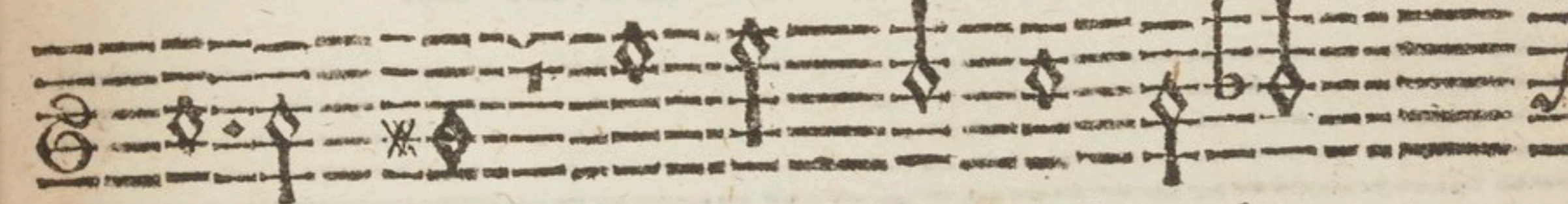
handen fel, Deses bloethonts verlost my snel.

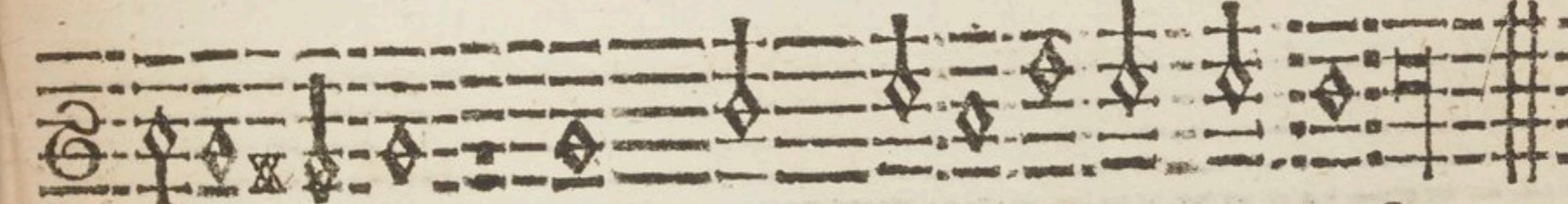
H  Eer, die ons hebt verstootten al, En verstroyt

 in 't kruys en  misval, Die op ons toornigh ge-

 weest zijt, Trooft ons wederom nu ter tijt. Ghy

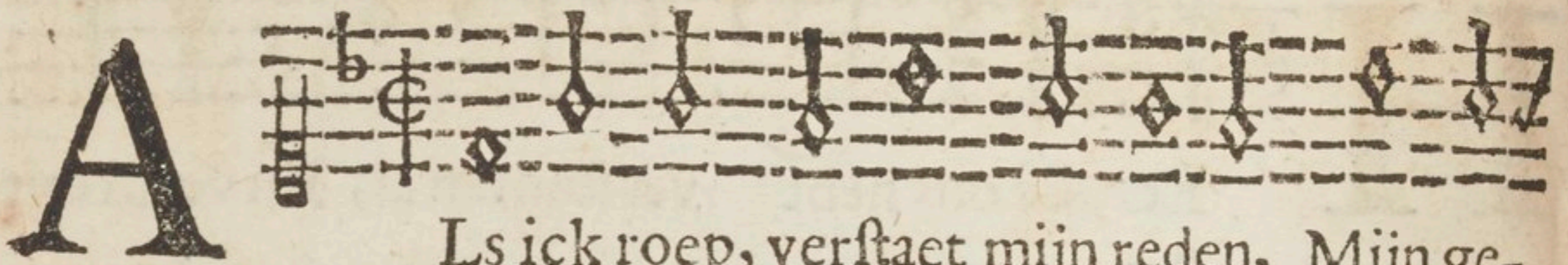
 die d'aerde beweeght met kracht, En die scheurt, ja kliest

 met der macht, Wilt haer schaed' en breucken

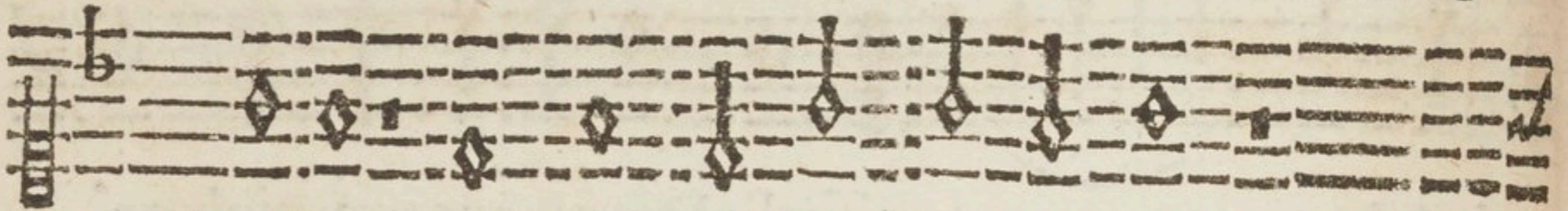
 gene- sen ; Want gantsch vervallen is haer wesen.

Superius.

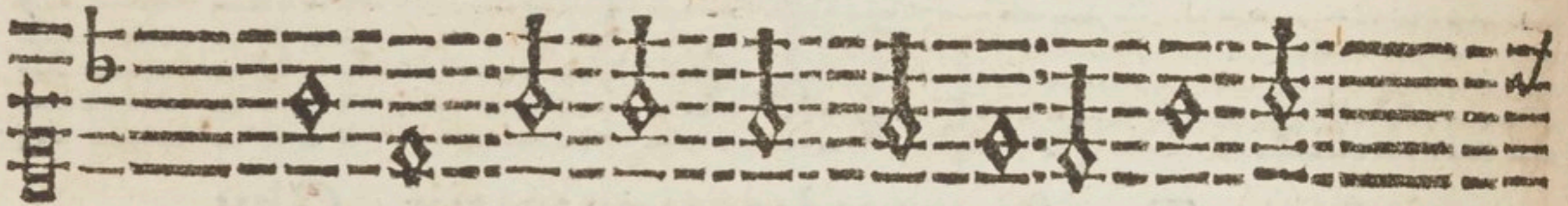
PSALM LXI.

A 

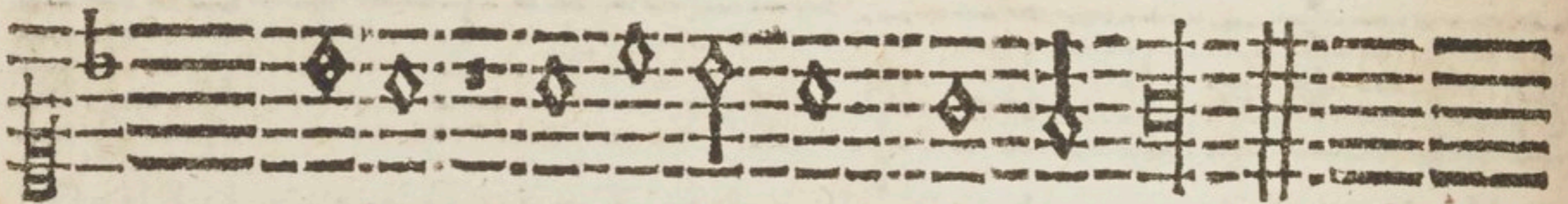
Ls ick roep, verstaet mijn reden, Mijn ge-



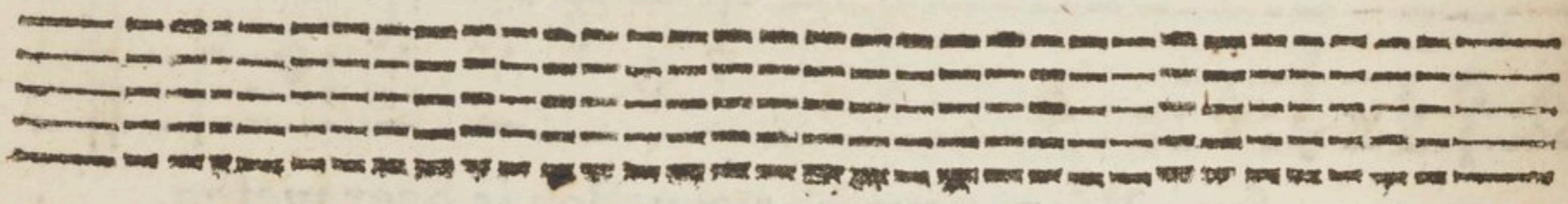
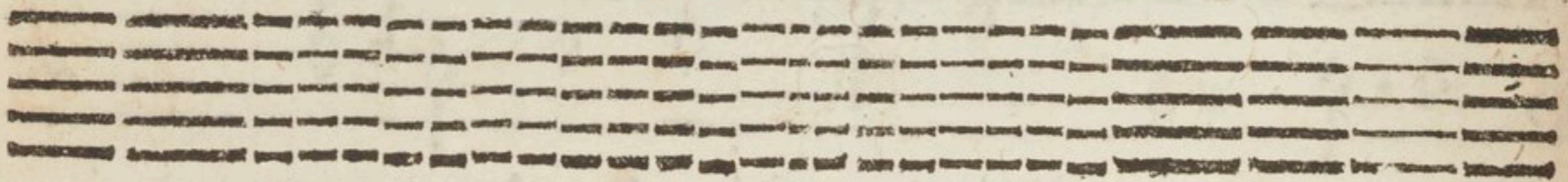
beden, O Godt, verhoort in 't gemeen.



Mijn ziel met angst beswaert seere, Tot u,



Heere, Heeft haren toevlucht alieen.





Oe seer dat mijn ziel is gequelt, In

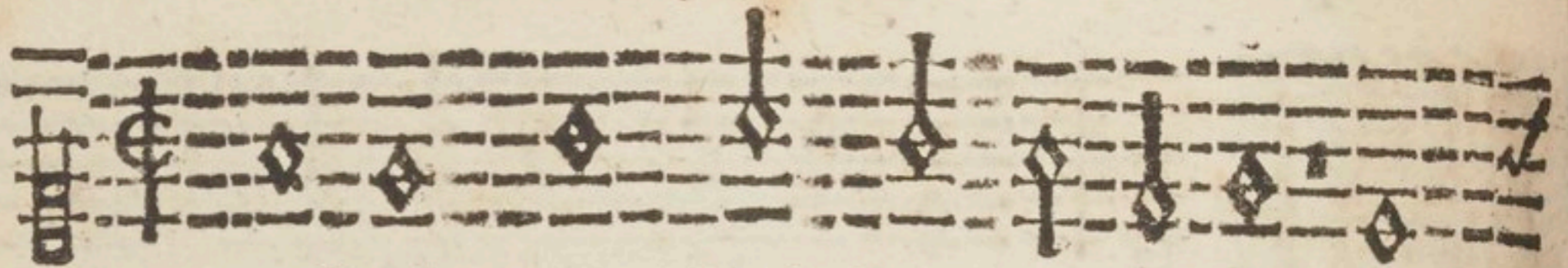
Godt werdt sy gerust gestelt : Want hy is

mijn toevlucht alleene, Mijn troost, mijn by-

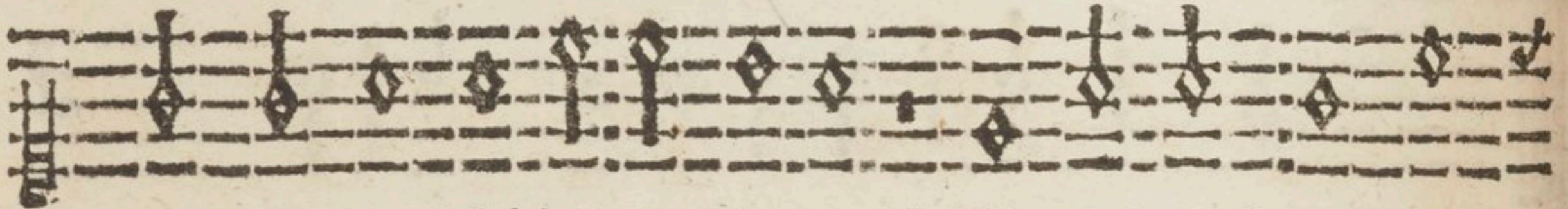
stant in der noot, Mijn kracht, die my voor den

val groot Seer wel bewaert, en anders geene.

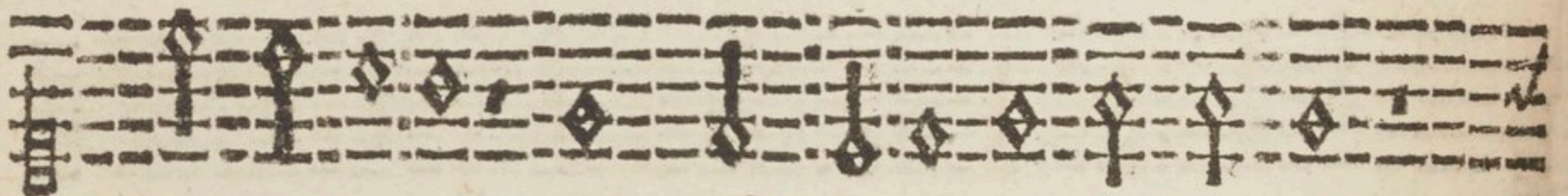
O



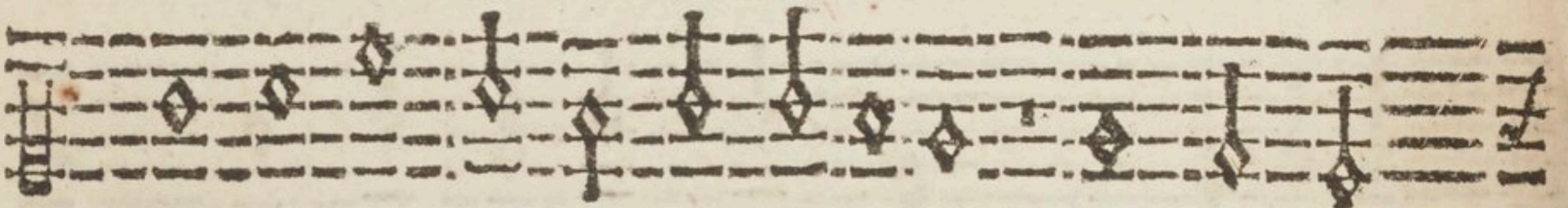
Godt, geen Godt heb ick dan u, Van



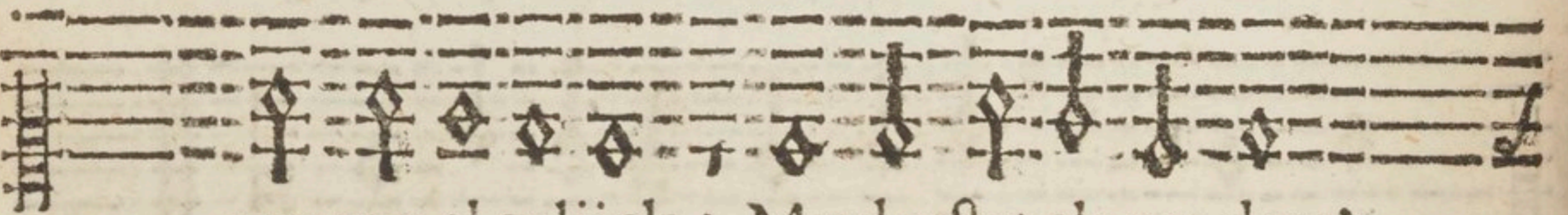
's morgens aen bid ick u, Heere, Mijn ziel verlanght na



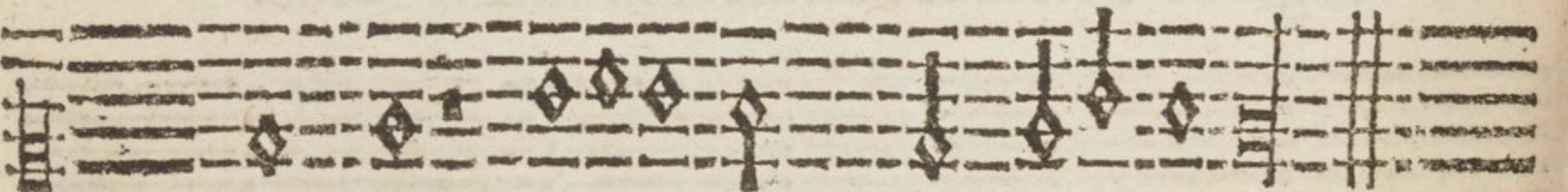
u gaer seere, Die gantsch in my verfmeltet nu ;



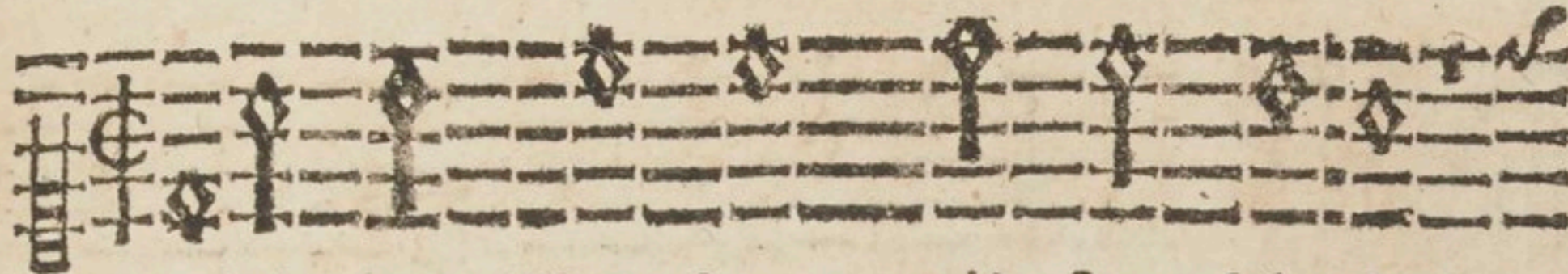
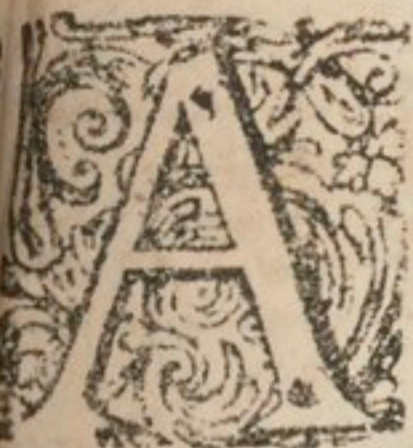
Geheel verdroogt is mijn lichame, Mijn krachten



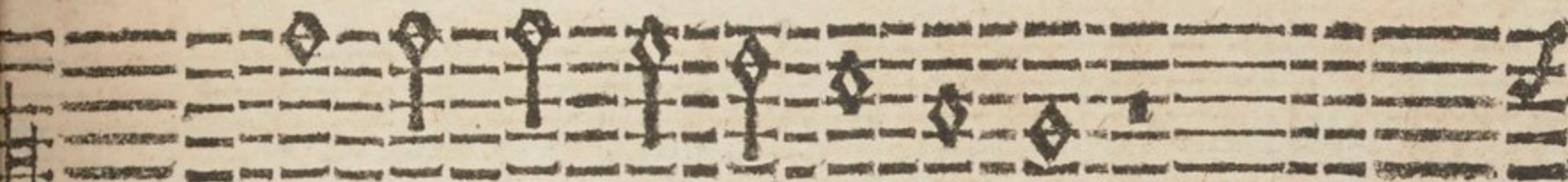
vergaen al gelijk : My dorstet als een dorr'



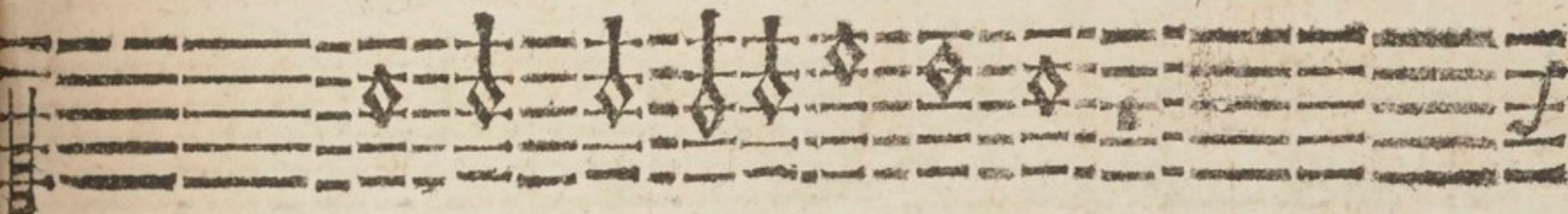
aerdtrijck Na u in dees' plaets onbequame :



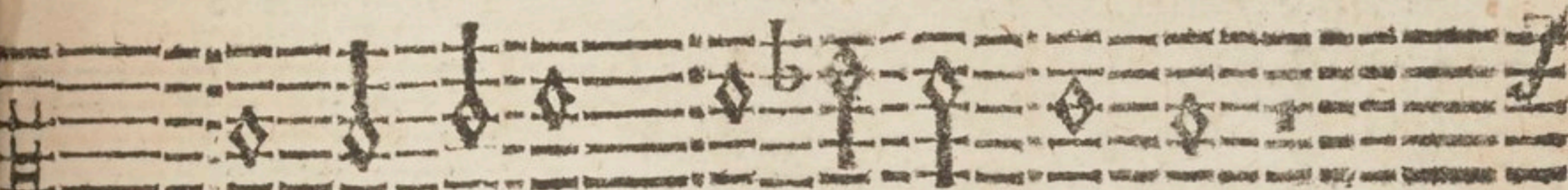
Als ick roep, Heer, hoort mijn stem klachtigh,



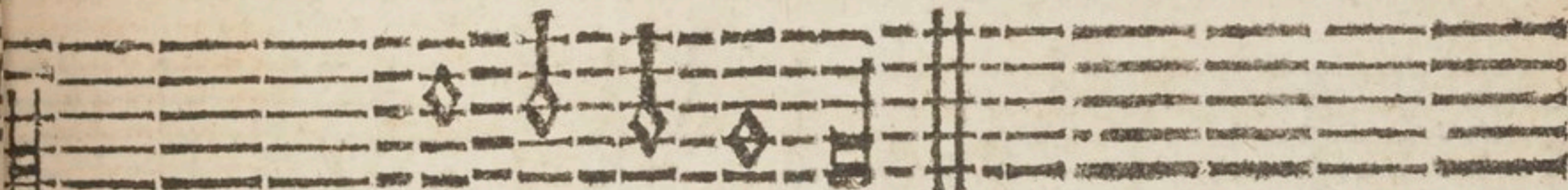
En helpt my dan uyt mijn gequel :



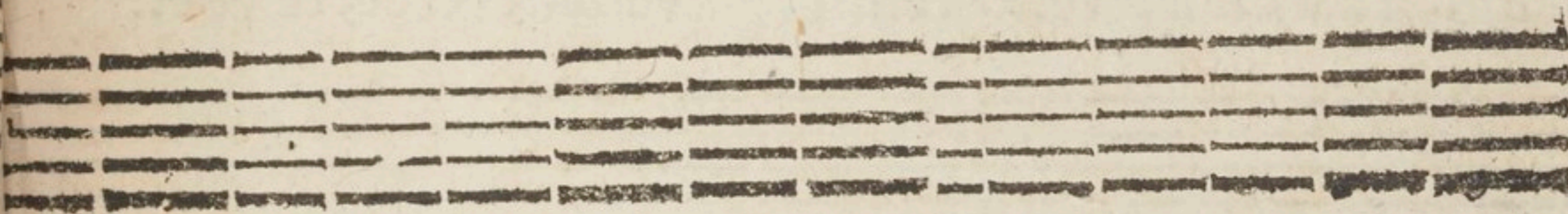
Op dat mijn vyanden seer fel



My niet dooden, want sy zijn krachtigh,



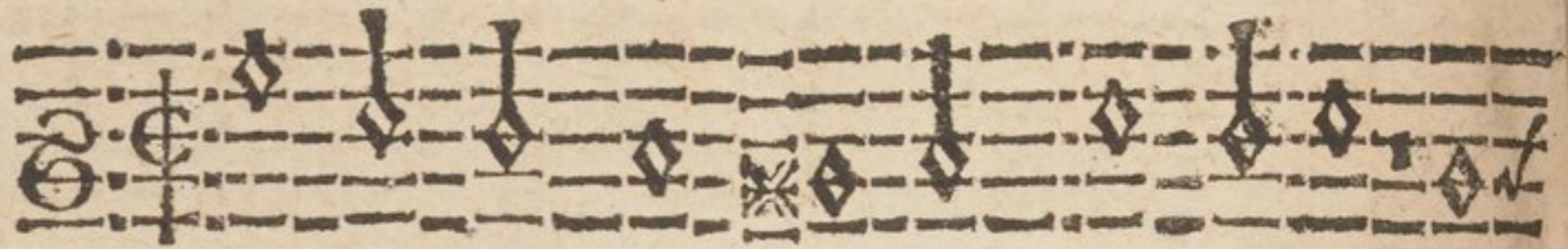
O Heer almachtigh.



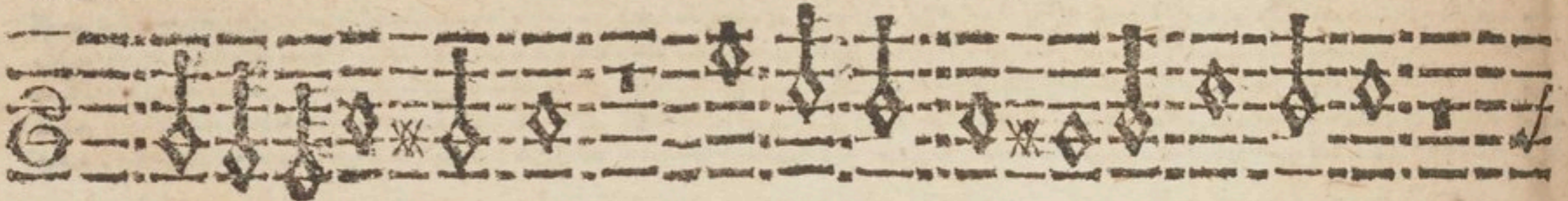
Superius.

PSALM LXV.

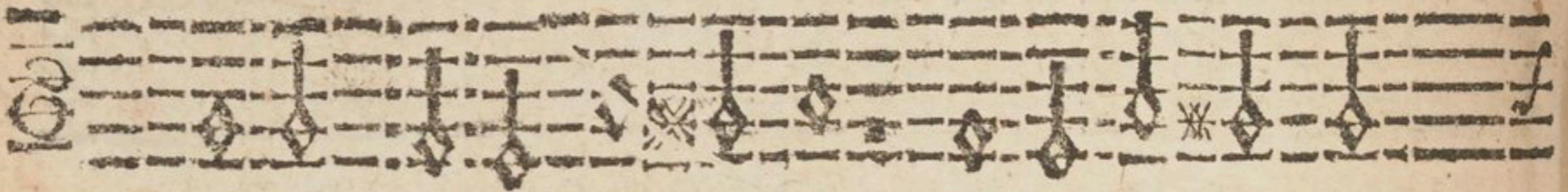
M



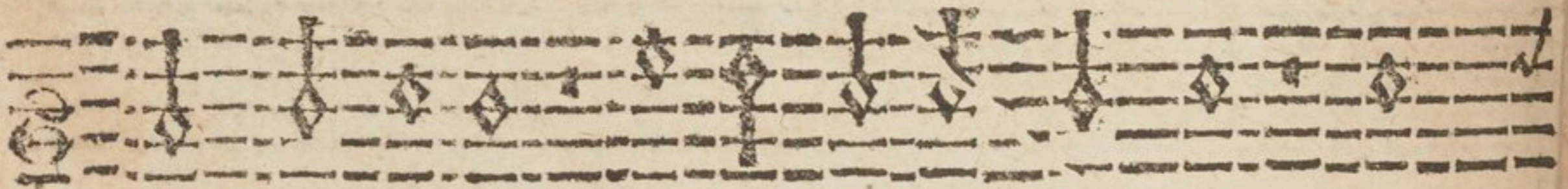
En looft u, Heer, met stemmen reyue, Tot



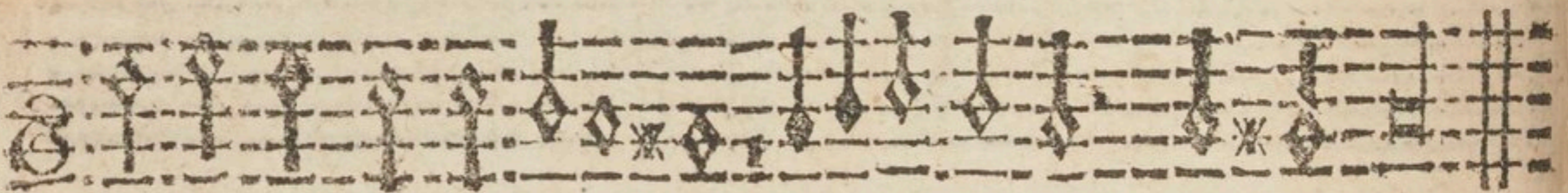
Zion open- baer : De beloofde gaven gemeyne



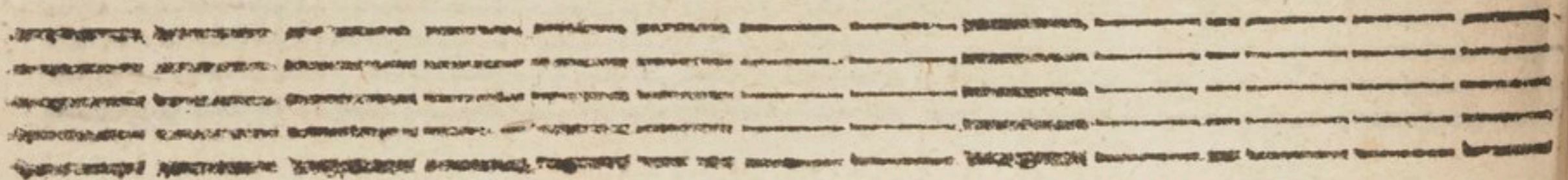
Betaelt men u oock da'er, En dewijl dat ghy

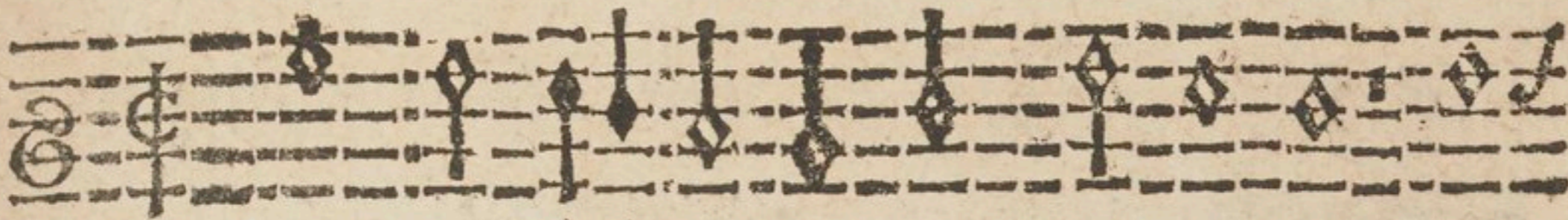


daer wilt hooren 't Gebedt uwes volcx goet; Soo

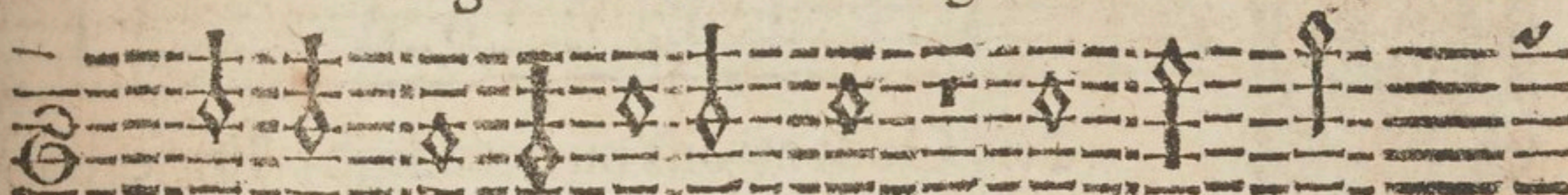


sullen daer u uytverkoren U vallen, Heer, te voet.

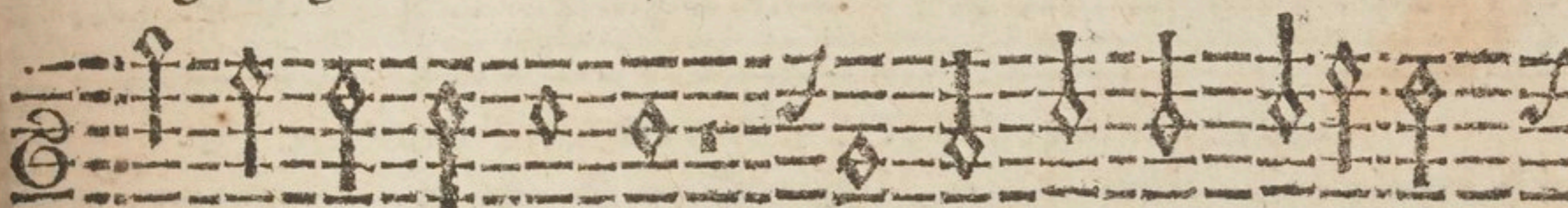


S 

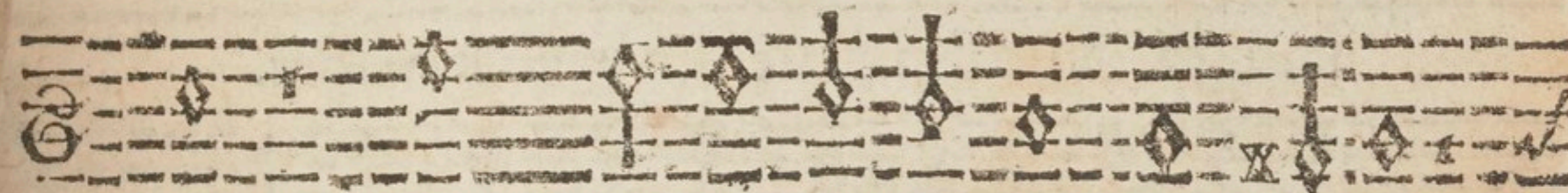
Ingt den Heer in den gantschen lande, Met



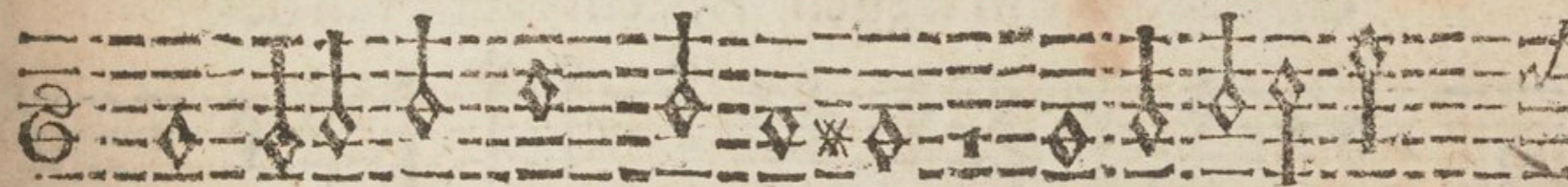
gesangh looft nu sijnen naem: Prijft hem met



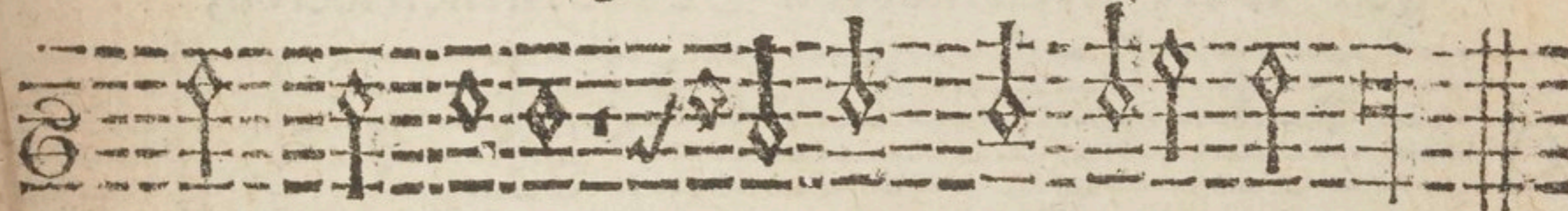
mont en met verstande, Roemt sijn goetheyt alle te



saem, Spreeckt, hoe wonderlick zijt ghy, Heere,

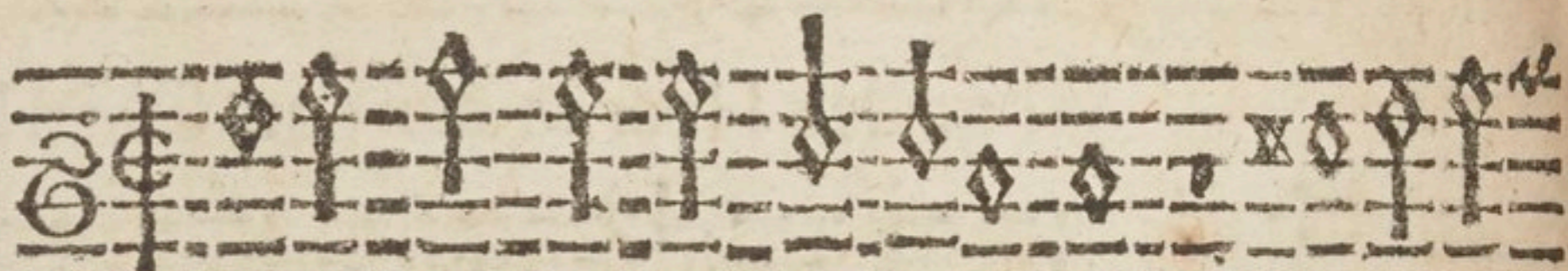
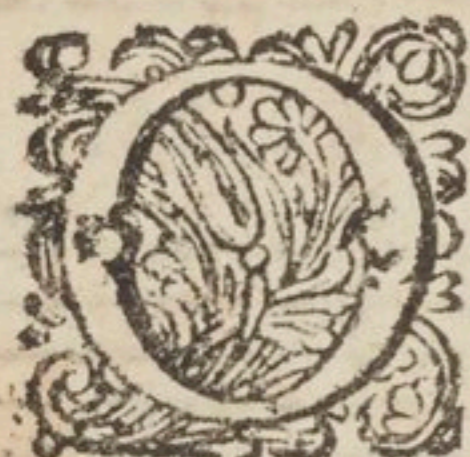


In all' u wercken groot en kleyn? Uwe vyanden,

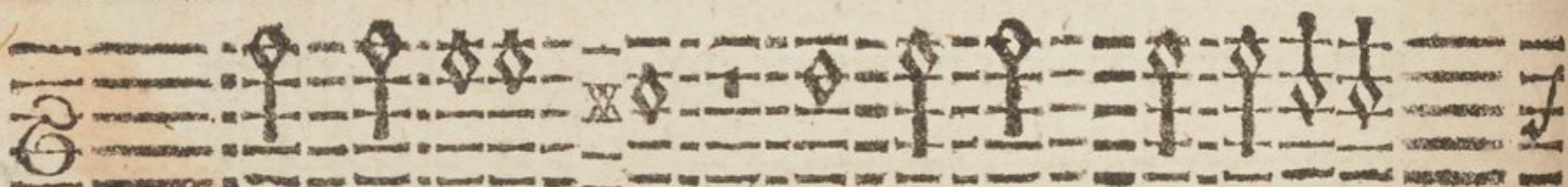


beschaemt seere, Bidden om vreed' alle gemeyn.

a 5. Wijse 33. een octave hoger.



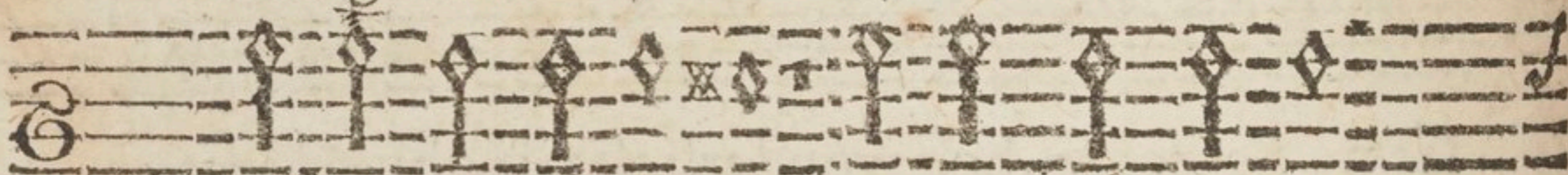
Nse Godt zy ons nu genadigh, En zegen



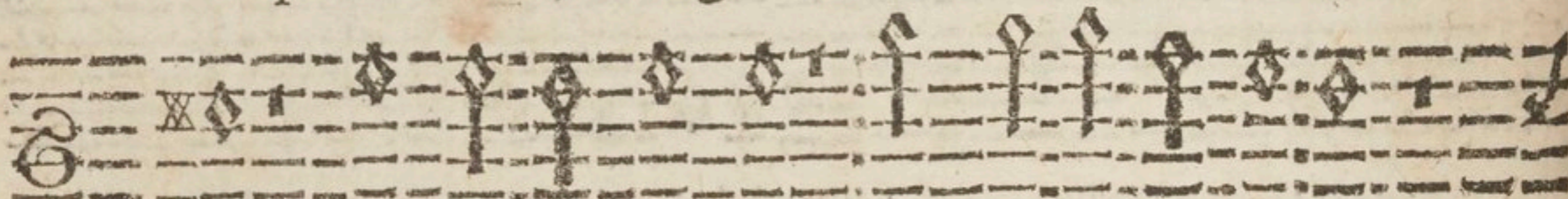
ous met overvloet : Hy verlicht' ons alle ge-



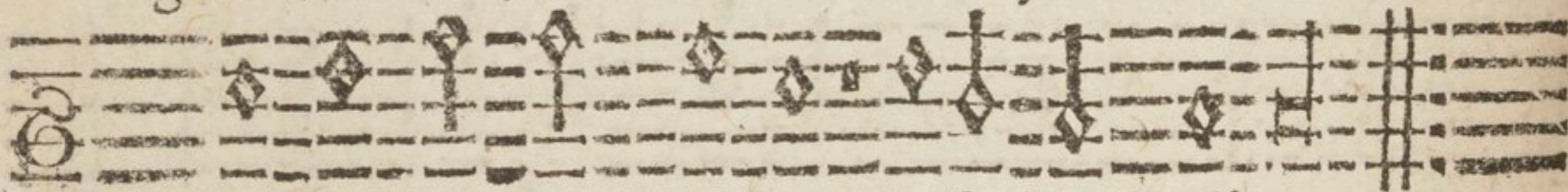
stadigh Met sijn aenschijn lieflick en soet.



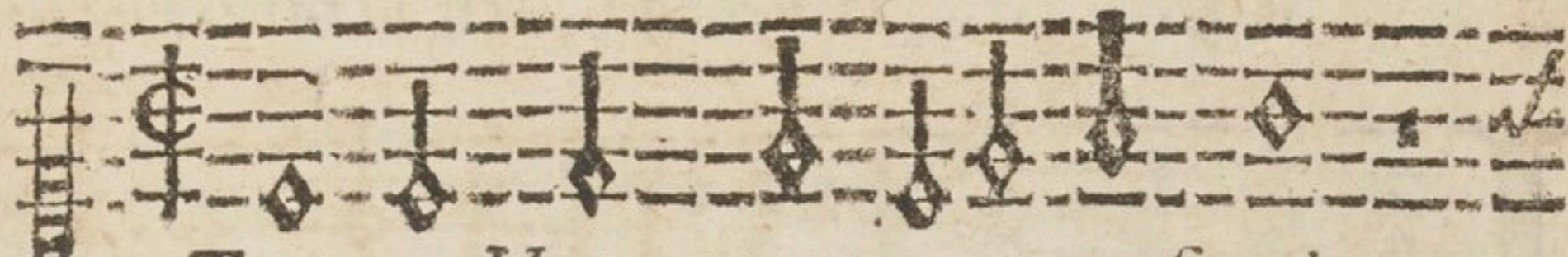
Op dat ons sijn wegen Bekent recht van de-



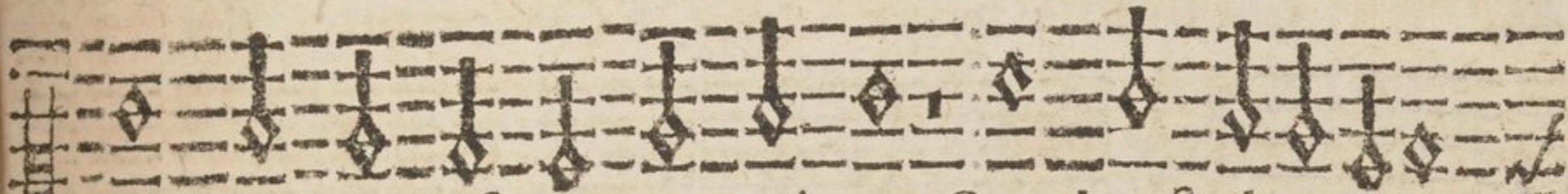
gen Werden, en met een De Heydenen leeren,



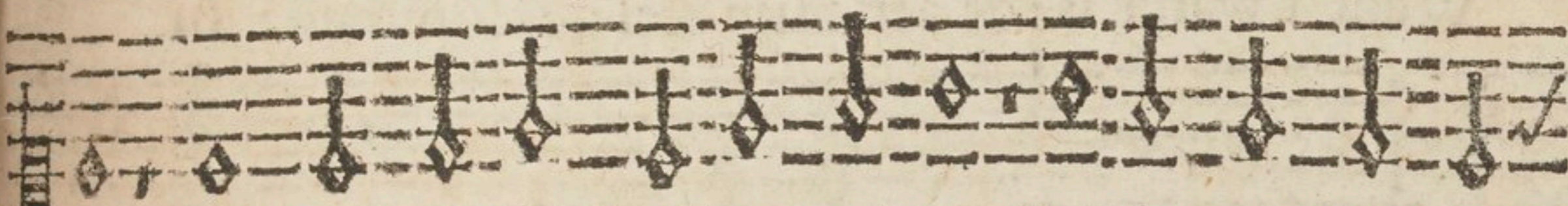
Hen tot den wegh keeren Onses heyls alleen.



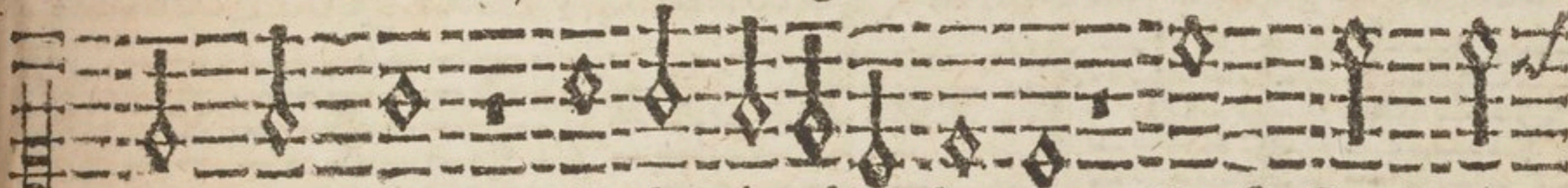
Taet op, Heer, toont u onvertfaeght,



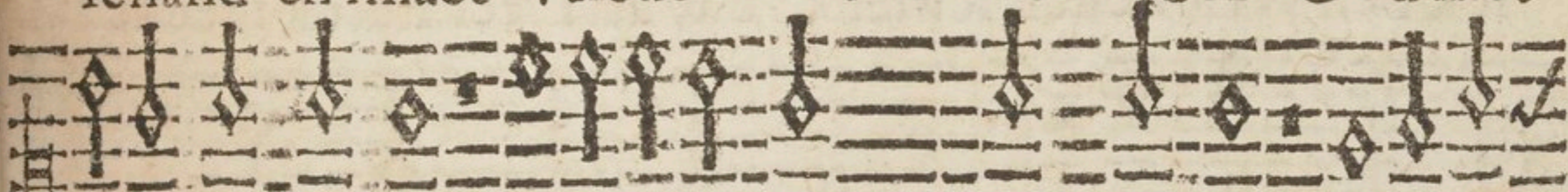
Soo werden verstroyt en verjaegt Seer haest al u vyan-



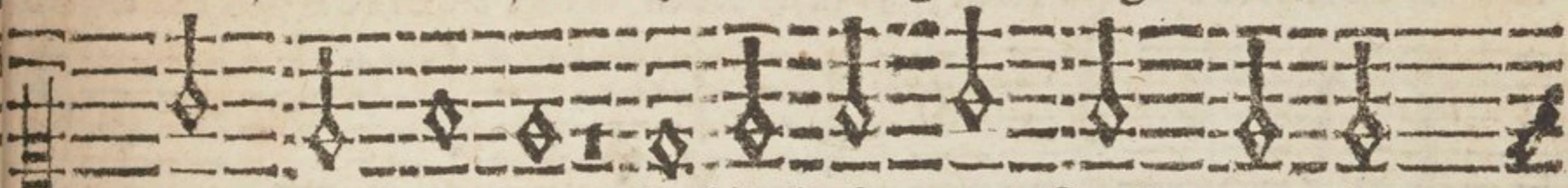
den: Die Godt altijd hebben gehaet, Sullen voor hem met



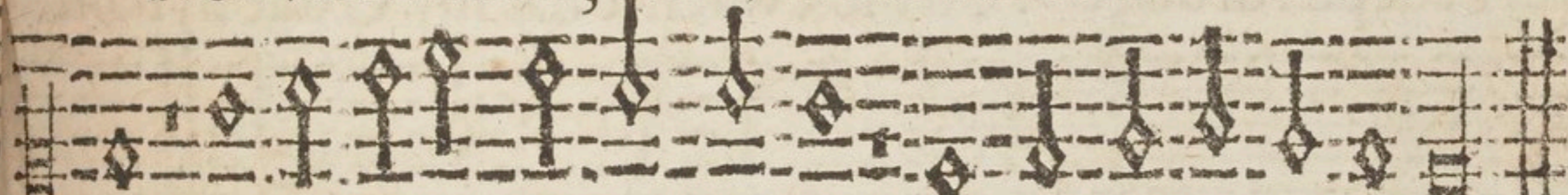
schand' en smaet Vlieden in allen landen. Onf' God met



een verdrijven sal Sijner vyanden 't gantsch getal, Ja als rook



doen verswinden ; Gelijk dat was smelt voor dat



vyer, Sal hy allen godloosen hier Verteeren en verslinden.

Superius.

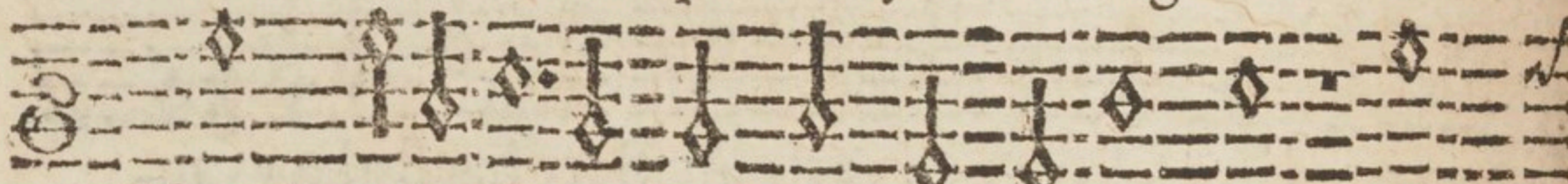
PSALM LXIX.

a 5.

Wijse 51. een octave hoger.



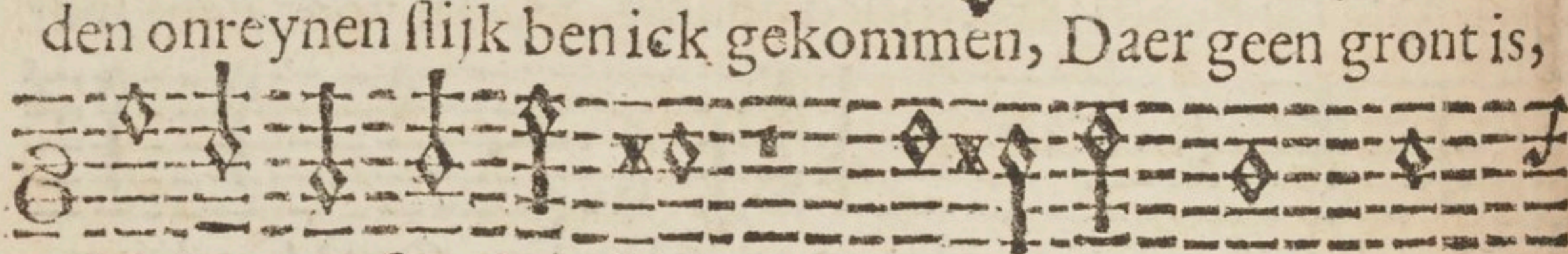
I Ik bidd' u helpt my, ô Godt goe- dertier :



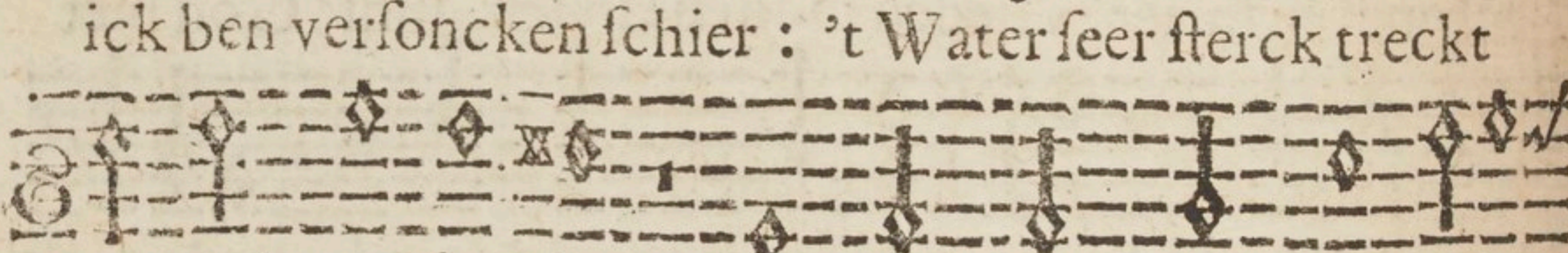
Want 't water is tot aen mijn ziel geklommen : In



den onreynen slijk ben ick gekommen, Daer geen gront is,



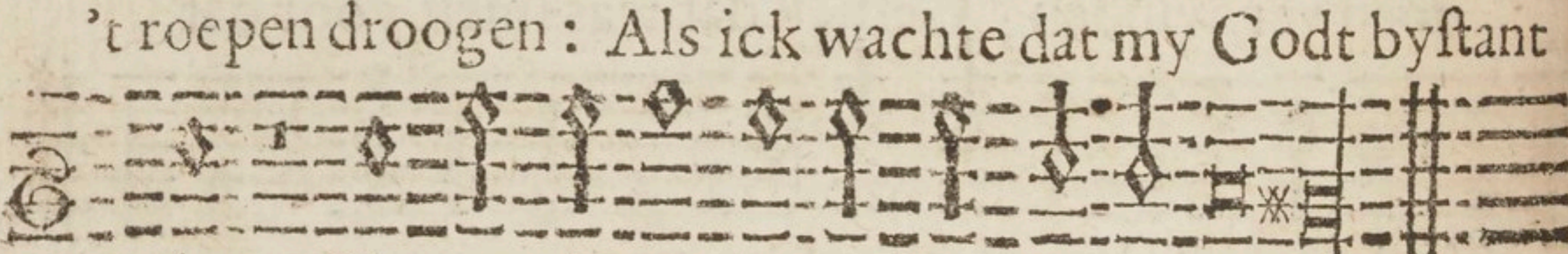
ick ben verfoncken schier : 't Water seer sterck treckt



my wech met der vloet, Mijn keel wert heersich, en sal door



't roepen droogen : Als ick wachte dat my Godt bystant

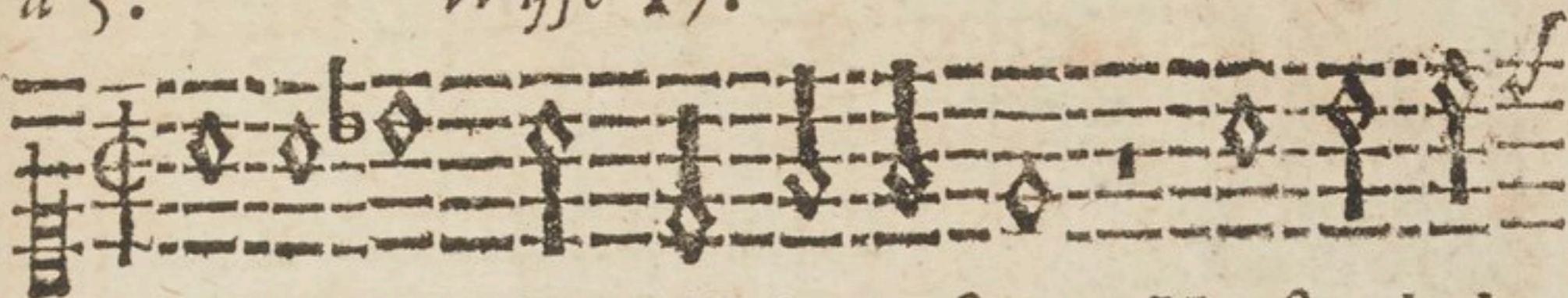


doet, Vergaen is my dat gesicht mijner oogen.

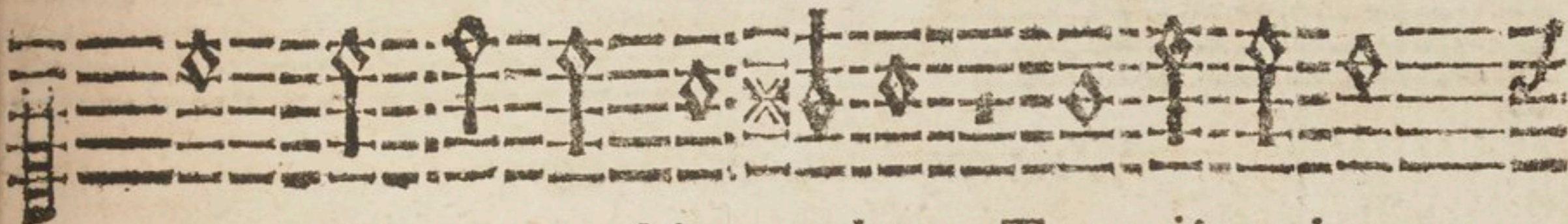
a 5.

Wijse 17.

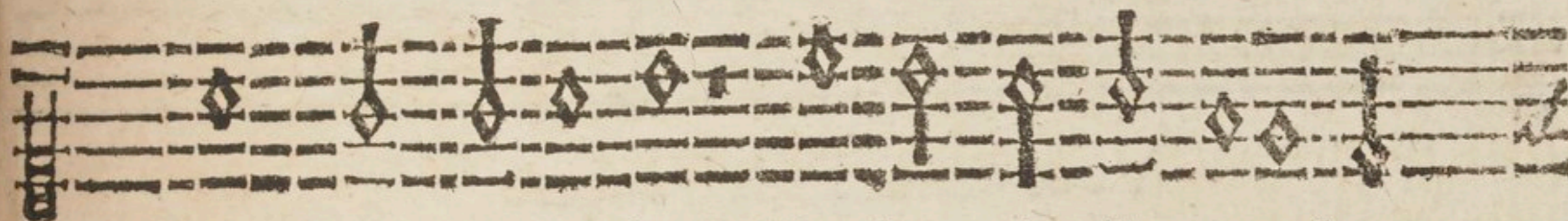
O



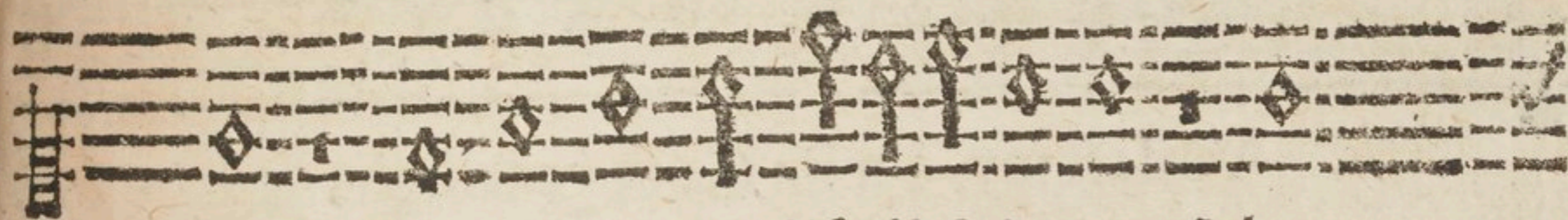
Godt, op wien mijn hope staet, Haest u, helpt



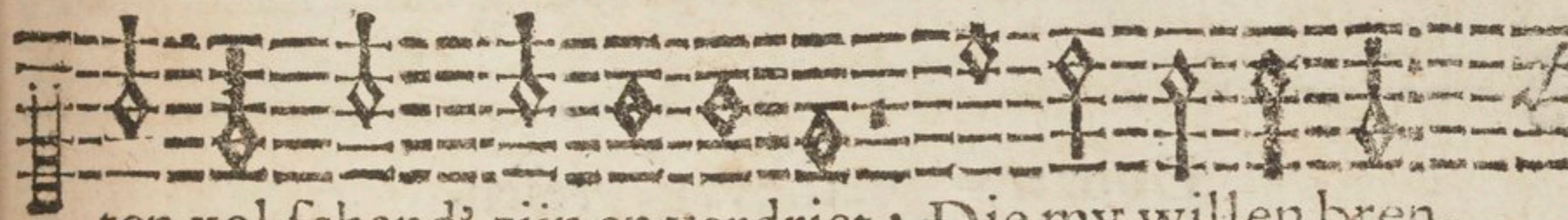
my, vrijdt my van schanden : Tot mijnen by-



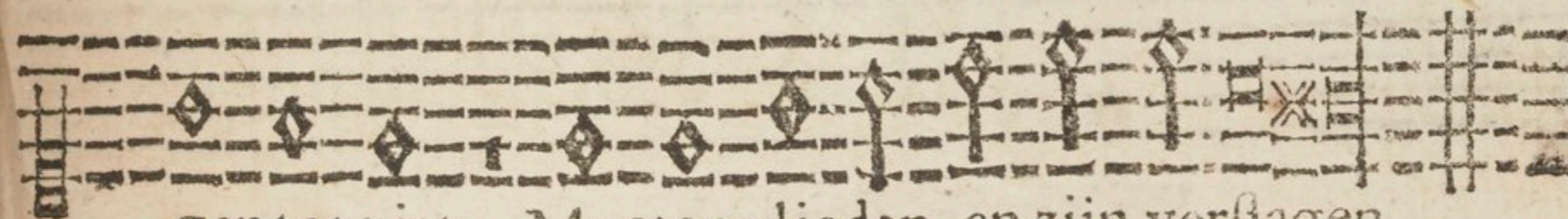
stant streckt u handen, Verdoet al mijn vyanden



quaet. Die na mijn ziel listelick jagen, Moe-



ten vol schand' zijn en verdriet : Die my willen bren-

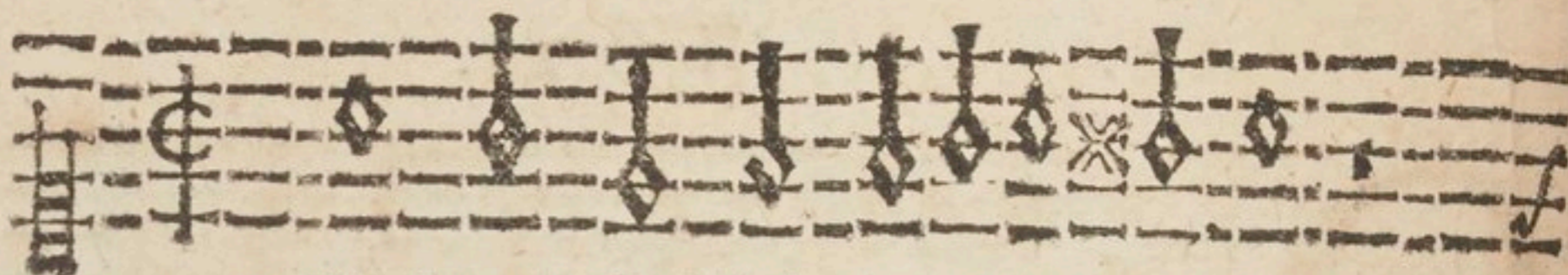


gen tot niet, Moeten vlieden, en zijn verflagen.

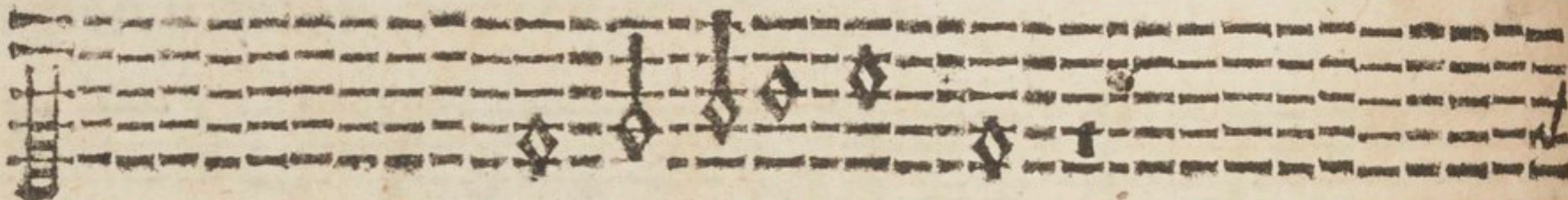
Superius.

PSALM LXXI.

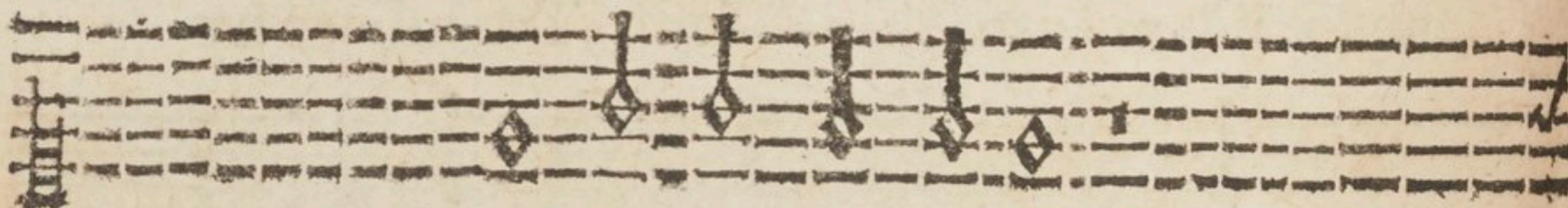
M



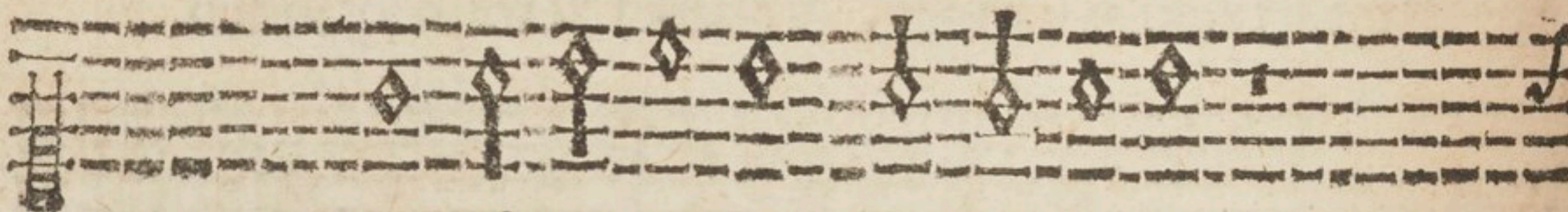
Yn hoop stelick op u gestadigh :



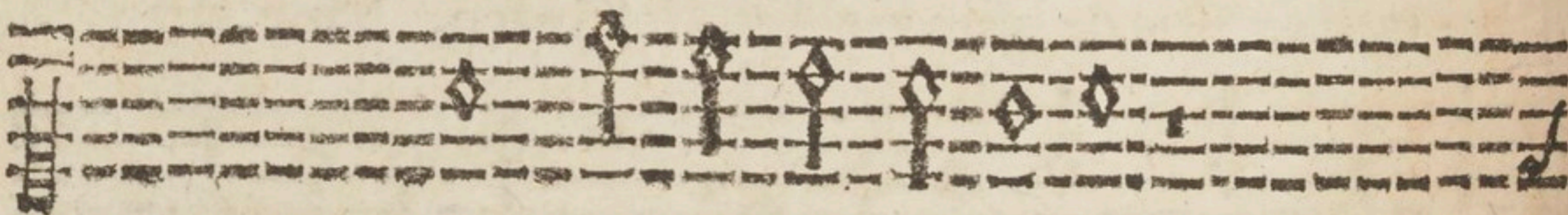
Wilt my bewaren Heer ,



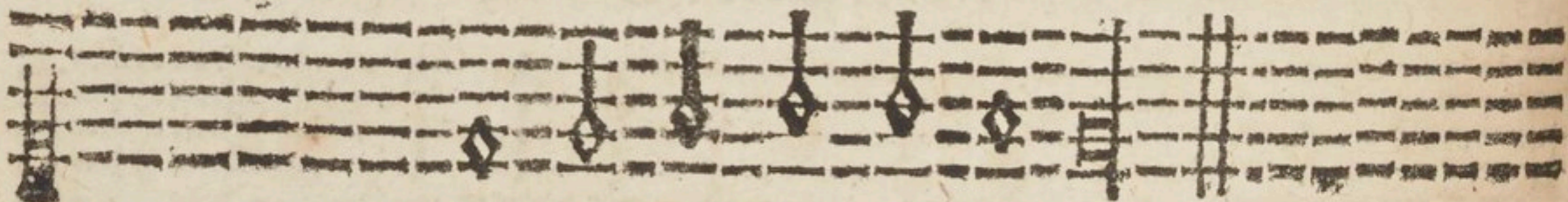
Voor een eeuwigh oneer.



Verlost my, ô mijn Godt genadigh ,

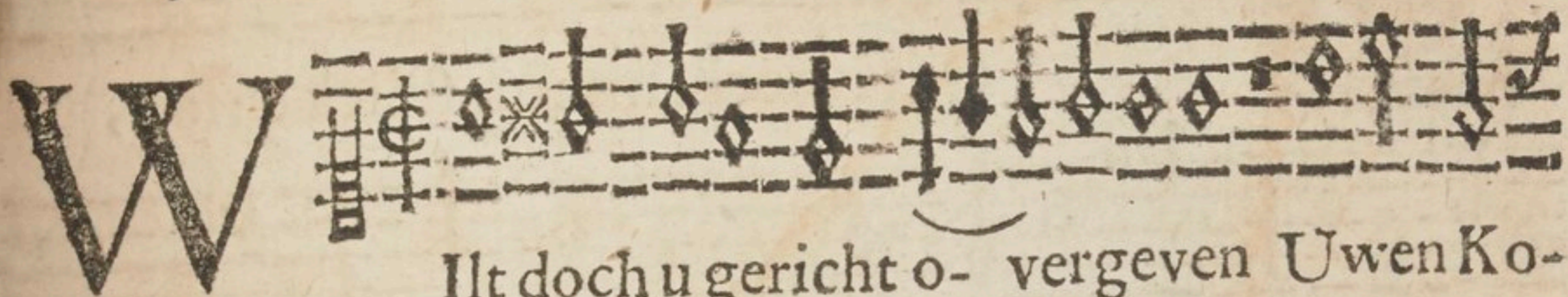


Door uw' goetheyt gepresen,

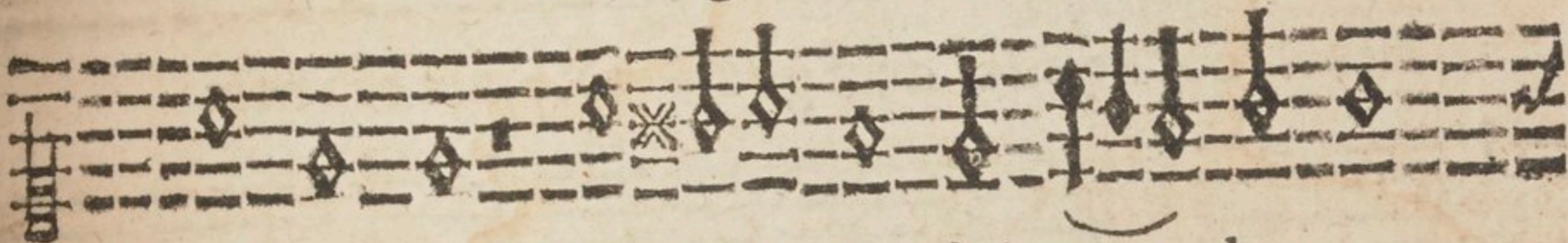


Wilt my bystandigh wesen.

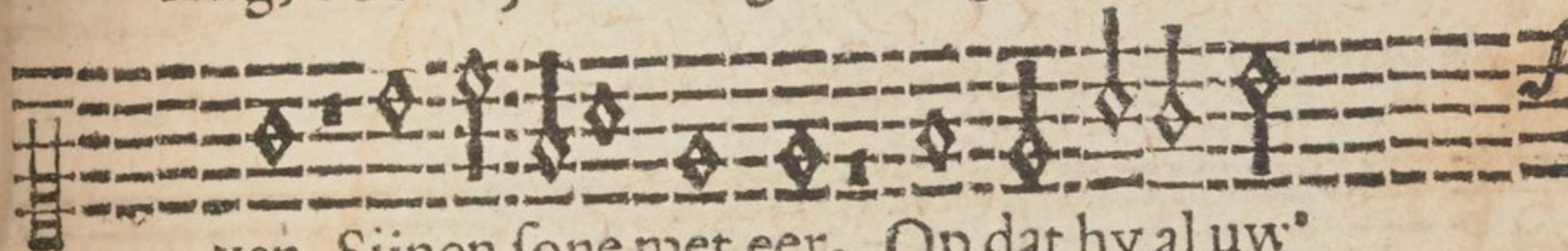
a 5. *Wijse 65. een octave hoger.*

W 

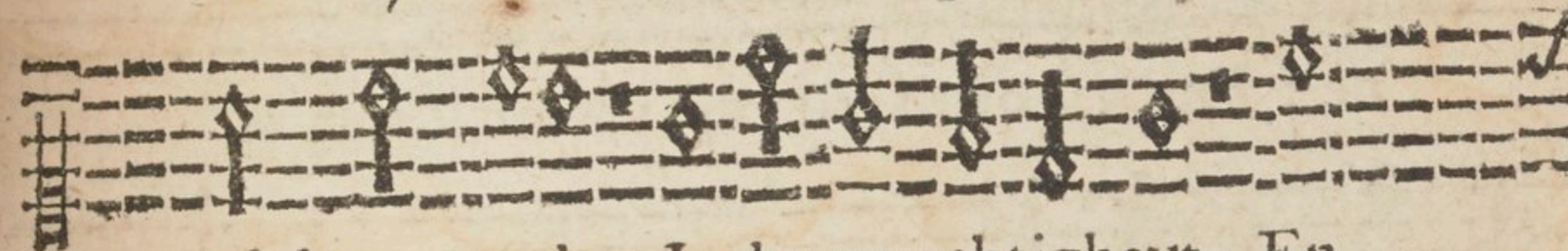
Ilt doch u gericht o- vergeven Uwen Ko-



ning, ô Heer; En uw' gerechtigheyt daer ne-



ven Sijnen sone met eer, Op dat hy al uw'



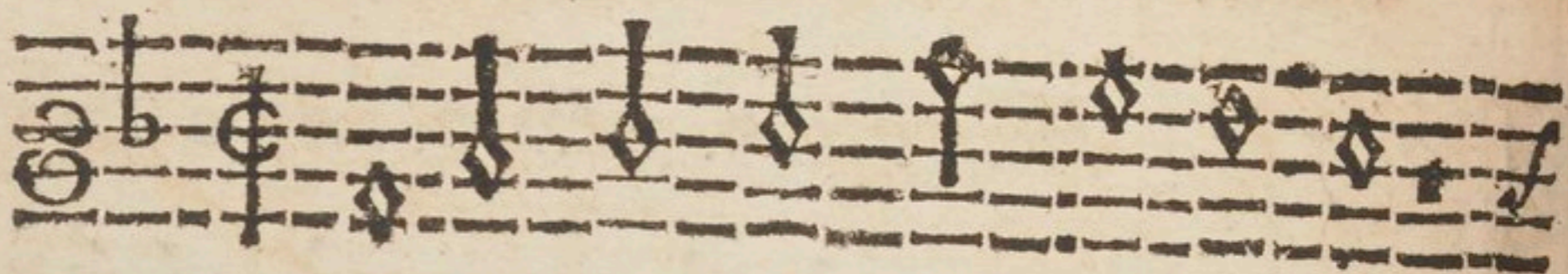
volck voortrede In der gerechtigheyt; En



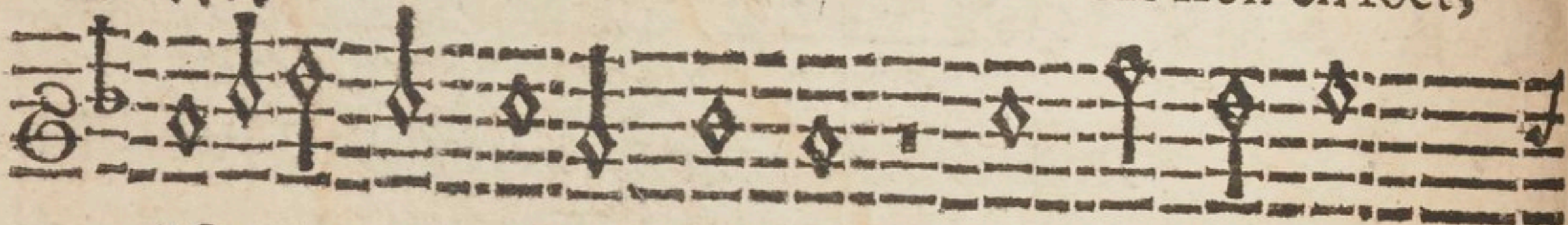
d'arme bescherme met vrede, In aller billigheyt.

Superius.

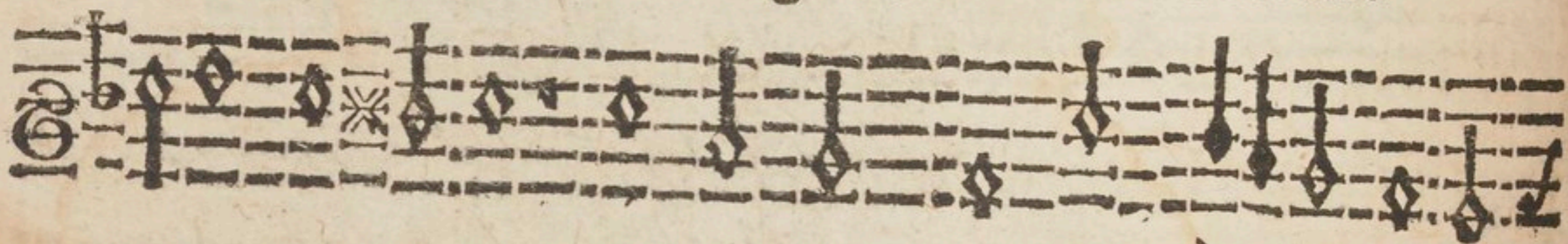
PSALM LXXIII.



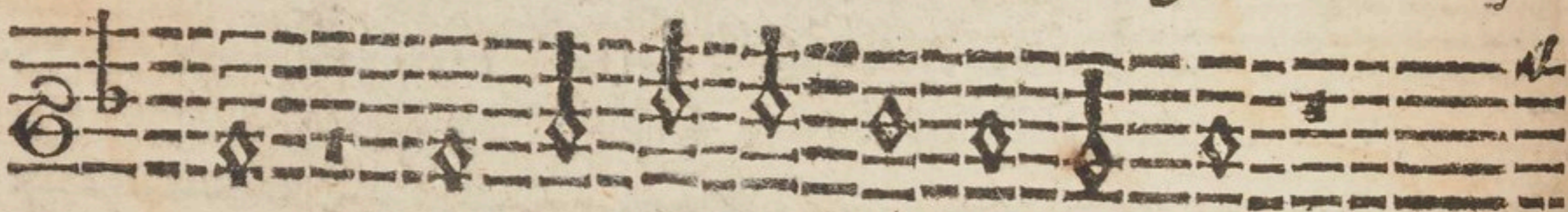
Odt is nochtans trooft'lick en soet,



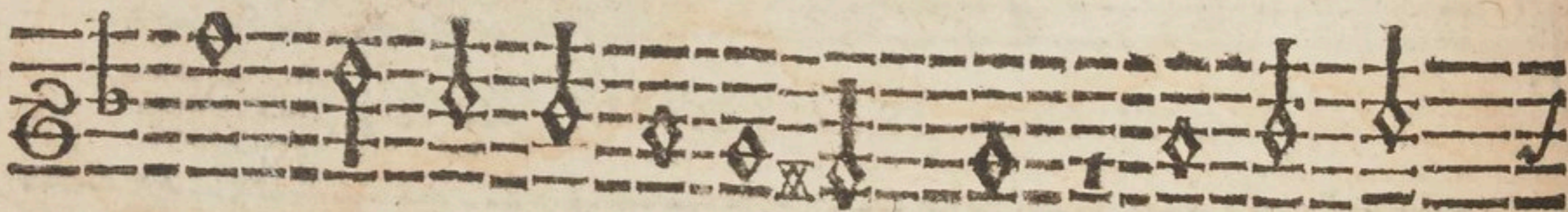
Israël, oock yeder man goet, Die met een hert



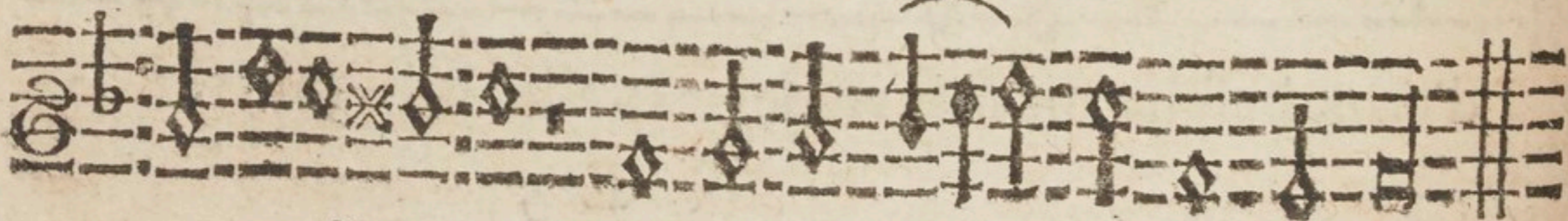
en gemoet reyne Bewaert sijn woorden groot en kley-



ne : Doch soo hadden mijn voeten schier



Gestruyckelt uyt mijnen wegh hier ; Ick lagh by-



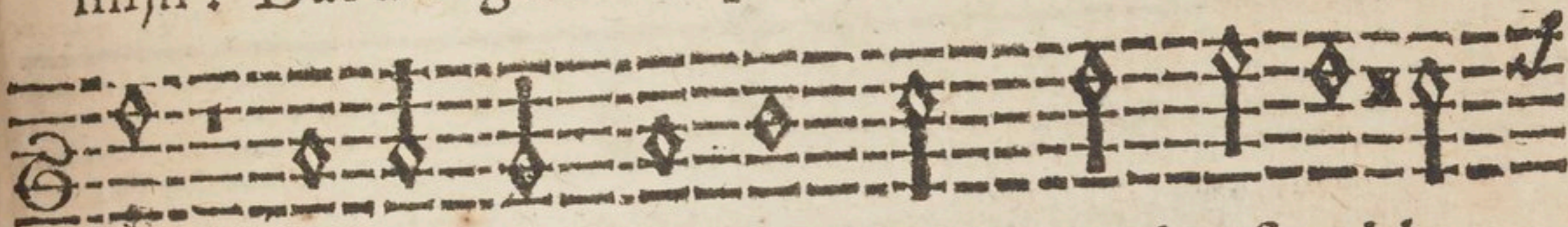
na gevallen plat, Geweken uyt den rechten padt.



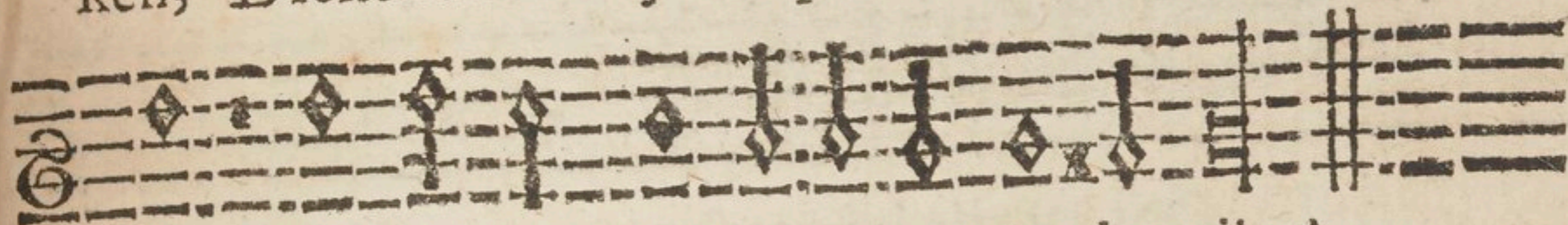
Oe komt dat ghy ons verstroyt, ô Godt



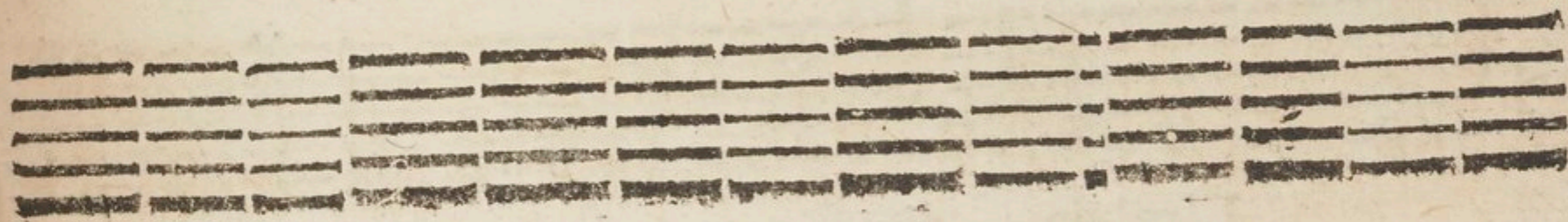
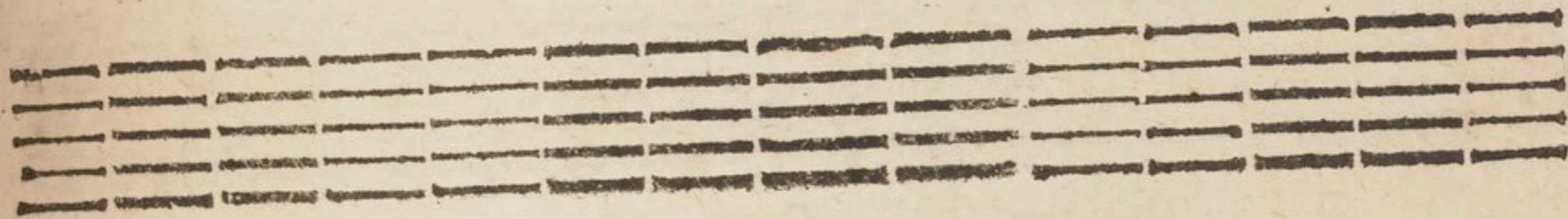
mijn? Dat uw' gramschap o- ver ons seer ontste-



ken, Dicken roock uytwerpt, soo 't hier heeft geble-

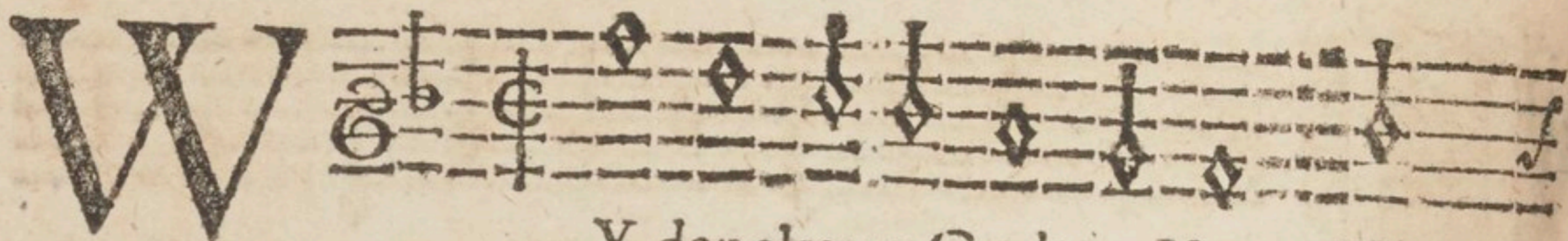


ken, Die wy doch schapen uwer weyden zijn?

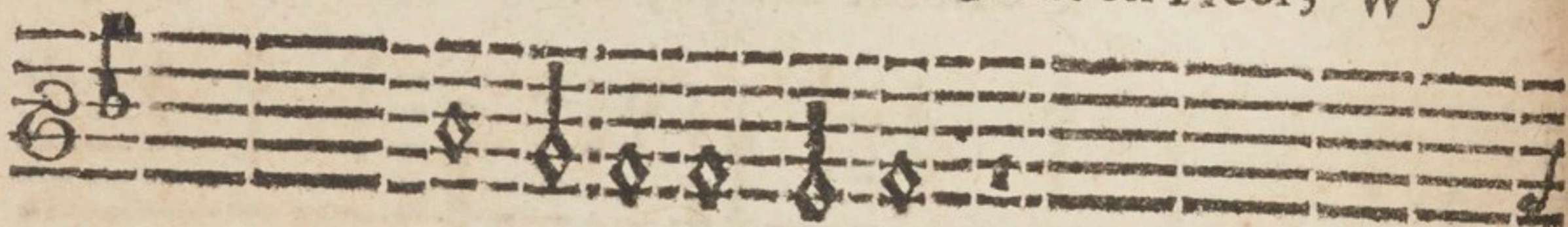


Superius.

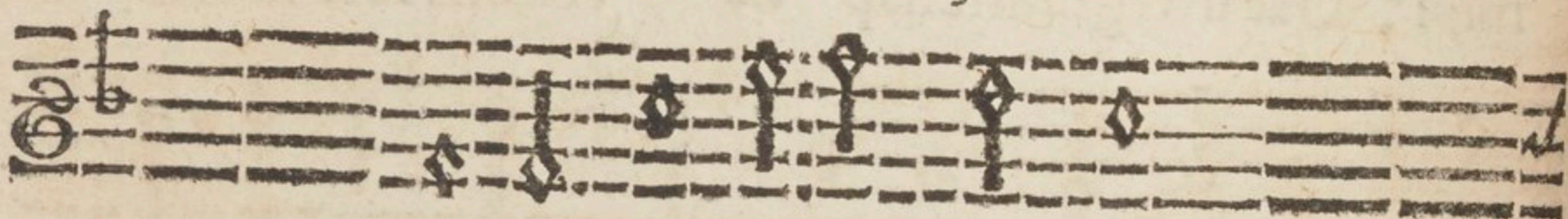
PSALM LXXV.



Y dancken u Godt en Heer, Wy



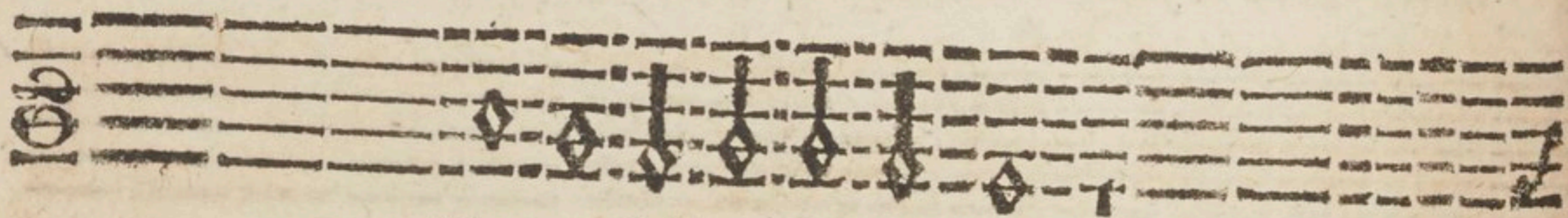
prijfen u wercken al ;



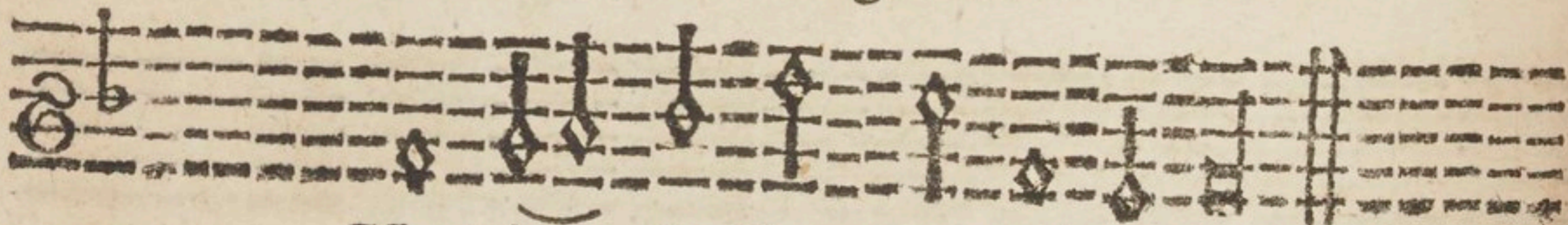
Want de roem uwes Naems sal



Ons by zijn langes foo meer,

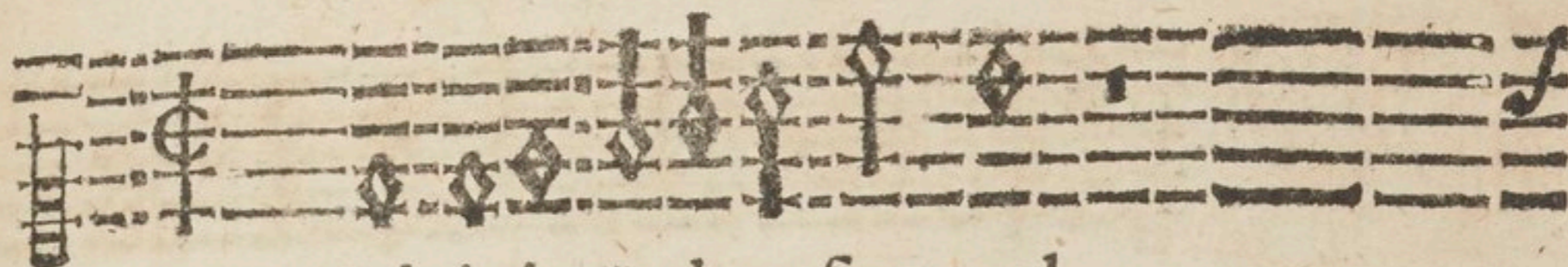


En wy sullen singen klaer

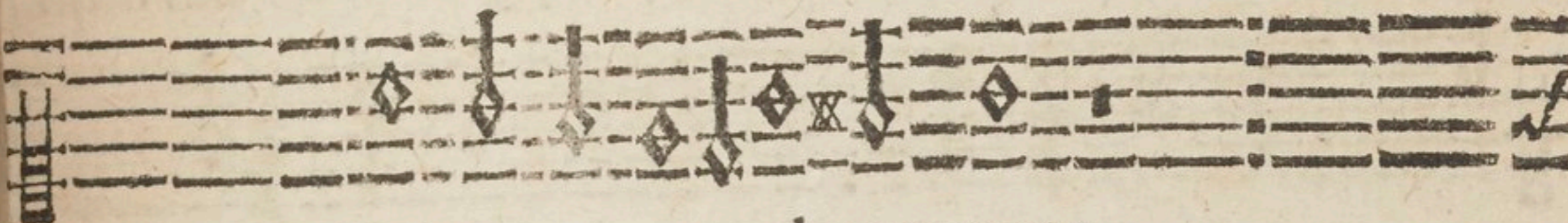


Uw' da- den seer wonder- baer.

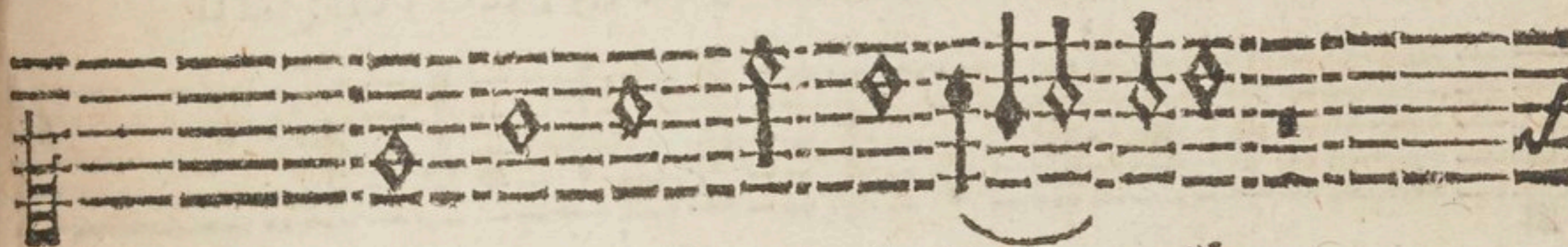
G



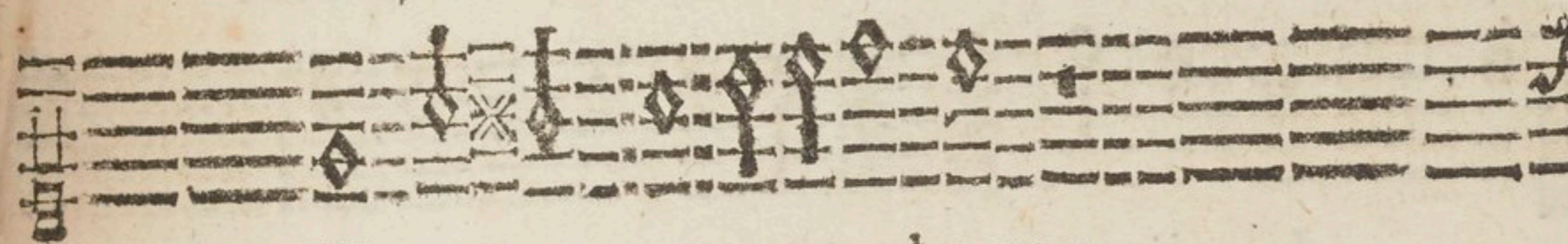
Odt is in Judea seer wel



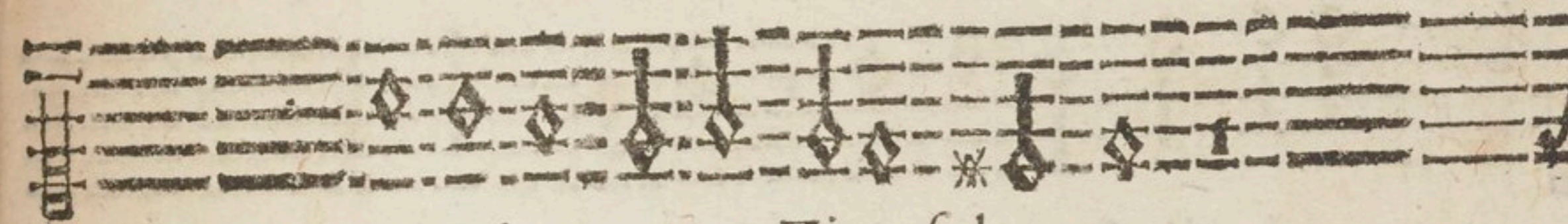
Bekent, en over al vermaert :



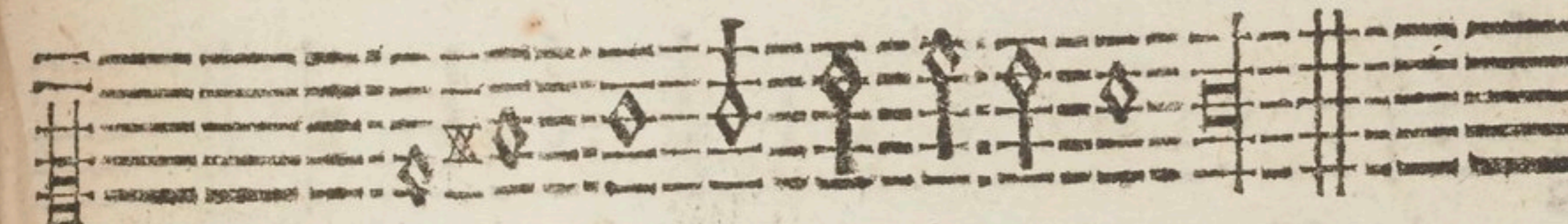
Sijn naem en kracht in I- raël



Zijn geroent en geopenbaert :



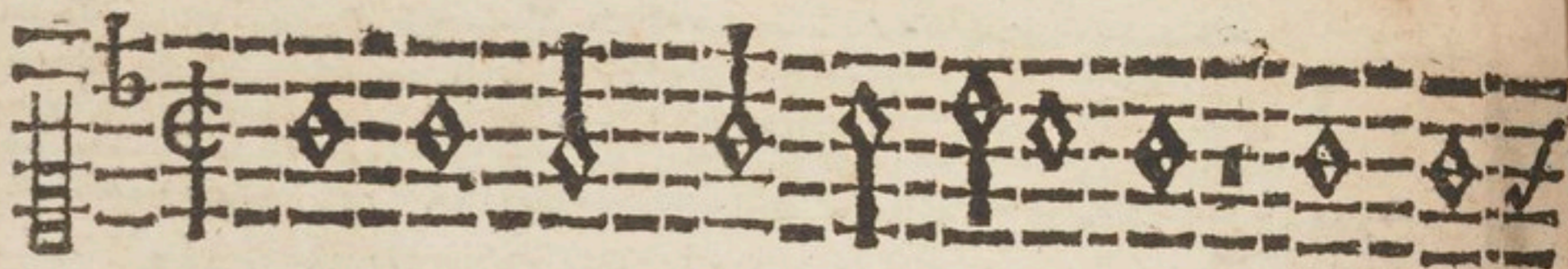
In Salem en tot Zion schoone



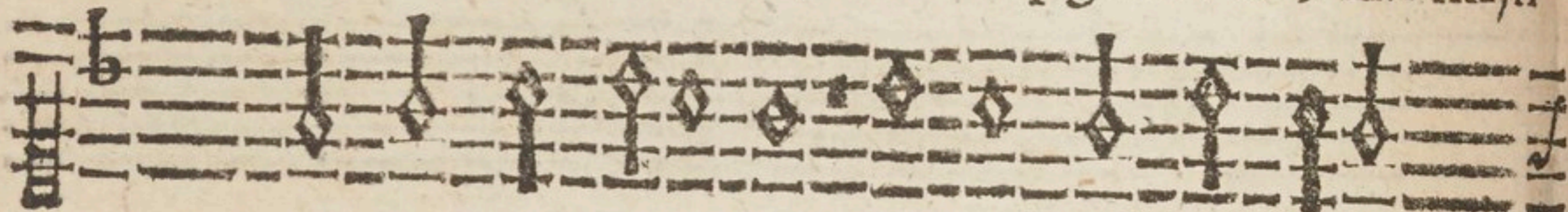
Staet dat huys sijn van sijner woone.

Superius.

PSALM LXXVII.



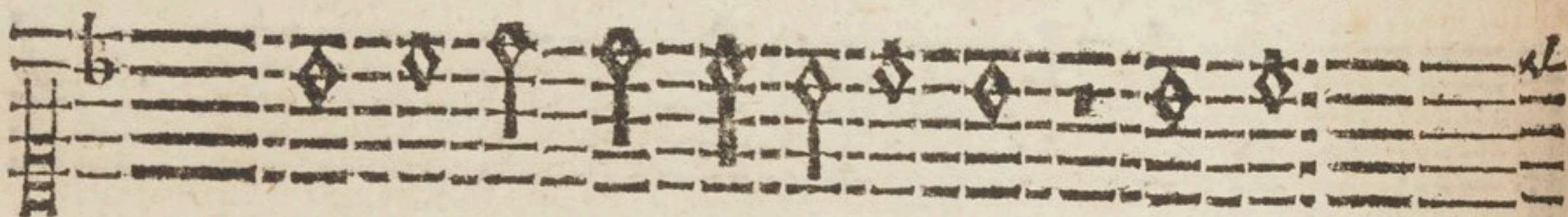
Ck heb mijn stem opgeheven, En mijn



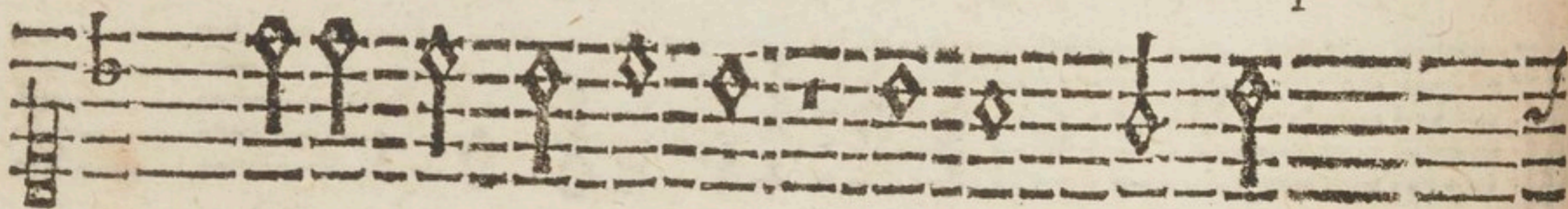
schreijen daer beneven Tot u, Heer, en [na u



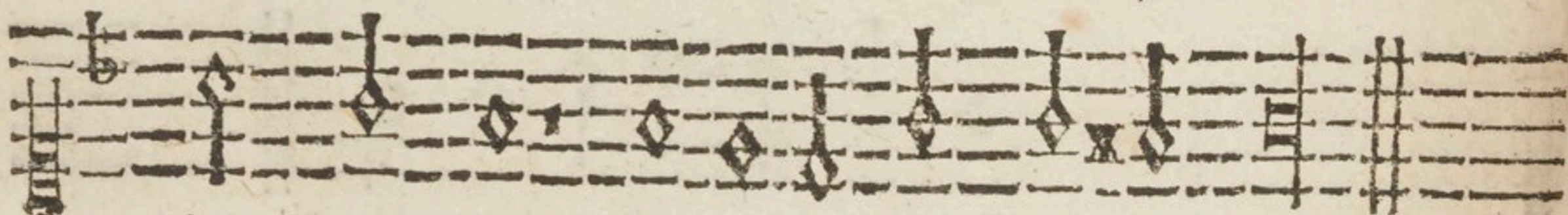
woort] Hebt ghy my voormaels verhoort:



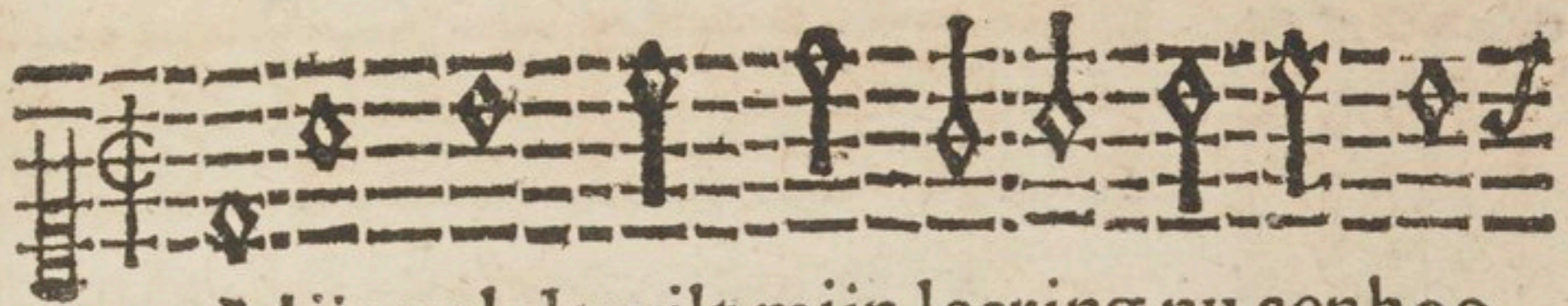
In mijnen noot en benouwen, Stont op



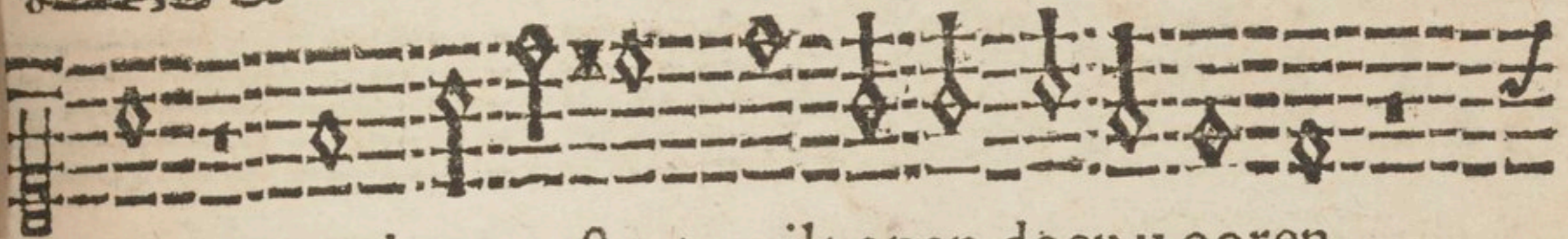
u al mijn betrouwen: Ick heb mijn han-



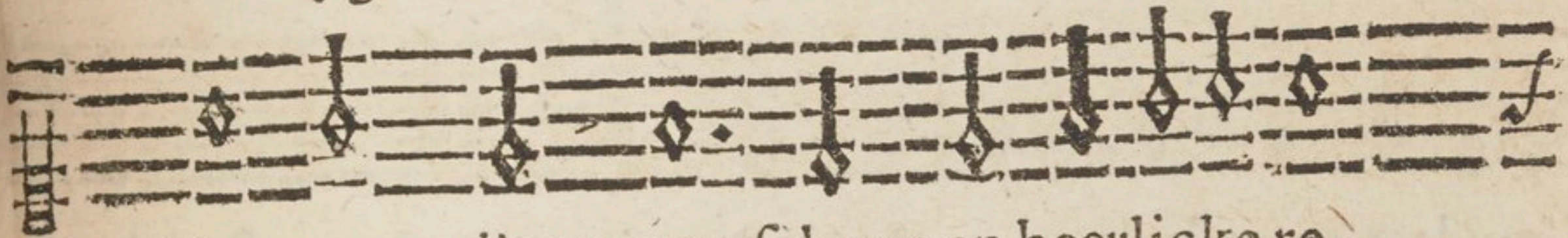
den, Heer goet, Tot u gestreckt met ootmoet:



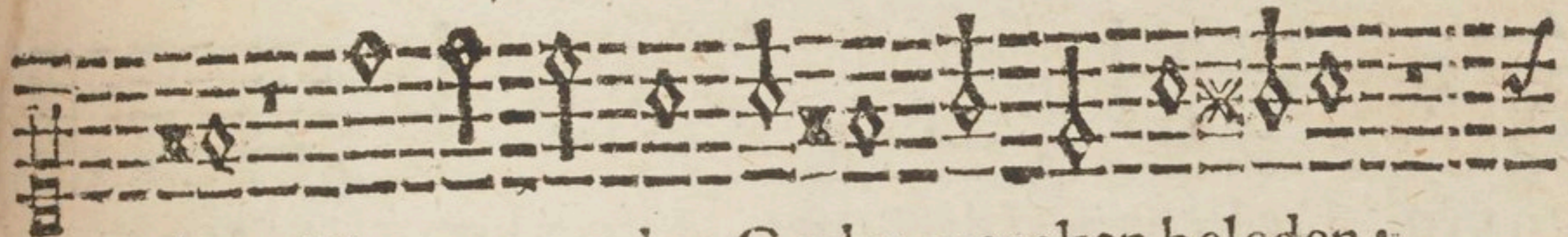
Mijn volck wilt mijn leering nu aenhoo-



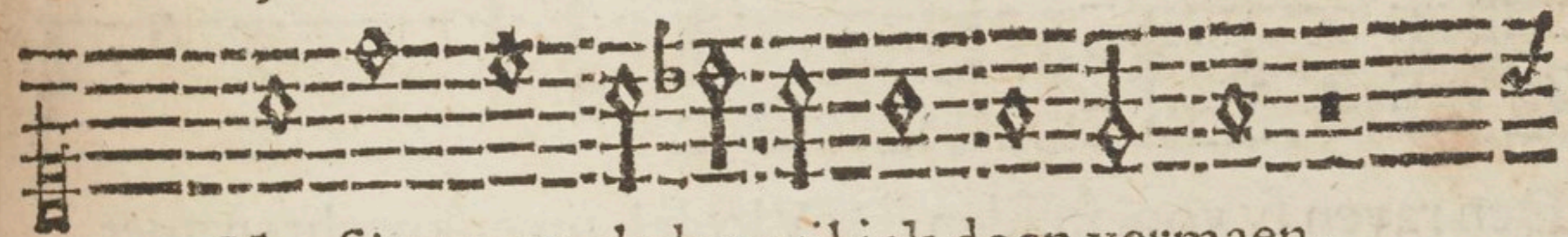
ren : Neyght u verstant, wilt open doen u ooren,



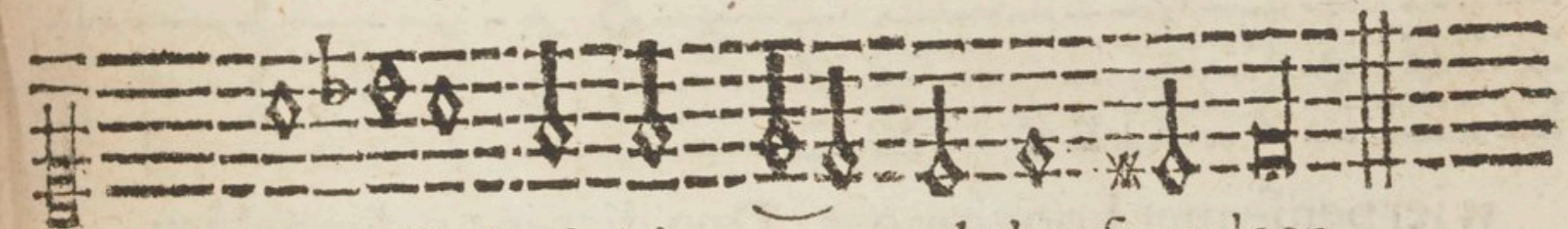
Verneemt mijns monts schoon en heerlicke re-



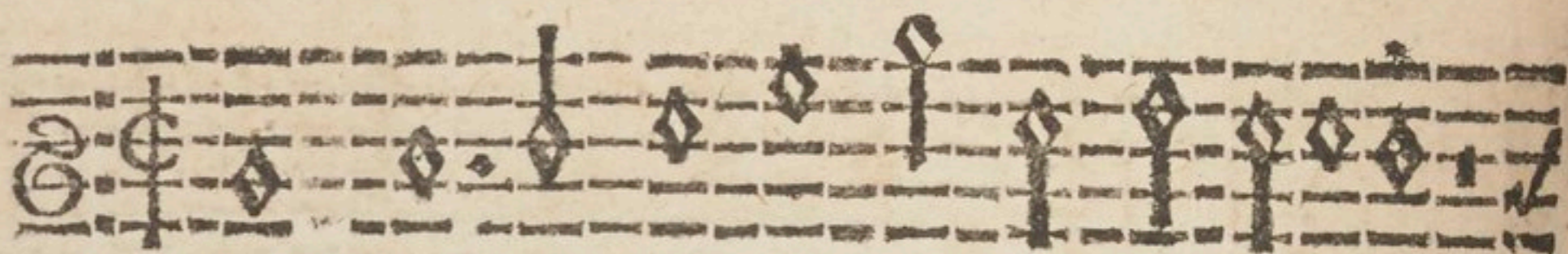
den ; Van my werden Godes wercken beleden :



Van sijn groot-daden wil ick doen vermaen,



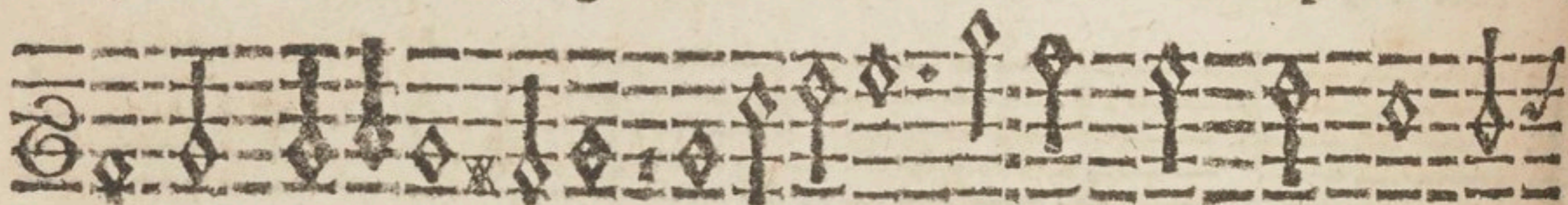
Die onse Godt hier voormaels heeft gedaen.



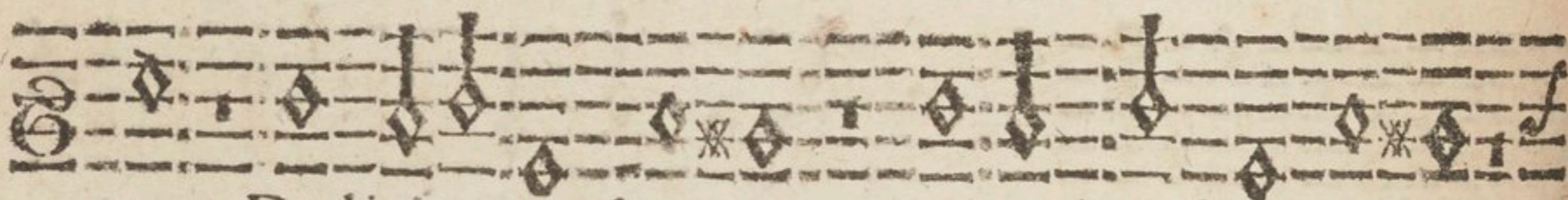
E Heyd'nen zijn in uw' erfdeel gevallen,



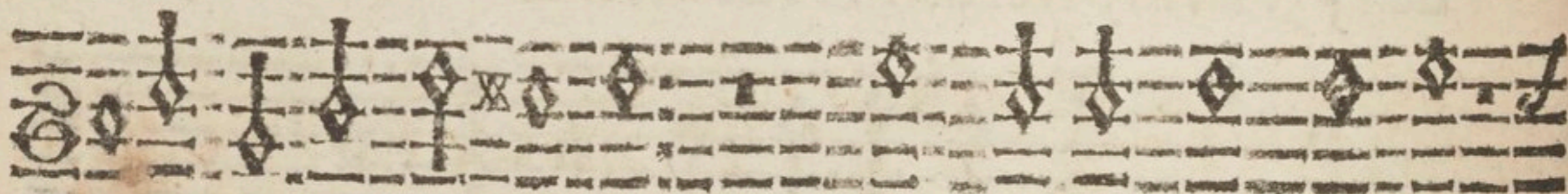
Sy hebben ontheyligt onder hen allen Den tempel schoon,



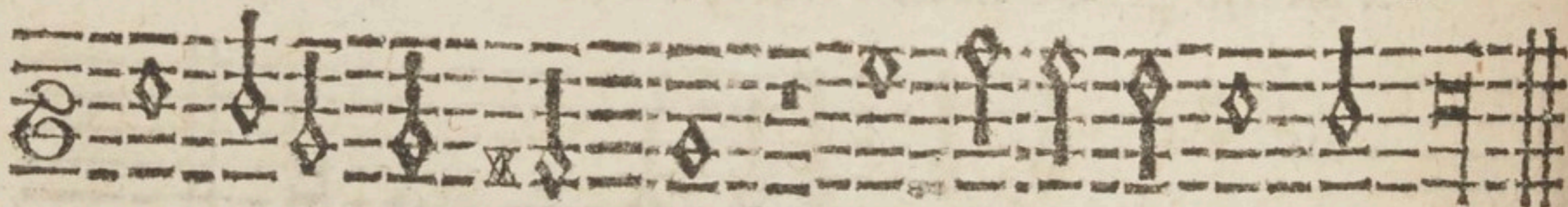
en daer toe afgeloopen Jerufalem, ja gemaekt tot steenhoo-



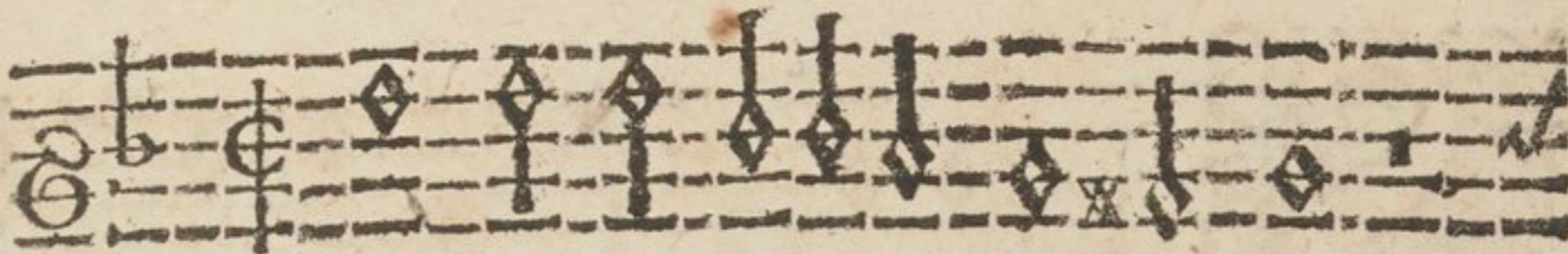
pen. De lichamen daer naer, Uwer knechten eerbaer,



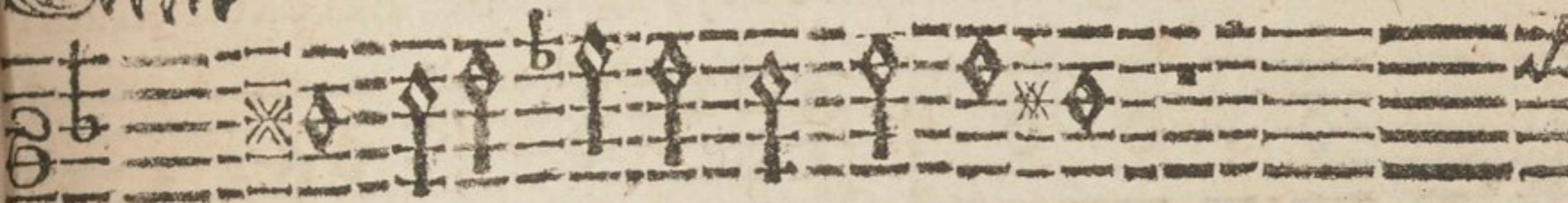
Den raven sy voorstelden; 't Vleesch uwer knechten goet,



wierpense met hooghmoet Den dieren op den velden,



Hy Herder Israëls, wilt hooren,



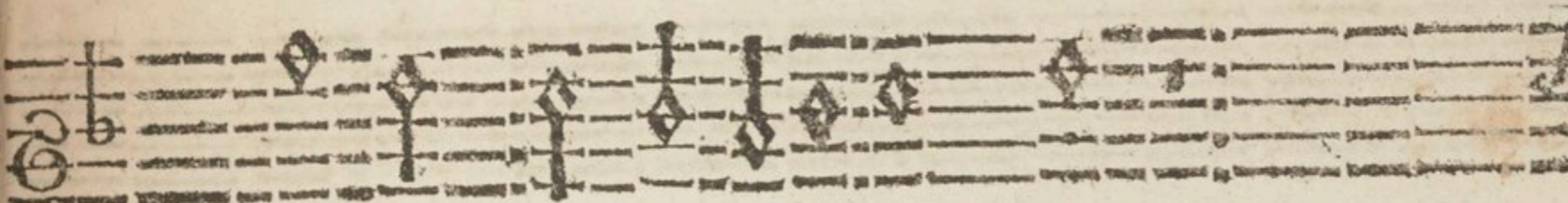
Die de kudde Josephs verkoren,



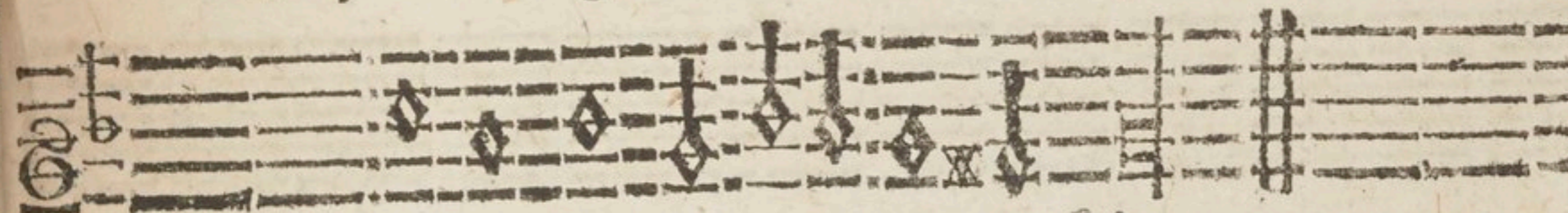
Uytgevoert hebt als schapen goet ;



Toont ons u lieflick aenschijn soet,



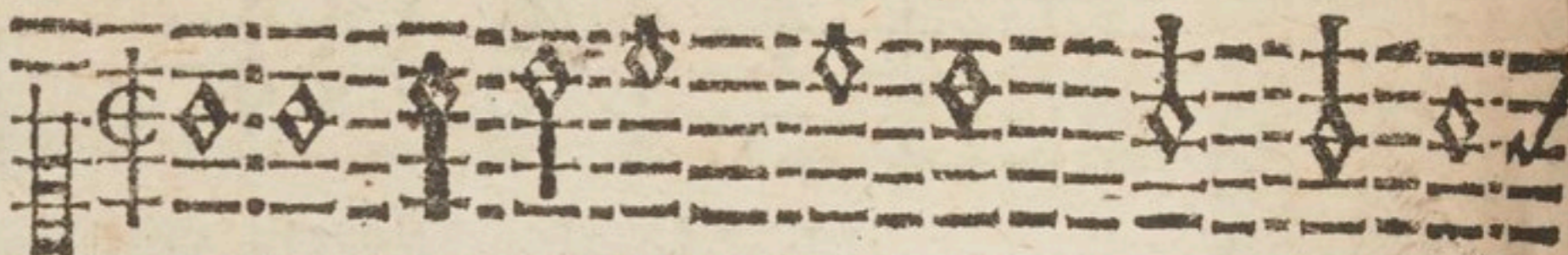
Ghy die hoogh sit in uwen Throon



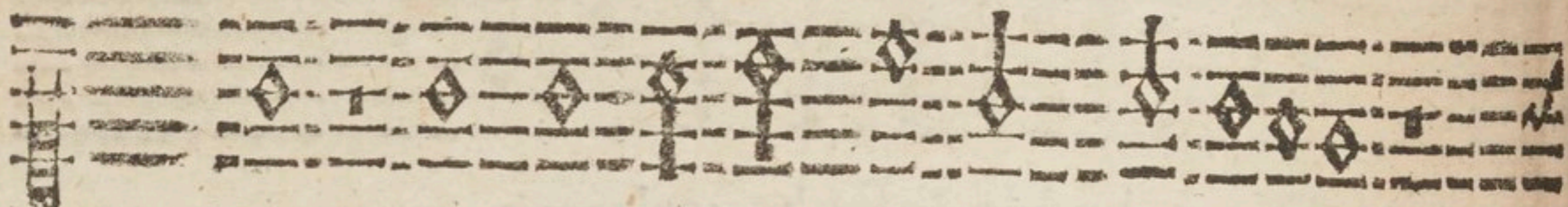
Boven den Cherubinen schoon.

Superius.

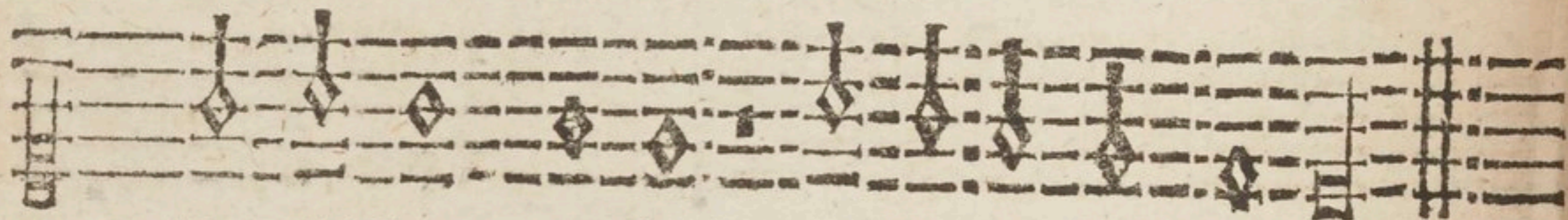
PSALM LXXXI.



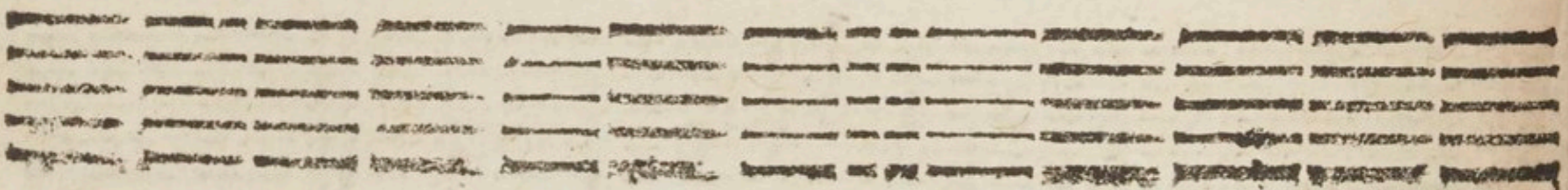
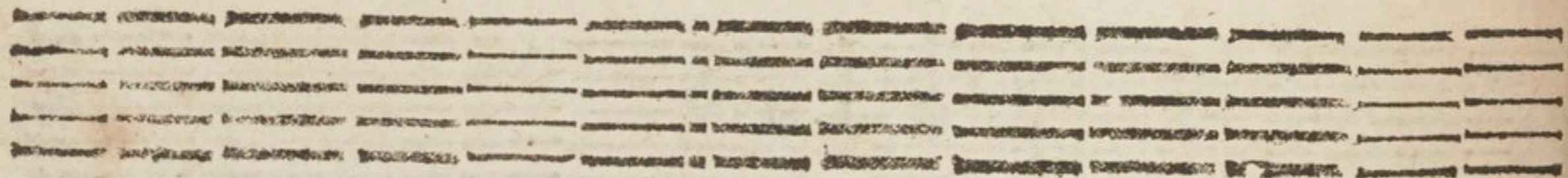
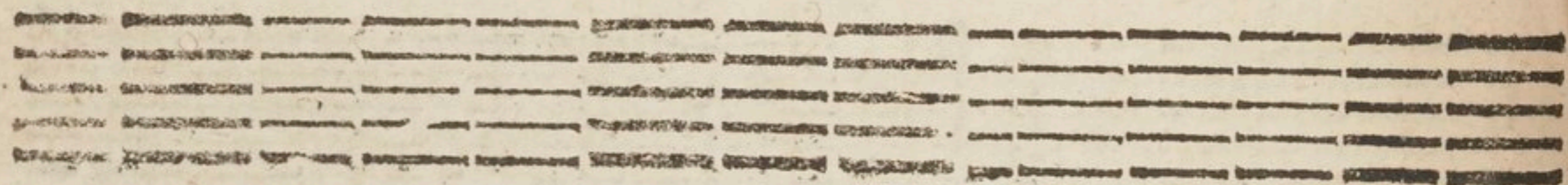
Ingt den Heere bly, Die onf' sterckt is krach-



tigh : Verheugt u oock vry In Godt Israël,

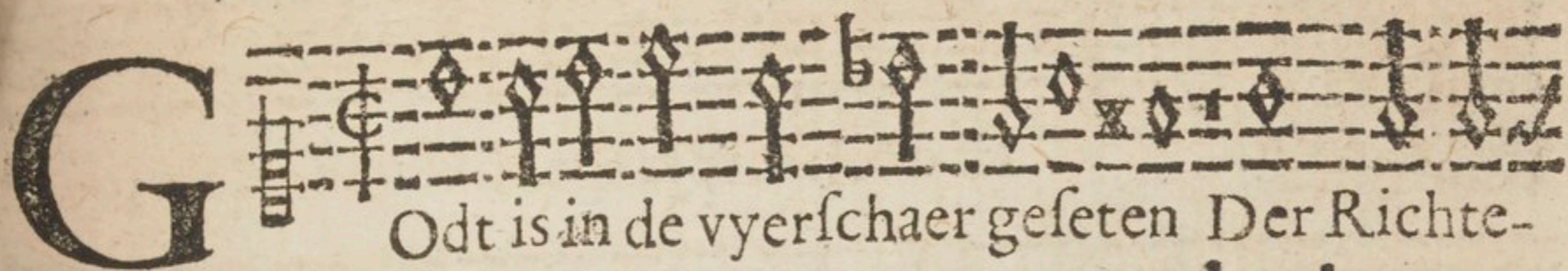


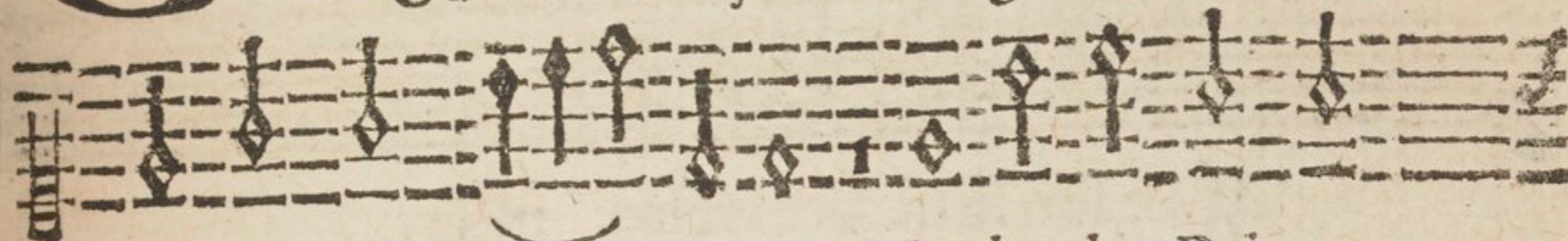
Bewijst hem met spel Prijs en eer aendachtigh.



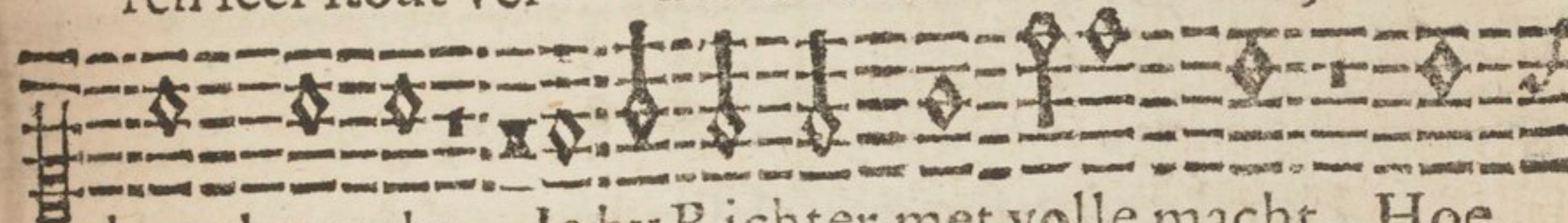
a 5.

Wijse 46. een octave hoger.

G  Odt is in de vyerschaer geseten Der Richt-



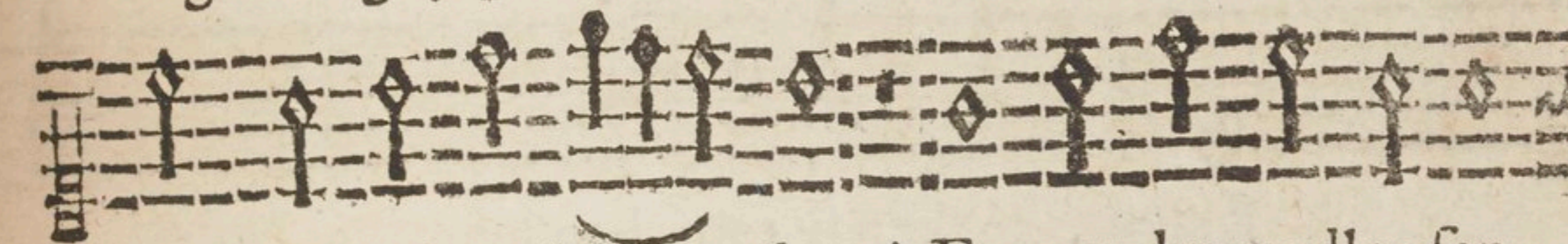
ren seer stout ver- meten : Onder den Prinzen



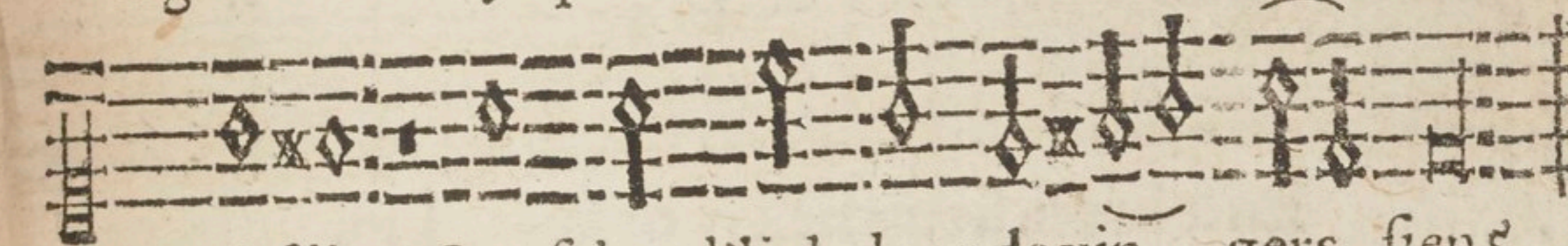
hoogh geacht Is hy Richter met volle macht. Hoe



langh sult ghy [Richters vol tre- ken] Onrechtveer-



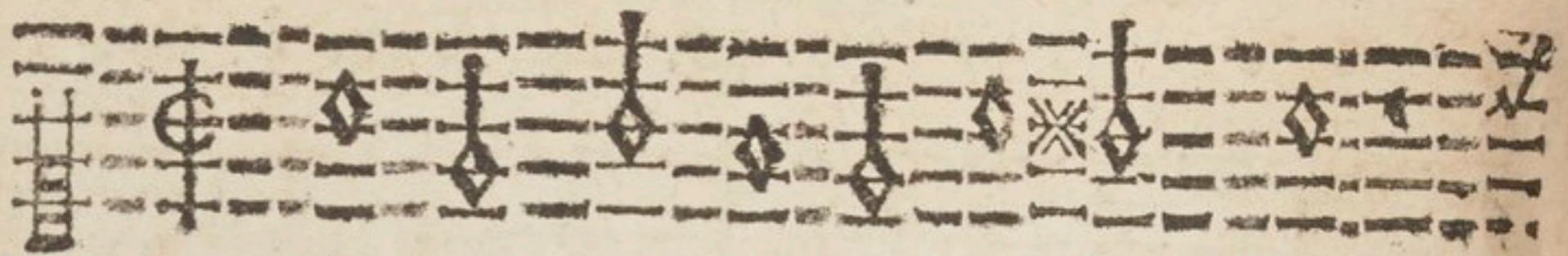
digh oordeel uytspre- ken? En met den godloofen



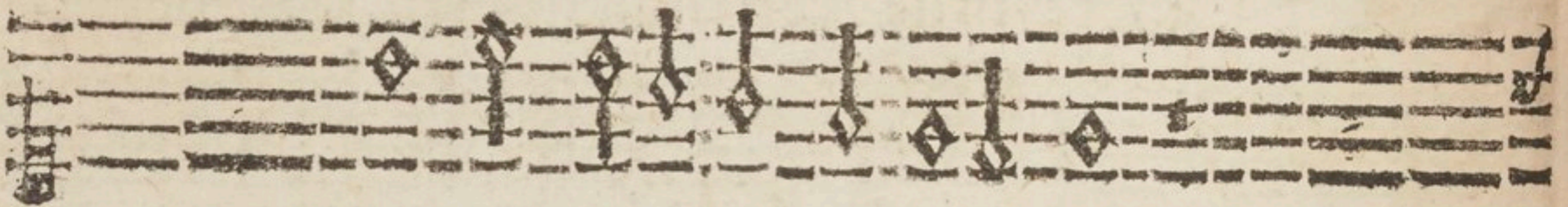
mitsdien Soo schand'lick door de vin- gers sien?

Superius.

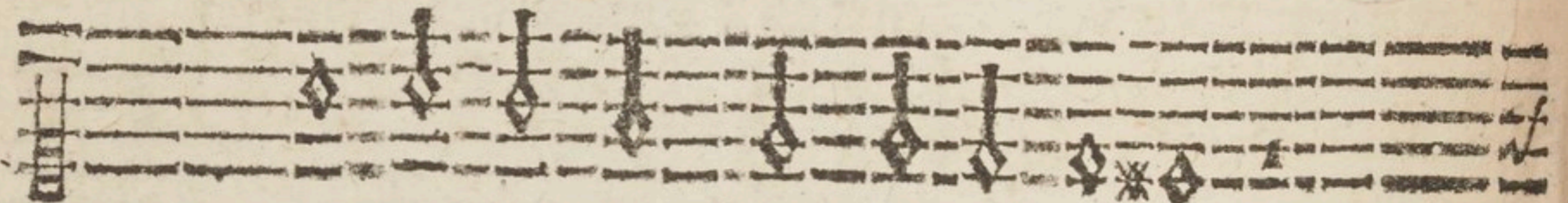
PSALM LXXXIII.



Ilt doch niet langer swijgen, Heer,



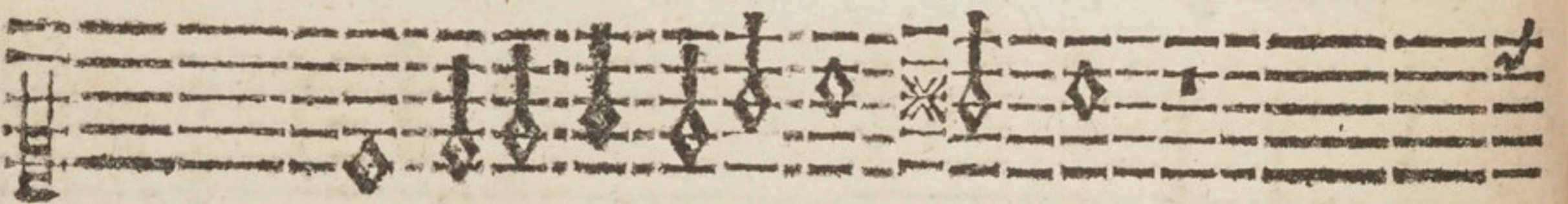
Wilt soo stille niet wesen meer,



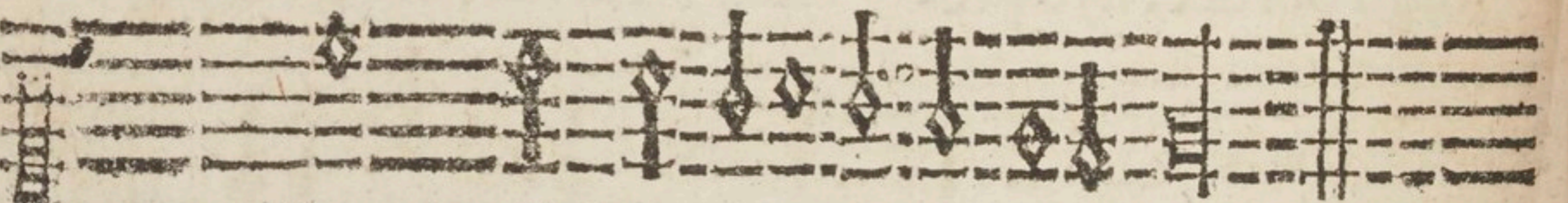
Houd u niet soo gansch sonder spreken.



Want t'faem woeden al uw' vyanden,

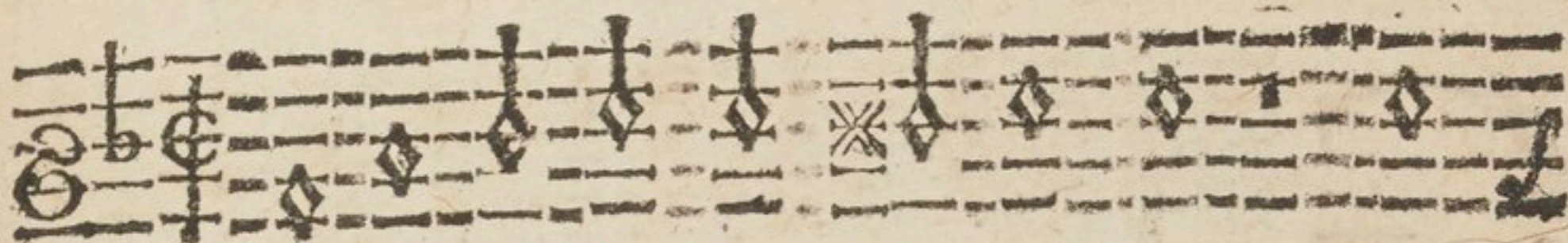


Rafende maken sy ter schanden,

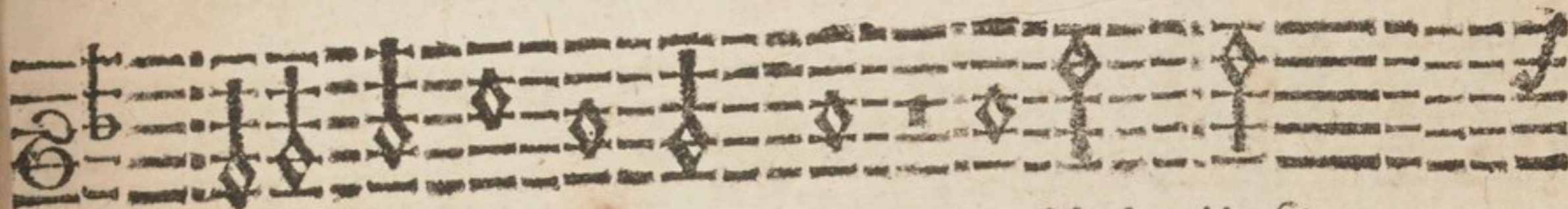


En't hoort stoutelick sy opste- ken.

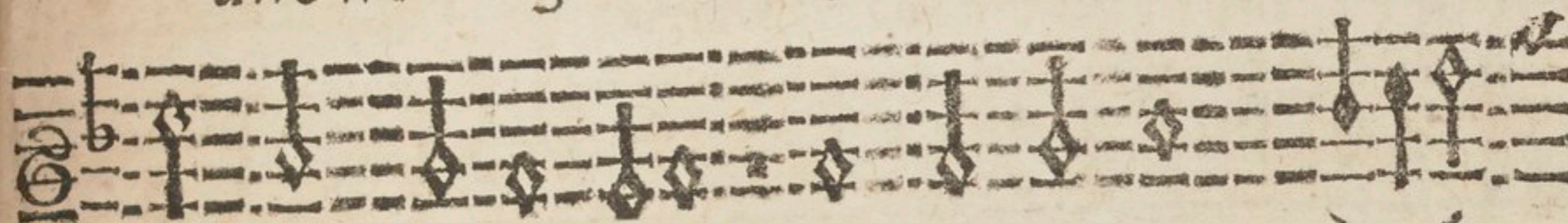
H



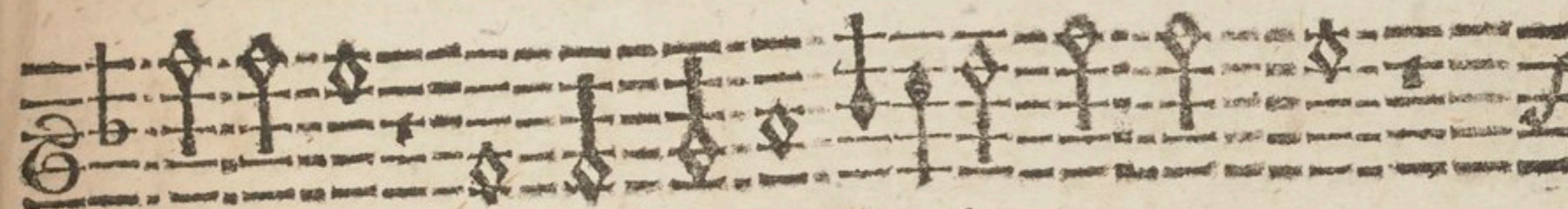
Oe lieflick, ô Heer, [en hoe reyn] Zijn



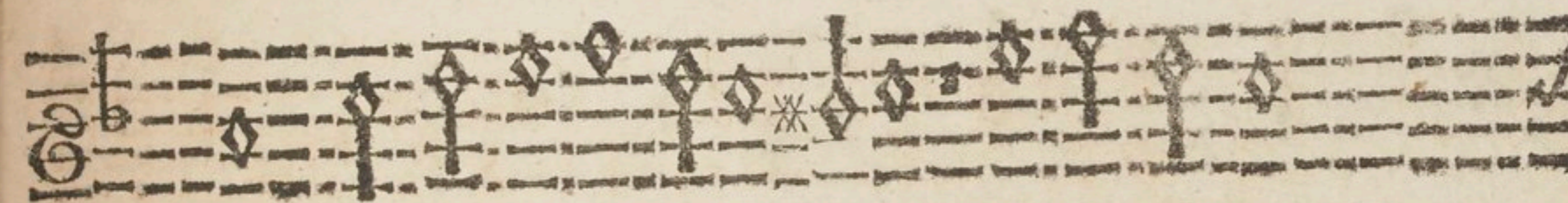
uwe wooningen niet kleyn ! Lustigh zijnf



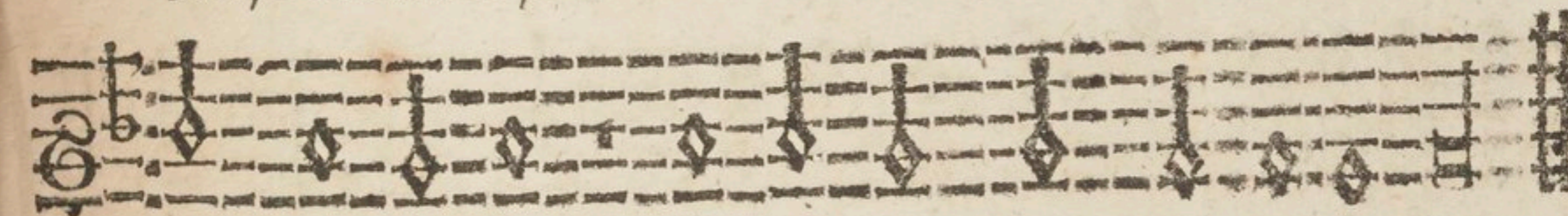
en schoon boven mate. Mijn hert verlaught met



allen seer, En sucht na uwen tempel, Heer,



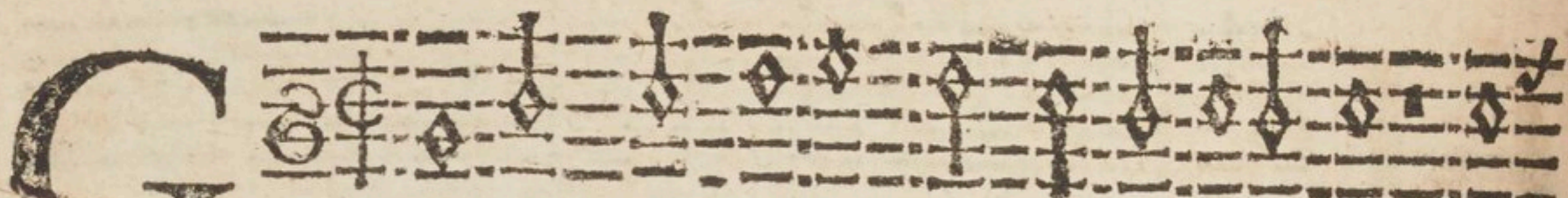
Mijn ziel en lijf in desen state Zijn in den wa-



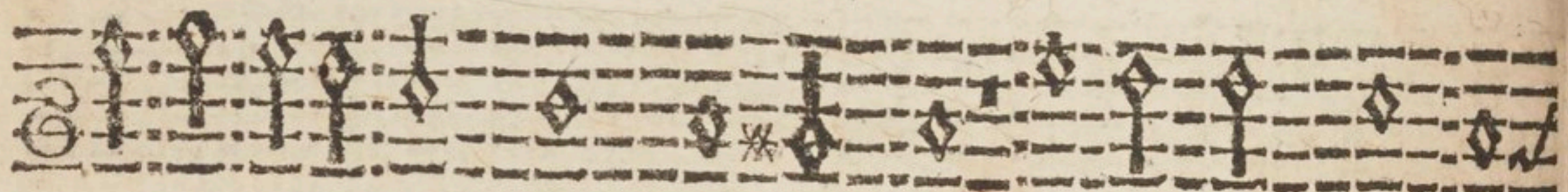
ren Godt verblijdt, En seer verheught tot deser tijdt.

Superius.

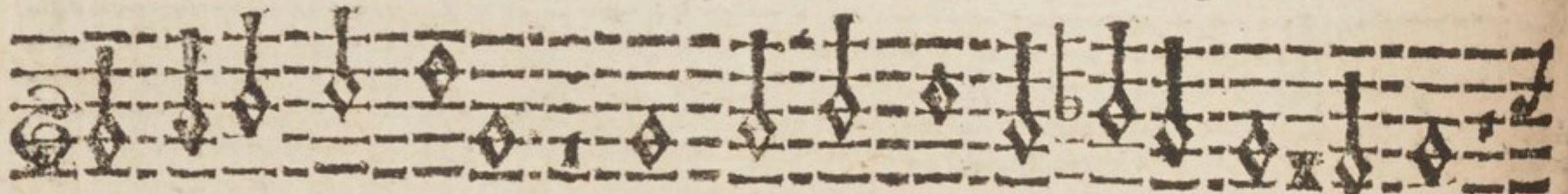
PSALM LXXXV.

G 

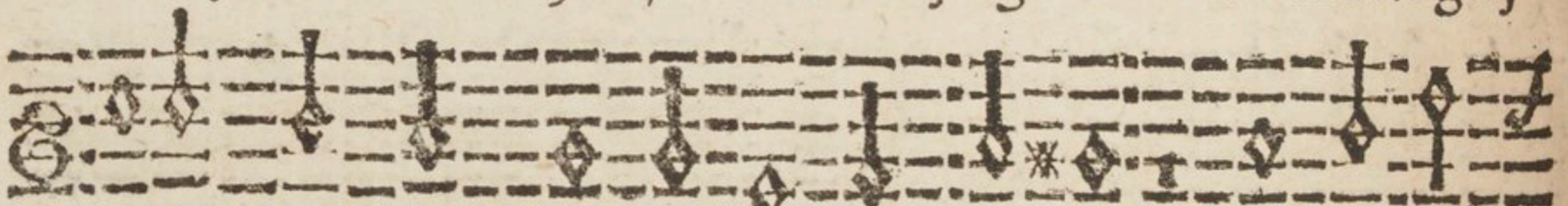
Y zigt, Heer, met u volck nu te vre- den, Ja-



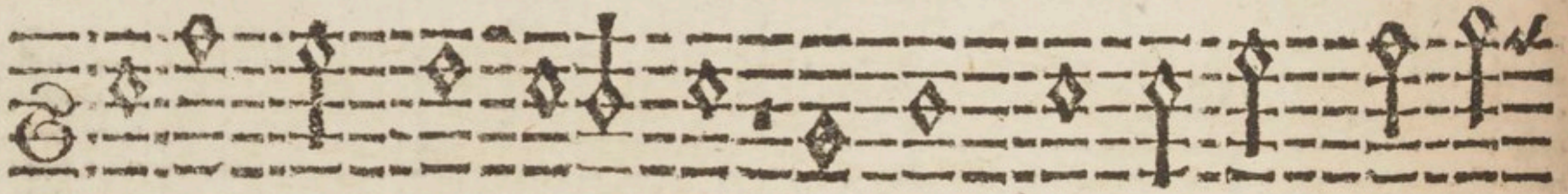
cobs gevangen en maectt gy oock vry, En vergeeft des volcx




boofheyt voorleden; Sijn sonden uyt genaden bedeckt ghy



Uwe gramschap doet gy van hen seer wijd, En matigt

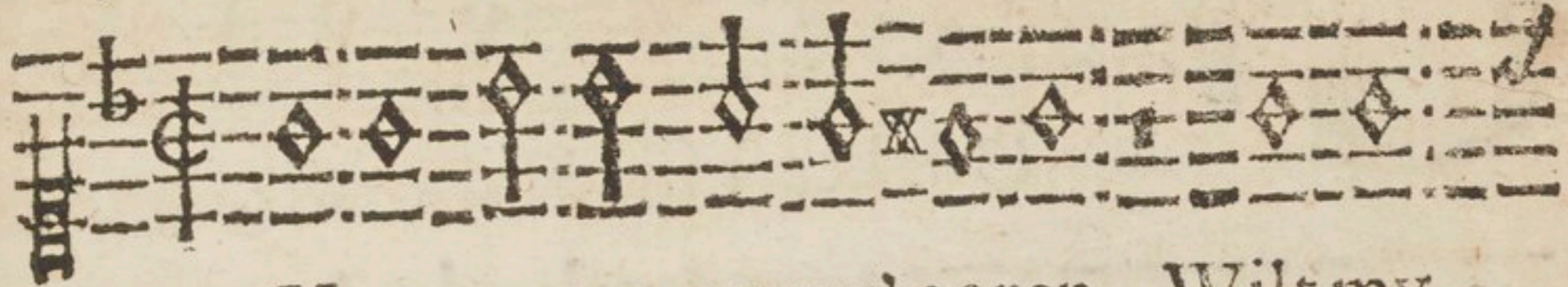


uwen toorn tot deser tijd. O Heer, ghy die onf' Heylant

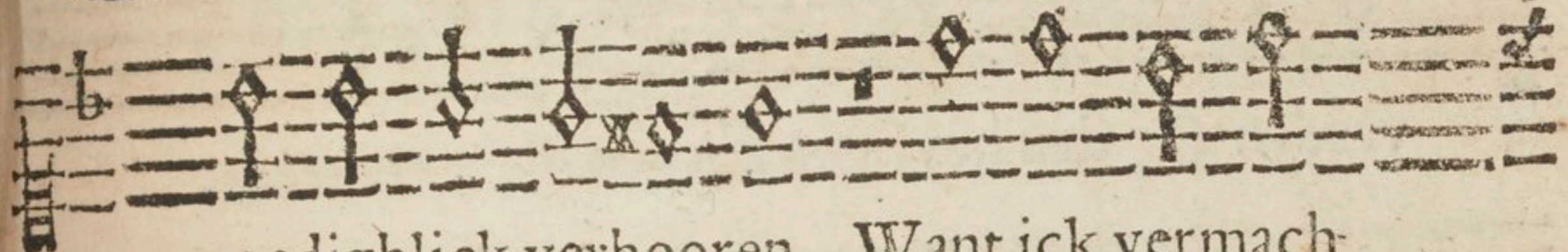


zijt alleyn, Helpt ons op, stilt uwe gramschap niet kleyn.

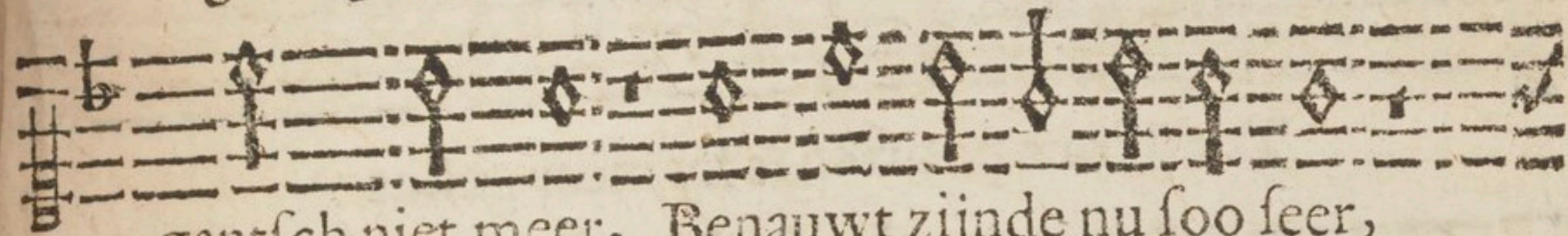
a 5. Wijse 77.



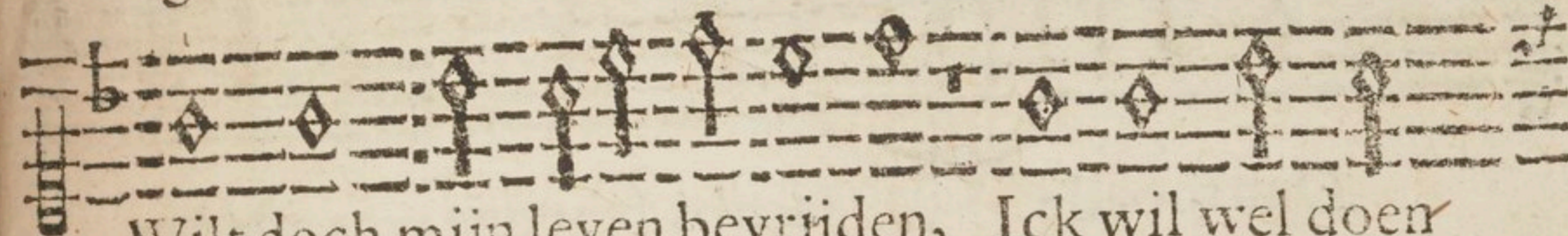
Heer, opent my uw' ooren, Wilt my



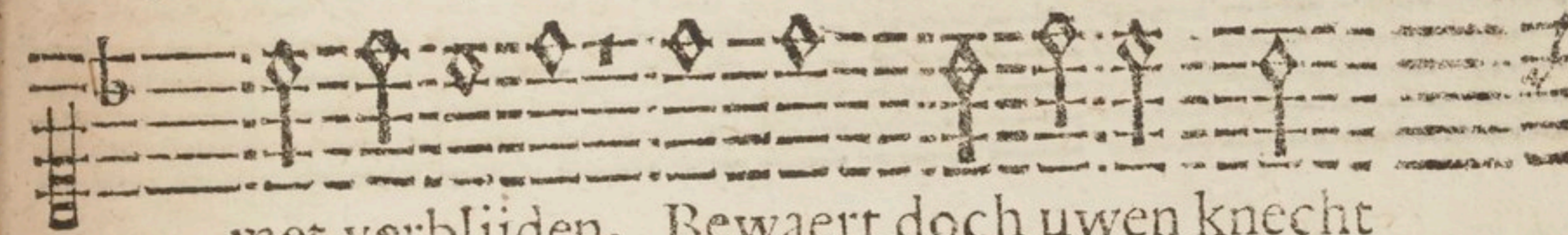
goedighlick verhooren, Want ick vermach



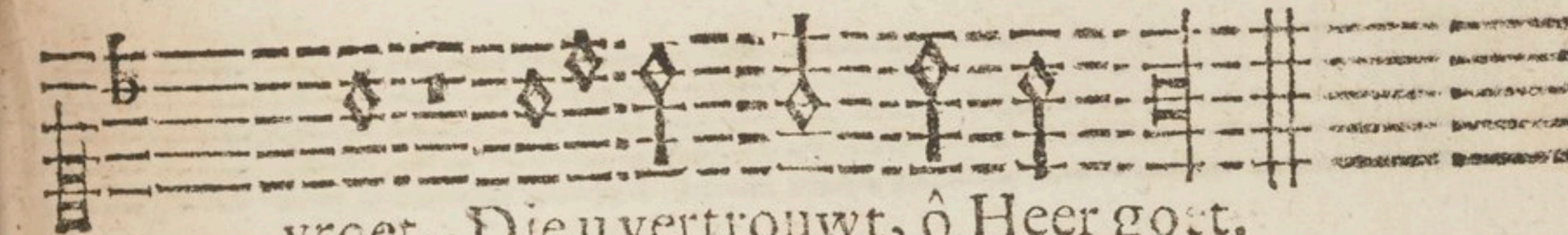
gantsch niet meer, Benauwt zijnde nu soo seer,



Wilt doch mijn leven bevrijden, Ick wil wel doen



met verblijden, Bewaert doch uwen knecht

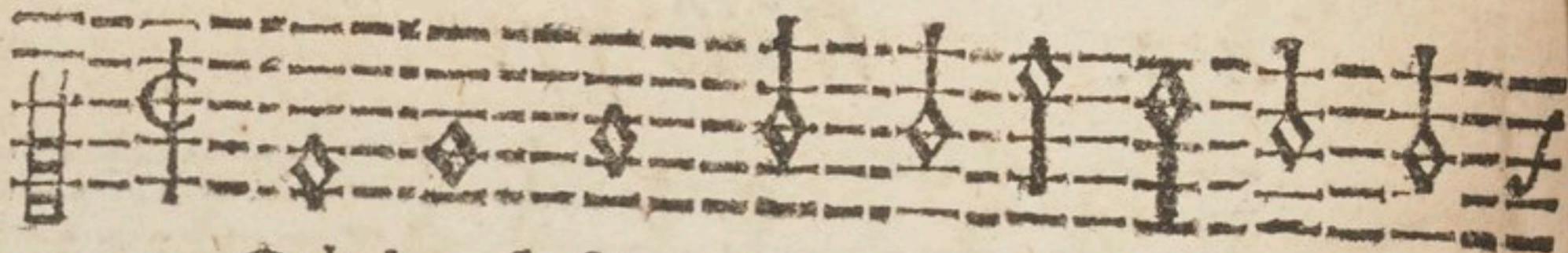


vroet, Die u vertrouwt, ô Heer goet.

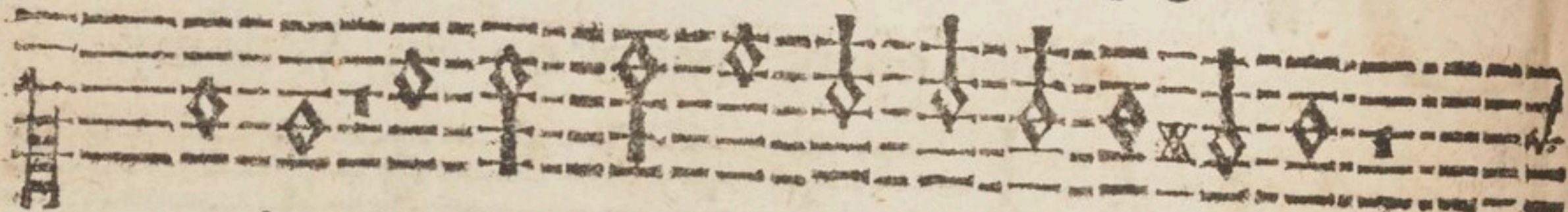
Superius.

PSALM LXXXVII.

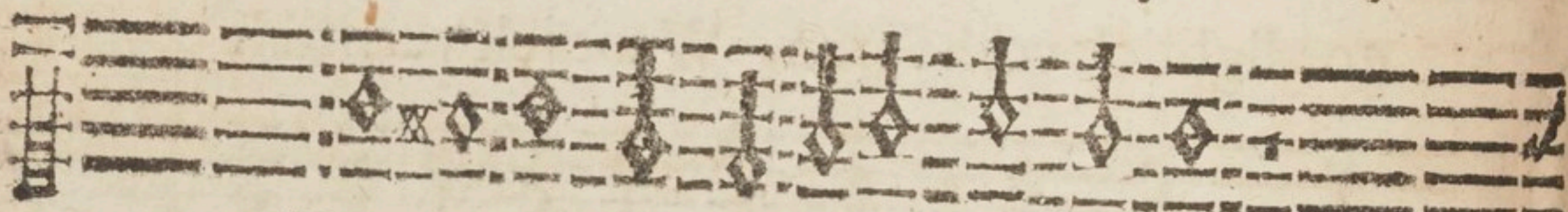
G



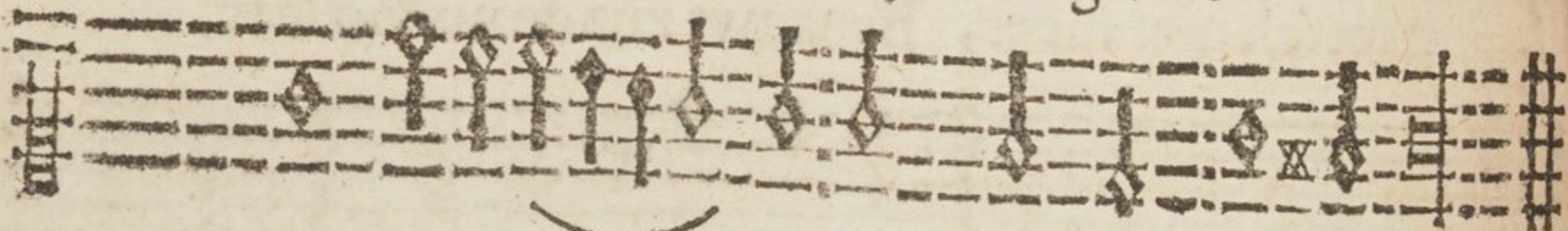
Odt heeft sijn Huys vast gegrondet Met



vreden Op den heyl'gen bergen die hy bemint,

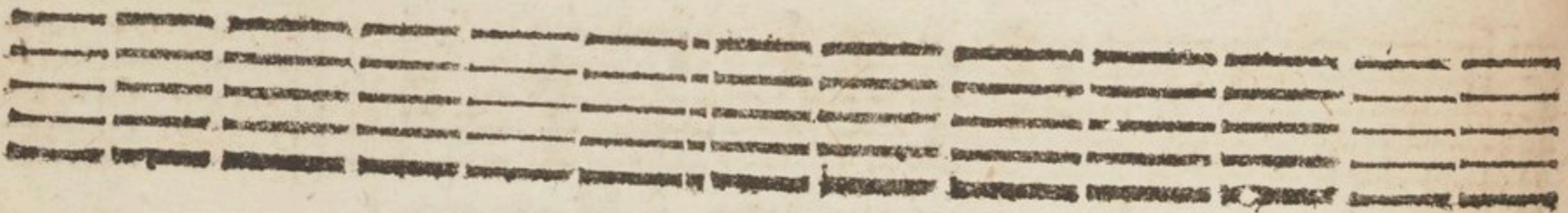
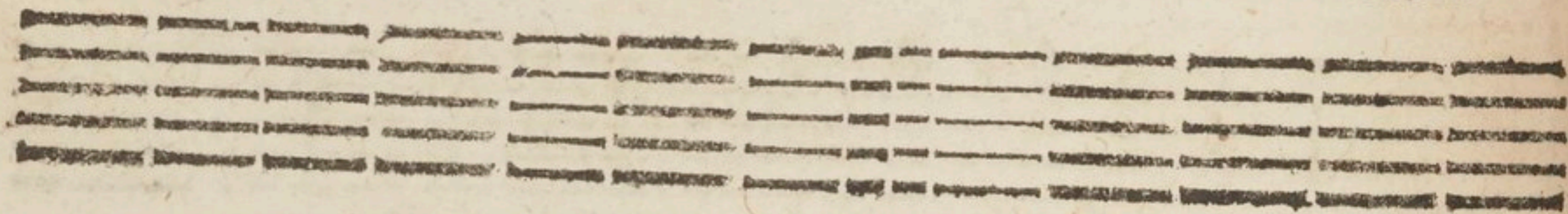


Tot Zions poorten is hy meer gesint



Dan tot alle

Jacobs schoone woonsteden.



Eer, die my dus langh hebt behoedt :

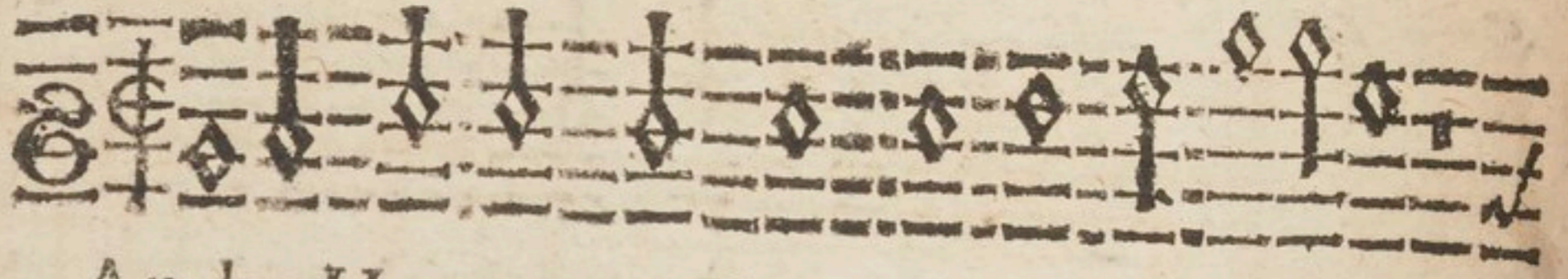
Ick roep altijdt met groot verlangen,

Laet tot u komen, wilt ontfangen

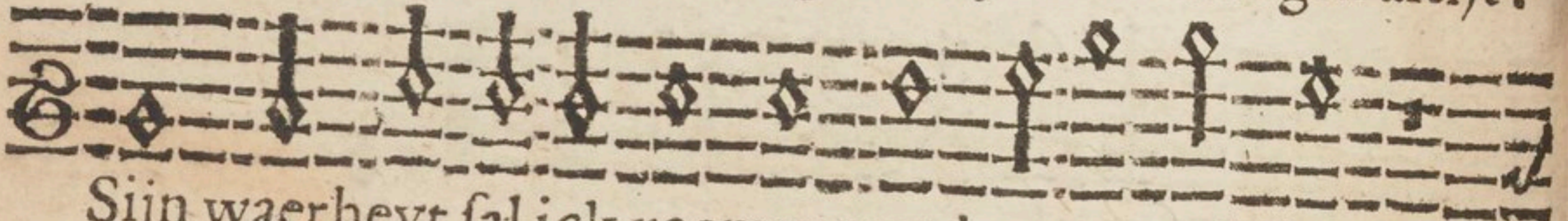
Mijn gebedt, uyt genaden goet :

Wilt vriendelick neygen uw' ooren,

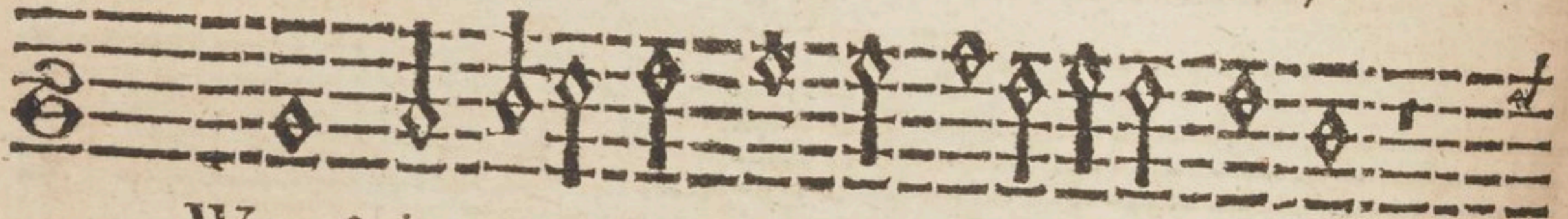
En mijn gestadigh klagen hooren.



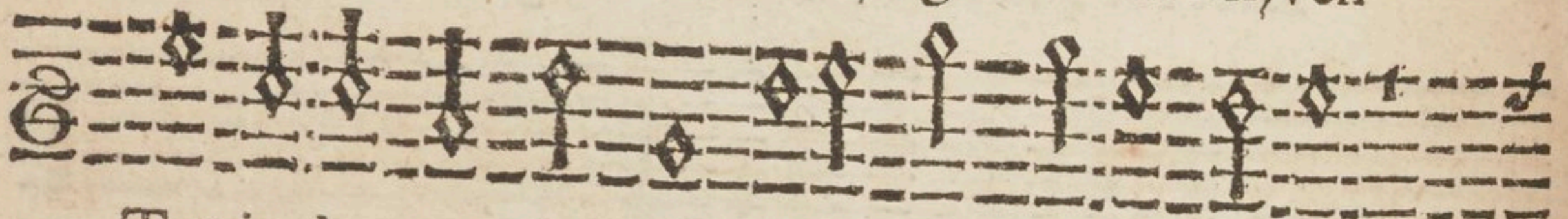
An des Heeren goetheyt sal ick singen altijt :



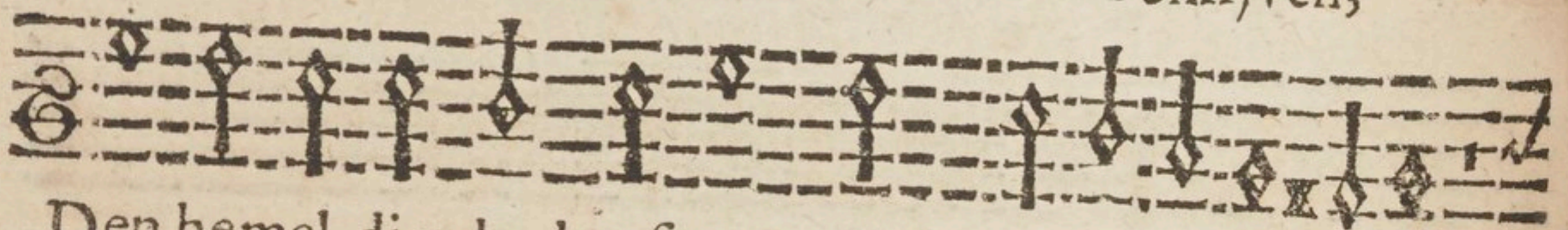
Sijn waerheyt sal ick roemen met herten verblijdt :



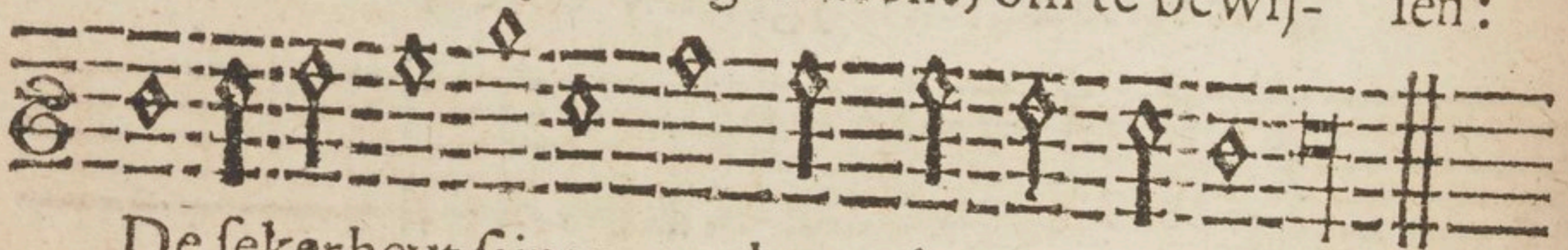
Want 't is openbaer, dat sijn genade sal blijven



Tot in der eeuwighet, alsoo men siet beklijven,



Den hemel, dien hy heeft gemaect, om te bewij- sen :

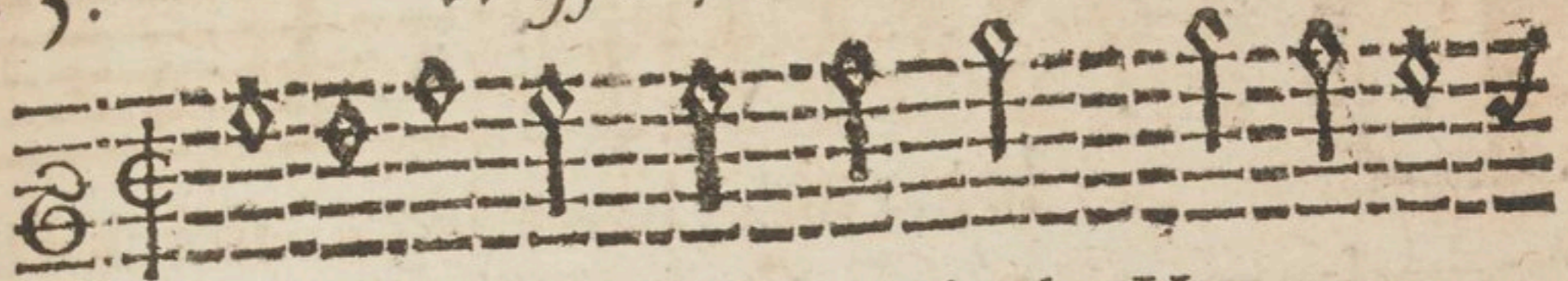


De sekerheyt sijner waerheyt niet om volprijsen.

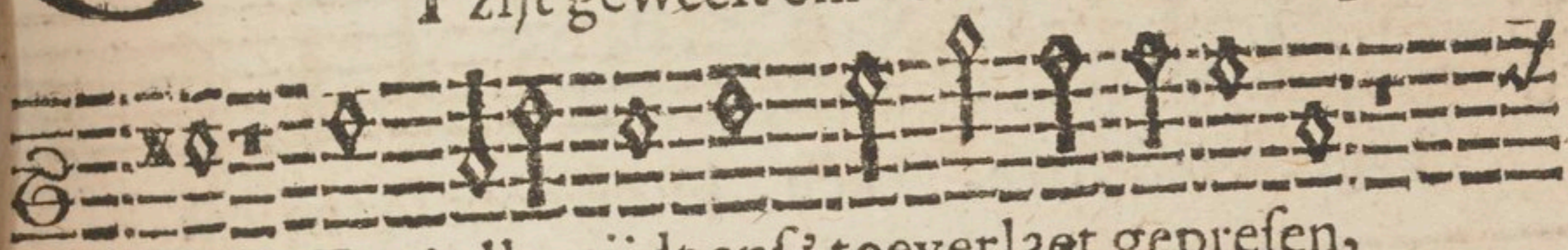
a 5.

Wijse 78.

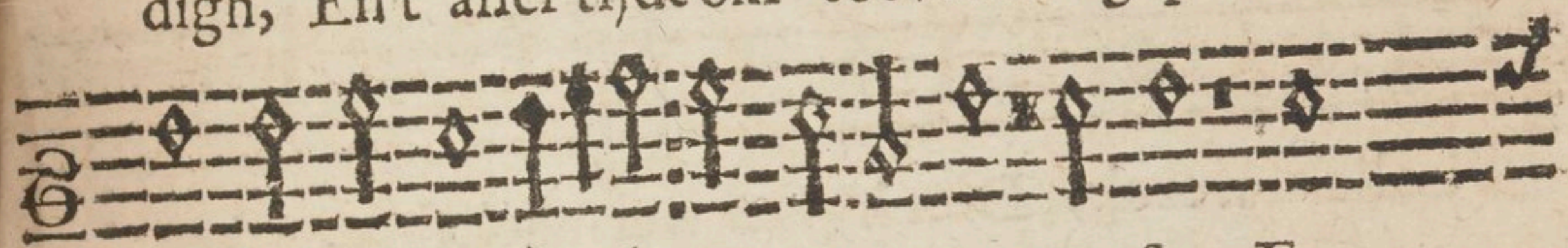
G



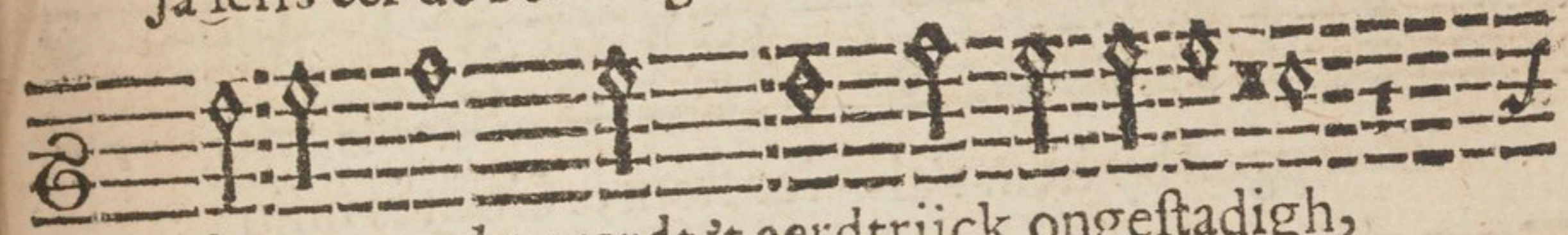
Y zijt geweest onf' toevlucht, Heer gena-



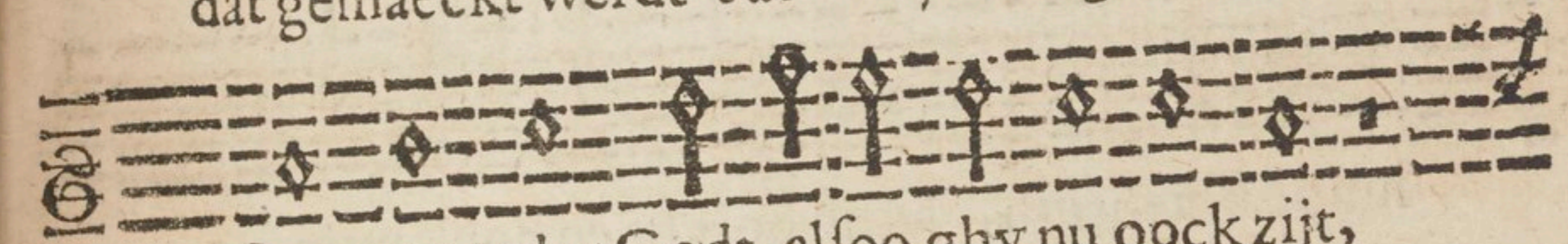
digh, En t' aller tijdt onf' toeverlaet geprefen,



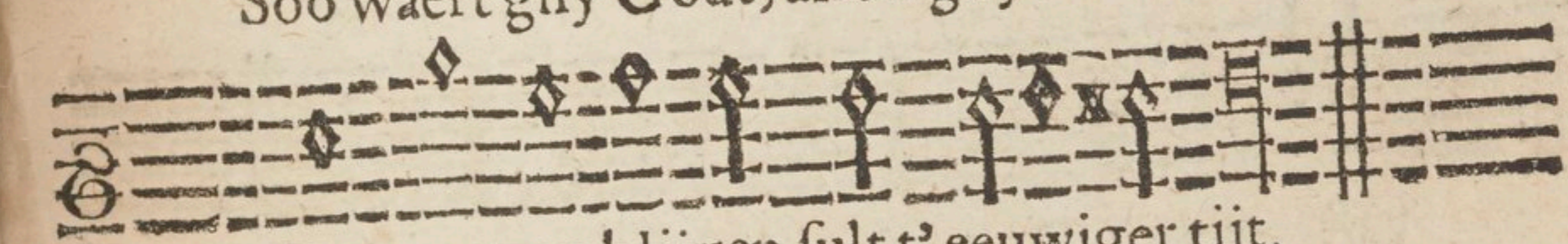
Ja zelfs eer de ber- gen waren in 't wesen, Eer



dat gemaect werdt 't aerdtrijck ongestadigh,

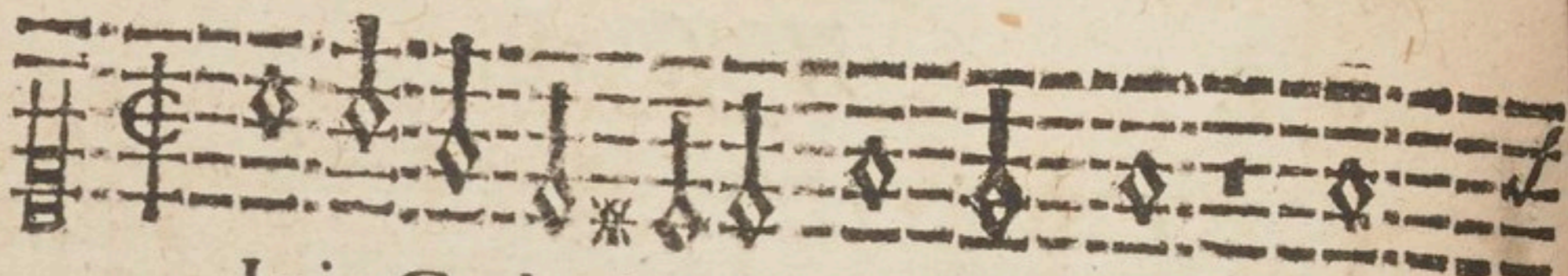


Soo waert ghy Godt, alsoo ghy nu oock zijt,

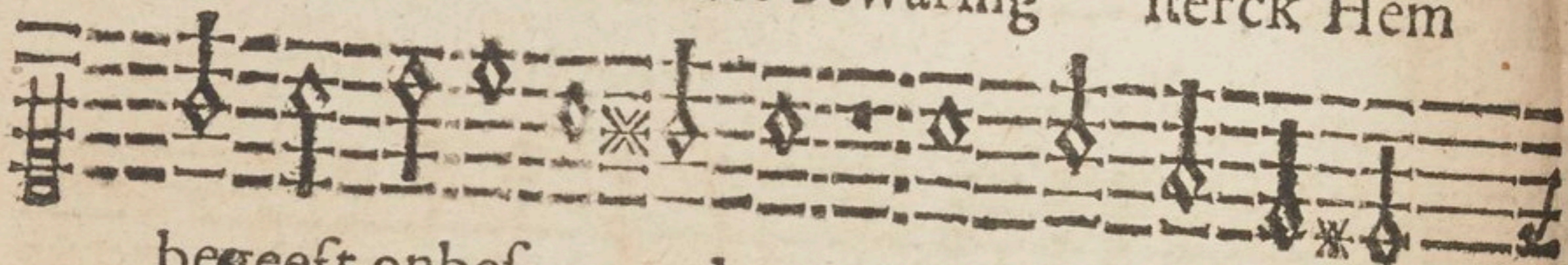


En voortaan blijven sult t' eeuwiger tijt,

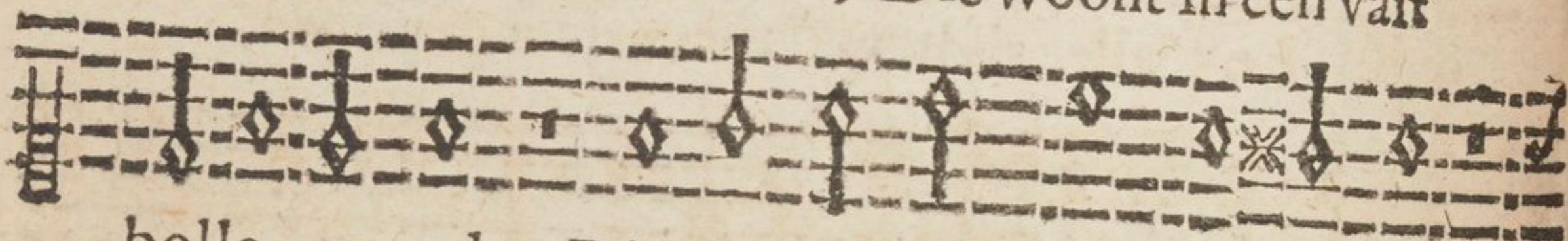
D



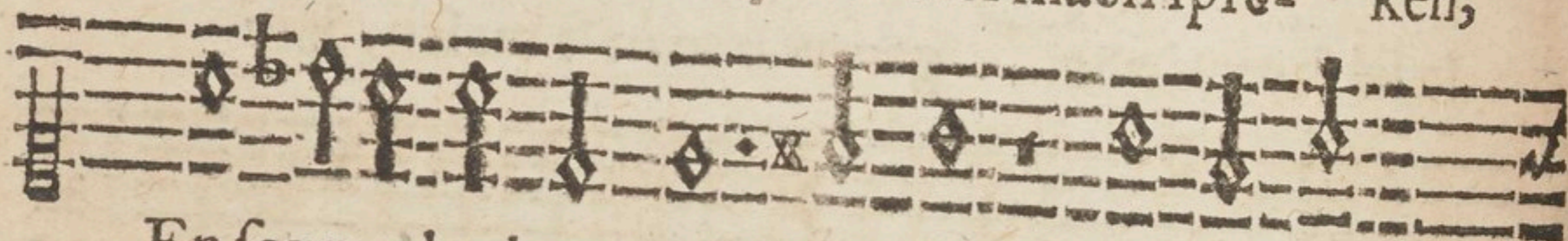
Ie in Godes bewaring' sterck Hem



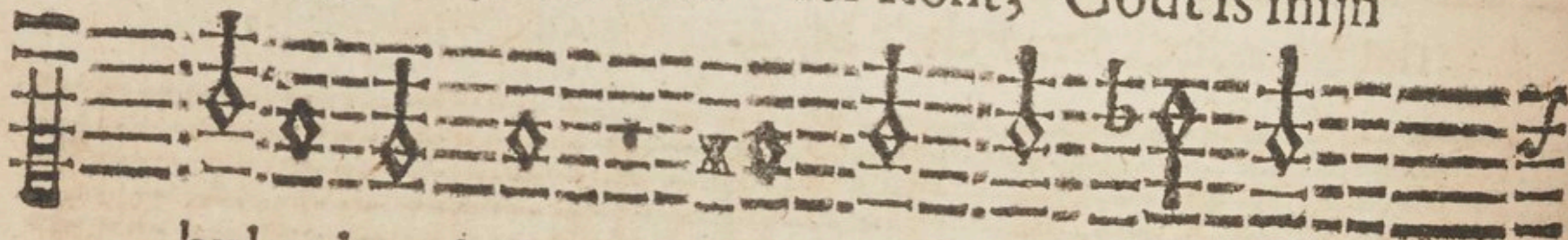
begeeft onbefwe- ken, Die woont in een vast



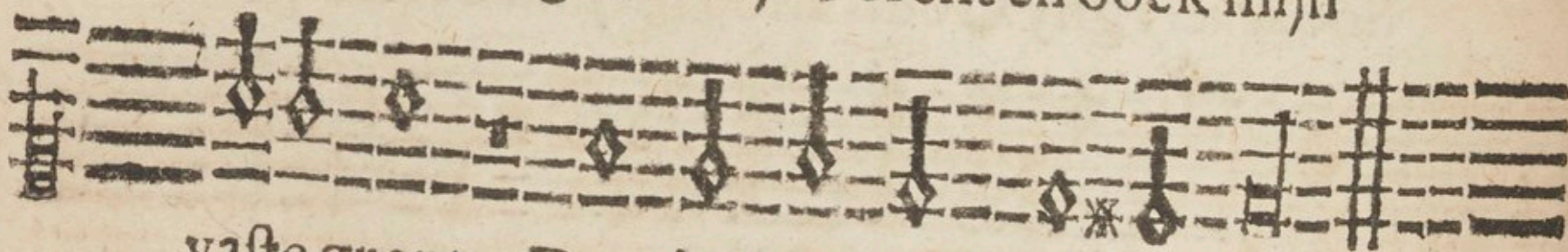
bolle- werck, Dies hy seer wel mach spre- ken,



En seggen by hem t'al- ler-stont, Godt is mijn

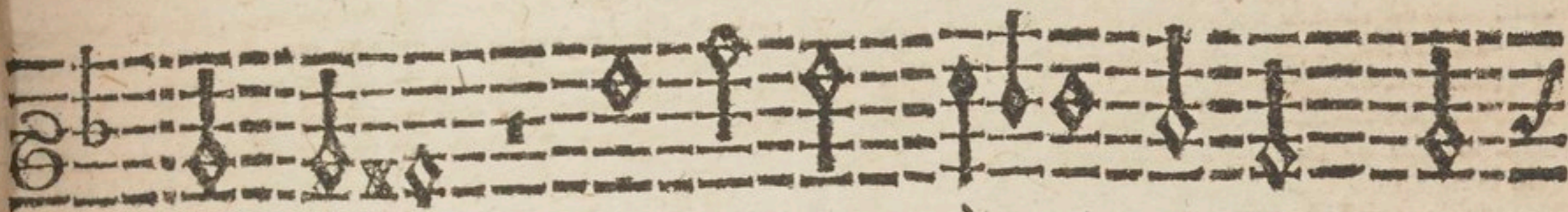


hulpe krachtigh, Mijn borcht en oock mijn



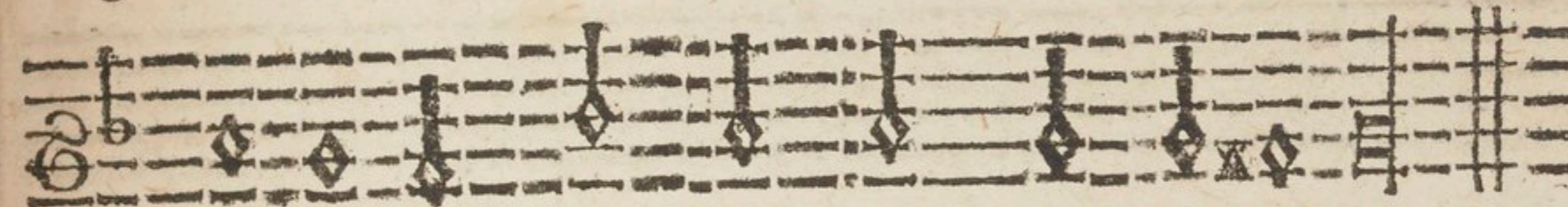
vaste gront, Daer ick op hoop eendrachtigh.

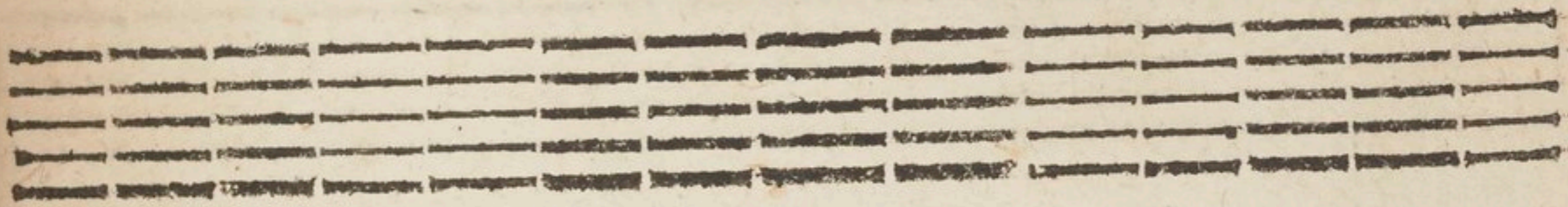
H  Et zijn heerlicke dingen Als men nu

 looft, ô Heer : Als men des hoog- stens eer Met

 herten goet mach singen, Als men 's mor-

 gens verkondet Des Heeren goedigheyt, En sijn ge-

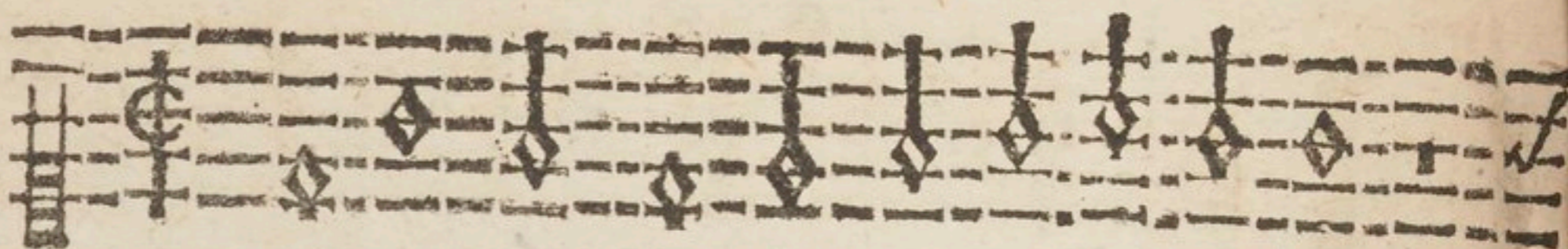
 trouwigheyt Des nachts oock steeds vermondet.



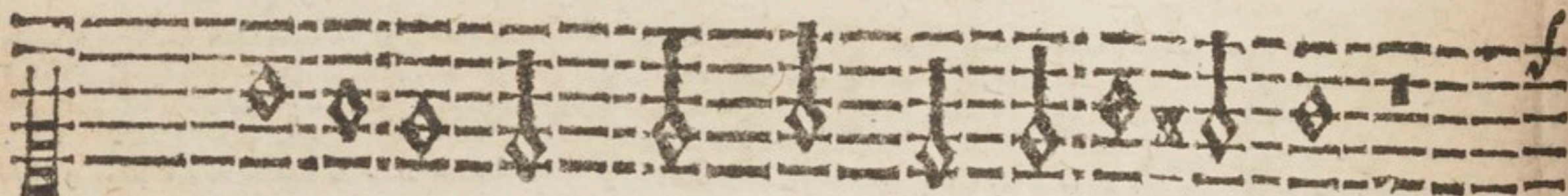
Superius.

PSALM XCIII.

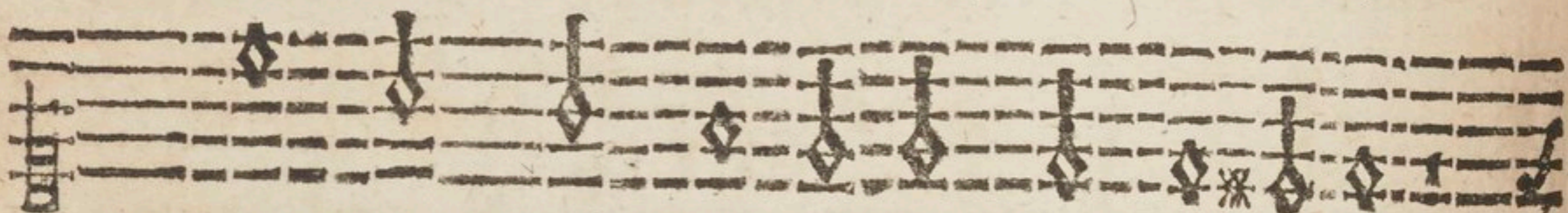
G



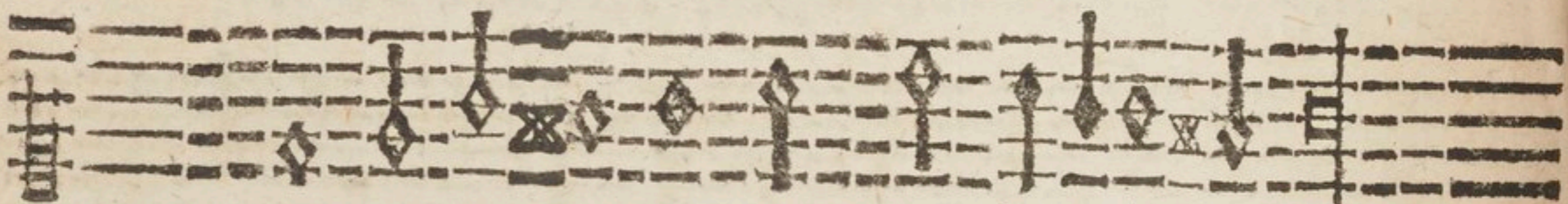
Odt regeert, zijnde met eeren bekleet,



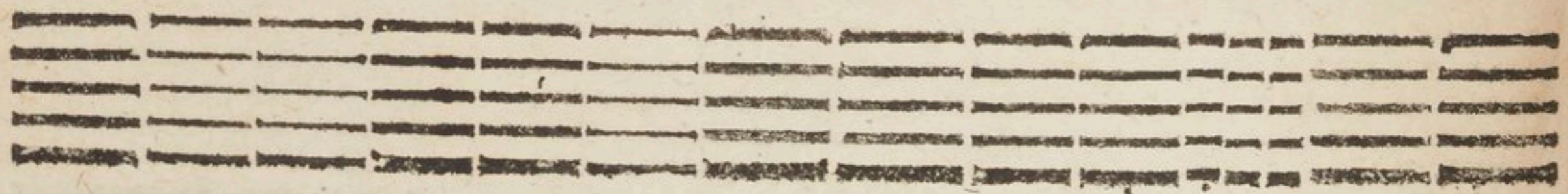
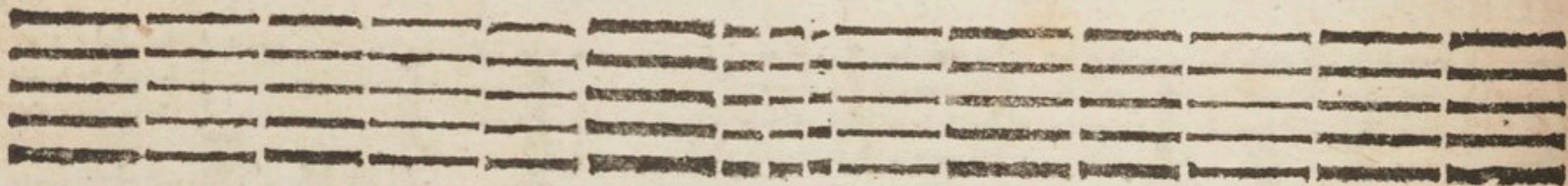
Hy is verçiert met kracht wijt ende breet,

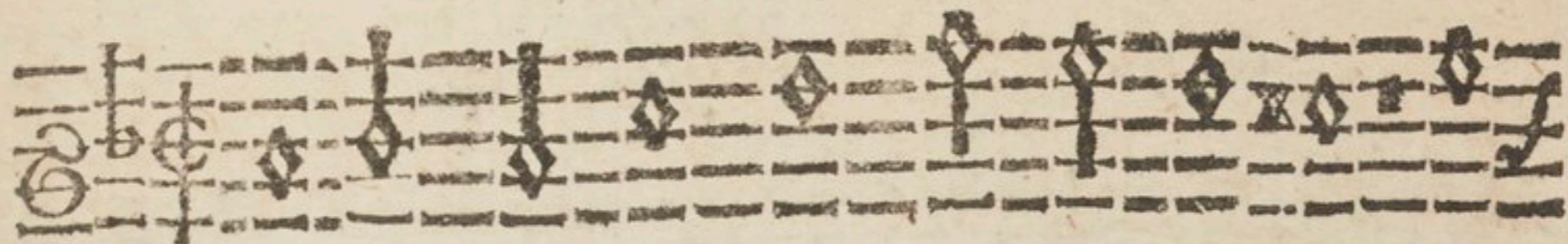


En heeft 't aerdtrijck vast gemaectt over al,

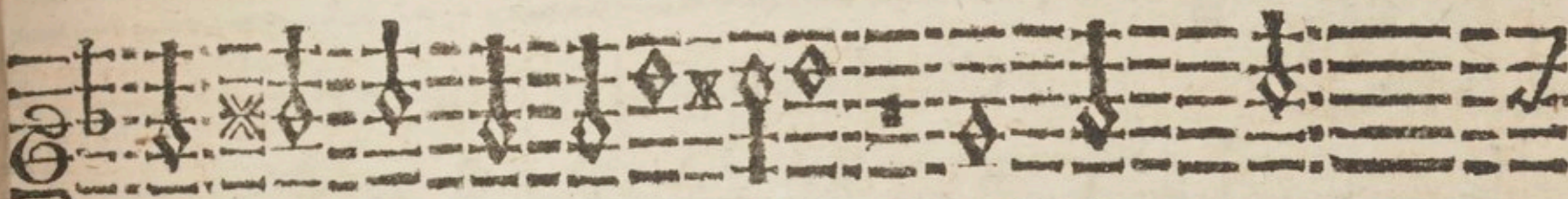


Dat het onbeweeghlick wel blij- ven sal.

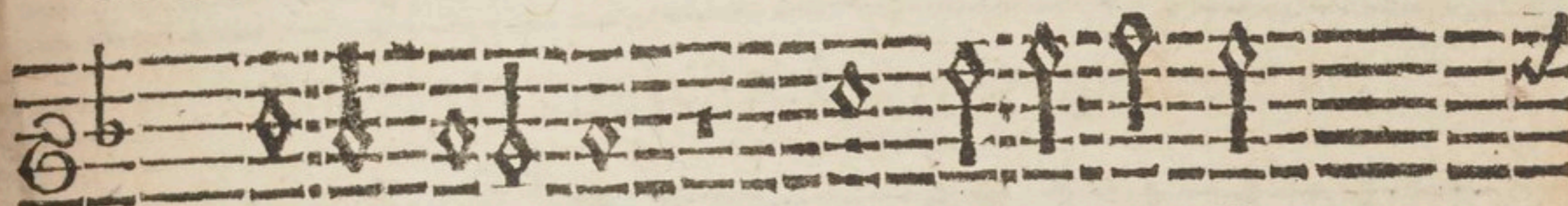




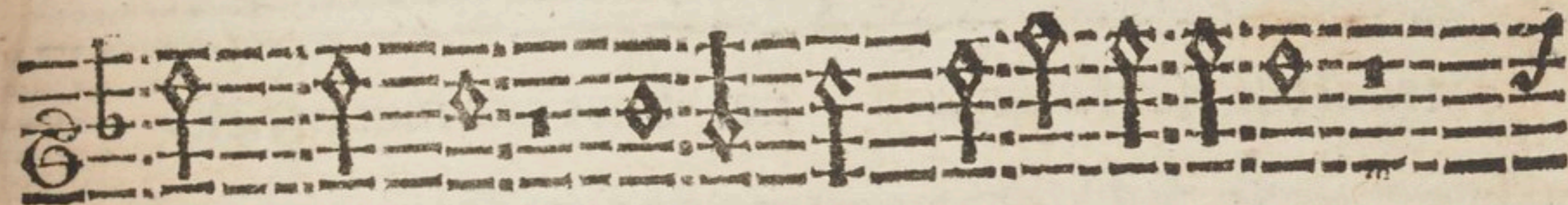
Godt, ghy die Godt zyt der wraken, En



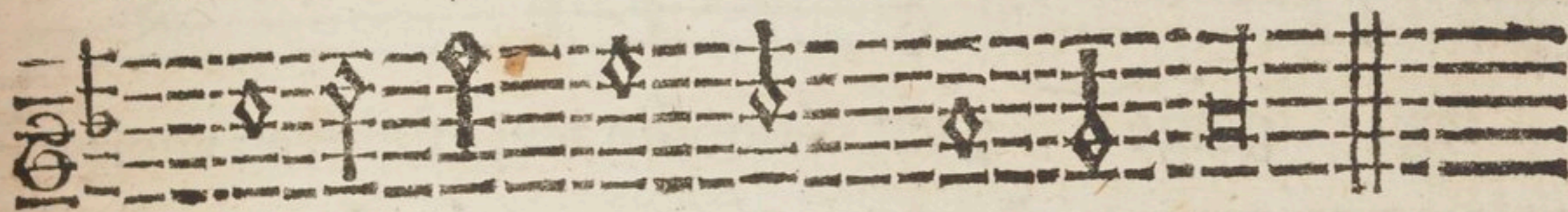
hard' straft all' onrechte faken, Verschijnt, toont



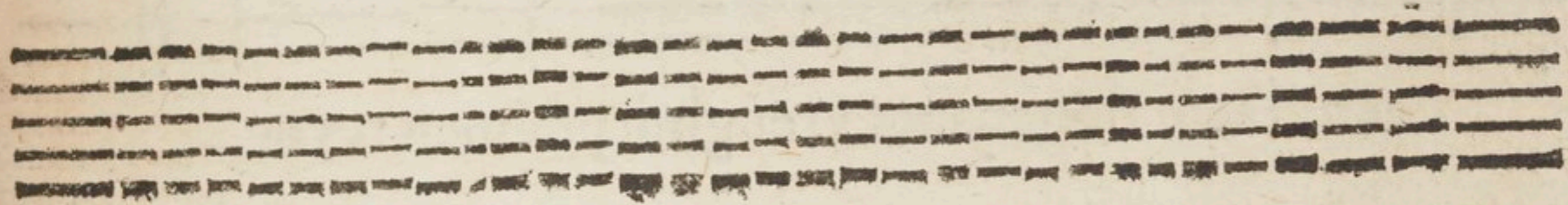
u in 't openbaer, Maeckt u op'ghy die



richt 't aerdtrijck, Betaelt den stouten al gelijk,

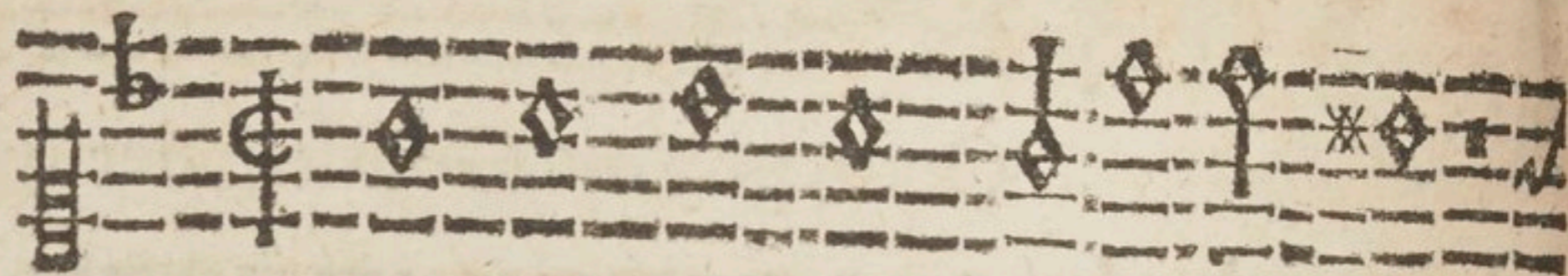


Na verdienst haers hooghmoets seer swaer.



a 5.

Wijse 24.



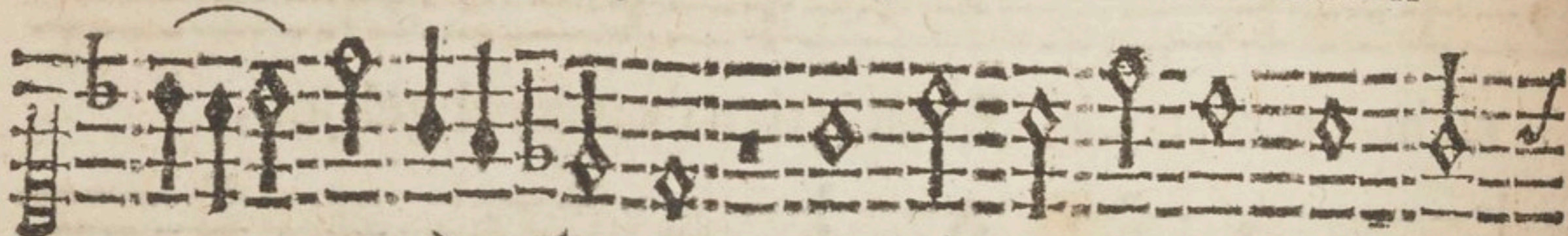
Omt laet ons blijd' zijn in den Heer,



En met sang verbreyden sijneer, Hy is onf'



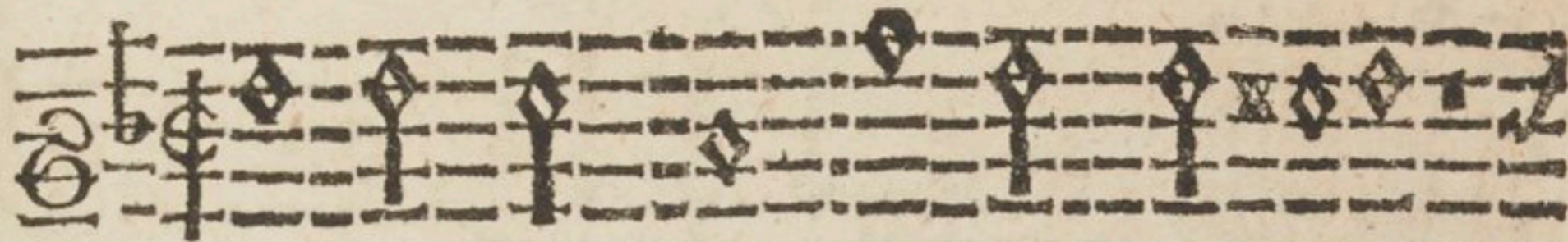
troost en heyl alley- ne, Laet ons met danck-



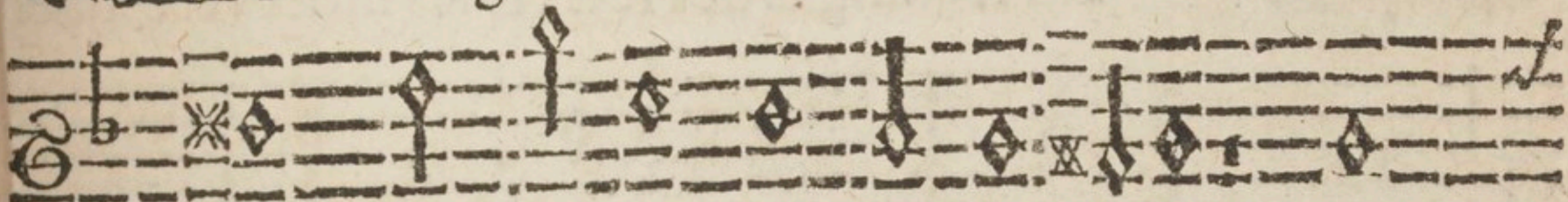
seg- ginge gaen Voor sijn aengesicht, en voort-



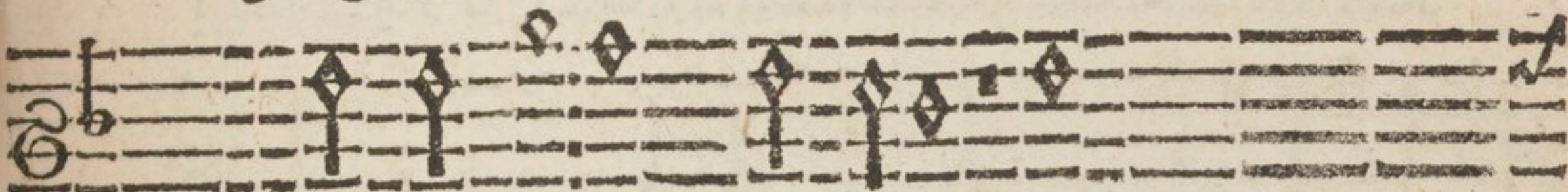
aen Hem singen met vreughd' psalmen reyne.



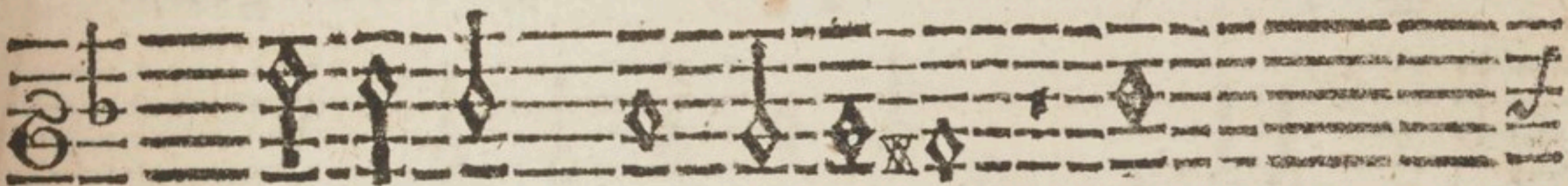
Inght een nieuw liedt den Heer gepresen,



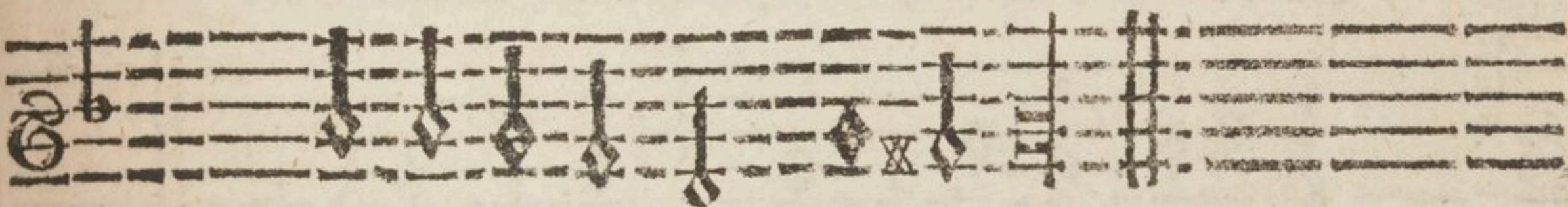
Singht ghy volcken, wilt vrolick wesen, Looft



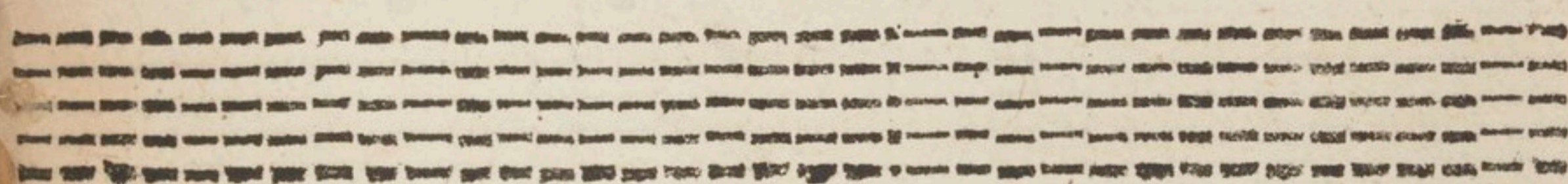
en prijft sijnen Naemaltijt, En



verkondight breet ende wijt, Godts

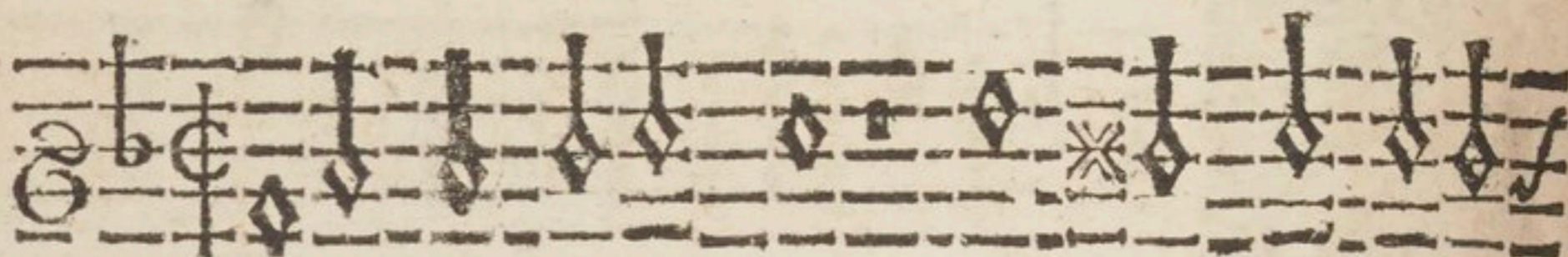


verlofsingen groot mitsdesen.

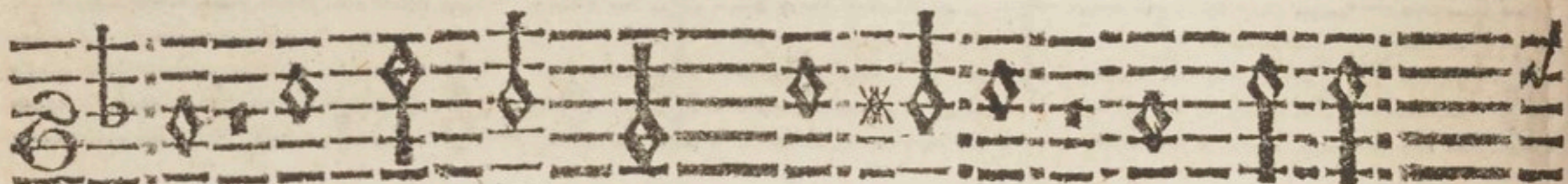


Superius.

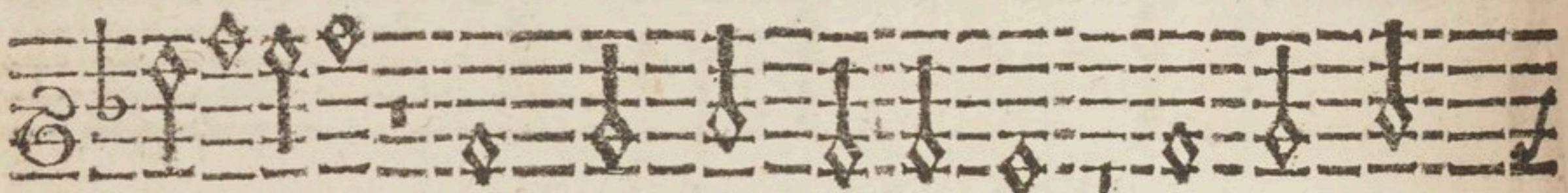
PSALM XCVII.



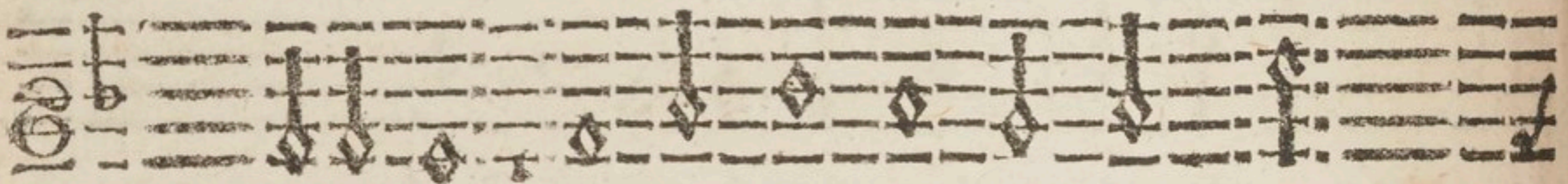
En Koning is de Heer, Dies moet verblijden



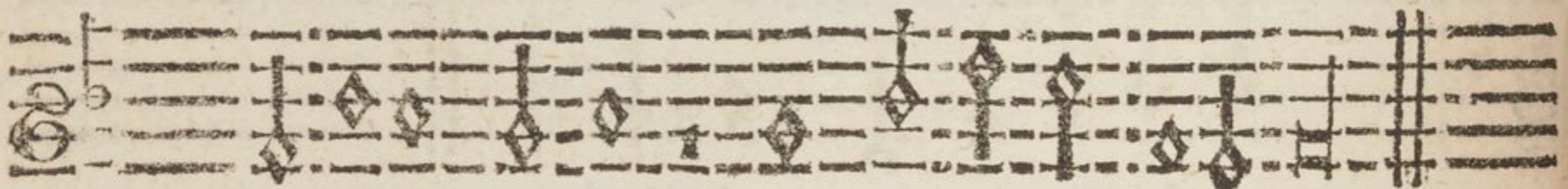
feer In hem dat gantsch aertrijcke, d'Eylanden



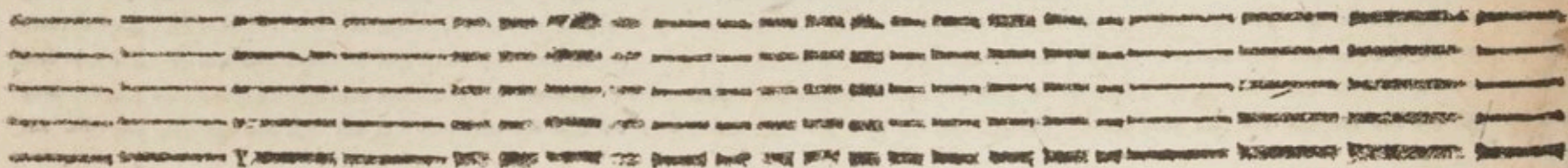
desgelijcke. Der wolcken duyfterheyt Verbergt sijn



Majestejt, En sijn stoel met der daedt Seer



vastelick bestaet, Door sijn gerechtigh- heyt.



W

ilt onsen Godt een nieu liet singen, Want

hy heeft groot wonder gedaen, Door sijn hant

kan hy alle dingen Overwinnen, en gantsch ver-

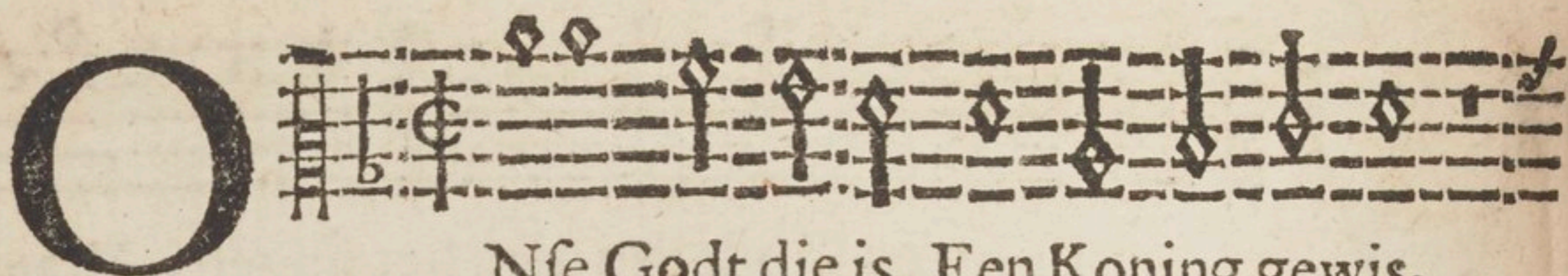
slaen. Hy heeft ons 't heyl geopenbaret, Daer door dat

wy al zijn bevrijdt, En sijn gerechtig-

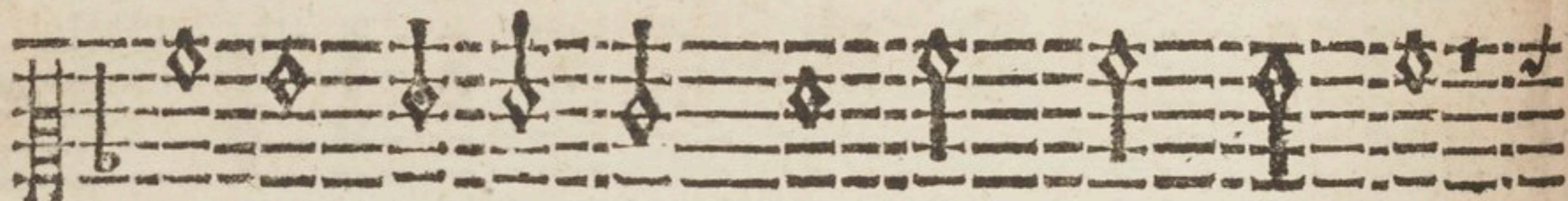
heyt verklaret Den volckeren breedt ende wijdt.

Superius.

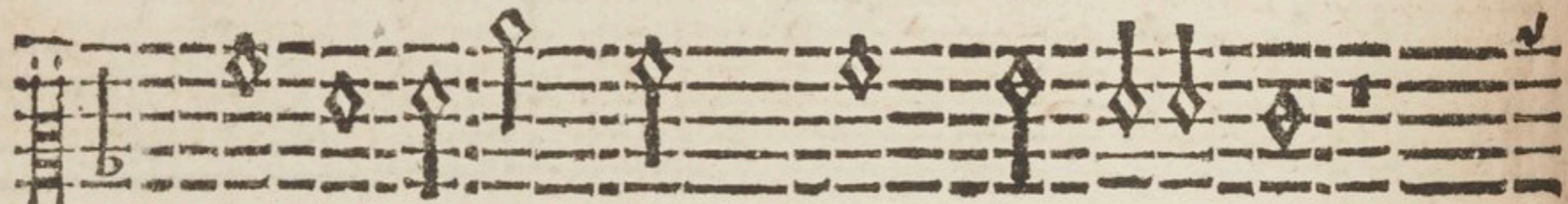
PSALM XCIX.

O 

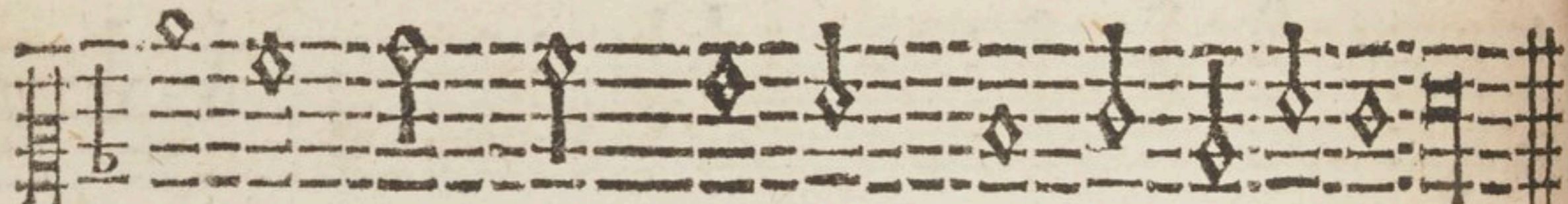
Nse Godt die is Een Koning gewis,



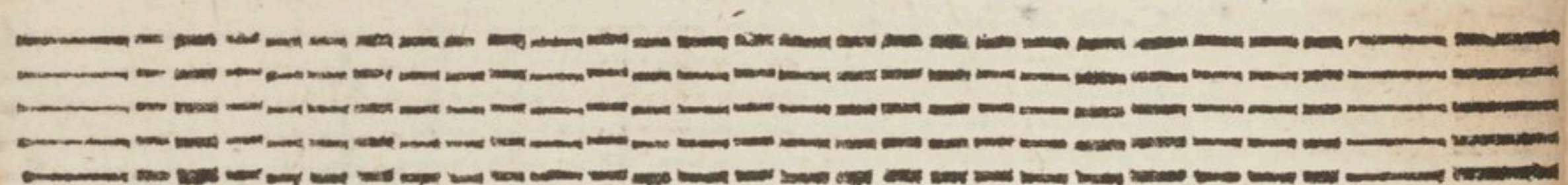
Daerom oock nu raest Dat volck gantsch verdwaest:

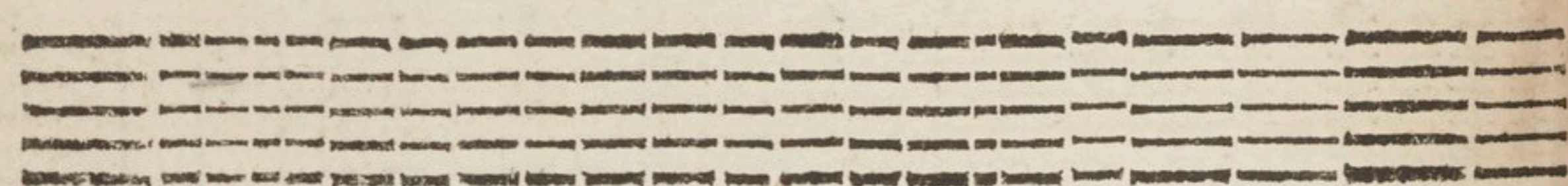


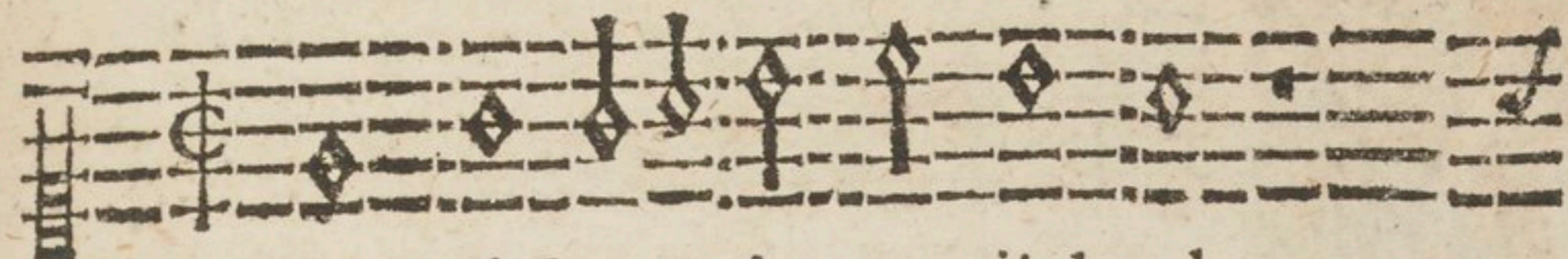
Op Cherubim voort Vaert Godt ongestoort,

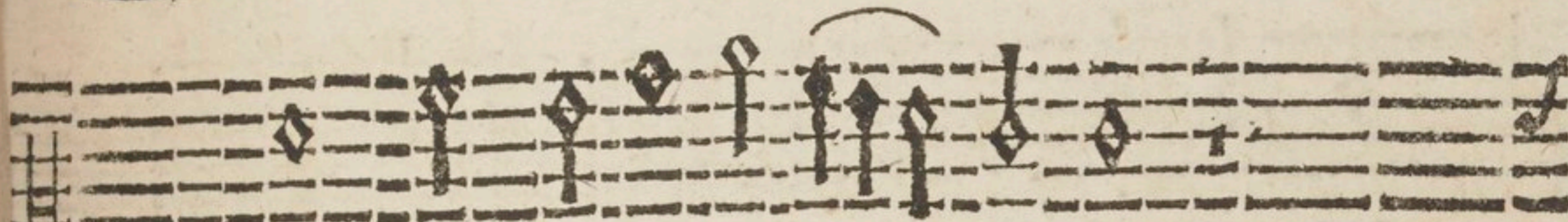


Dies moet dat gantsch aertrijck Hem vreesen al gelijk,

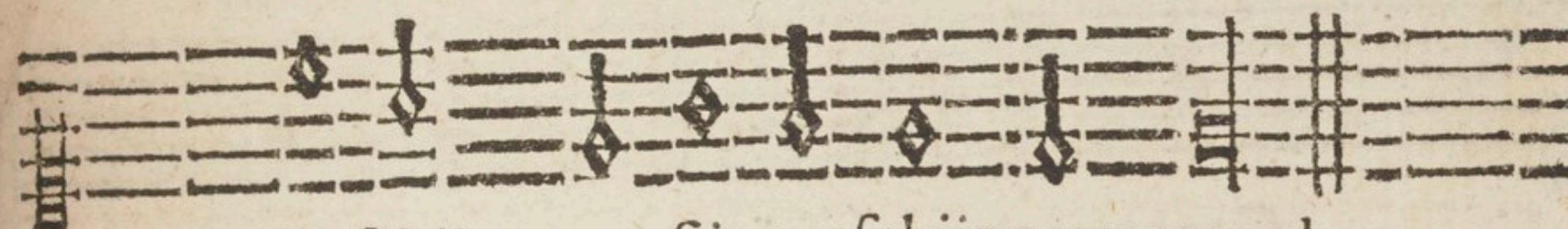


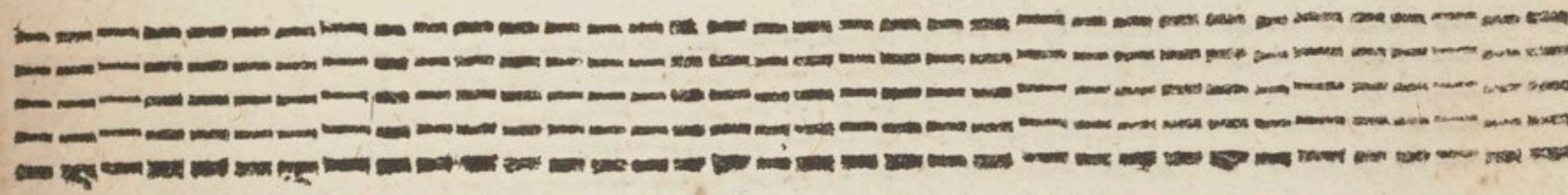
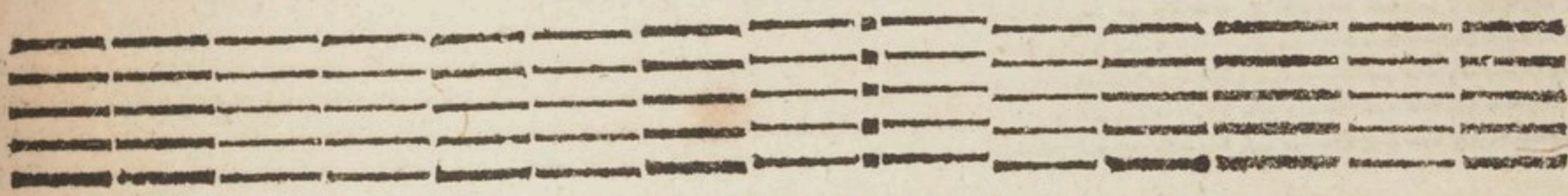


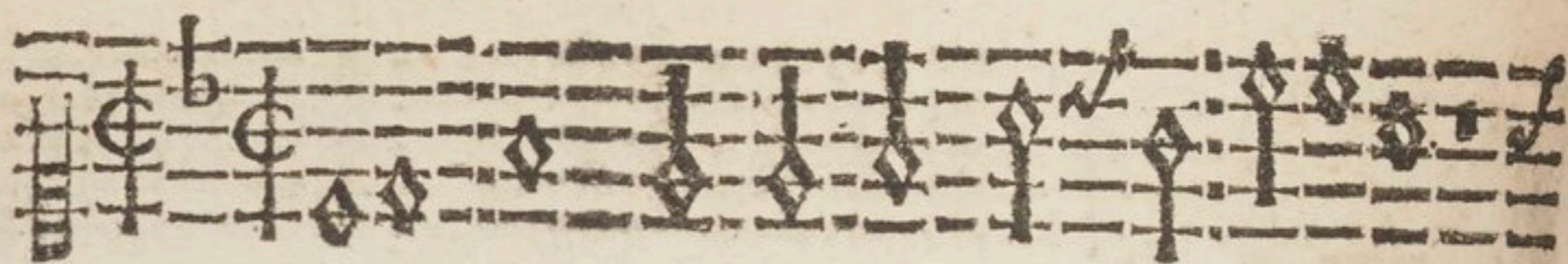
G  Y volckeren des aertrijcks al,

 Singht den Heere met bly geschal,

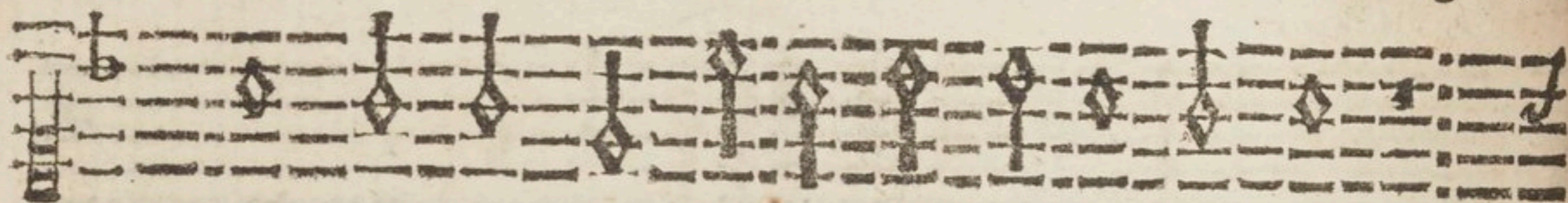
 En dient hem met herten verheugt,

 Verschijnt voor sijn aenschijn met vreugd,

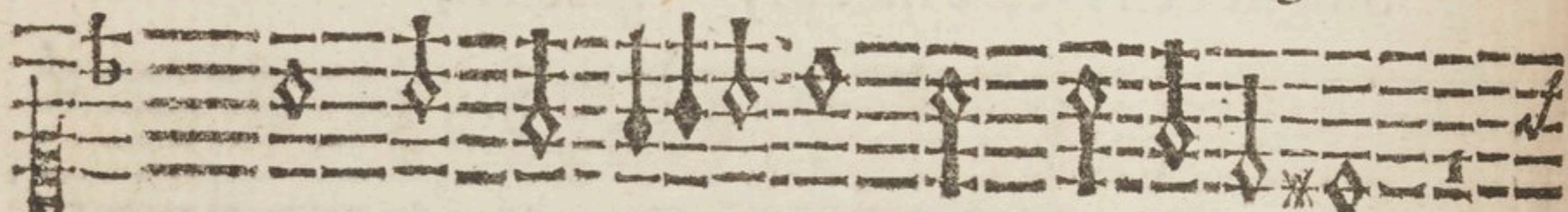




An Gods goetheyt en gordeel wil ik singen,



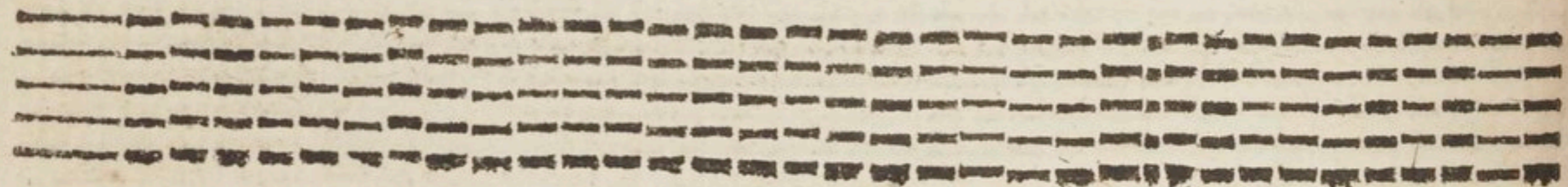
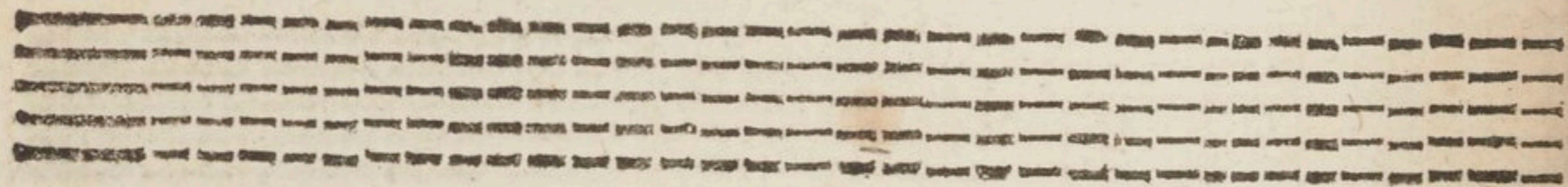
Ick wil hem schoone lofpfalmen toebringen,



Daer med dat ick God den Heer boven al



Groot maken sal.



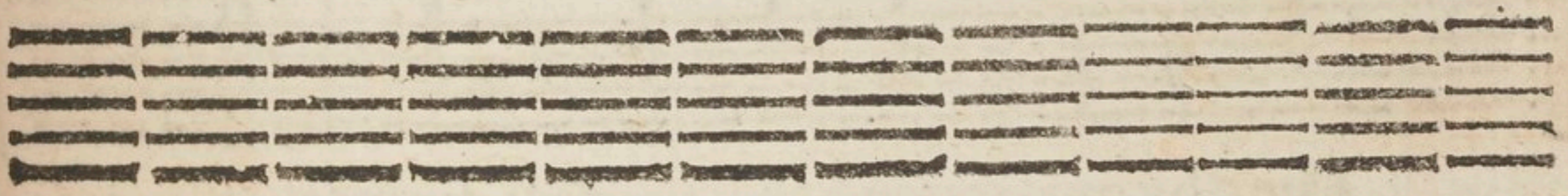
ilt mijn gebed, Heer, verhooren Laet

komen tot uwen ooren Mijn suchten, en in den noot

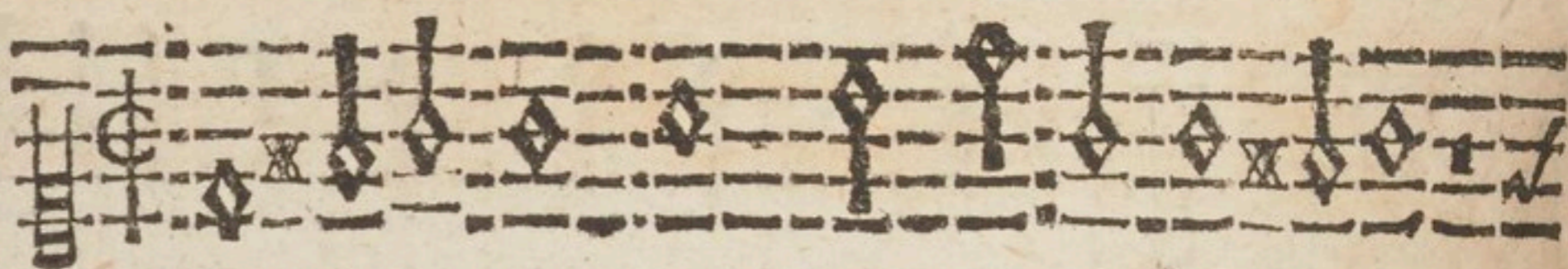
Verbergt u niet, hy is groot, In desen tijt der elenden

Wilt u ooren tot my wenden, En als ick u bid oot-

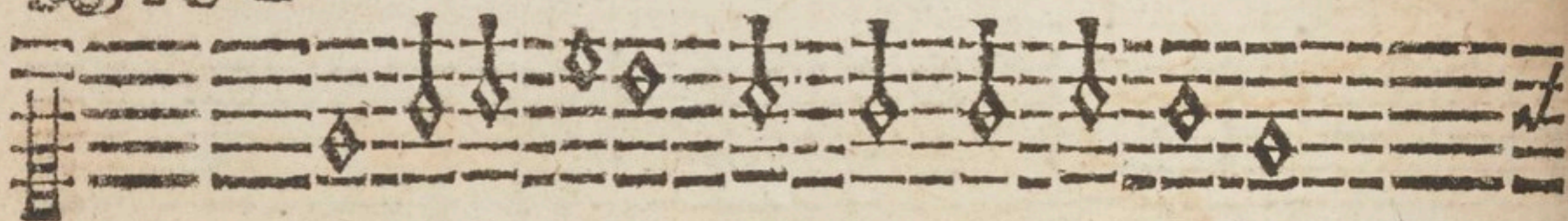
moedigh, Verhoort my haest, ô Heer goedigh.



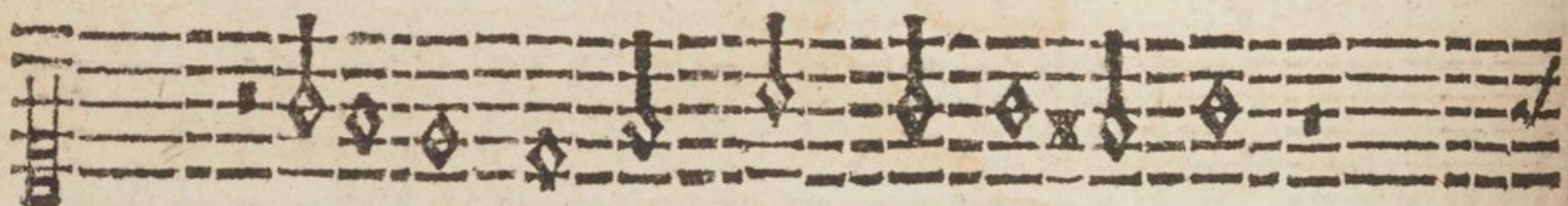
M



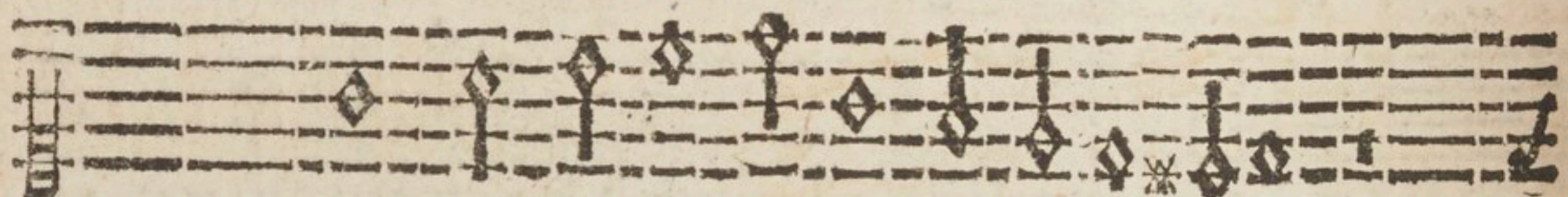
Yn ziele wilt den Heer met lofsang prijfen,



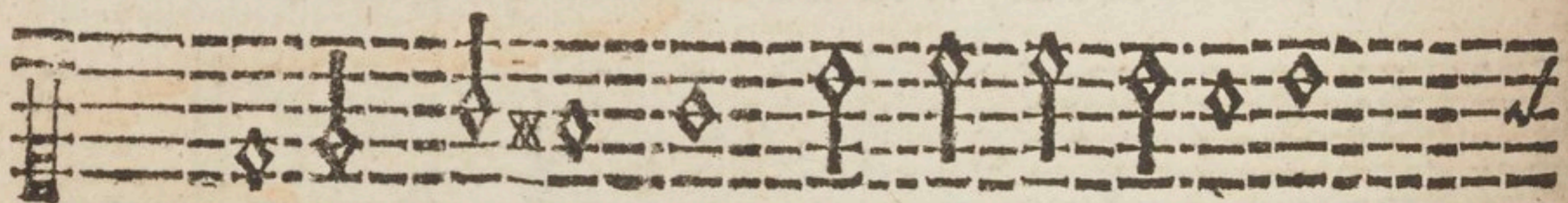
Al wat in my is moet hem eer' bewijfen,



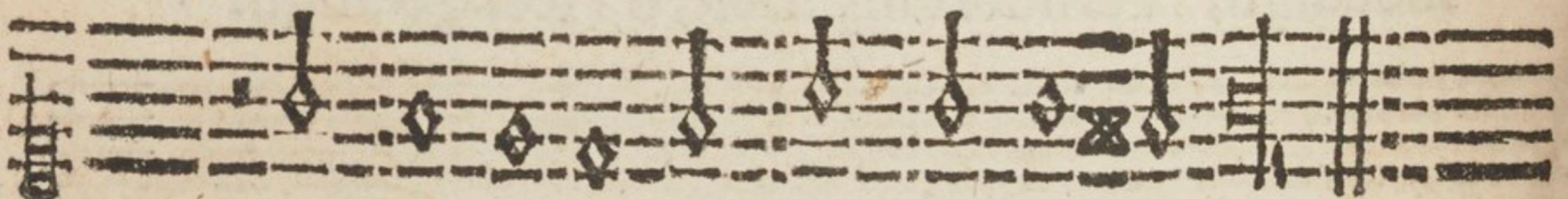
En fijnen heyl'gen naem loven met vliet:



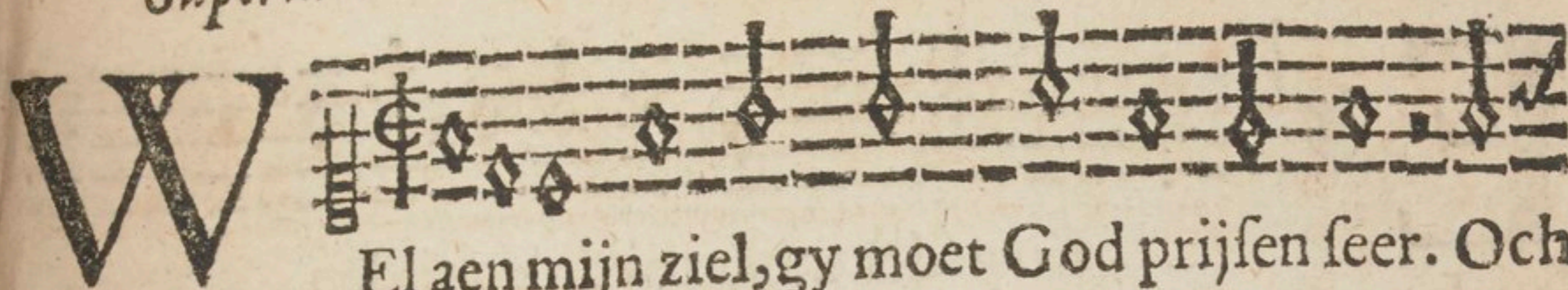
Wilt hem prijfen en roemen onbeladen,



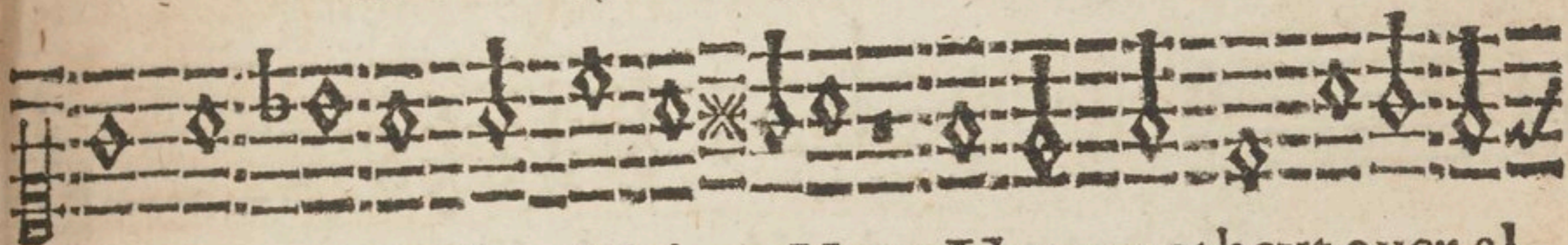
O ghy mijn ziel, looft des Heeren weldaden,



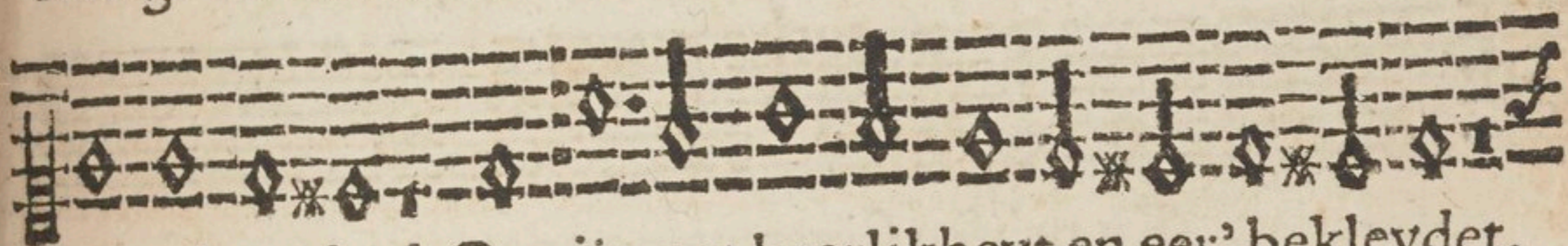
Die ghy ontfangen hebt, vergeet die niet.

W 

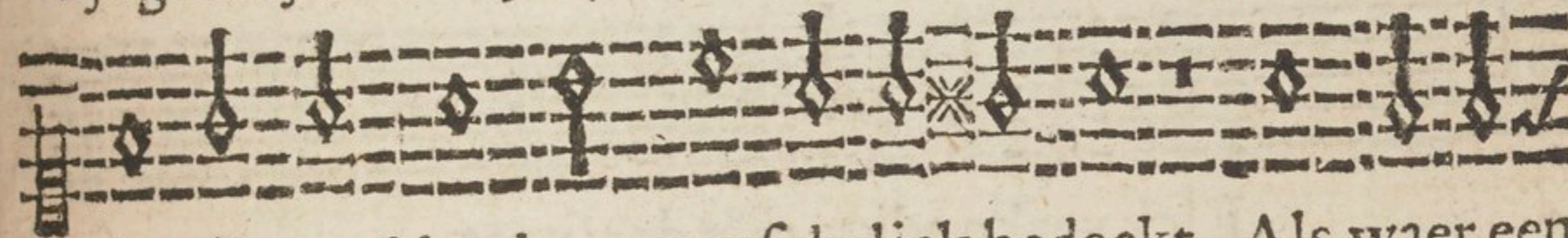
El aen mijn ziel, gy moet God prijfen seer. Och



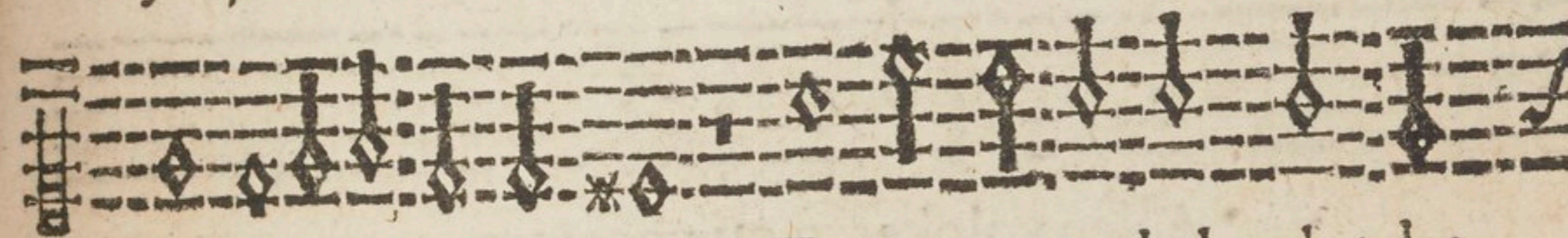
hoe groot en hoe heerlik is nu Heer, Uwe goetheyt over al



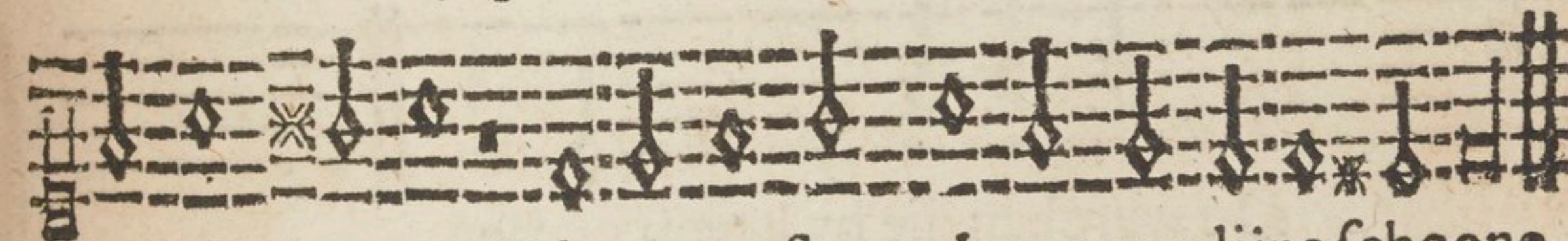
uytgebreydet ! Gy zijt met heerlikheyt en eer' bekleydet.



Gy zijt met klaerheyt gantschelick bedeckt, Als waer een



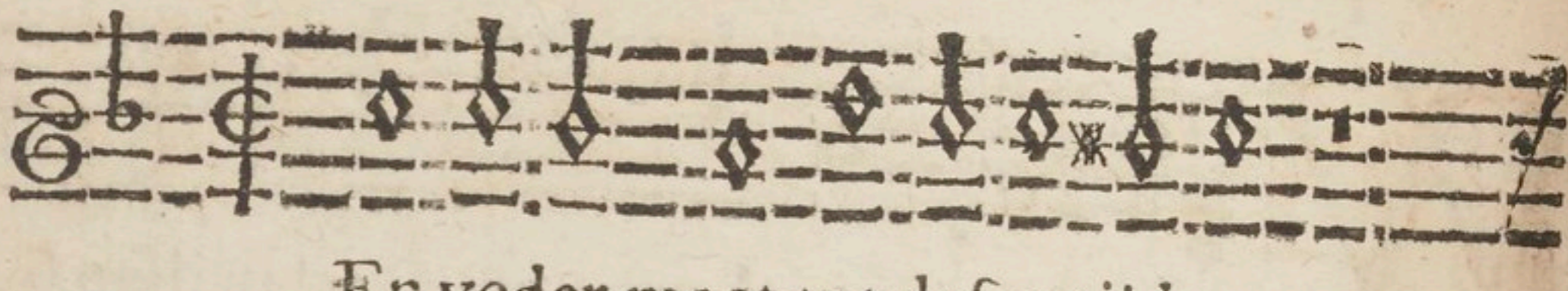
kleet over u uytgestreckt, Tot een tente hebt ghy des



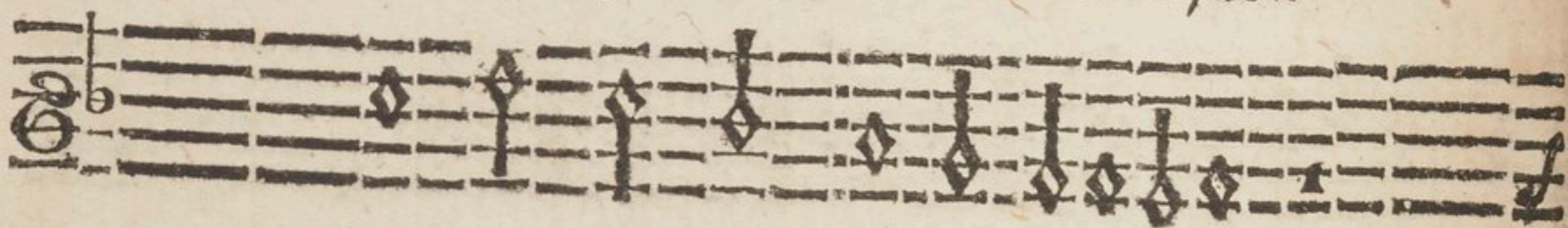
hemels throone, Die gy uytspant als een gordijne schoone.

Superius.

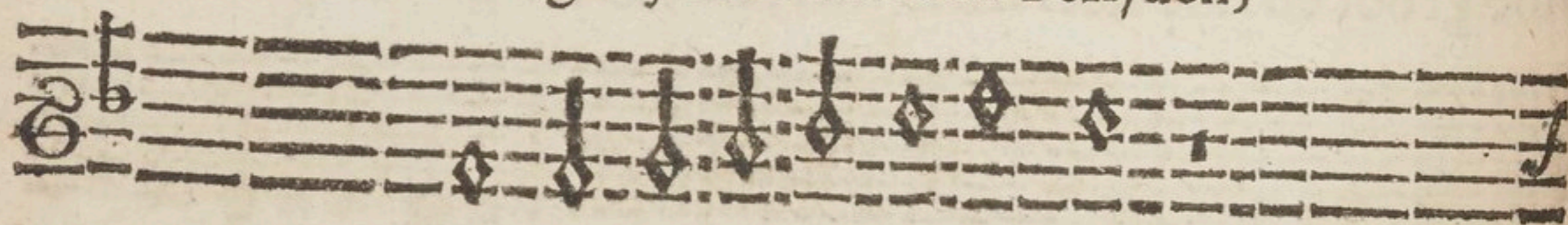
PSALM CV.

E 

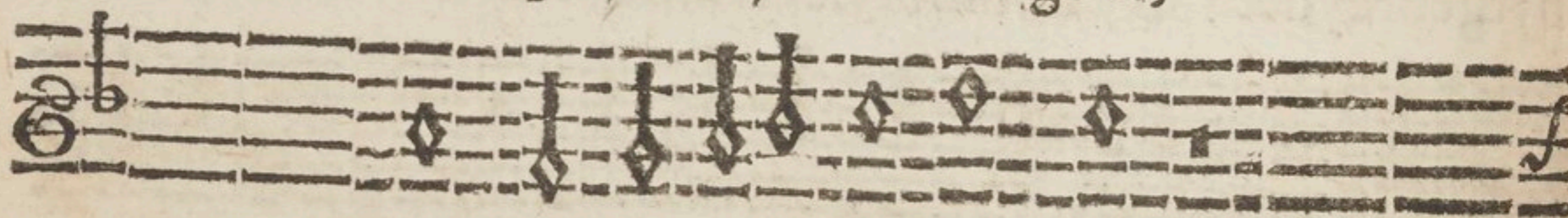
En yeder moet tot desen tijden



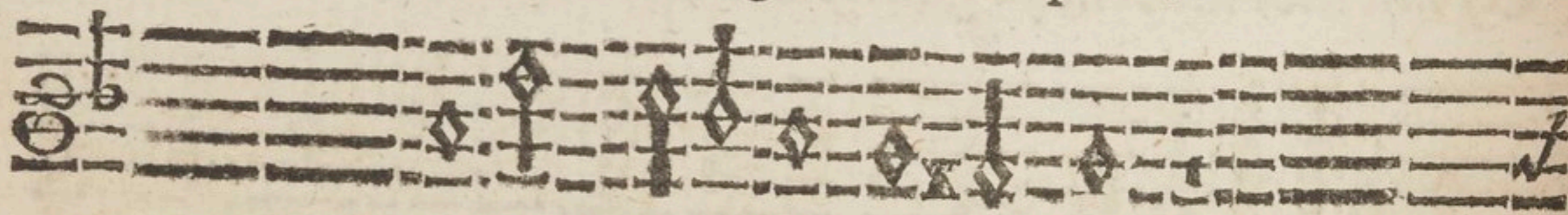
De hoogheyt des Heeren belijden,



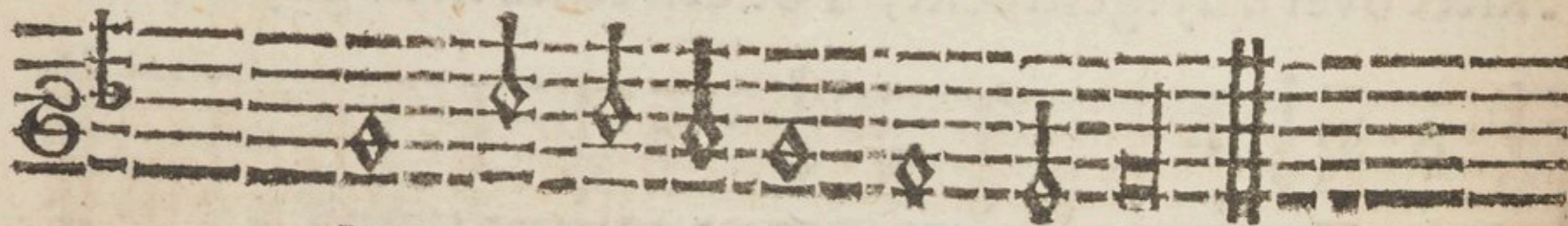
En prijfen sijnen name goet,



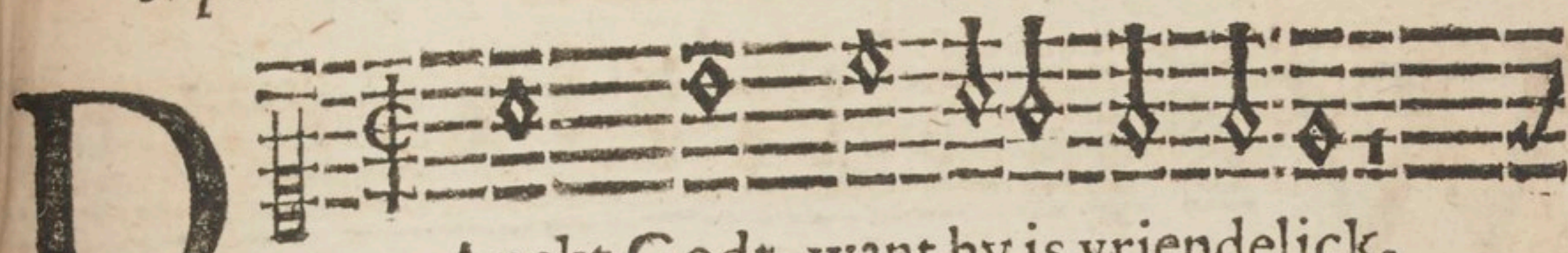
Elck verkondige met der spoet,



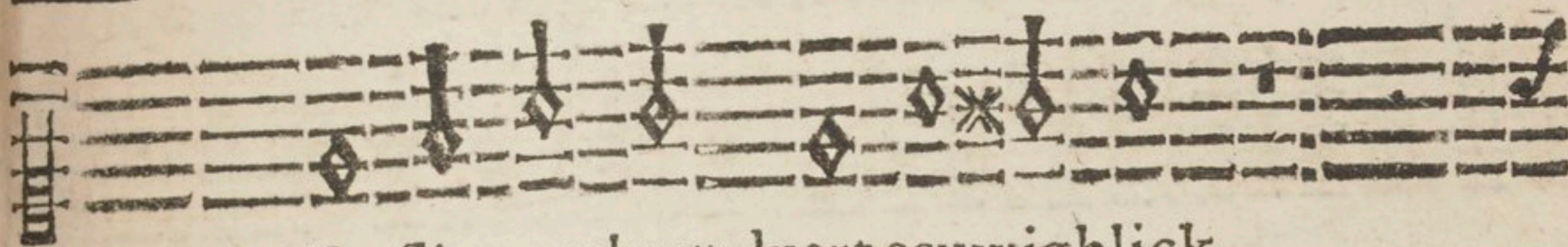
Allen volckeren nu voortaeen,



De wercken die hy heeft gedaen.

D 

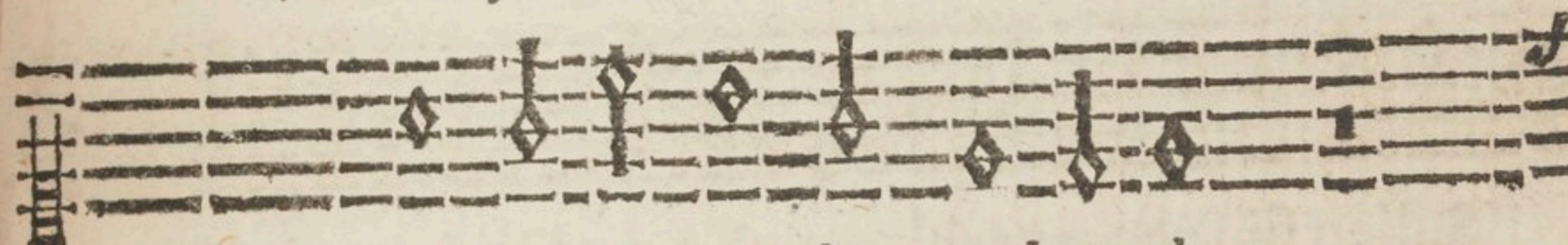
Anckt Godt, want hy is vriendelick,



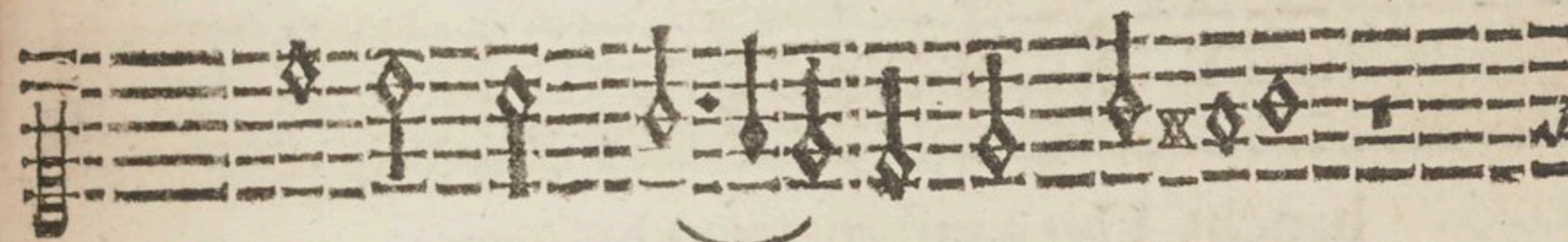
En sijn goetheyt duert eeuwighlick.



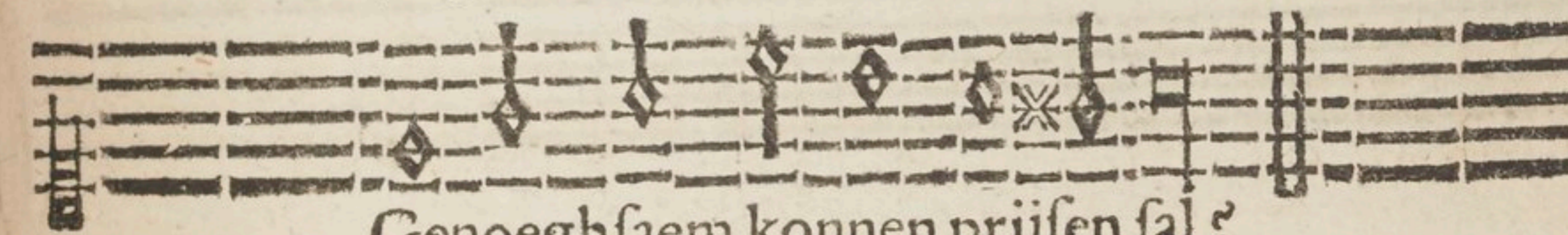
Waer is hy die doch kan uyt spreken



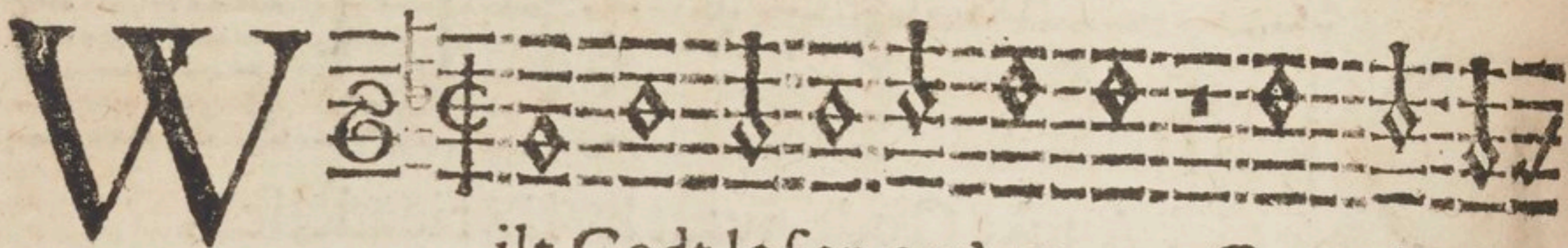
Des Heeren wonderwercken al,



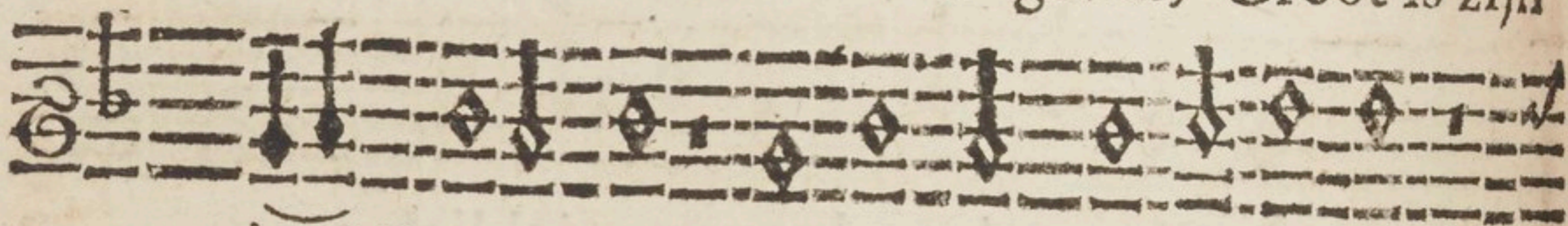
En sijn groot-da- den klaer gebleken,



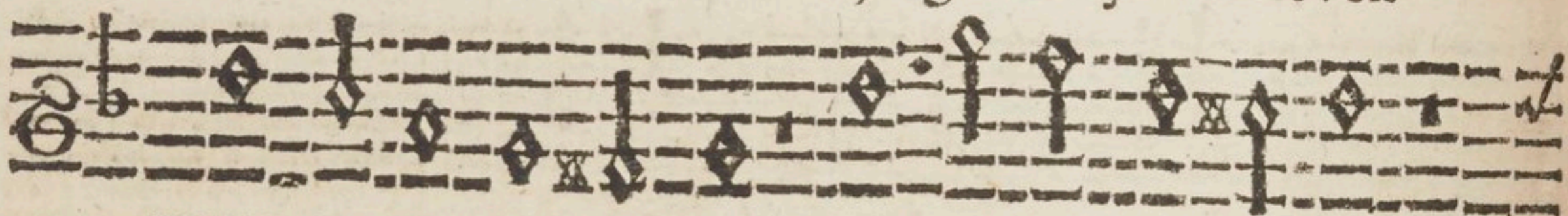
Genoeghsaem kunnen prijfen sal :



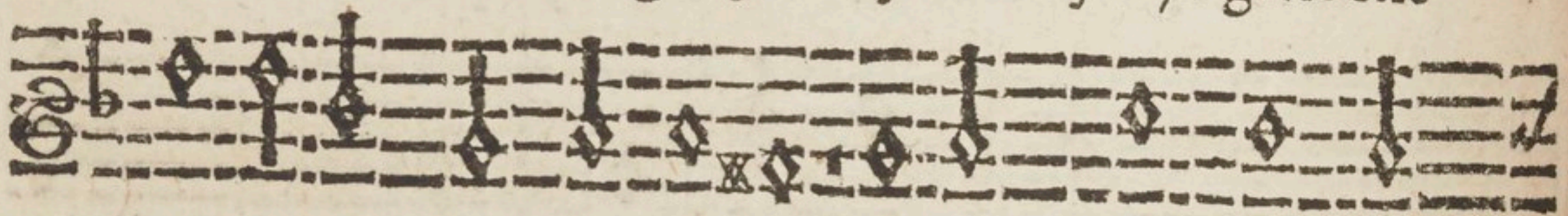
ilt Godt lofen eer' geven, Groot is zijn



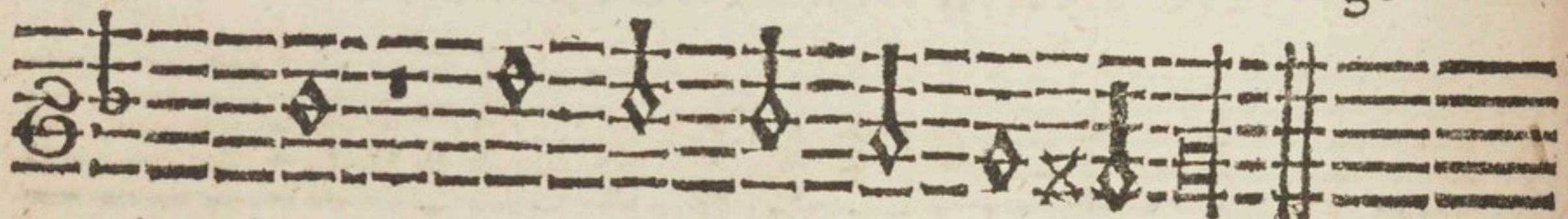
vriend'lick- heyt, En sijn goetheyt verheven



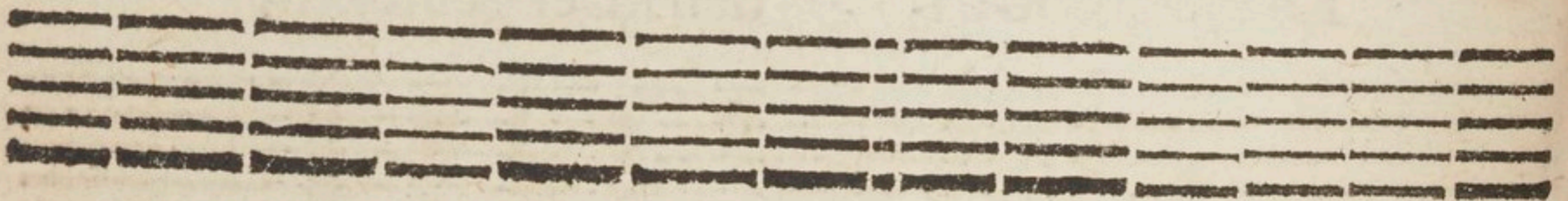
Blijft in der eeuwigheyt, Sy die vry zijn gekocht



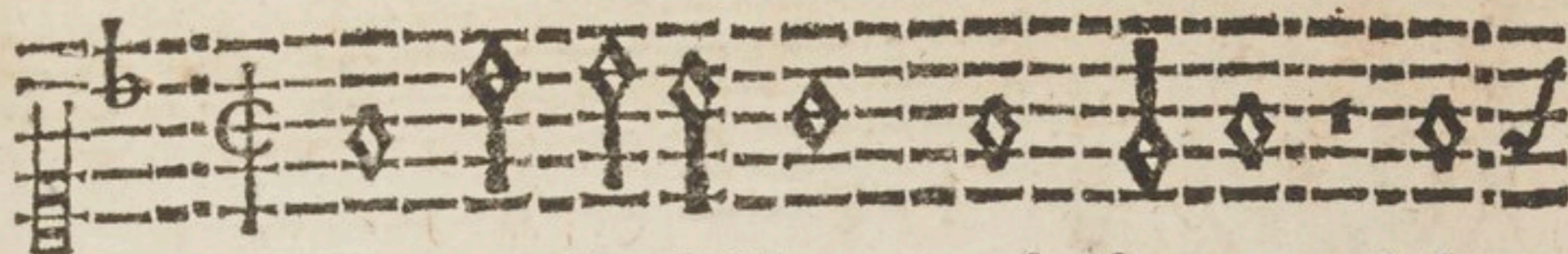
Sullen sijn naem verklaren, En die Godt heeft ge-



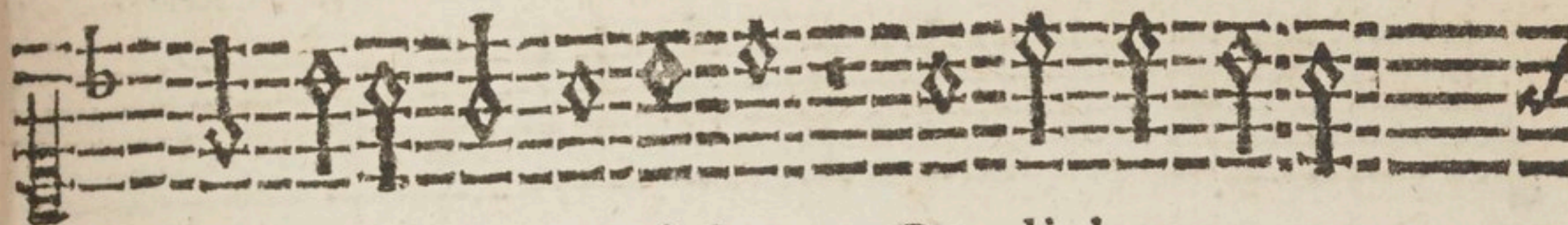
brocht Uyt angst en groot beswaren.



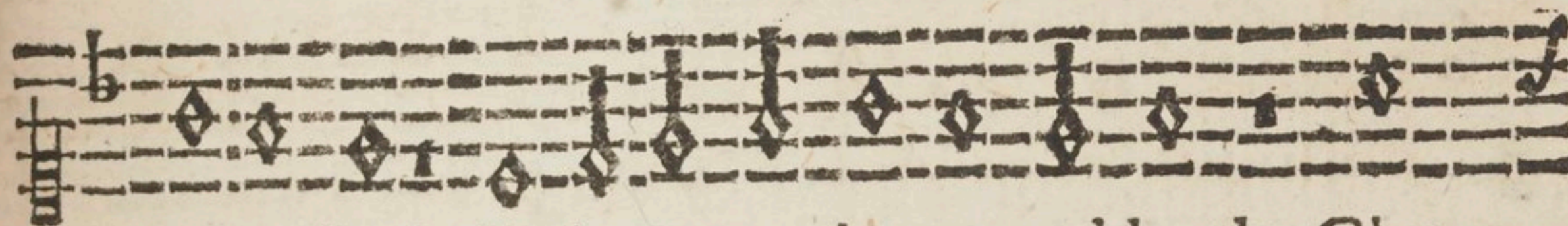
M



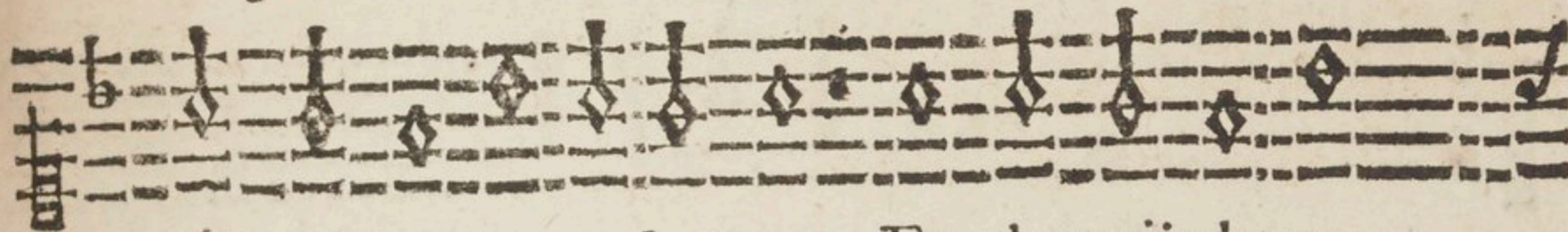
Yn hert is, o Heer, recht bereyt, Met



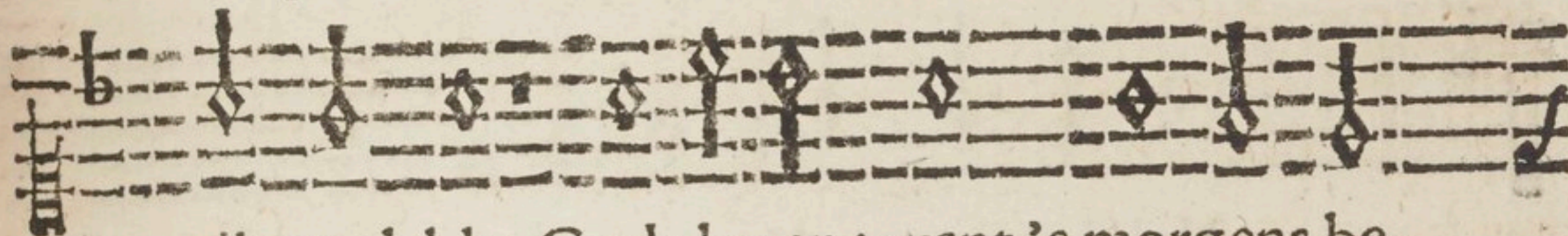
ernst ende met vyerigheyt, Om dichten, en u



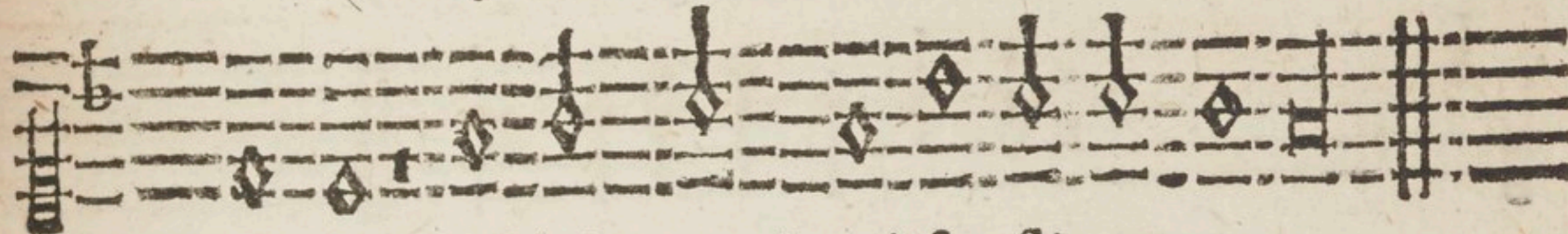
met gefanck Te loven met harpen geklanck. Ghy



mijn psalter ontwaket vry, En ghy mijn harpe



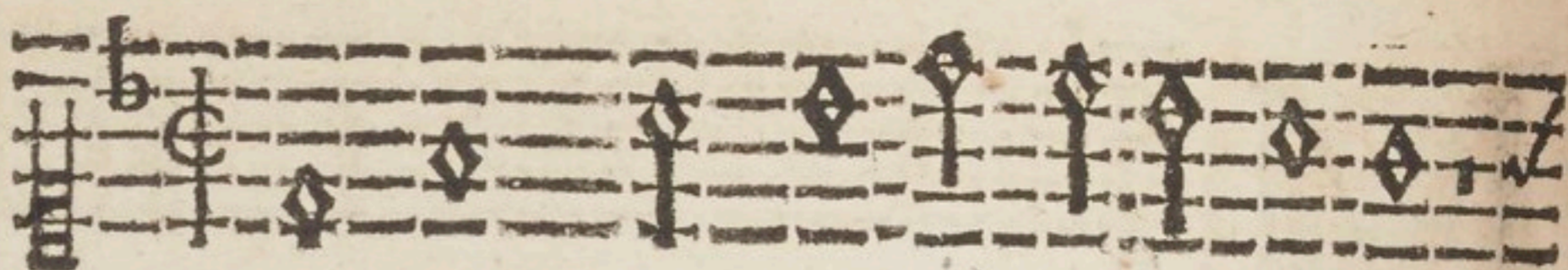
wilt oock bly Godt loven: want 's morgens be-



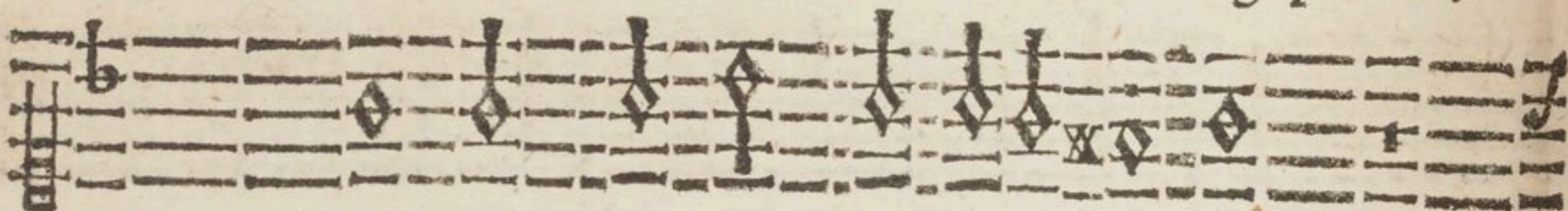
quame Wil ick vroegh prijsen sijnen name.

Superius.

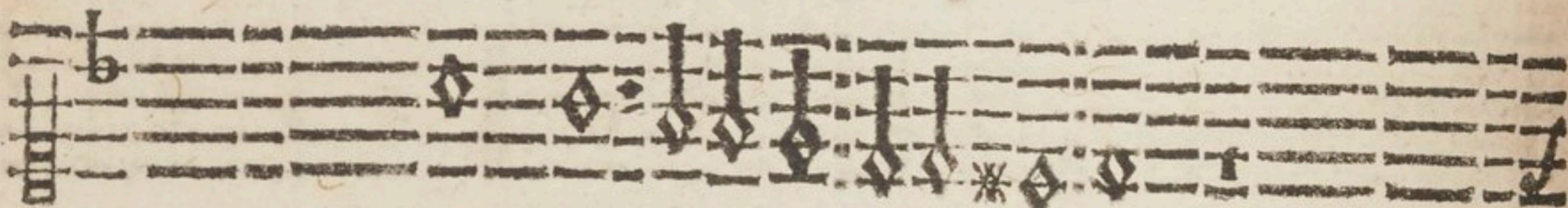
PSALM CIX.



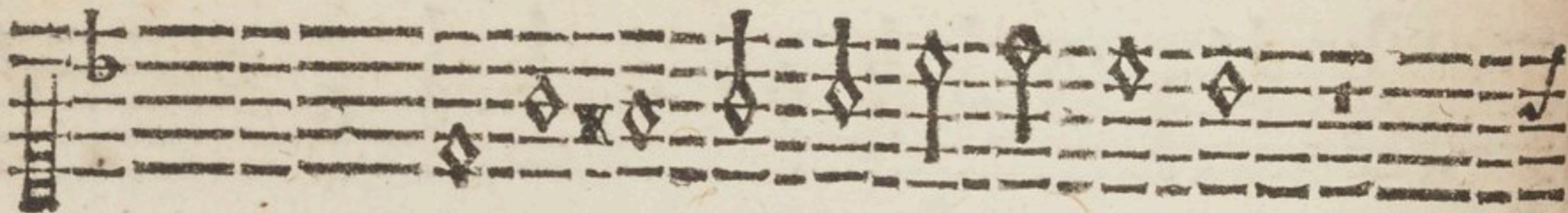
Heer, mijn roem en eer geprefen,



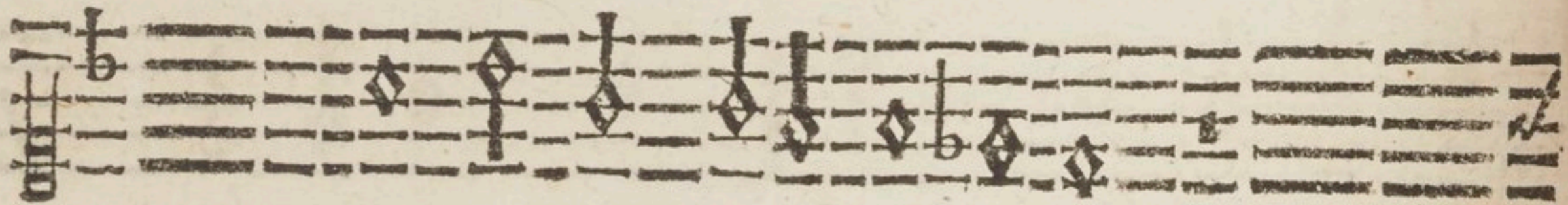
Wilt doch voortaan niet stille wesen.



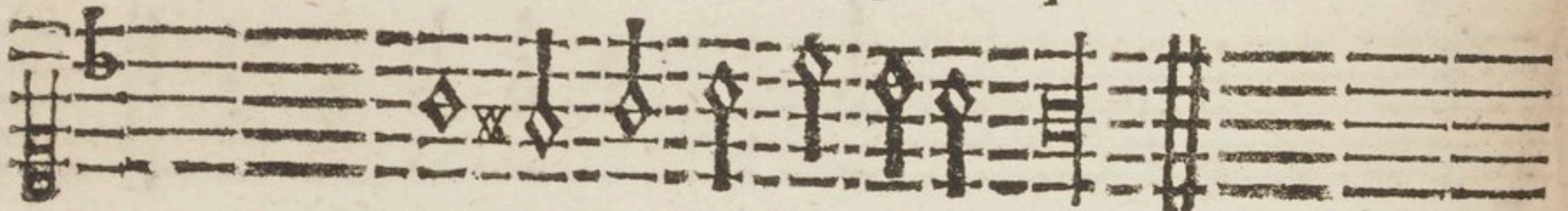
De boof' openen hare monden



Tegen my, en t'samen verkonden

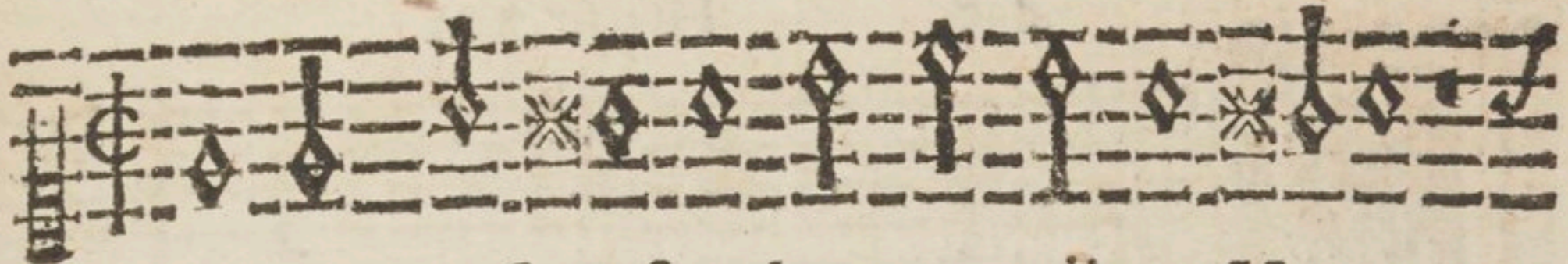


Walfheyt en veel leugenen quaet,

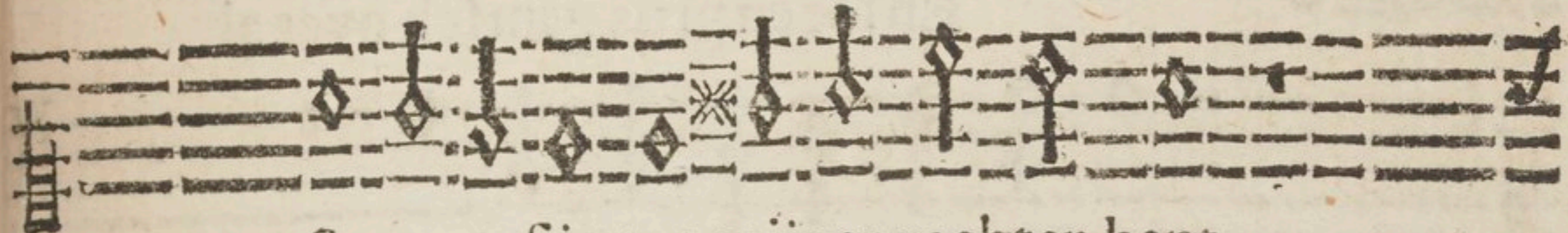


Met tongen erg en obstinaet.

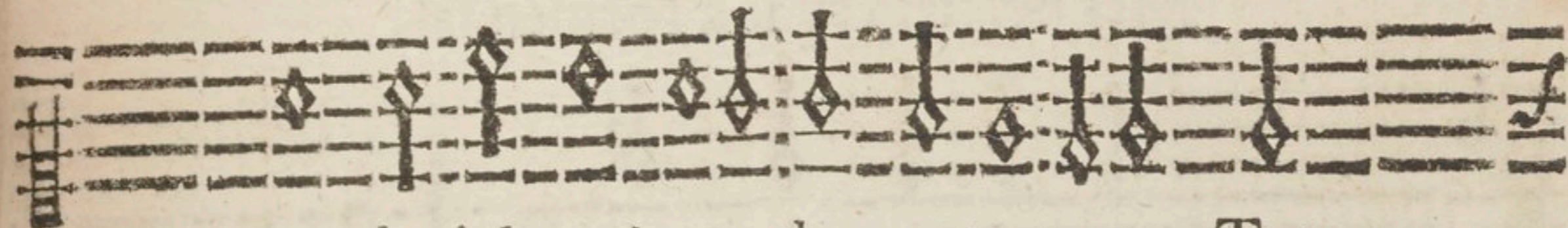
D



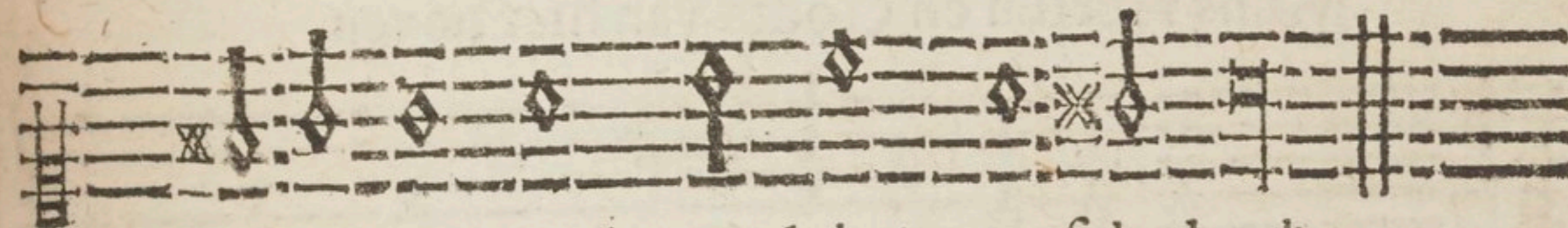
E Heer heeft gesproken tot mijnen Heere,



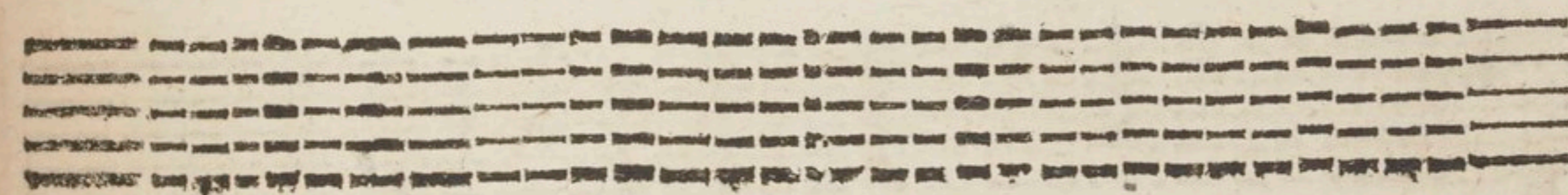
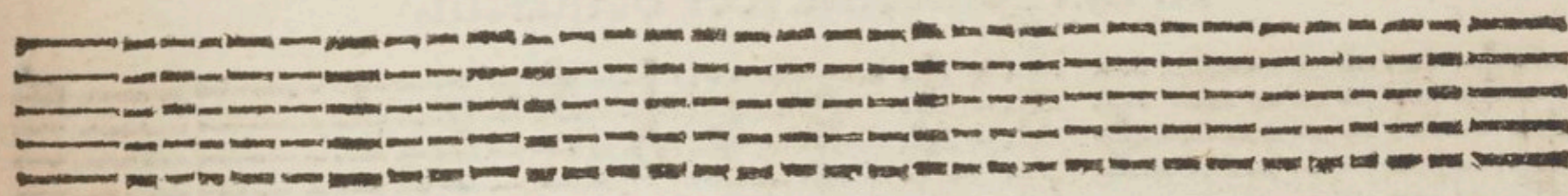
Set u nu sijn tot mijner rechter hant,



Tot dat ick uw' vyanden met oneere, Tot



eenen voetbanck maeck in 't gantsche landt.

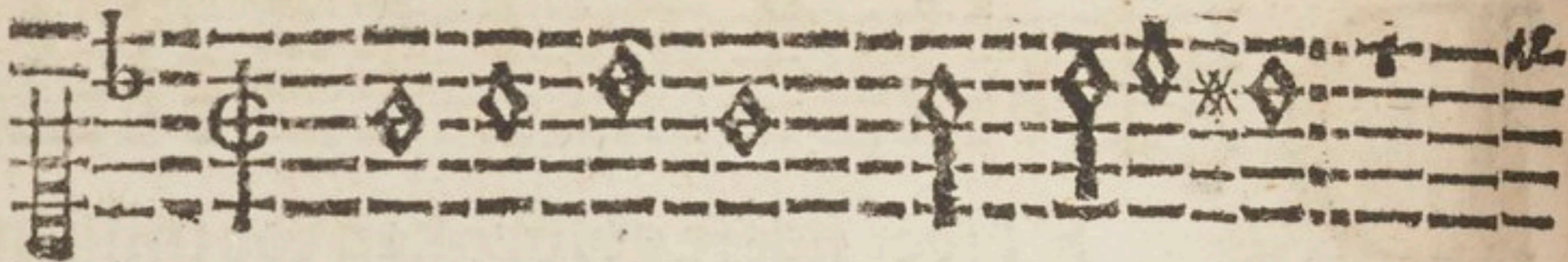


Superius.

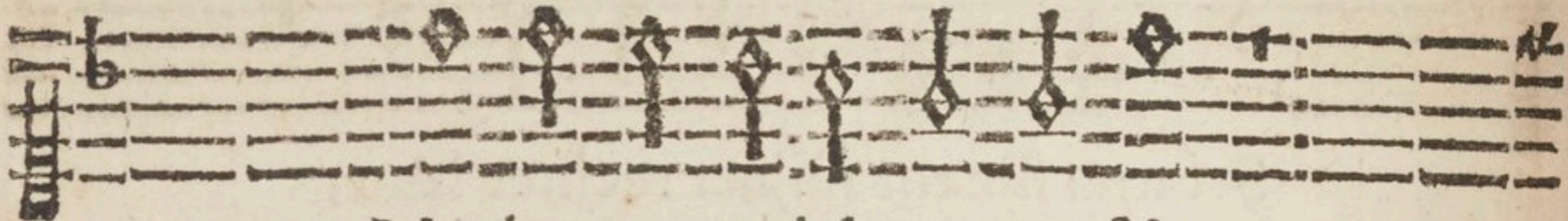
PSALM CXI.

a 5.

Wijse 24.



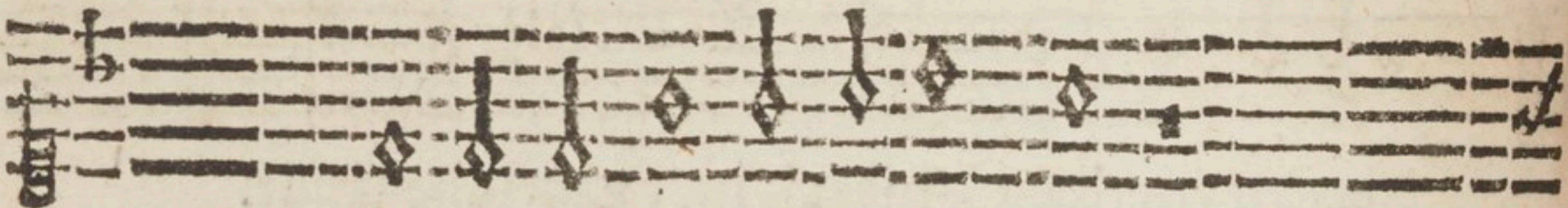
En lof en prijs gantsch over al



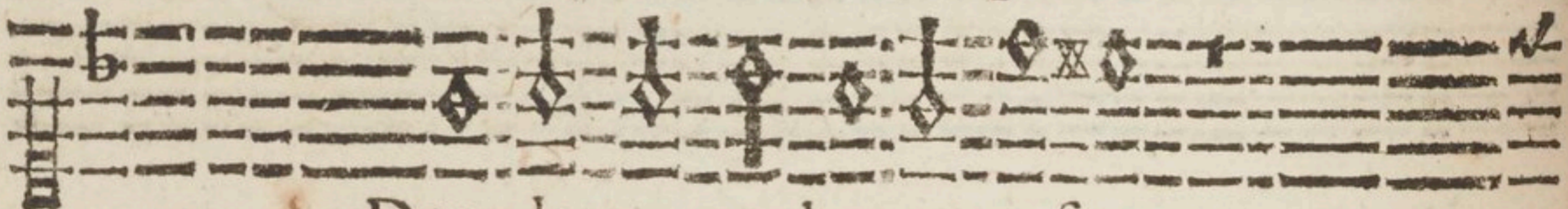
Met herten vry ick roemen sal,



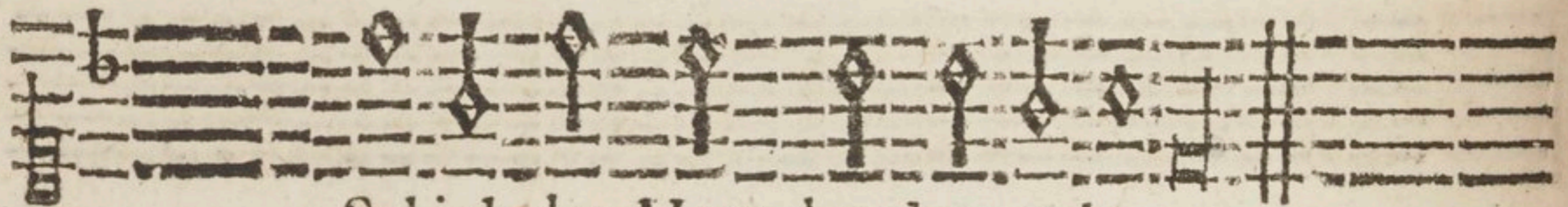
Mijns Heeren en Godts van hier boven,



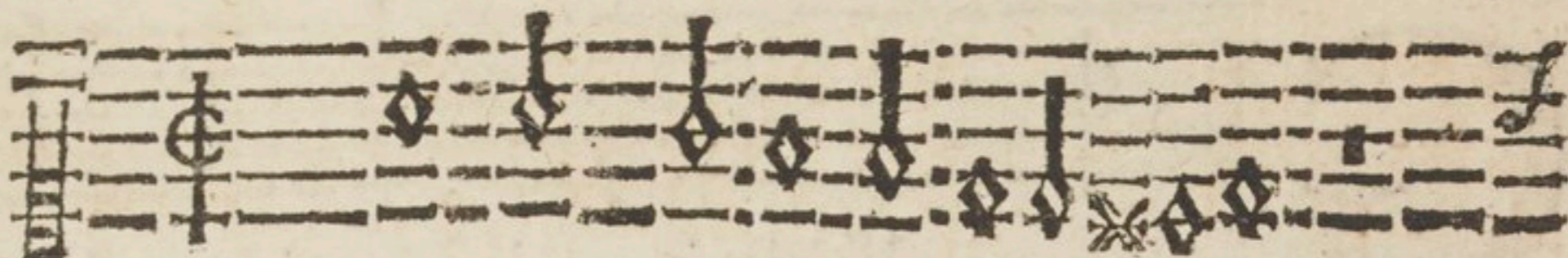
In sijn gemeente seer bequaem,



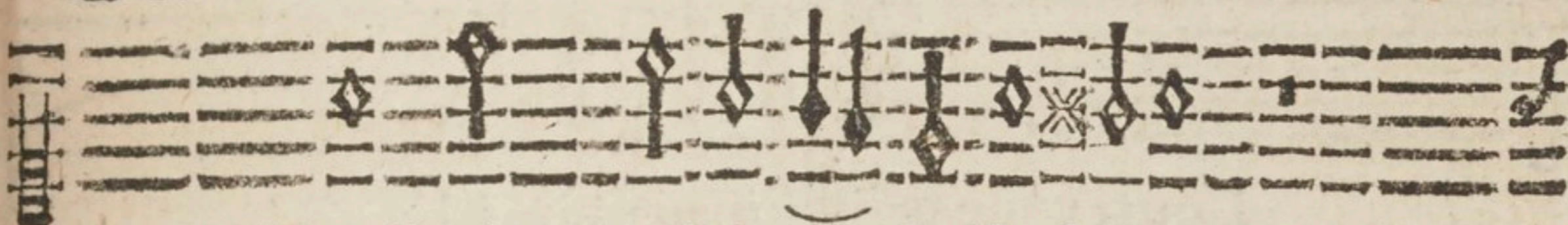
Daer de vromen komen te saem,



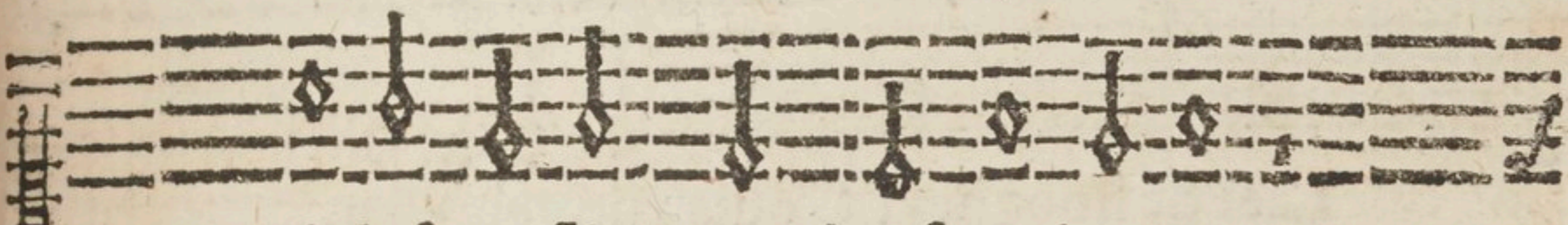
Sal ick den Heer dancken en loven.



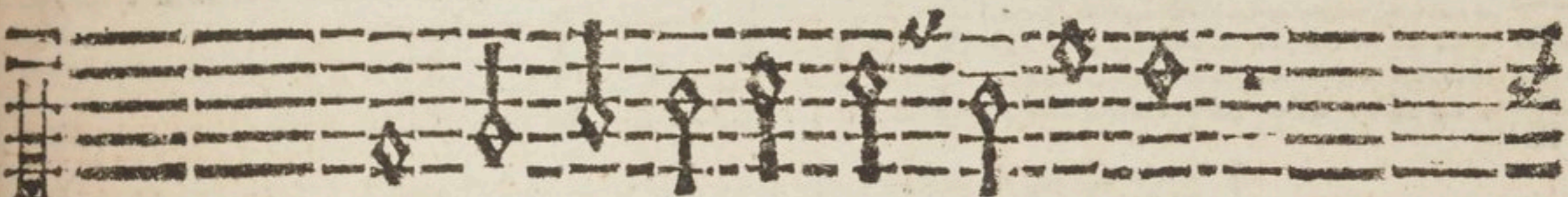
El hem, die altijd is begeven



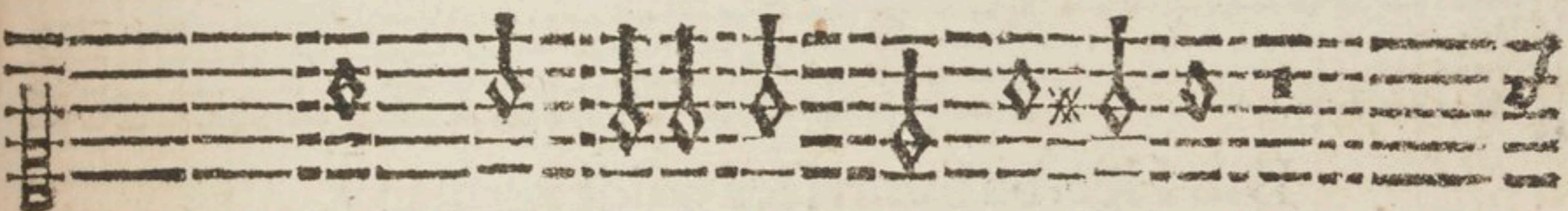
Tot Godts vrees' in al- le sijn leven,



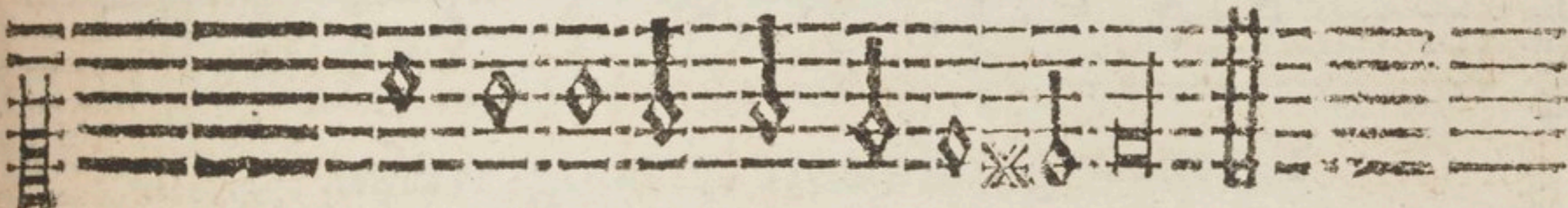
Die lust tot sijn woort heeft verkregen,



Sijn zaet sal seer geweldigh wesen :

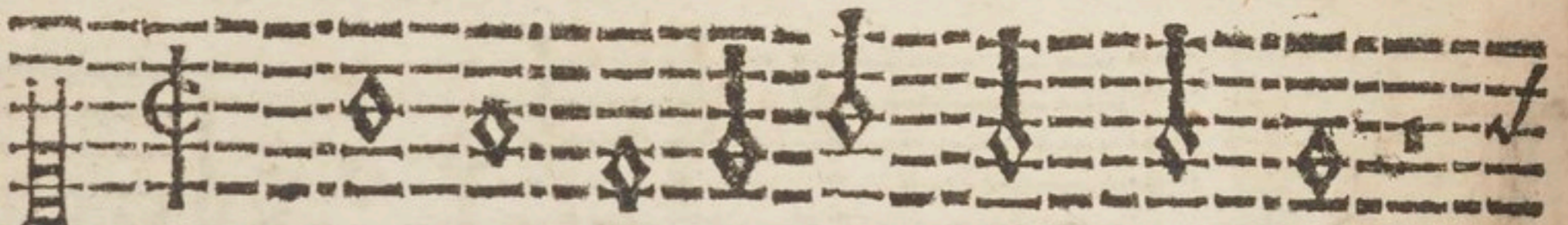


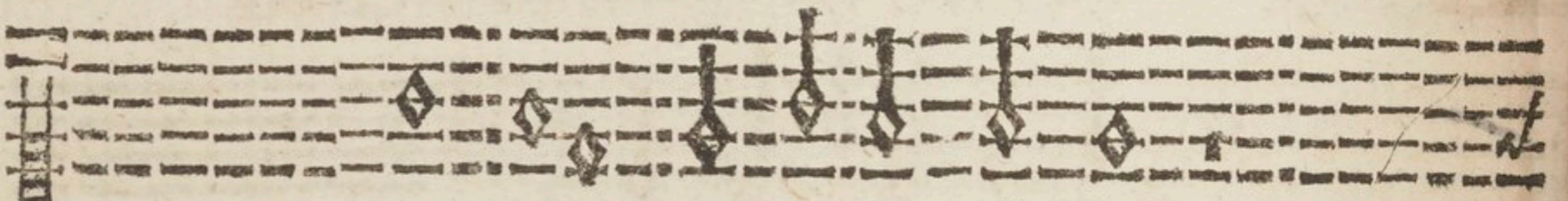
Door Godts genade, hoogh gepresen,

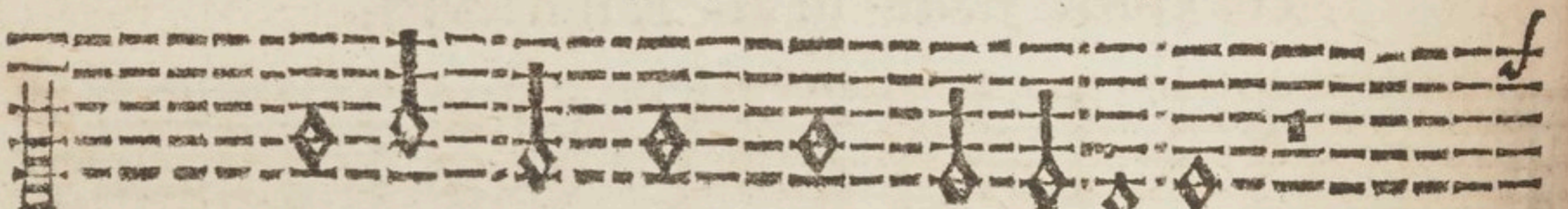


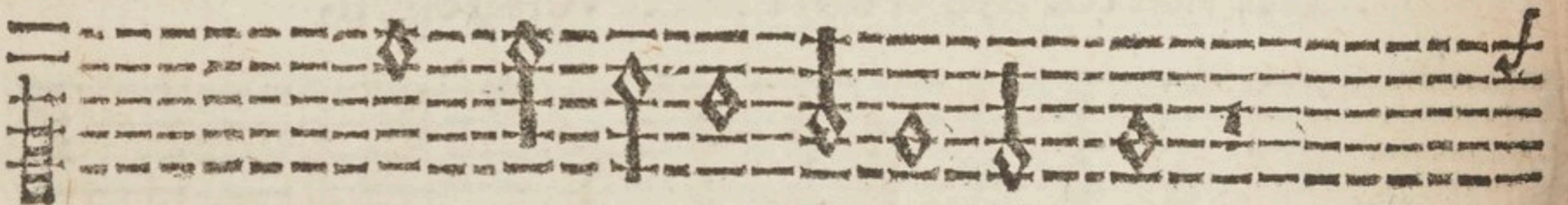
Verkrijgen de Vrome den zegen.

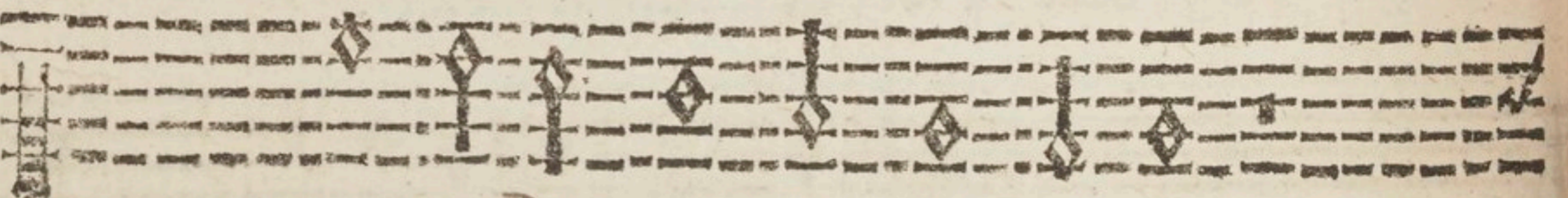
H

G  Y kind'ren die den Heer dient vry,

 Looft ende prijst sijnen naem bly.

 Laet de hoogheyt Godts zijn gepresen,

 Laet seer heerlick nu zijn verklaert,

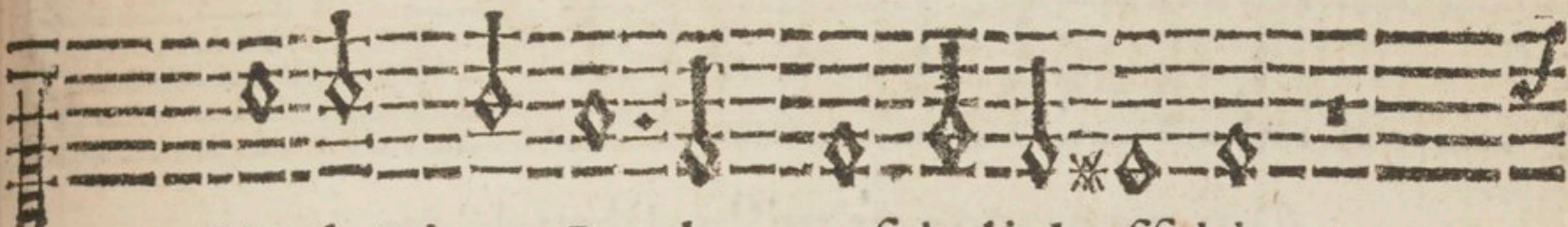
 Des Heeren naem seer wijdt vermaert,

 En eeuwiglick voort verhoogt wesen.

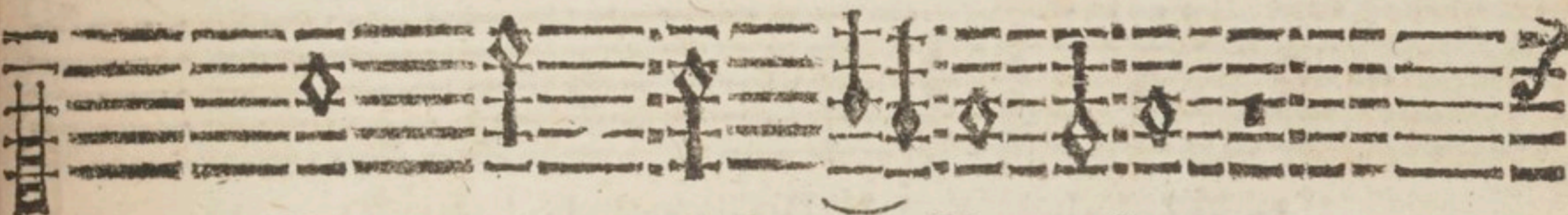
D



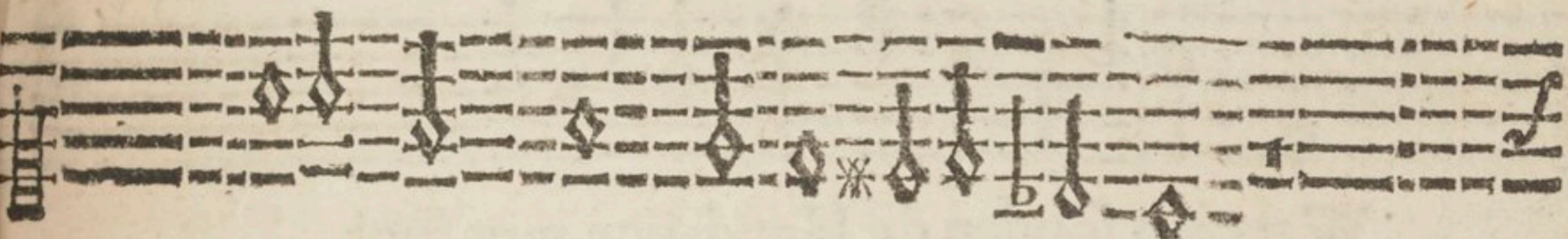
Oe Israël E- gyptenlant verliet,



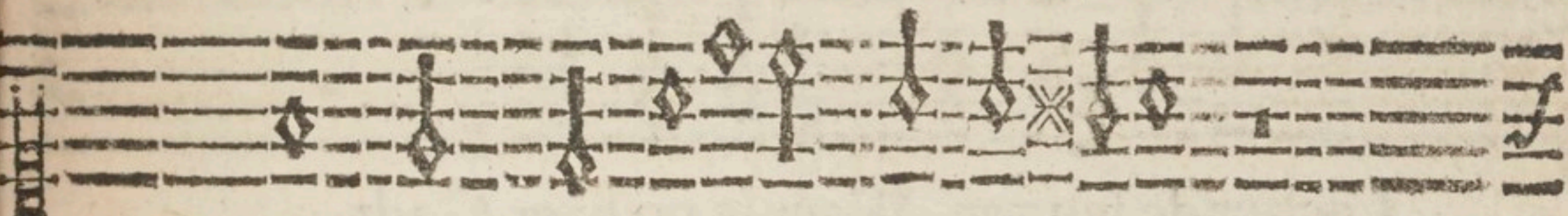
En als't huys Jacobs gantschelick affschiet,



Van 't vreemt volck, en , sijn wesen,



Juda wert Godts heylig' eere seer klaer,



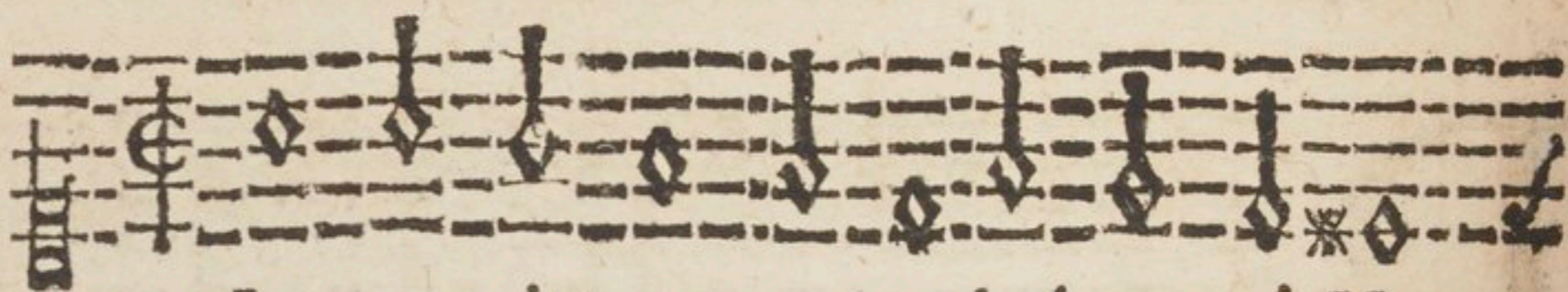
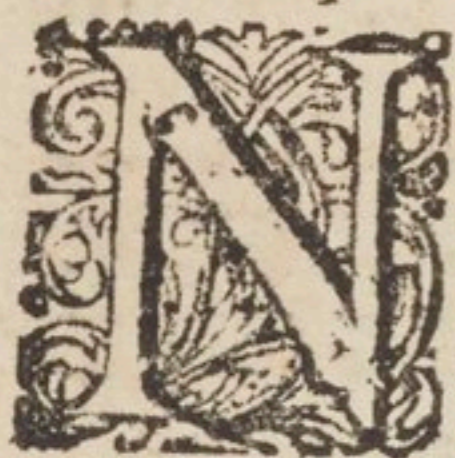
En Godt wert Israëls Heer openbaer,



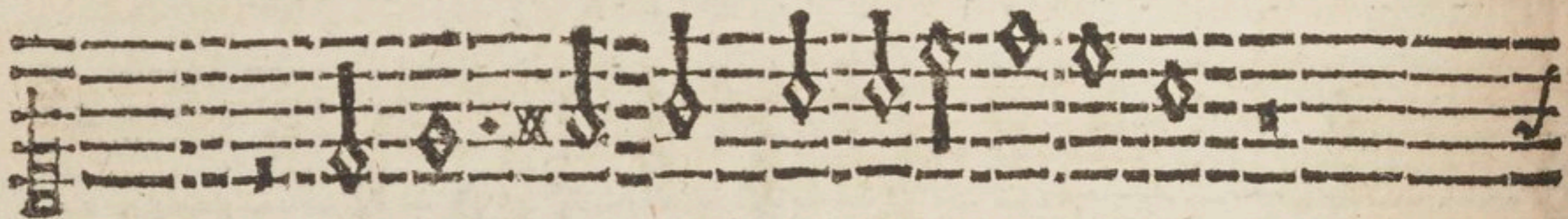
Ja een Heer hoogh gepresen.

Superius.

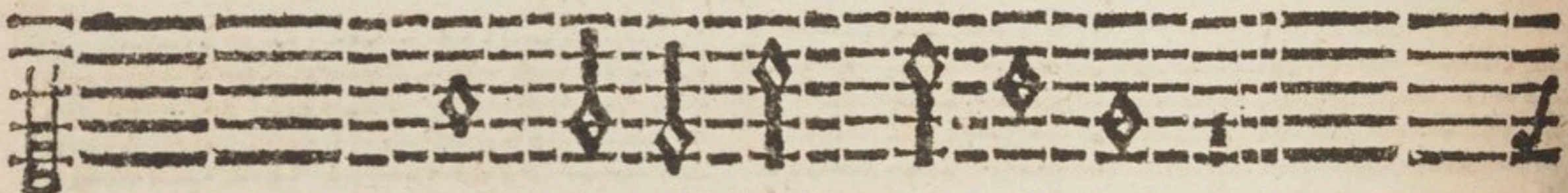
PSALM CXV.



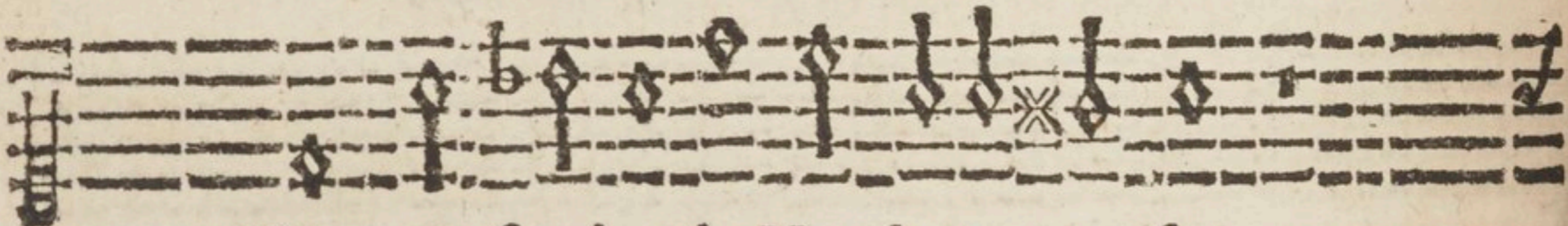
Iet ons, niet ons maer u behoort, ô Heer,



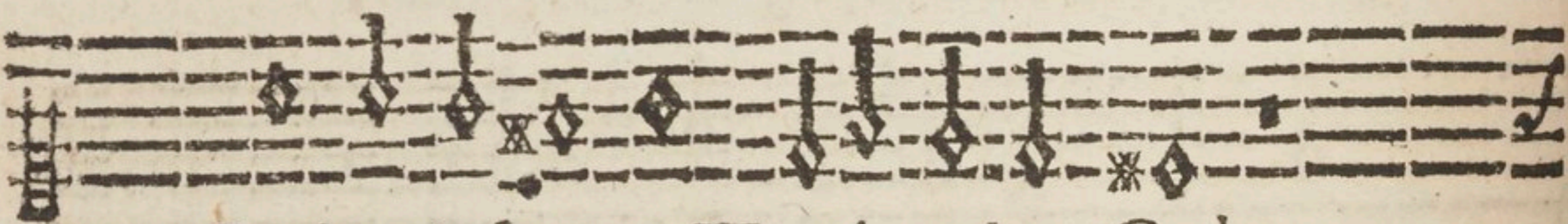
Om uwes woorts wille alleen de eer,



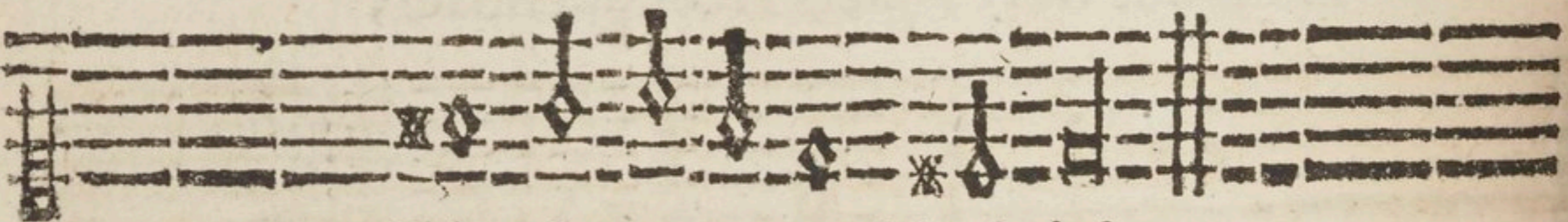
°t Welck is en blijft waerachtigh.



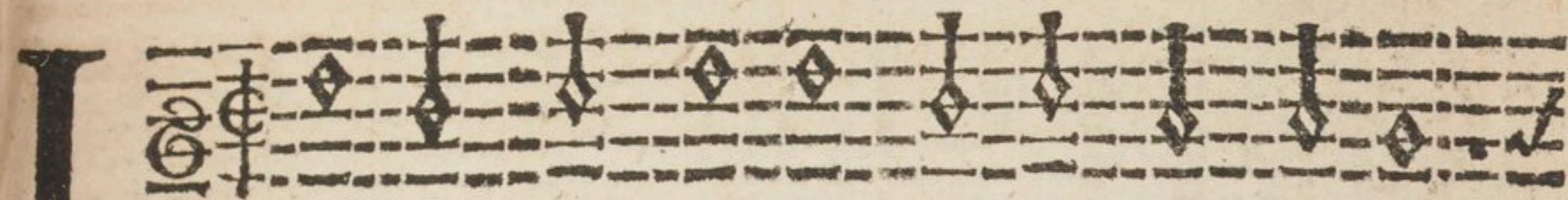
Waerom fouden de Heydenen met spot,



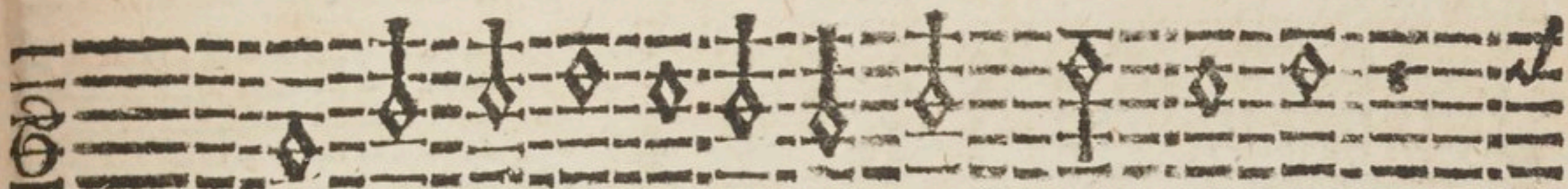
Lachende seggen, Waer is nu haer Godt,



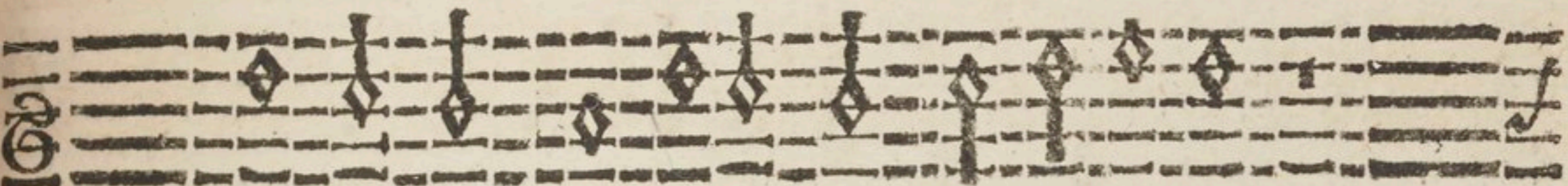
Dien sy aenroepen klachtigh.



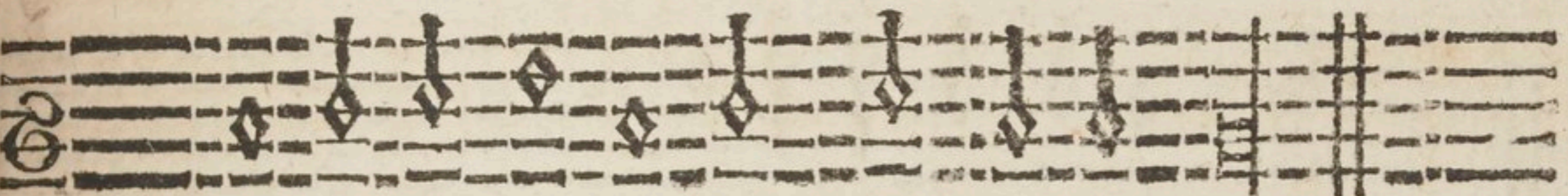
Ick hebb' den Heer lief, want hy heeft verhoort



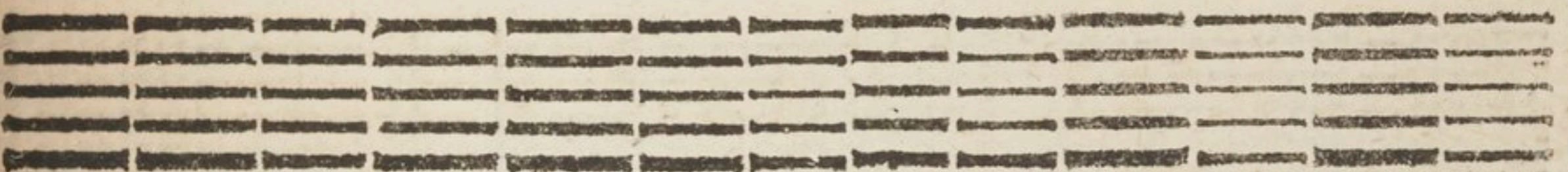
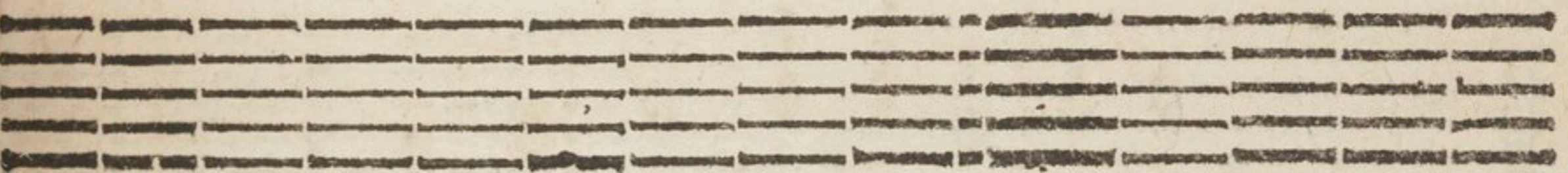
Mijn stem ende bidden in mijn swaer klagen.



Ick sal hem bidden in mijn quade dagen,

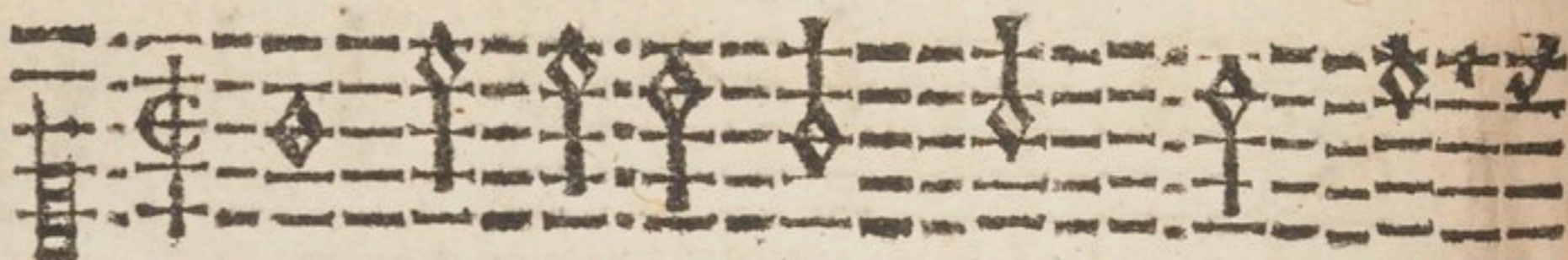


Om dat hy hem tot my neyght na sijn woort.

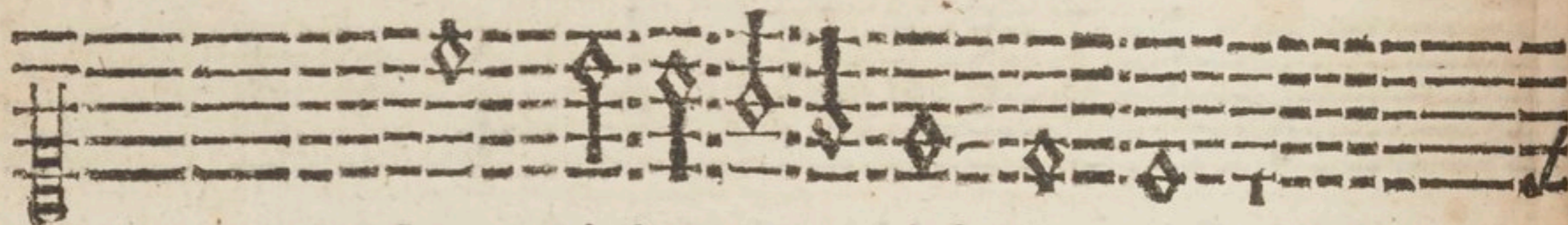


Superius.

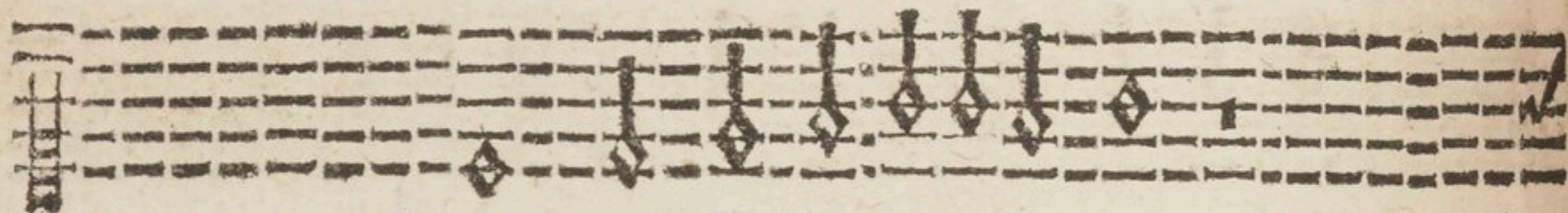
PSALM CXVII.



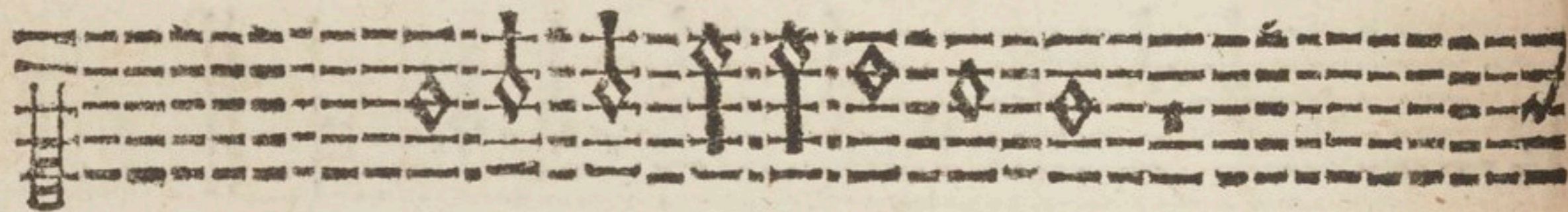
Hy Heydenen looft t'saem den Heer,



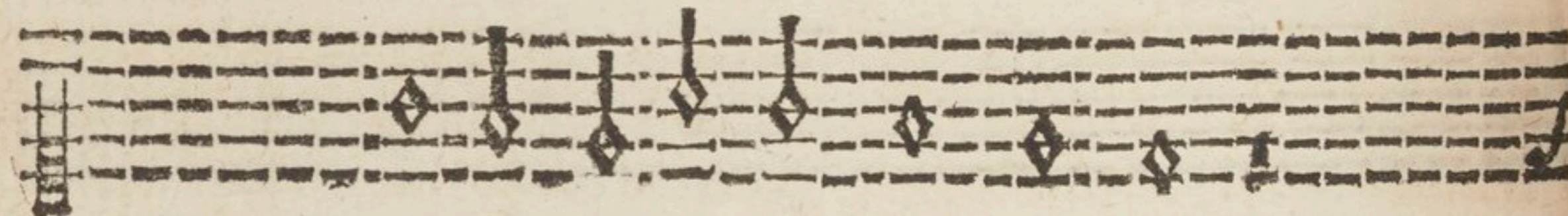
Ghy volckeren bewijft hem eer :



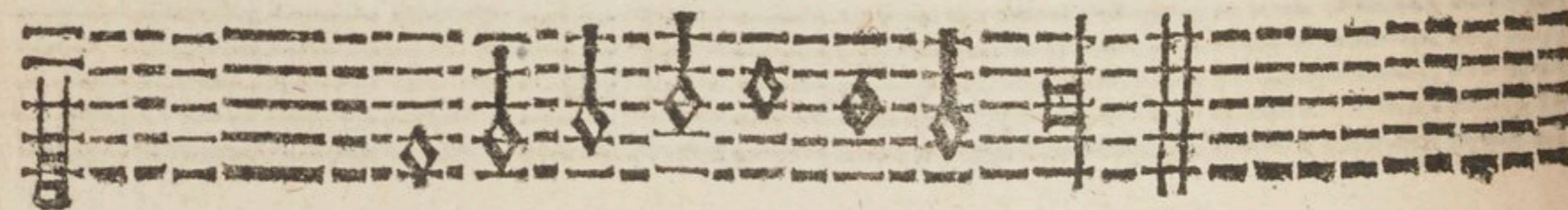
Want groot is sijn genade goedt,



Over ons all' in overvloedt ;



Bestendigh is oock sijn waerheyt,

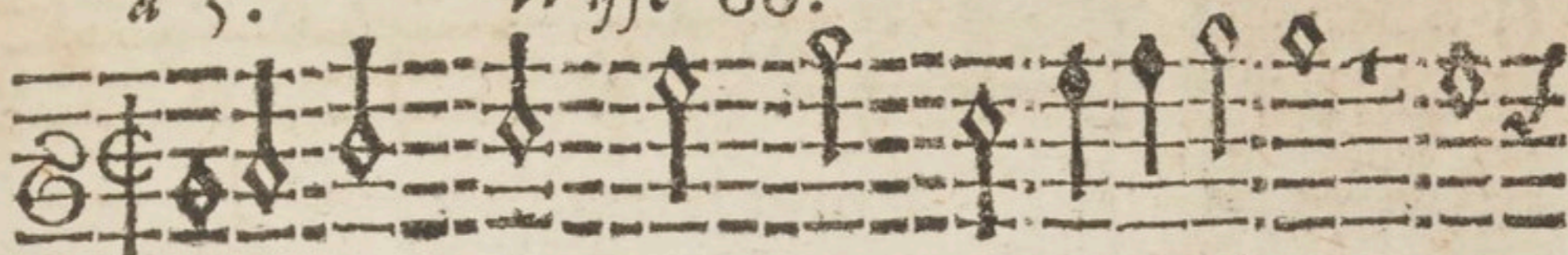


Over ons in der eeuwigheyt.

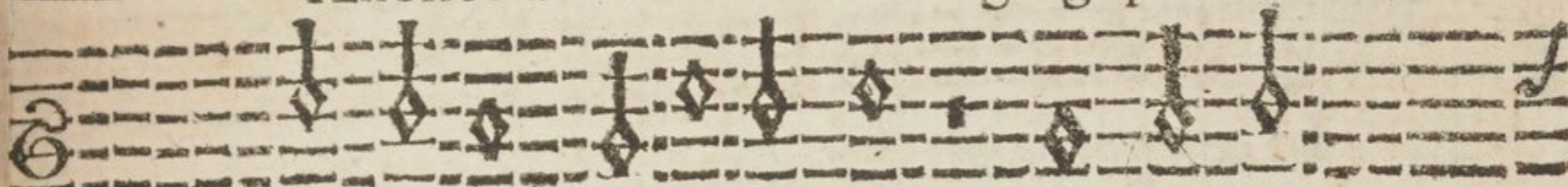
a 5.

Wijse 66.

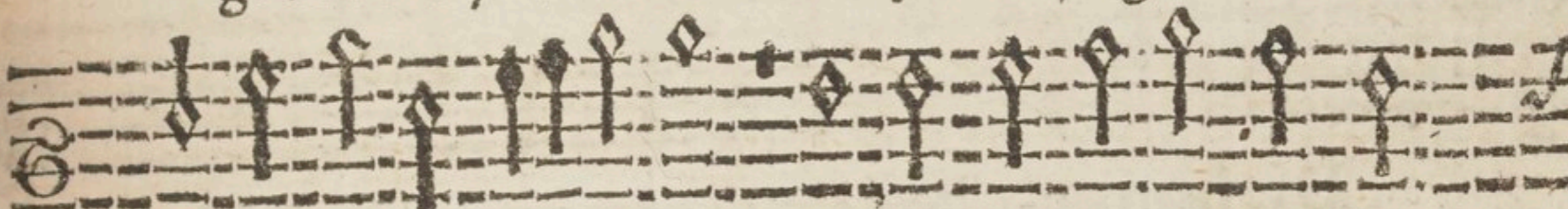
D



Ancket den Heer seer hoogh gepre- fen, Want



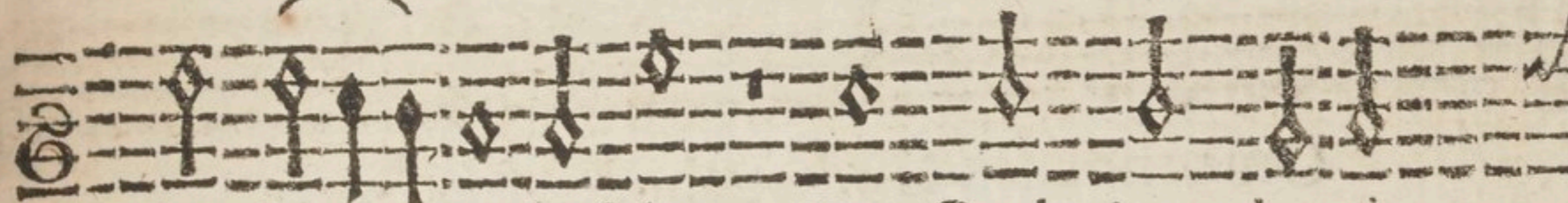
groot is sijn vriendelickheyt; Sijn goeder-



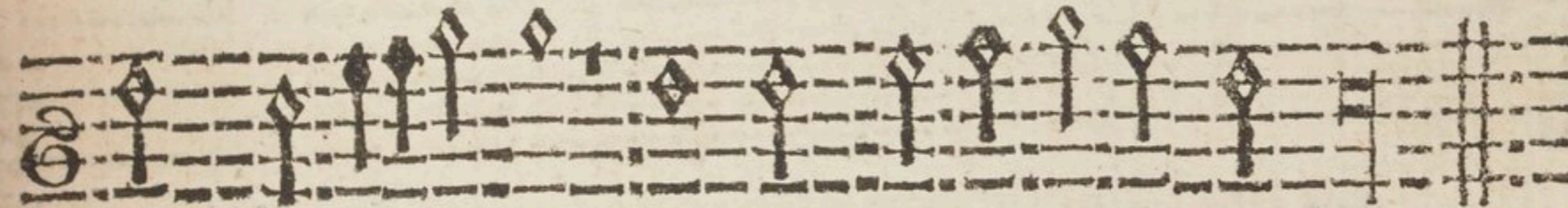
tierenheyt sal we- fen Bestendigh in der eeuwig-



heyt. Israël moet hem nu be- geven, Om te ver-



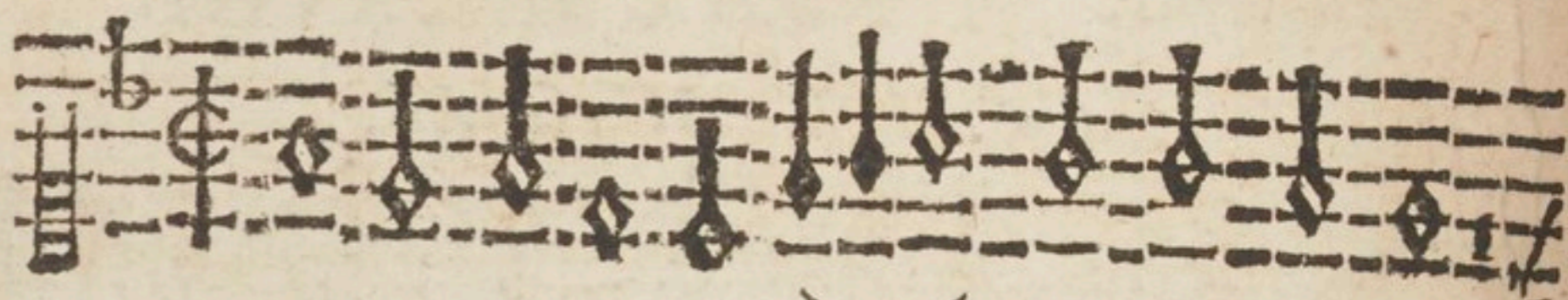
konden met bescheyt, Dat Godts barmhertig-



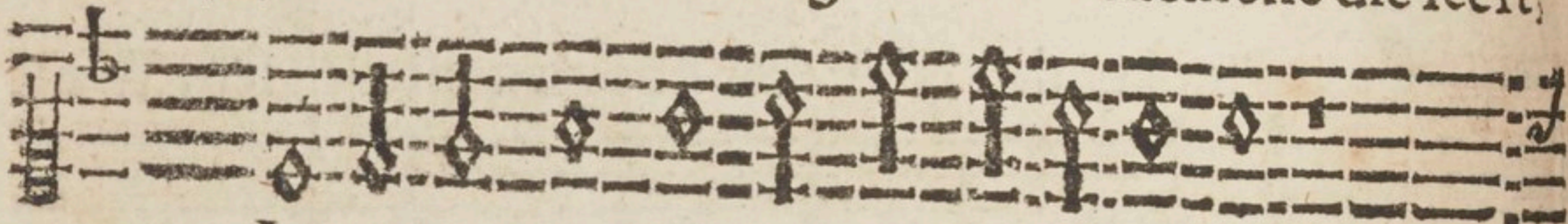
heyt [verhe- ven] Geduert tot in der eeuwigheyt.

Superius.

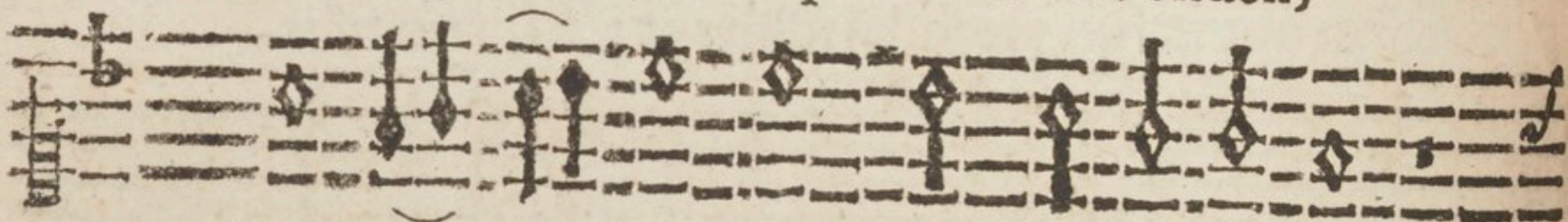
PSALM CXIX.



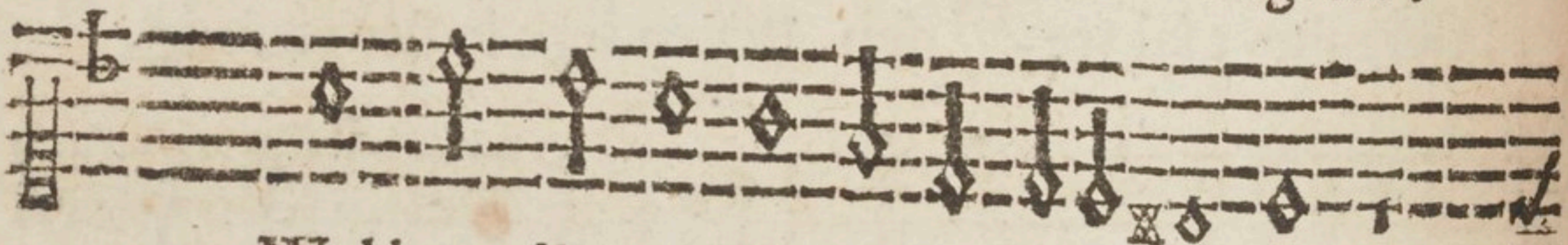
Eluckfaligh is de mensche die leeft,



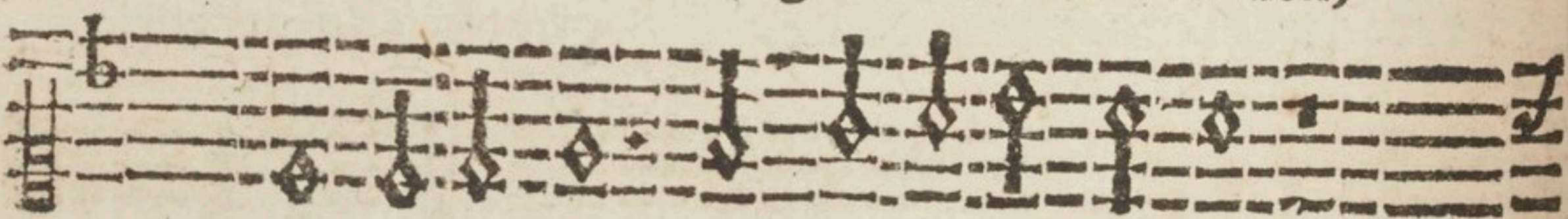
In een gemoedt dat oprecht is bevonden,



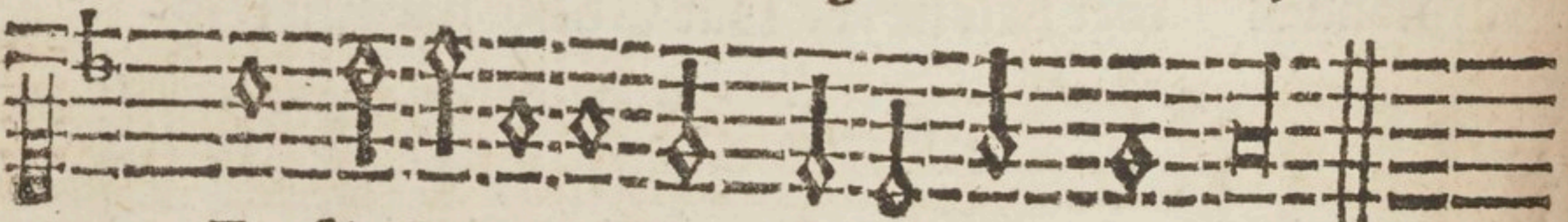
Die hem geheel tot Godts wetten begeeft :



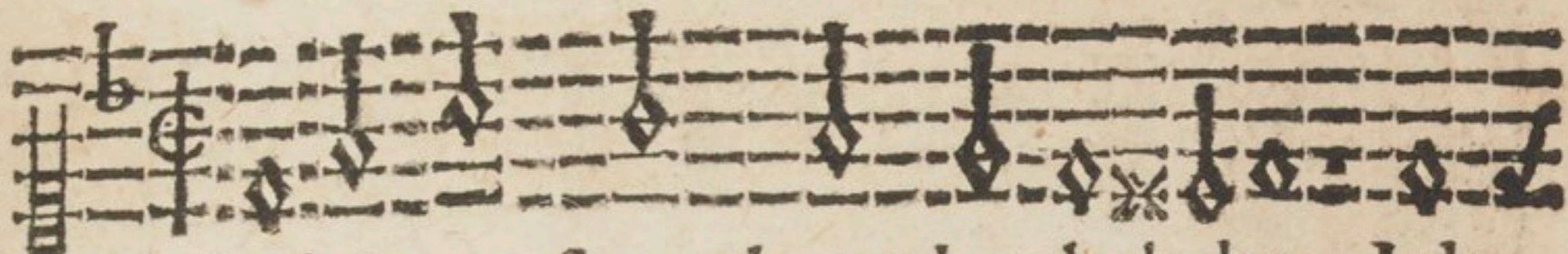
Wel hem die neerstigh is tot allen stonden,

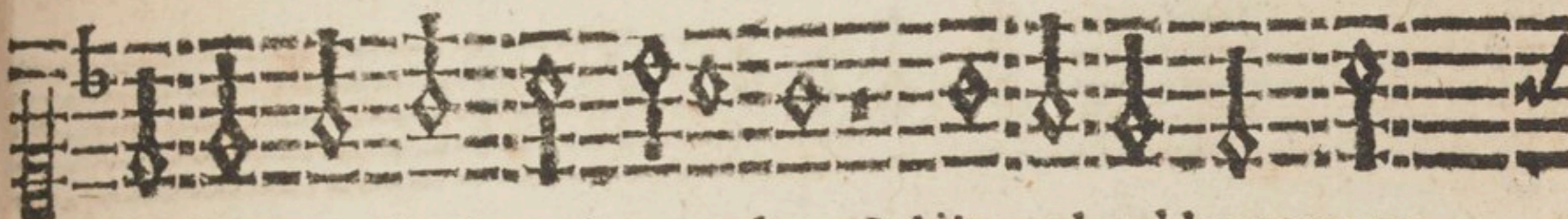


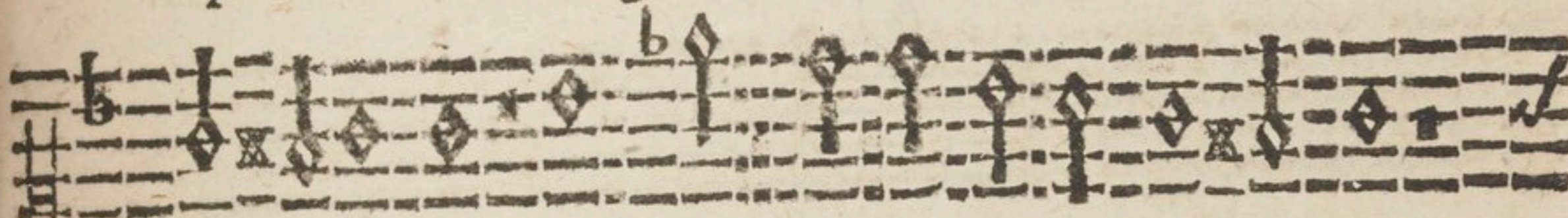
Om te houden Godts geboden seer soet,

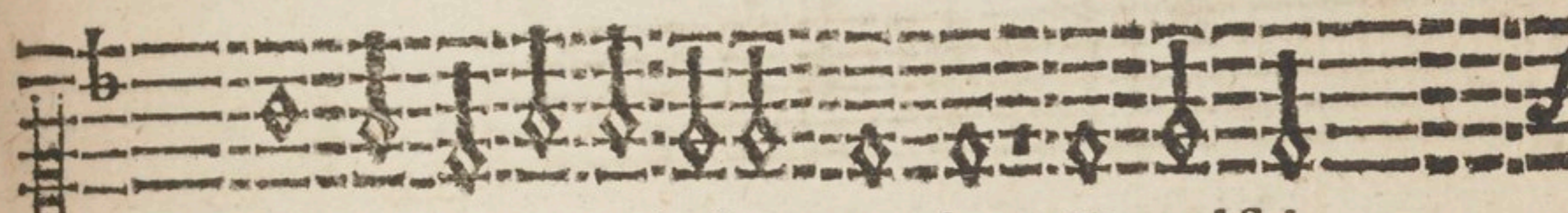


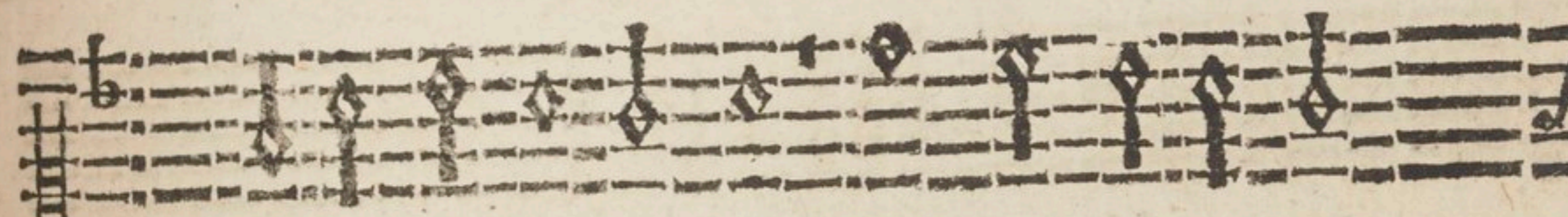
En sijn kennisse met vlijt te door gronden.

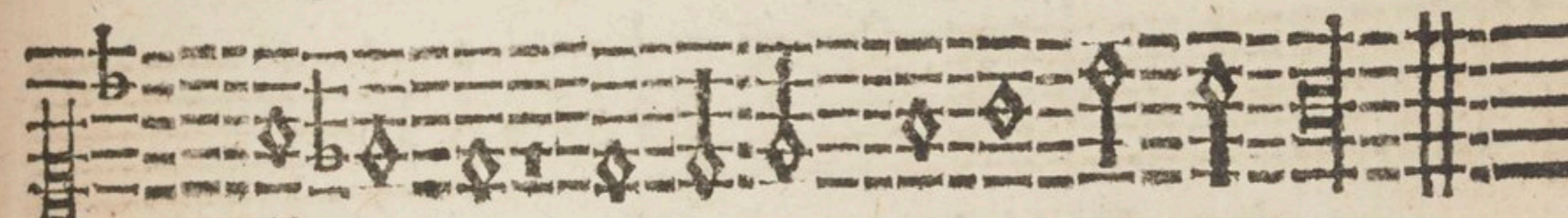
A 
 Ls ick met swaer kruys ben beladen, Ick


 roepe tot Godt vol genaden, Mijn gebed komt tot


 sijnen ooren, Hy plagh my altijd te verhooren.

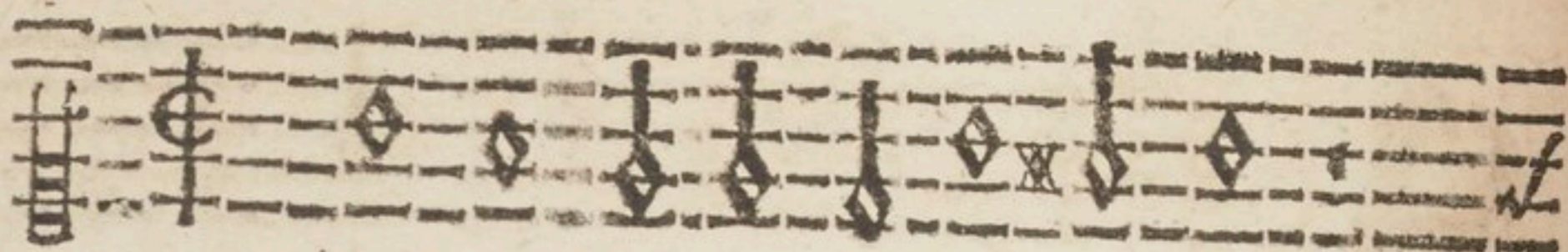

 Voor de leugenachtige monden, En valsche


 tongen t'allen stonden, Wilt mijn ziel na uw'

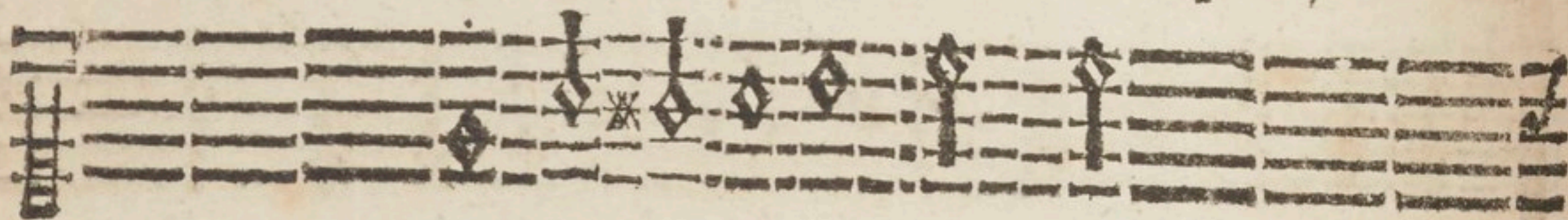

 goedigheyt Verlossen, Heer, in eeuwigheyt.

Superius.

PSALM CXXI.



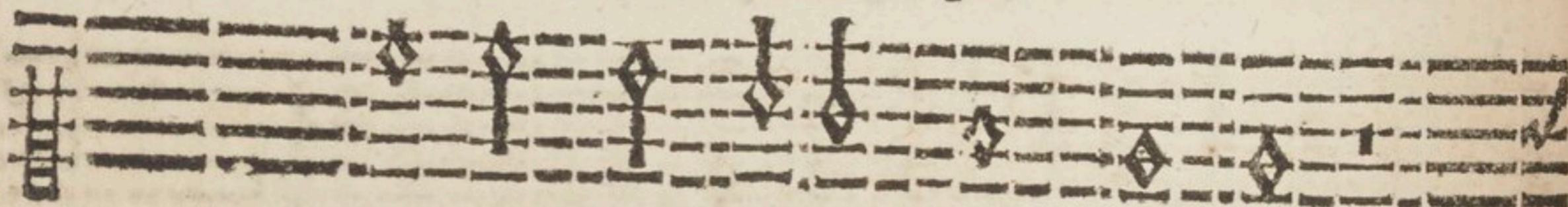
Ot den bergen hef ick op mijn



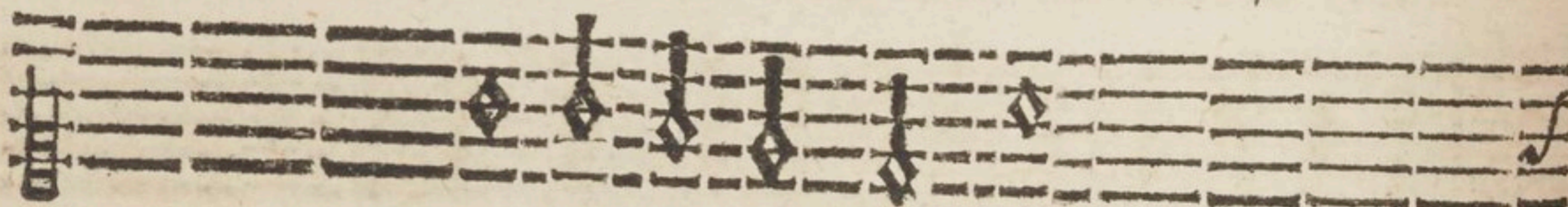
Oogen, ende van daer Ver-



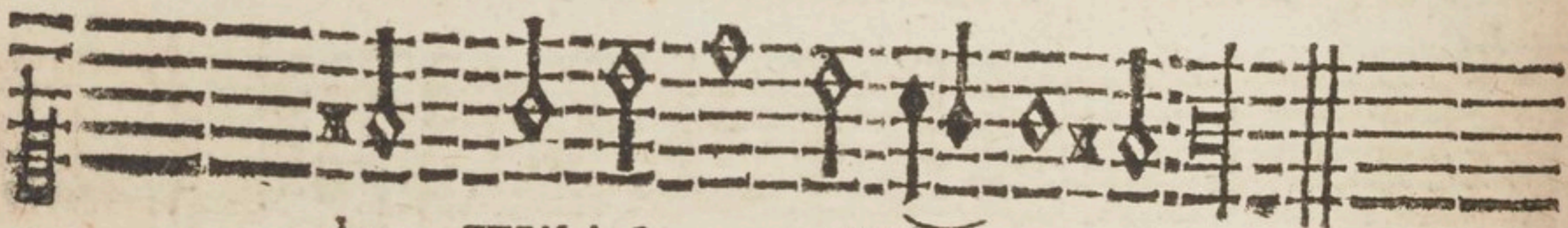
wacht ick hulp eenpaer.



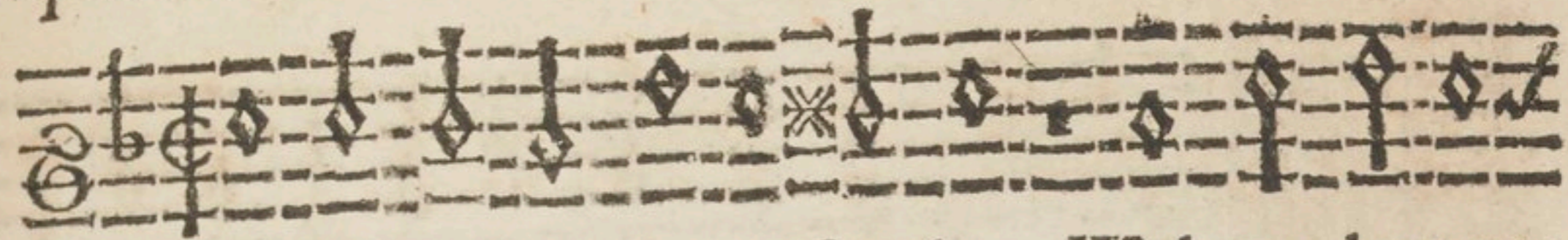
Maer op Godt die gemaect heeft fijn

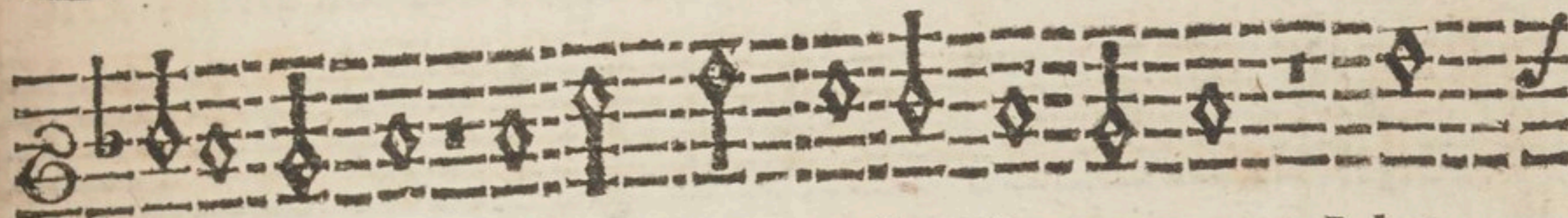


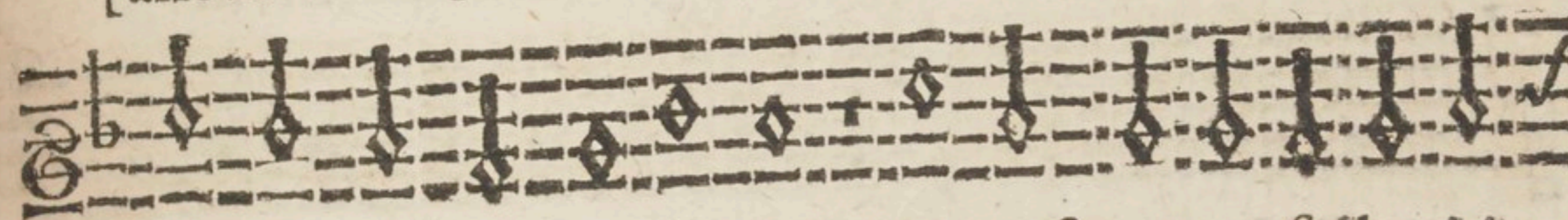
Hemel en aerd' in 't ron-

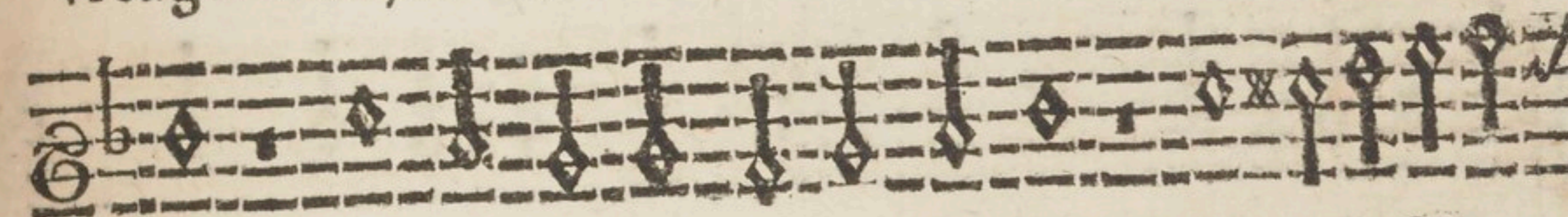


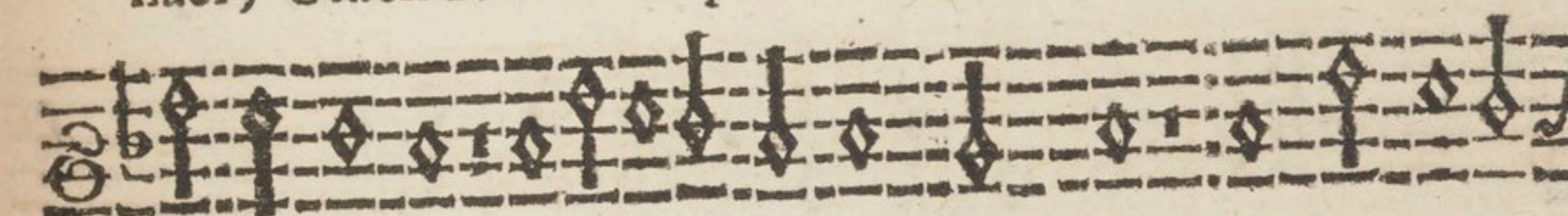
den, Wil ick my vast'lick gronden.

S  Oo haest als ick hoore spreken, Wel aen, laet ons

 [alle seer saen] In dat Huys onses Heeren gaen, Met

 vreugd' is mijn hert ontsteken, Dat onf' voeten sullen hier

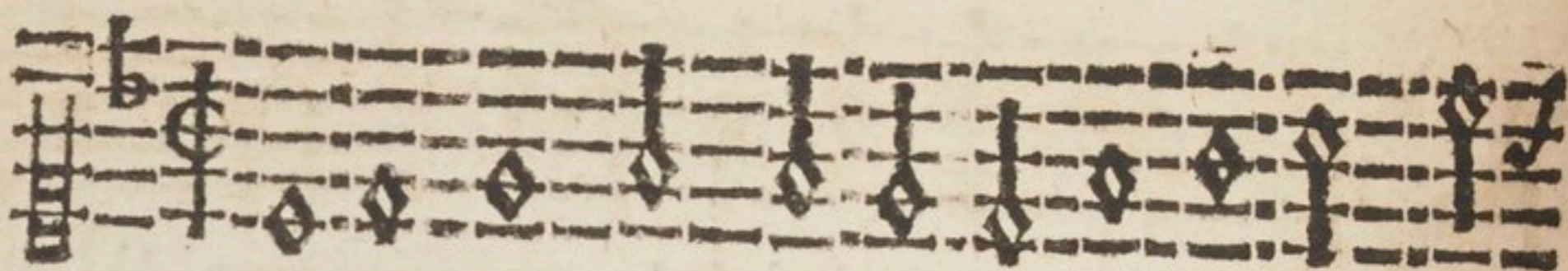
 naer, Staen binnen de poorten eerbaer Van Jerusaleem

 wel gestichtet. Jerusaleem is gebouwt vast, En door vrede

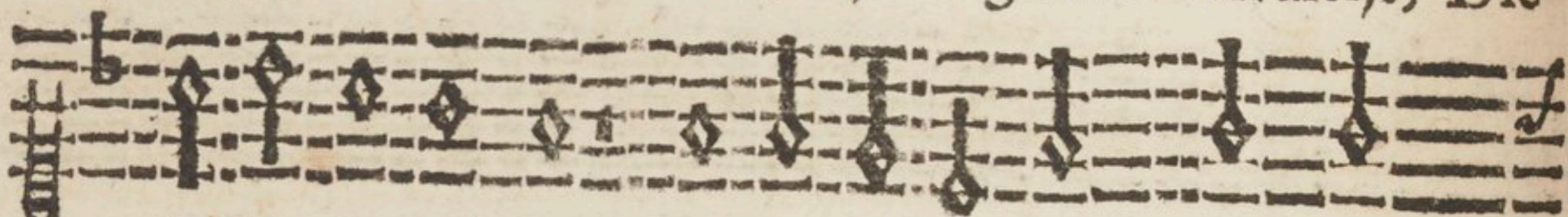
 t'samen gepast, En tot een stad Gods sijn gerich- tet.

Superius.

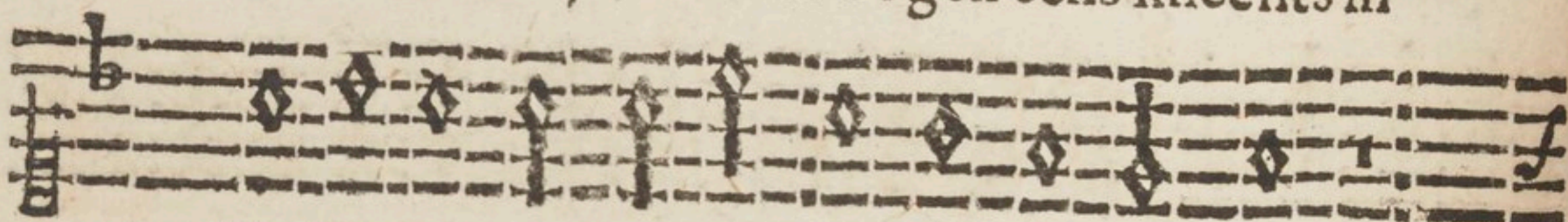
PSALM CXXIII.



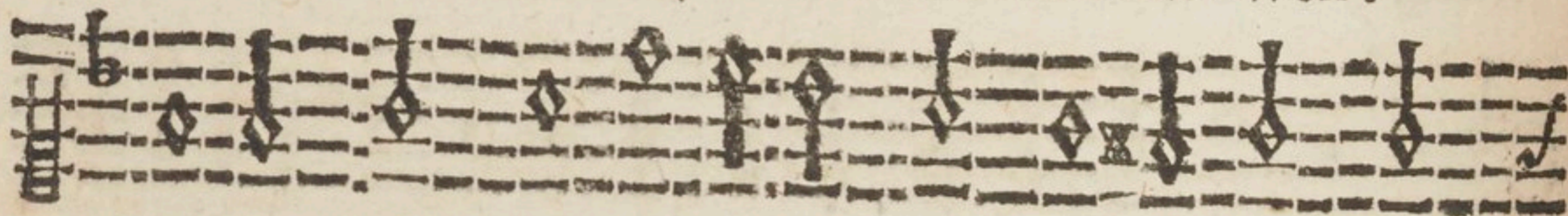
Ot u, Heer, mijn oogen hef ick altijt, Die



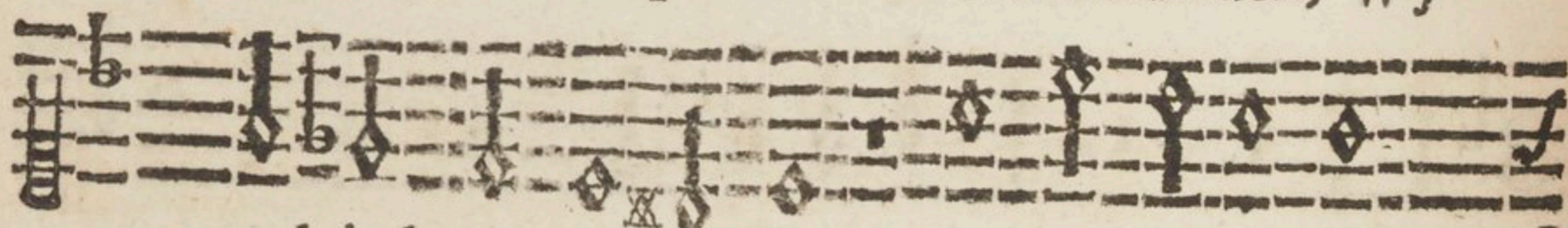
in den hemel zijt. Soo de oogen eens knechts in



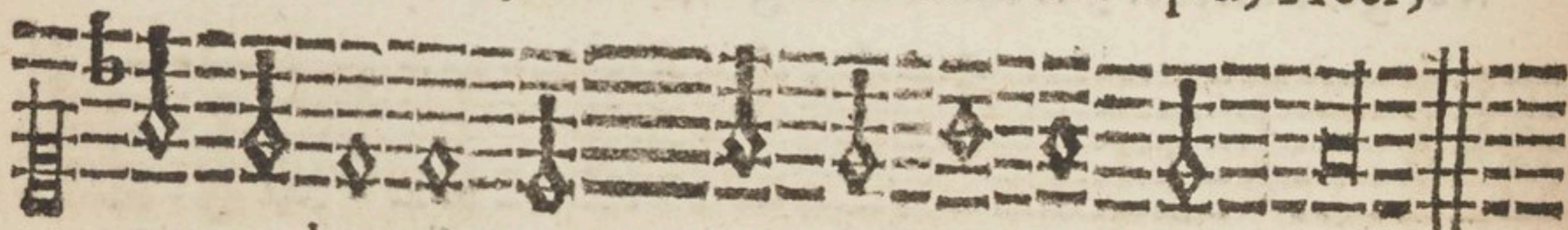
sijn benouwen Sijnen meester aenschouwen:



Soo de maeght fiet op haerer vrouwen handen, Wy



oock in kruys en schanden Sien soo op u, Heer,

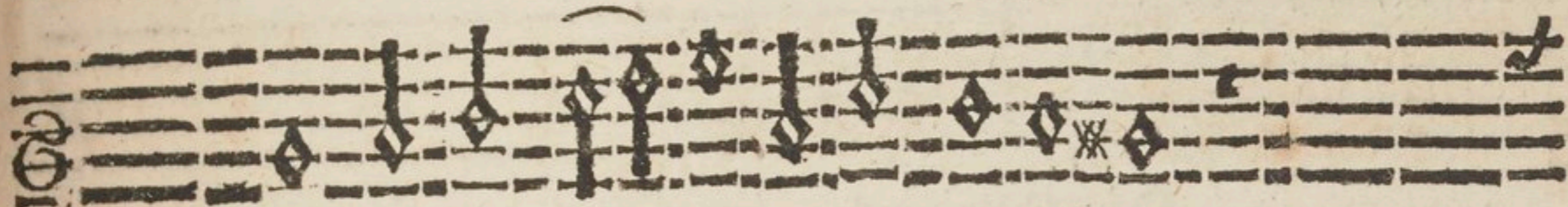


en wachten in noodt Uw' hulp en goetheyt groot.

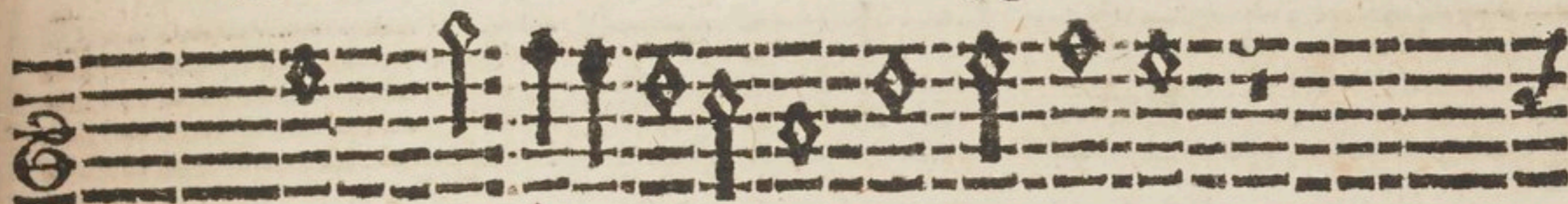
M



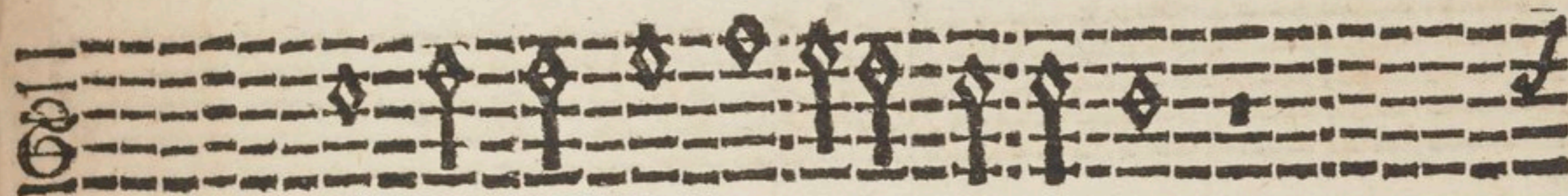
En mach nu wel seggen in Israél,



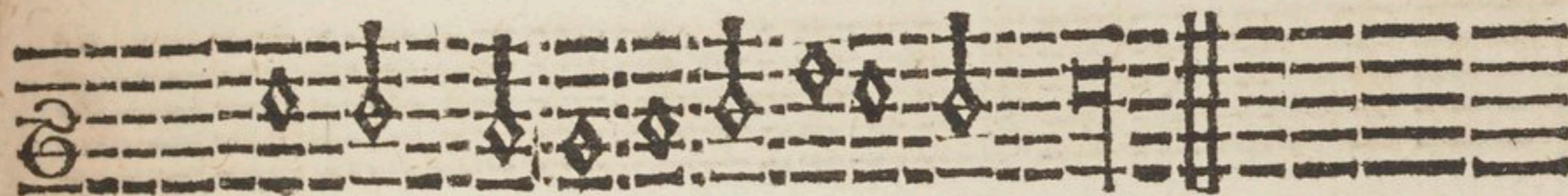
Had ons de Heer selve niet byg estaen,



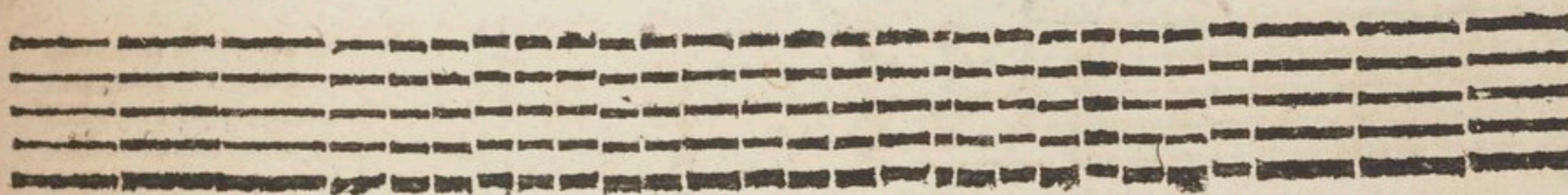
Hadd' hy ons saken niet genomen aen,



Als ons de volcken overvielen fel,

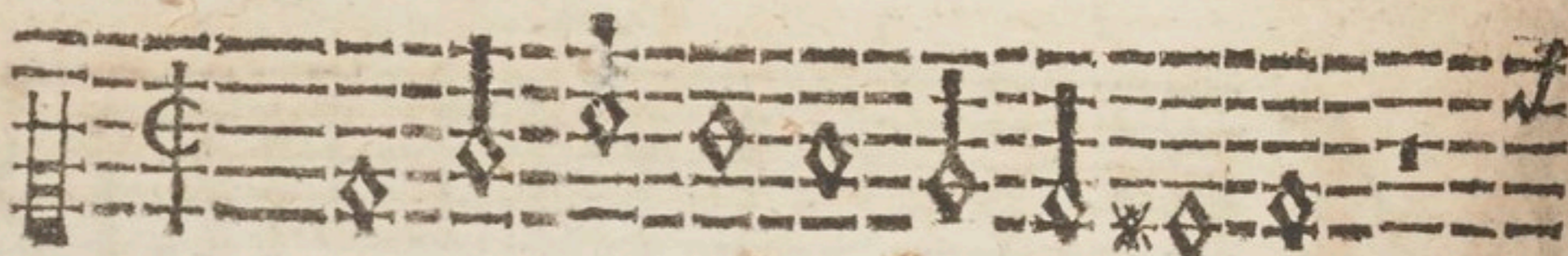
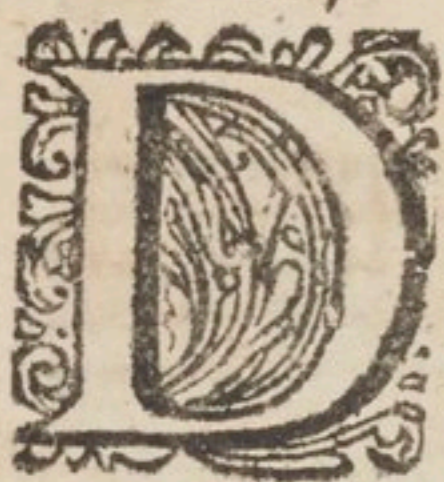


Om ons uyt te roeijen en te verflaen.

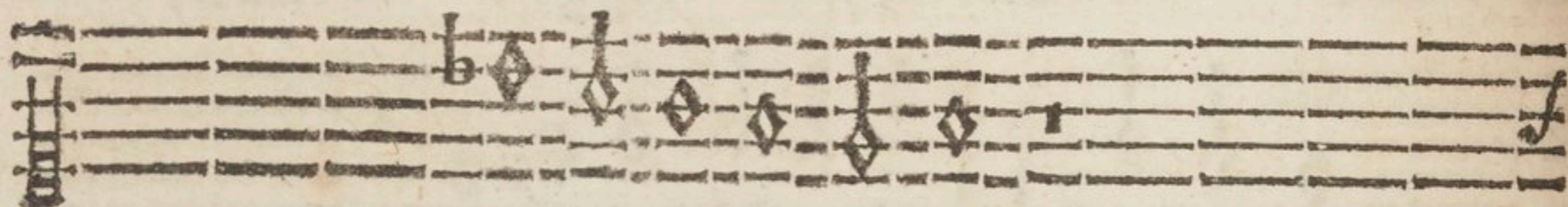


Superius.

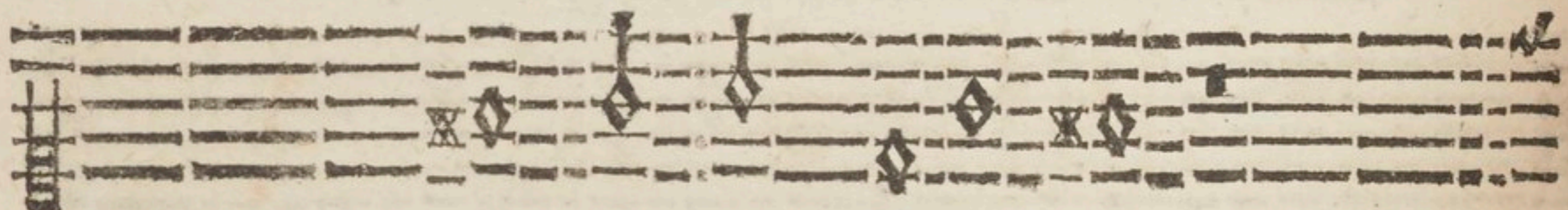
PSALM CXXV.



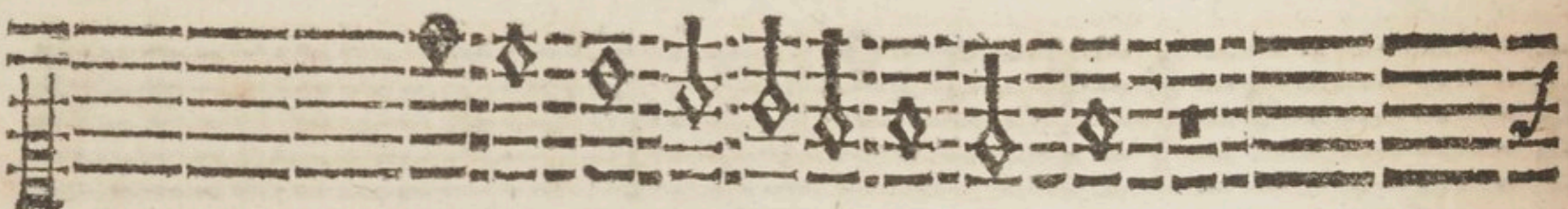
Ie op den Heere vast betrouwen,



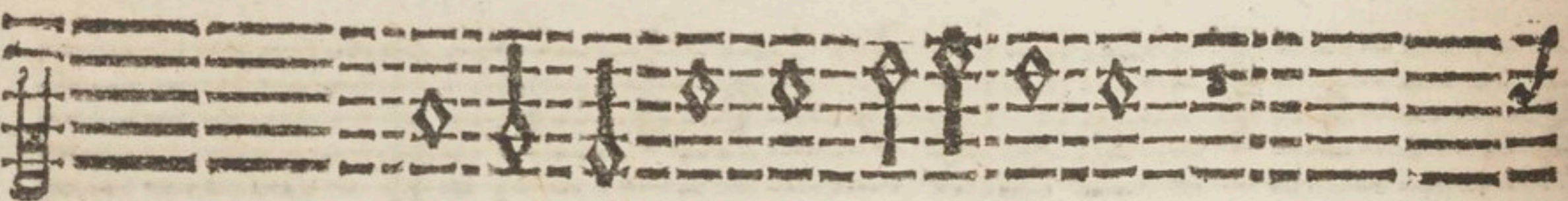
Die sullen niet vergaen,



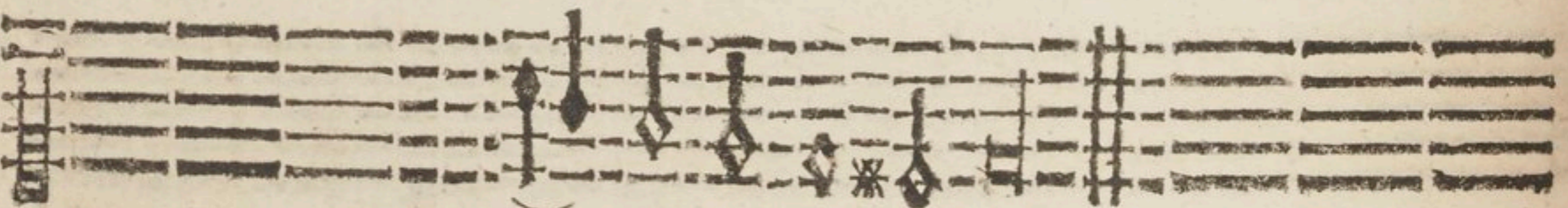
Maer eeuwigh blijven staen,



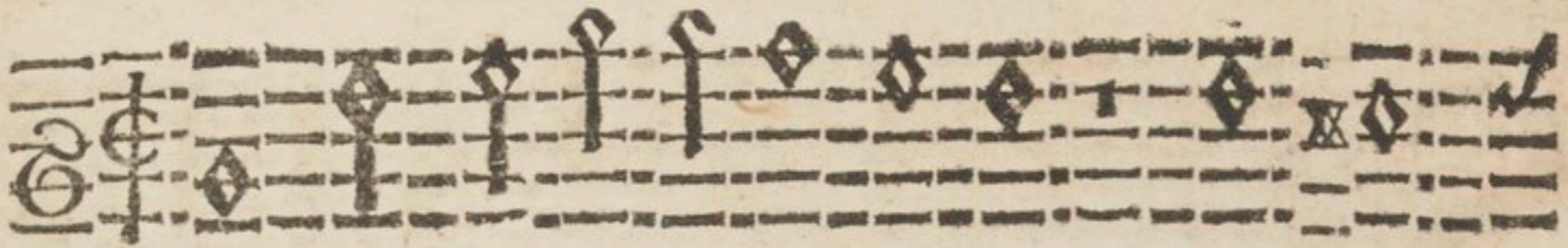
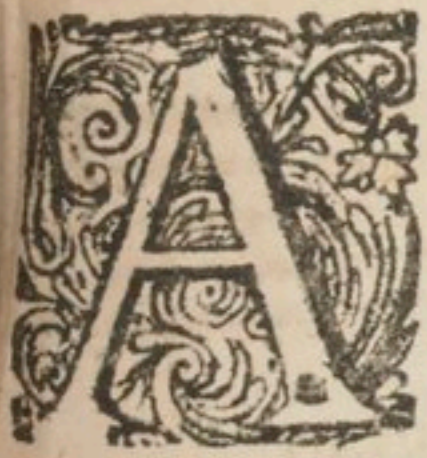
Ja soo vast in allen benouwen,



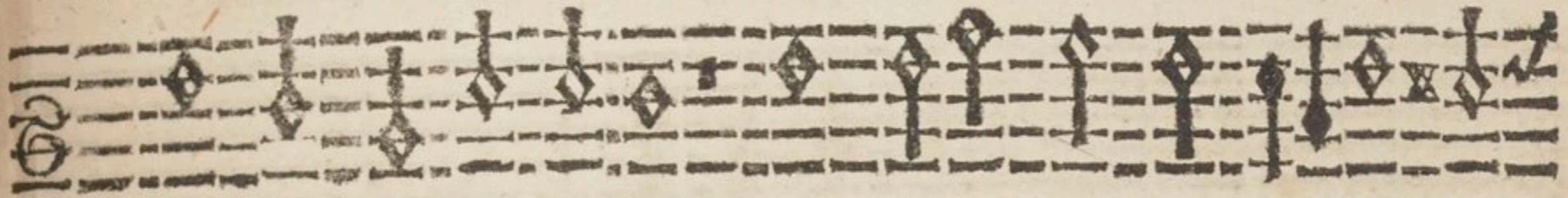
Als de bergen van Zion plegen,



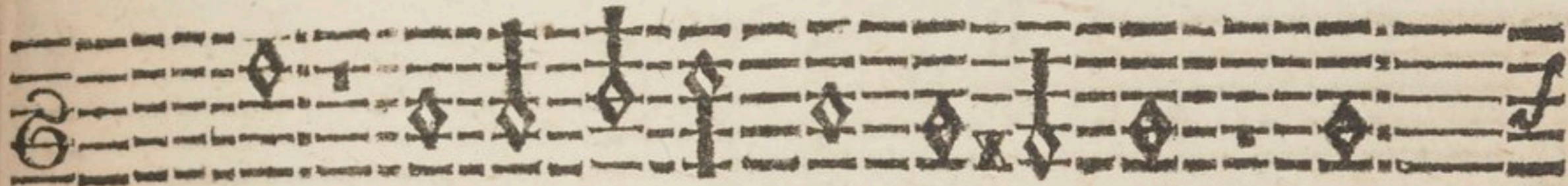
Sonder bewe- gen.



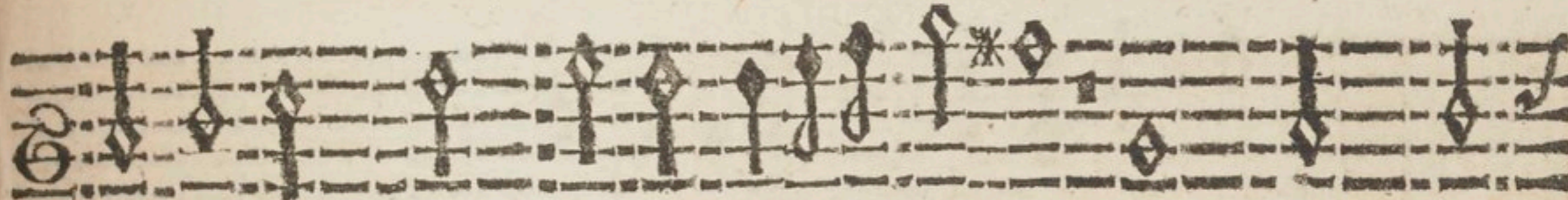
Ls Godt Zions gevangen al T'saem ver-



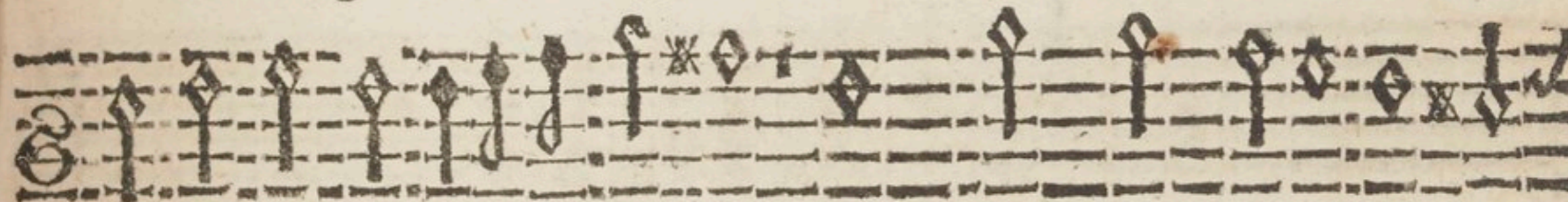
loft heeft na sijn geval, Soo waren wy verheugt al



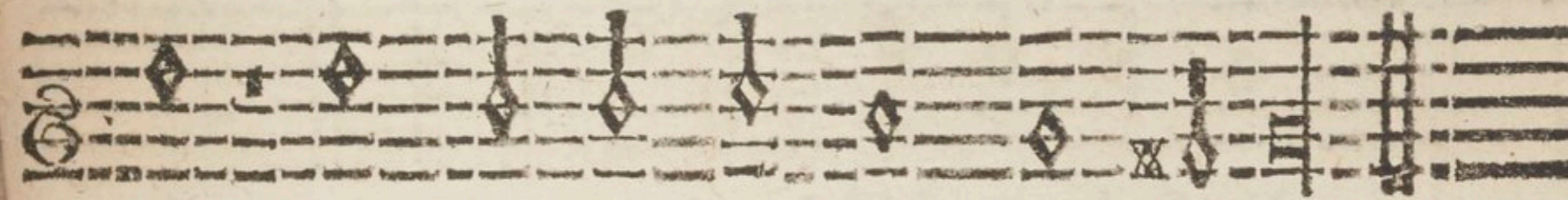
t'saem, Gelijk sy die droomen bequaem. On-



se mond is gantsch vol gewe- sen Van vreugd', en



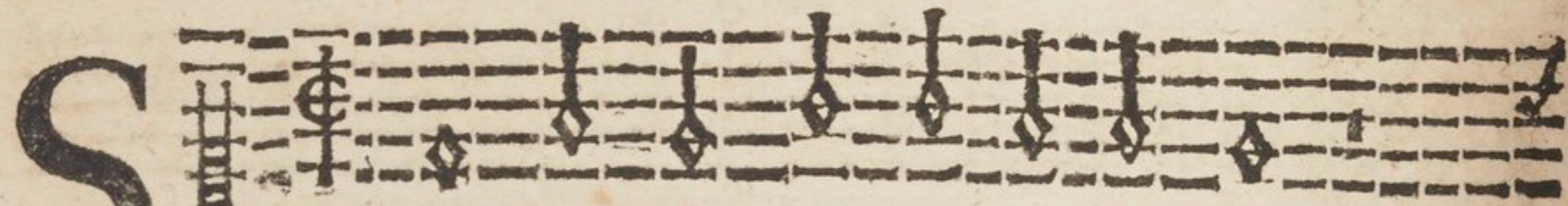
lofsangen gepre- sen: Dan sprack 't volck allesins, wel



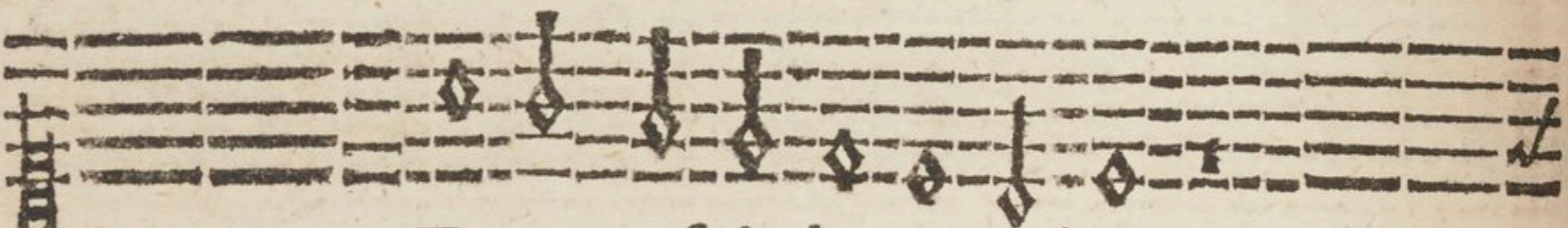
aen, Godt heeft sijn volck wat groots gedaen.

Superius.

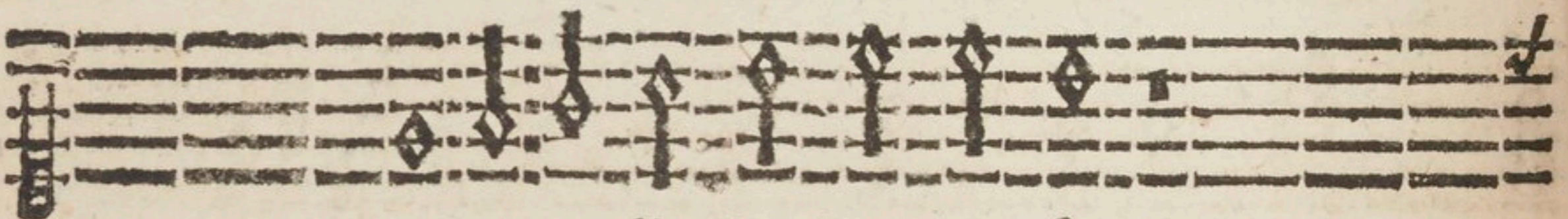
PSALM CXXVII.

S 

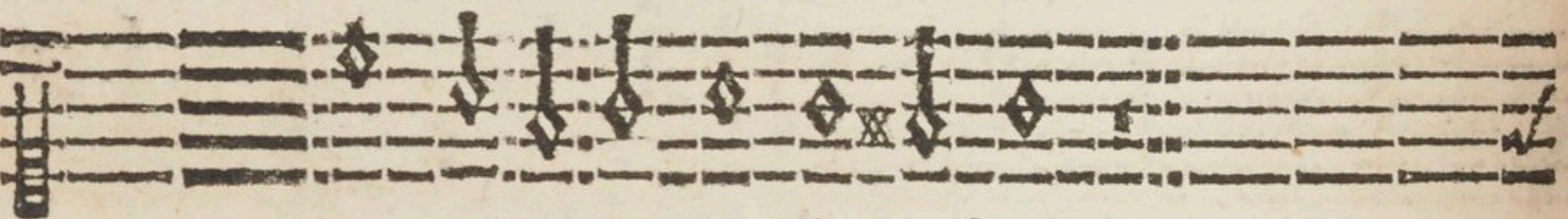
Oo Godt niet selfs dat huys op recht,



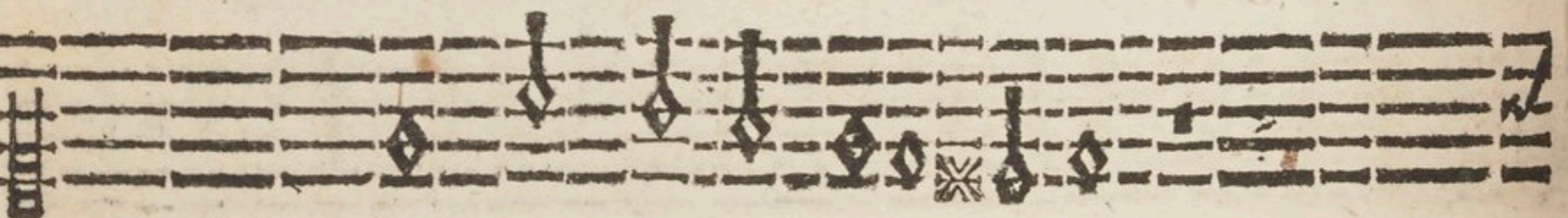
Te vergeefs is den arbeydt al



Des genes die dat bouwen sal :



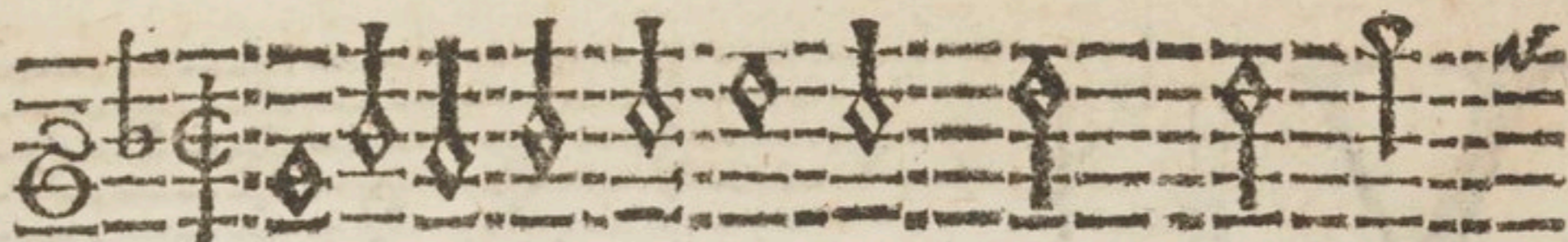
Dat waken is gaer niet en slecht,



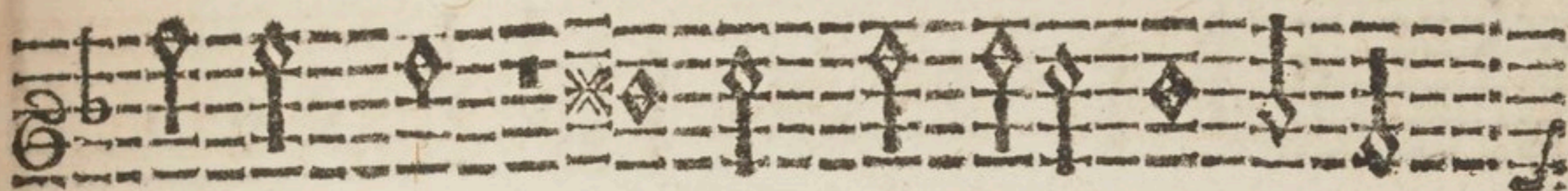
Soo Godt na sijn vaderlick aert



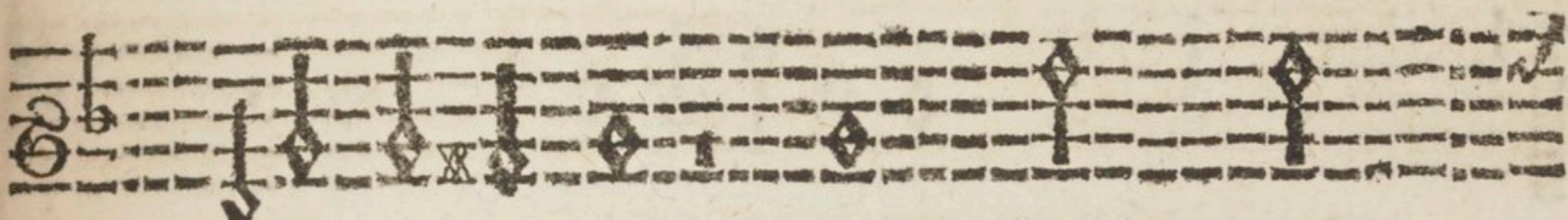
De stadt niet selfs hoedt en bewaert.



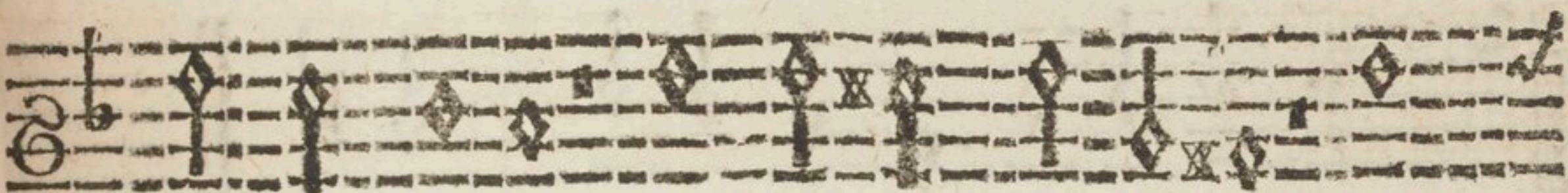
Aligh is hy bevonden, Die Godt vreeft,



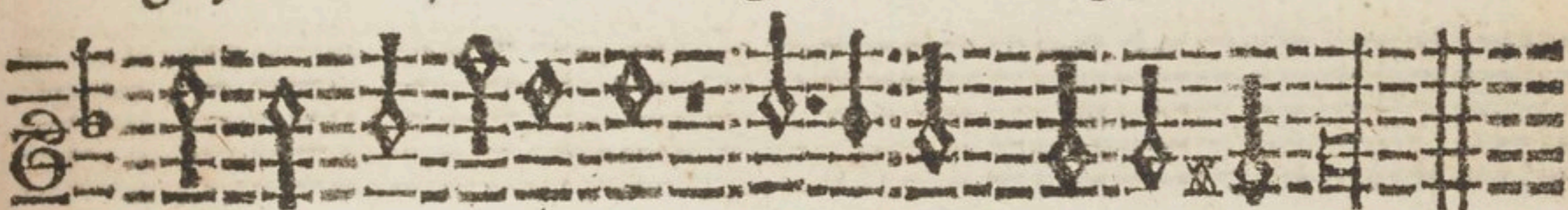
en dient recht, Die oock gaet t'allen stonden In



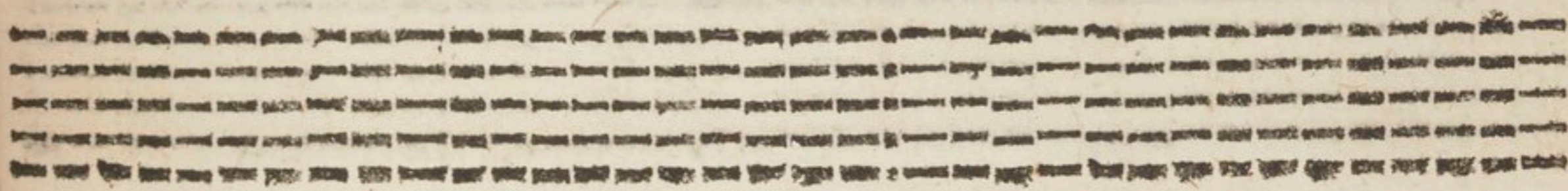
sijnen wegen slecht: Door 't werck 't welck

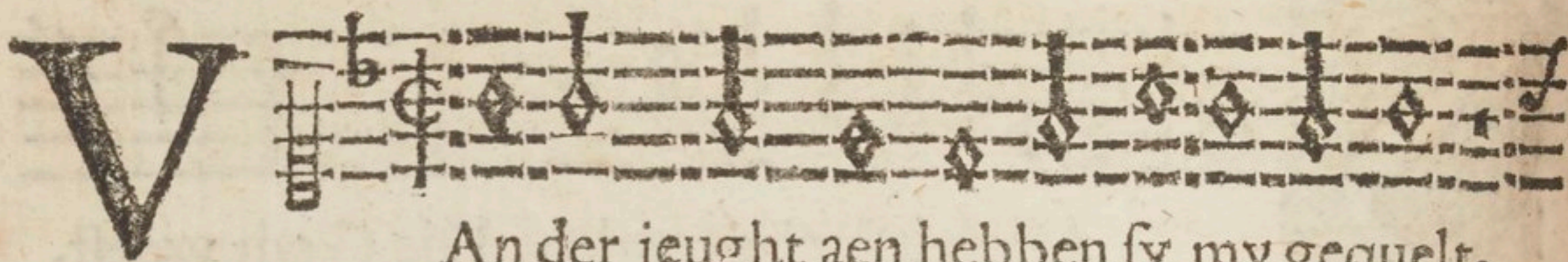


ghy sult drijven, Wert ghy hier wel gevoedt, U

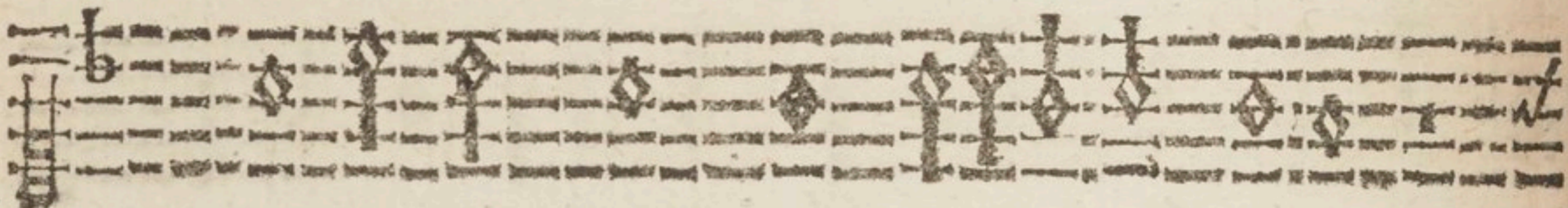


doen sal wel beklijven, Spoedigh met overvloedt.

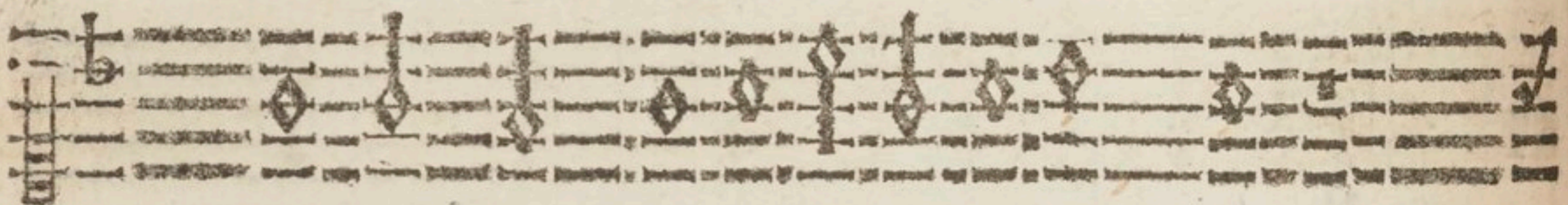


V 

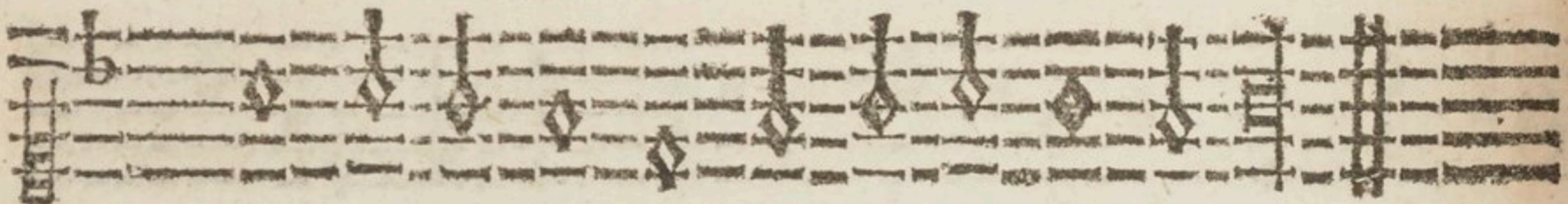
An der jeught aen hebben sy my gequelt,



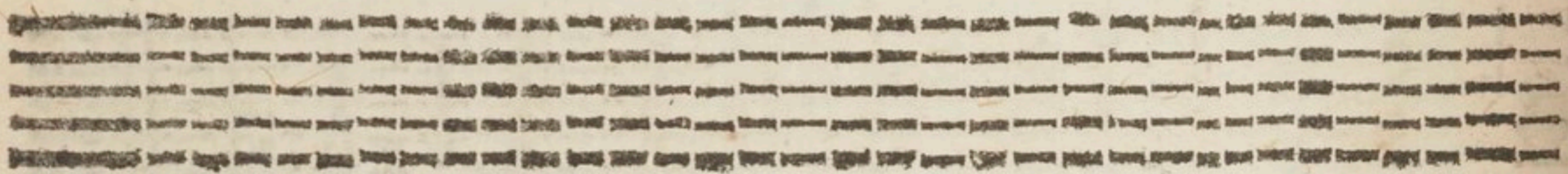
Duyfentmael, dies spreeckt Israël met sinnen :

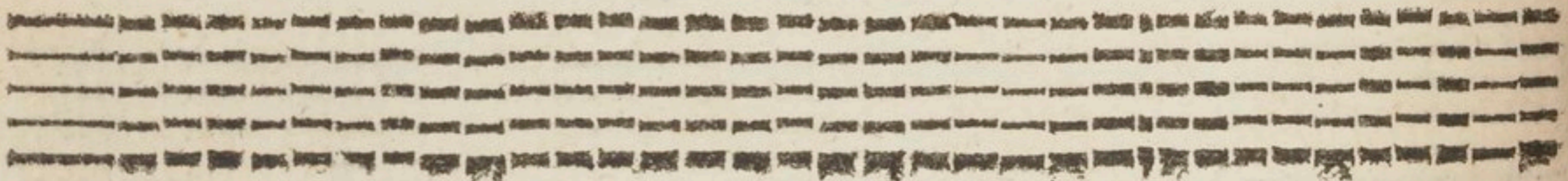


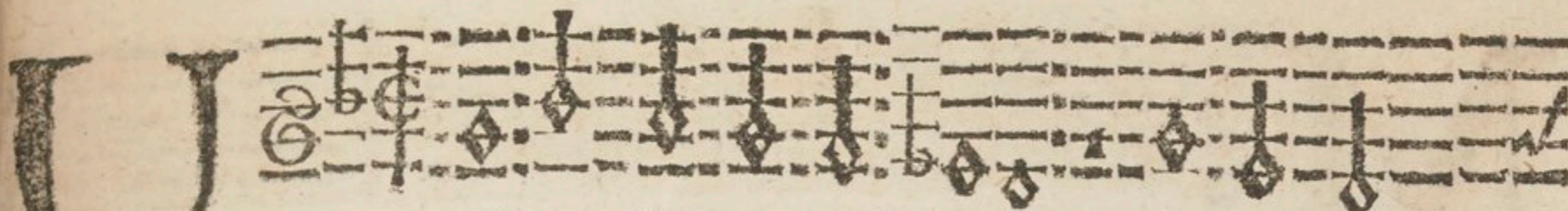
Van der jeught aen leverden sy my 't velt,

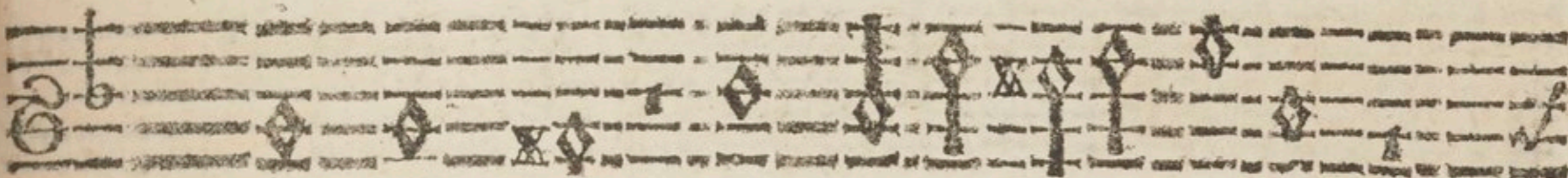


Maer sy hebben my niet konnen verwinnen.

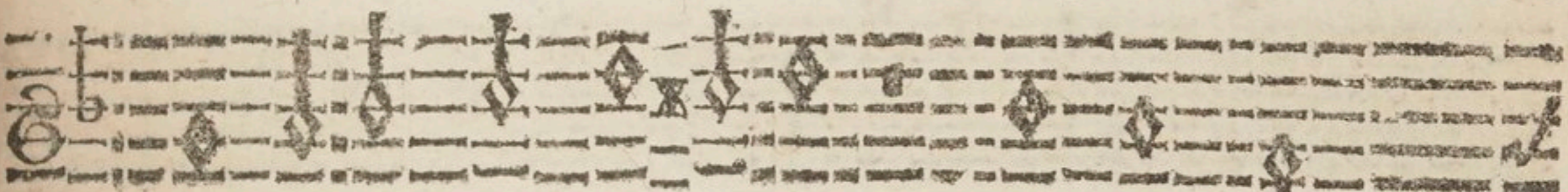




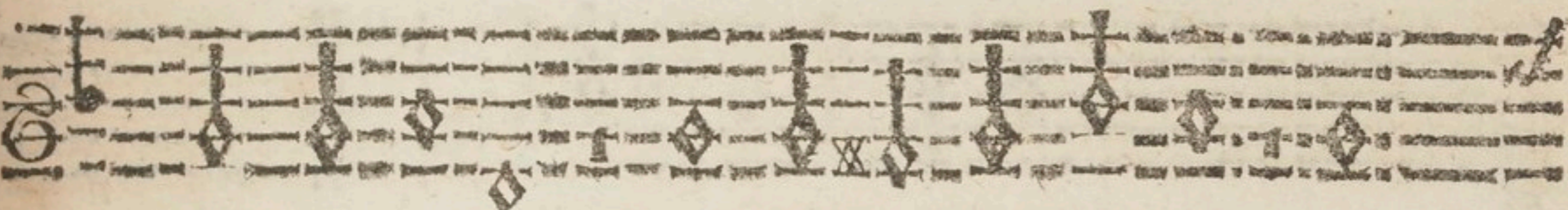
U 
 Yt de diepten ô Heere, [Mijner be-



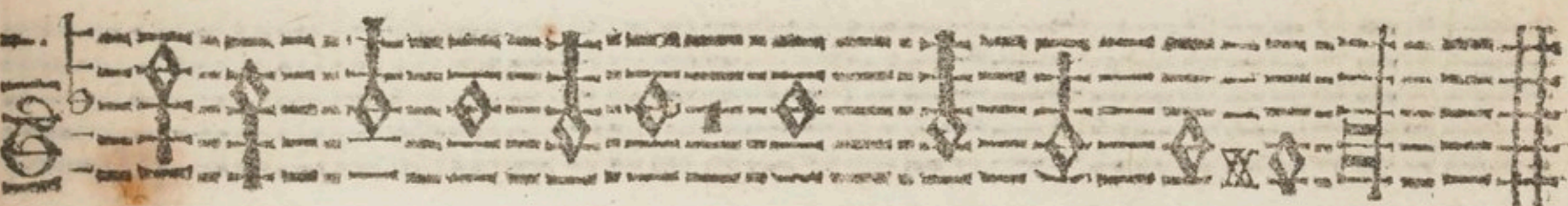
nauwtheyt groot] Roep ick tot u gaer seere,



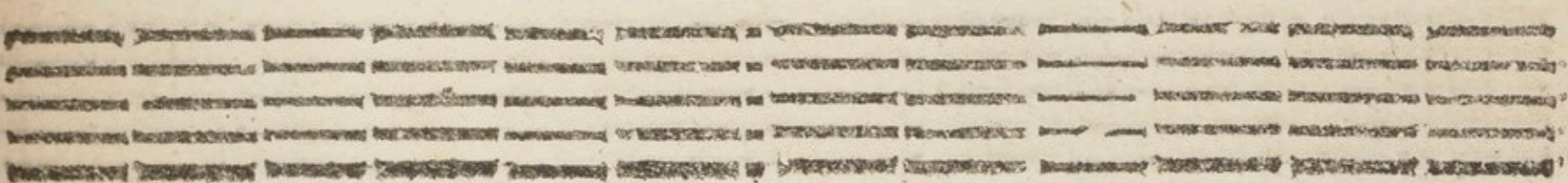
In mijnen anghst en noodt, Heer, wilt mijn



stem verhooren, Want het nu tijdt zijn sal : Laet



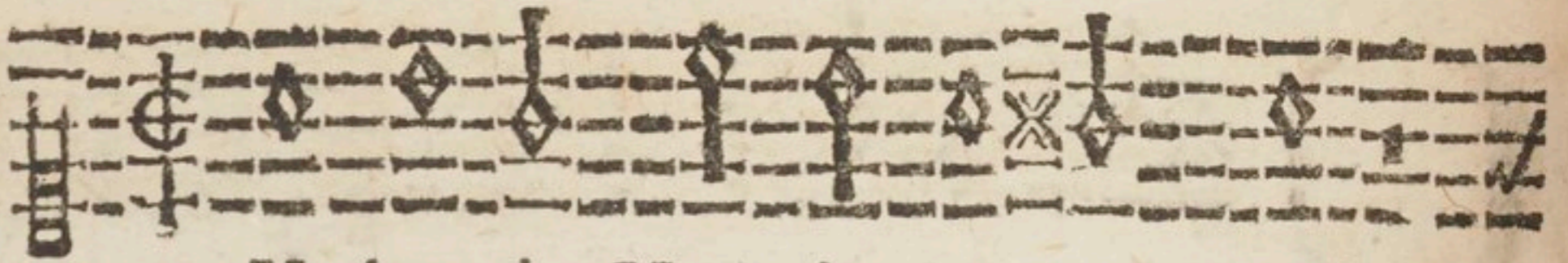
komen tot uw' ooren Mij klachtigh bidden al.



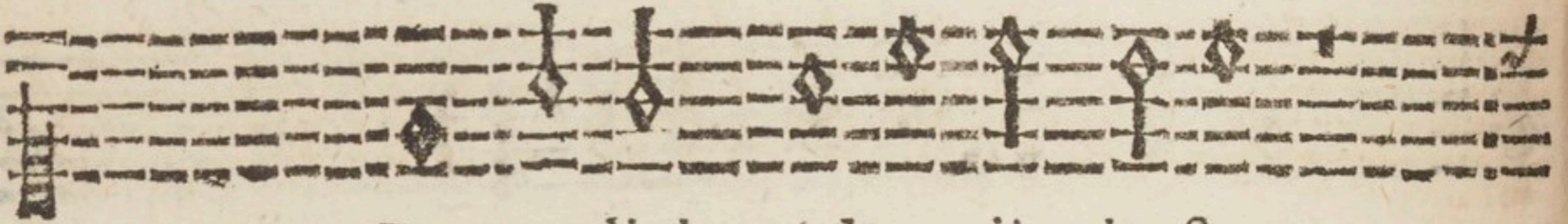
Superius.

PSALM CXXI.

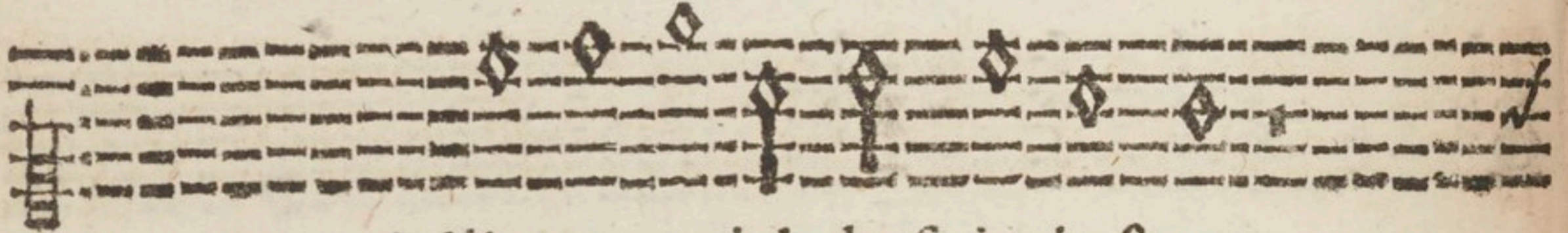
M



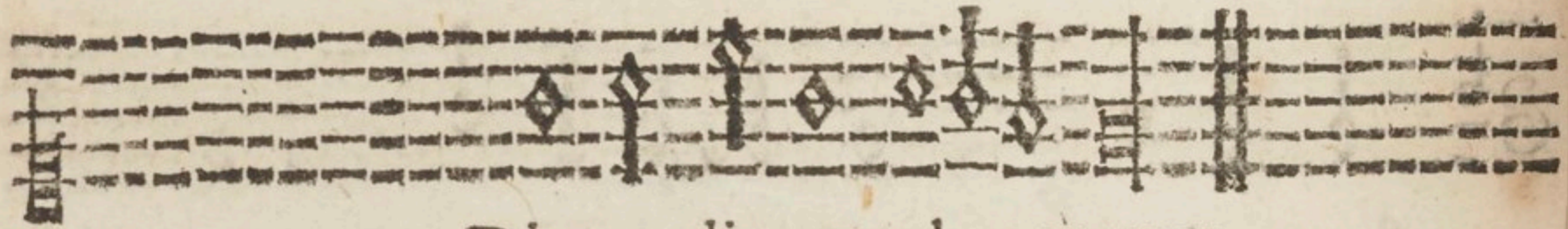
Yn hert is, Heer, in groot eenvoud,



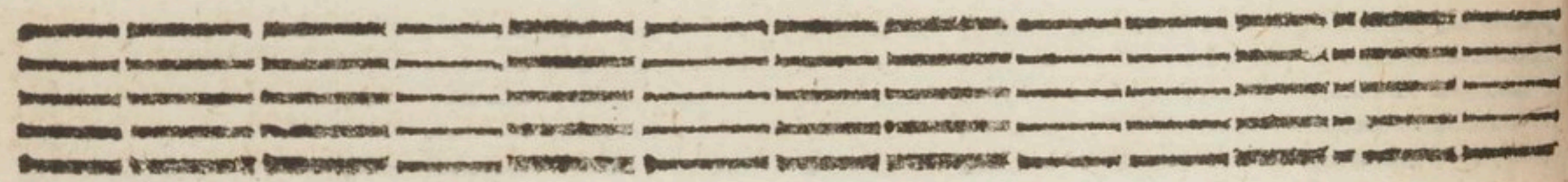
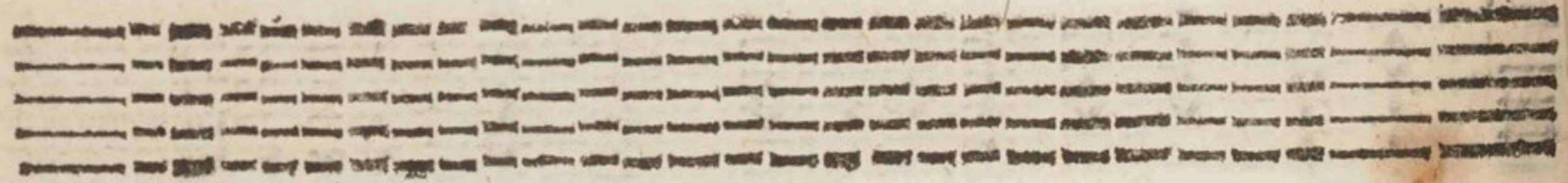
Ootmoedigh, oock en zijn niet stout



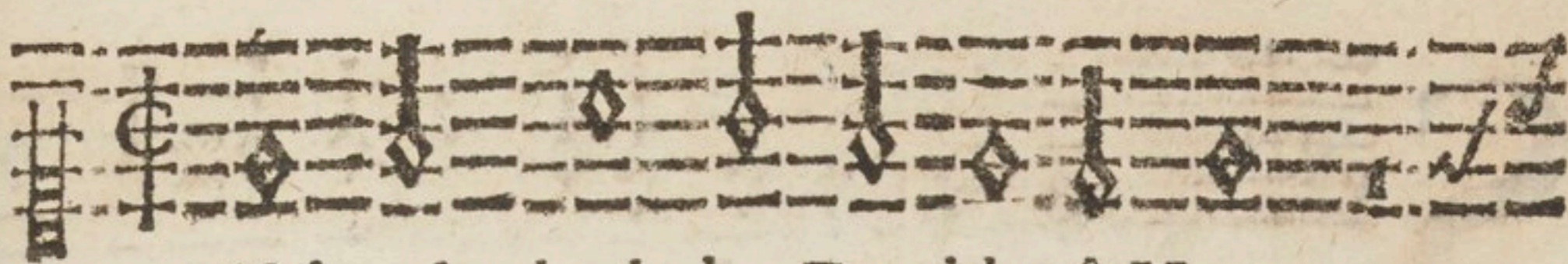
Mijn oogen, ick derf niet bestaen



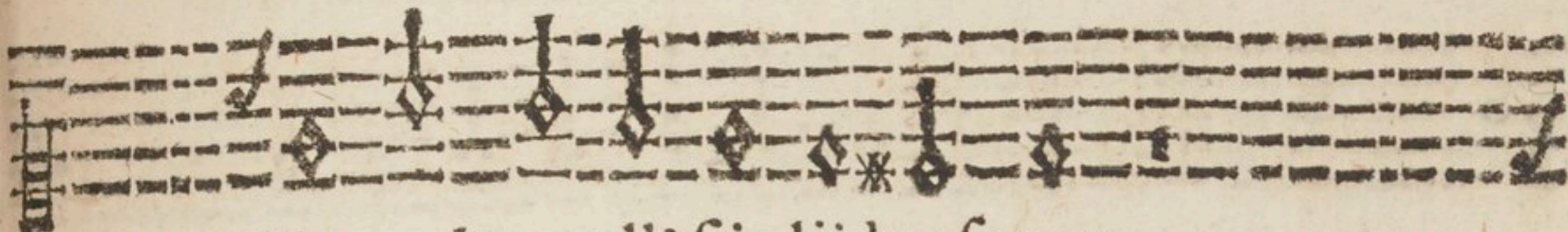
Dingen die my te boven gaen.



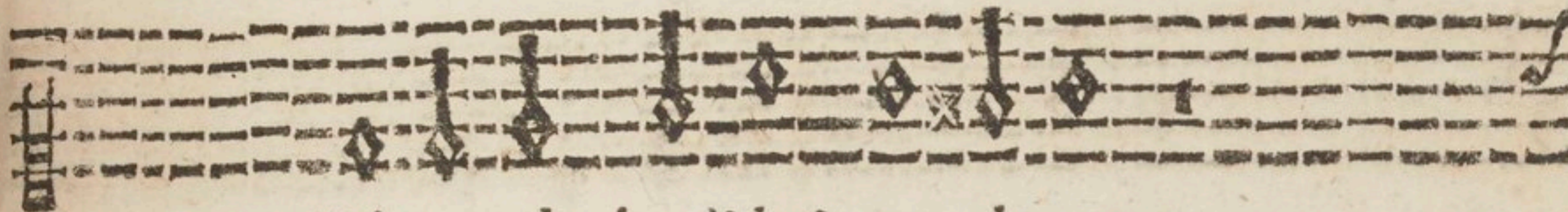
G



Edenckt doch des Davids, ô Heer,



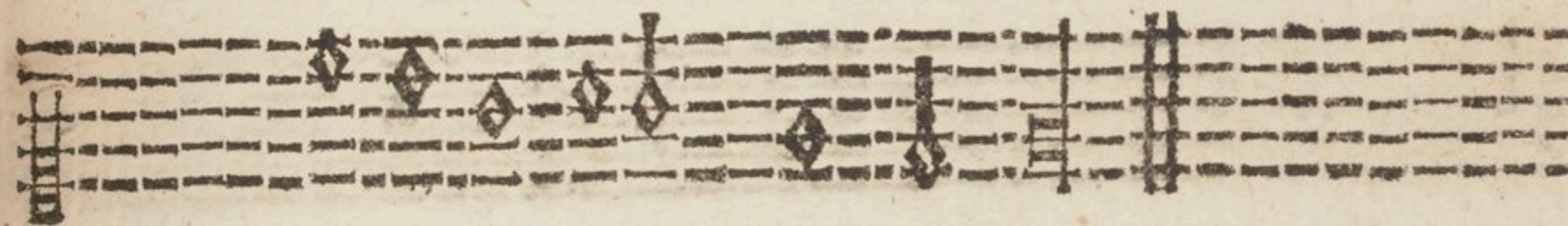
En oock aen all' sijn lijdten swaer,



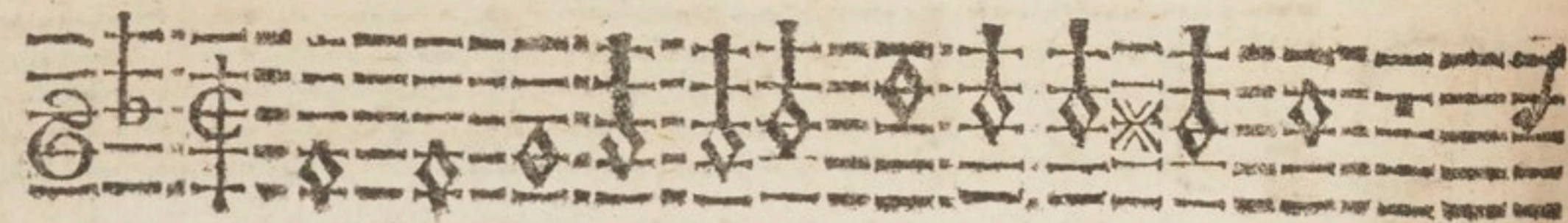
Die u eedt deed' in 't openbaer,



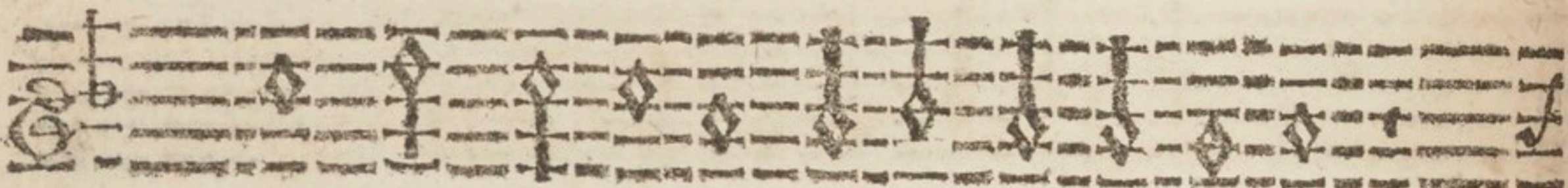
En u, Godt Jacobs vol van eer',



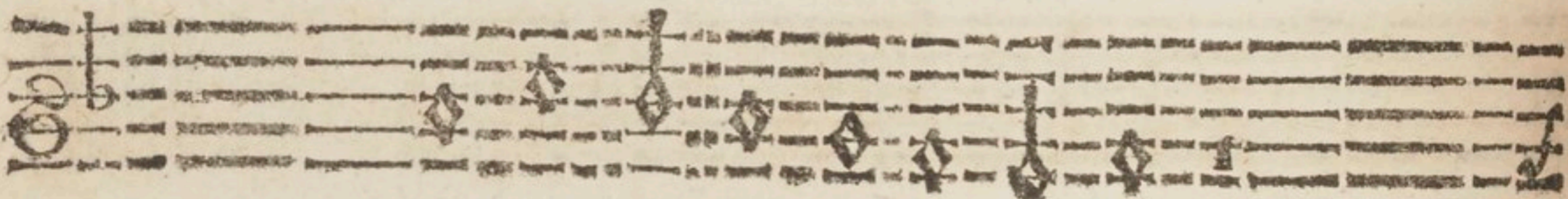
Beloften altijd deed' eerbaer.

S 

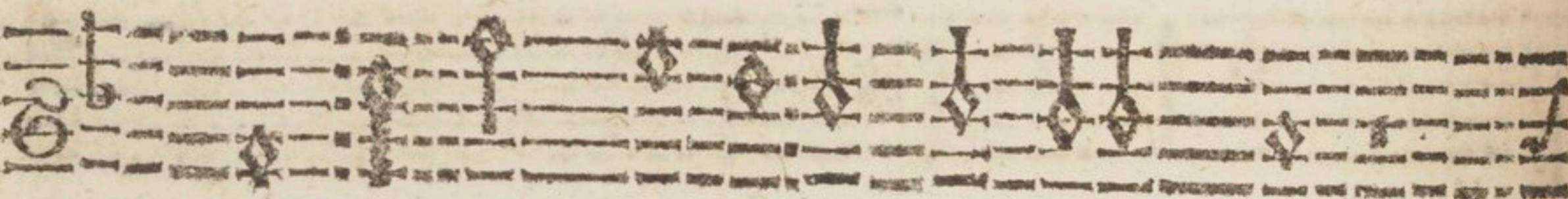
Iet hoe fijn en lieflick is t'allen stonden,



Dat broeders in eendrachtigheyt bevonden,



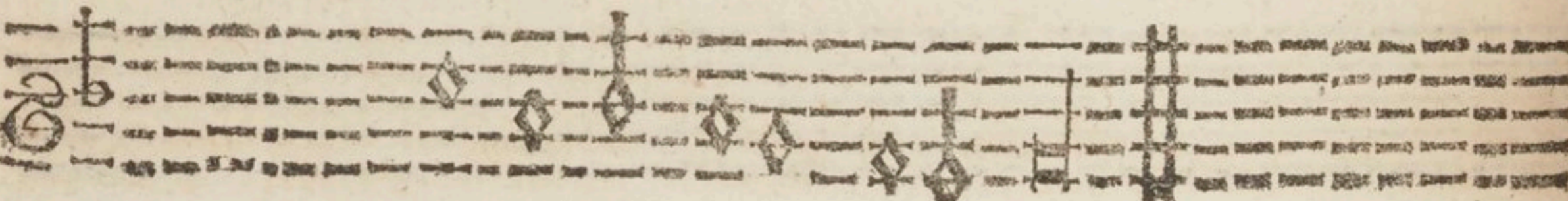
T'samen woonen in vrede goet,



Sulcx is gantschlick gelijk een balssem soet,

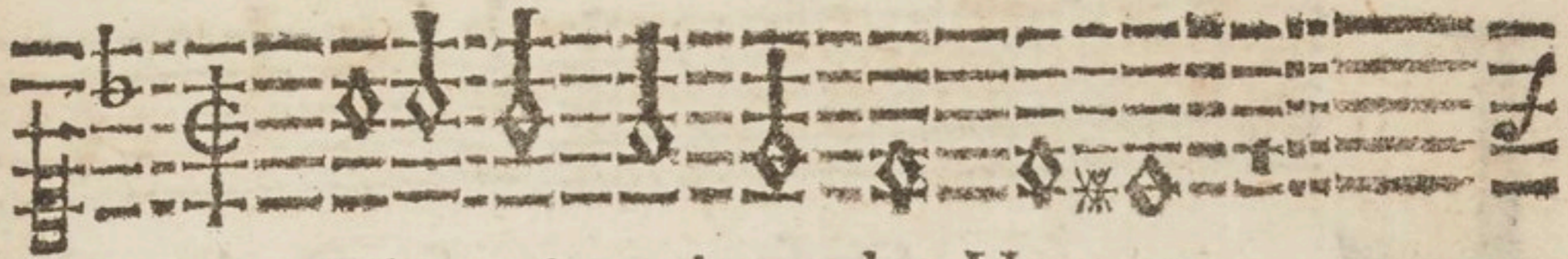


Die op dat hoeft Aärons was feer klaer

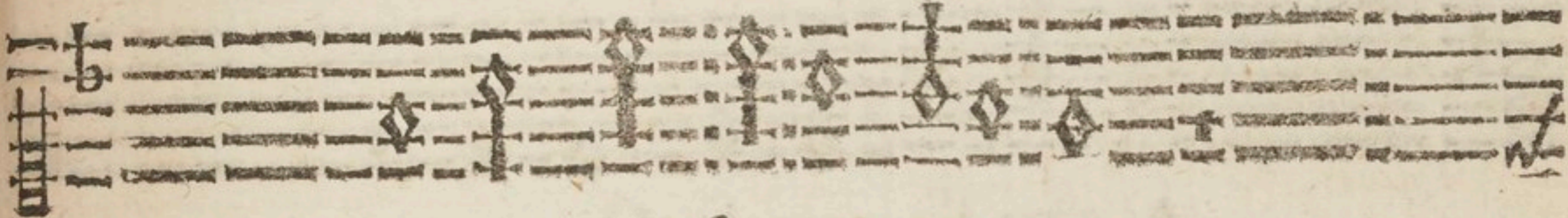


Uytgestortet in 't openbaer.

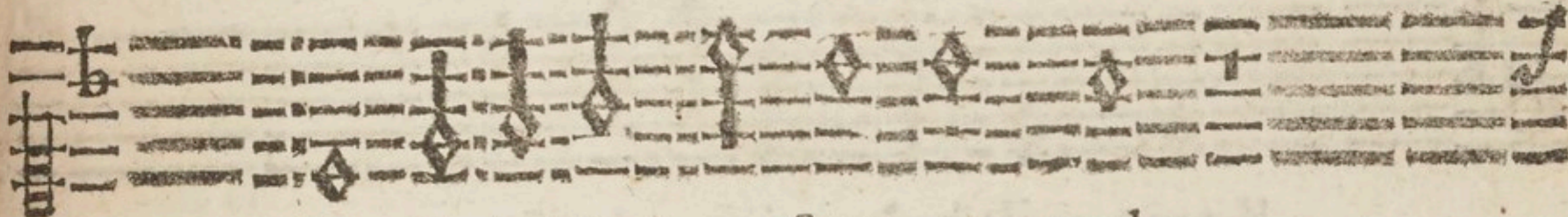
A



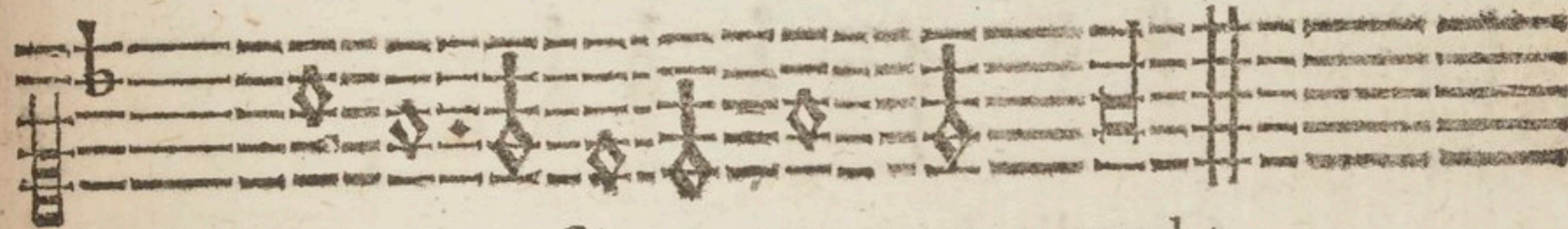
Lle gy knechten des Heeren,



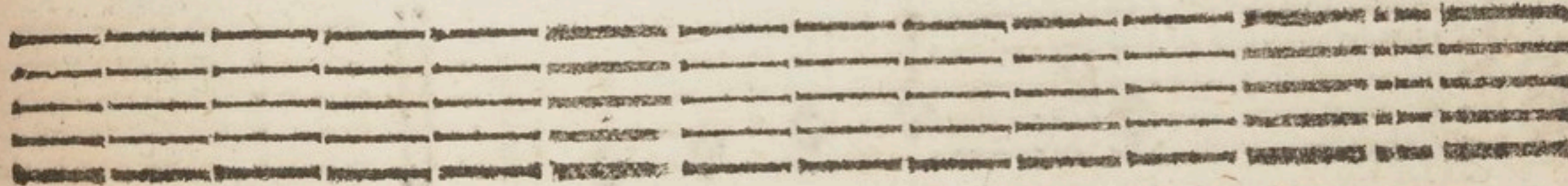
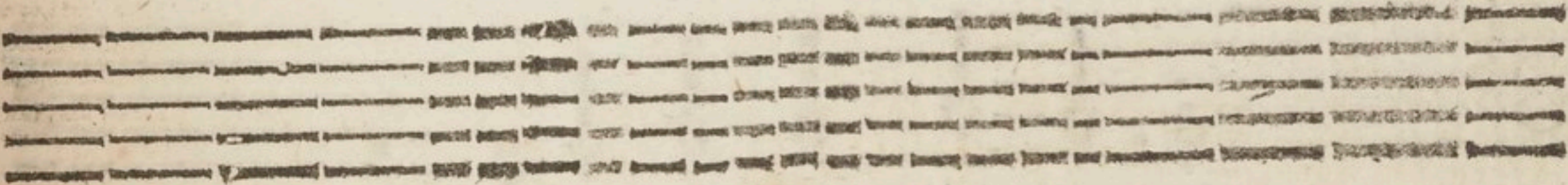
Wilt hem nu t'samen vereeren :

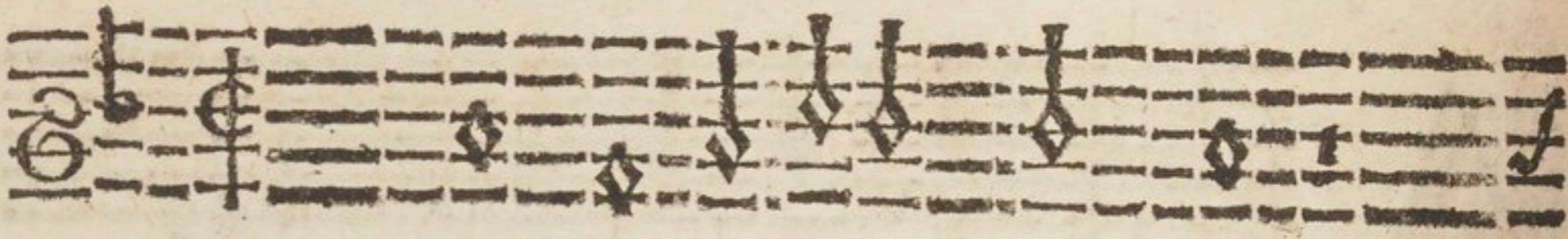


Ghy die in sijn huys staet en waeckt,

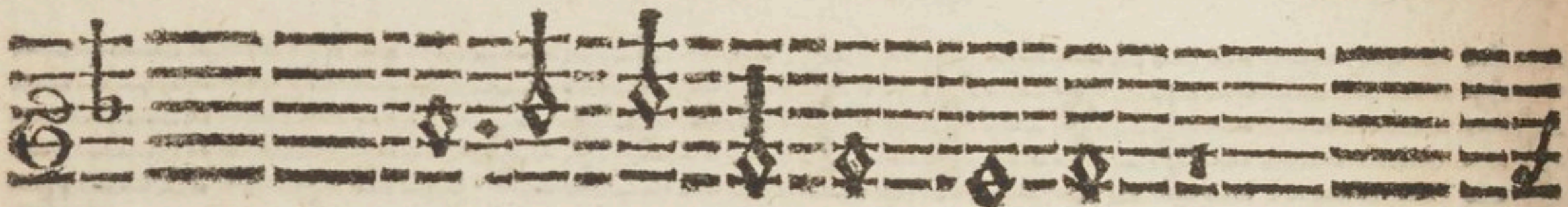


Dient hem, en sijnen naem groot maectt.

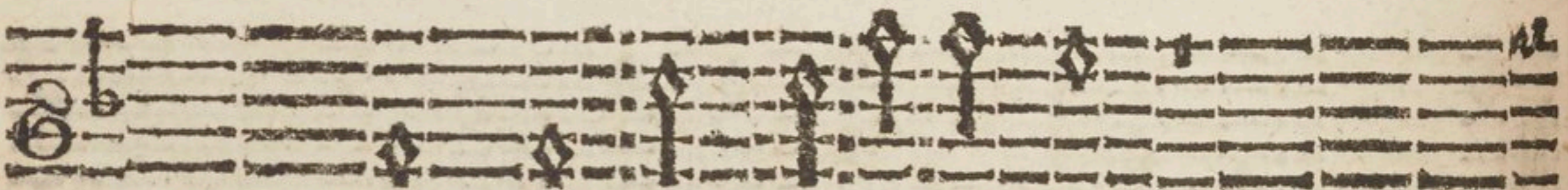


L 

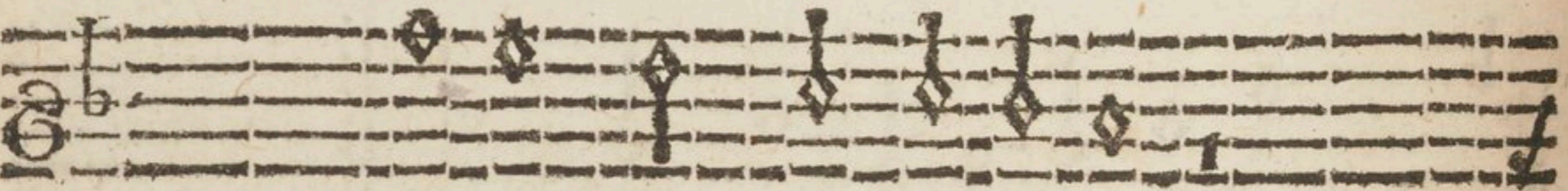
Ooft nu vry onses Godts naem



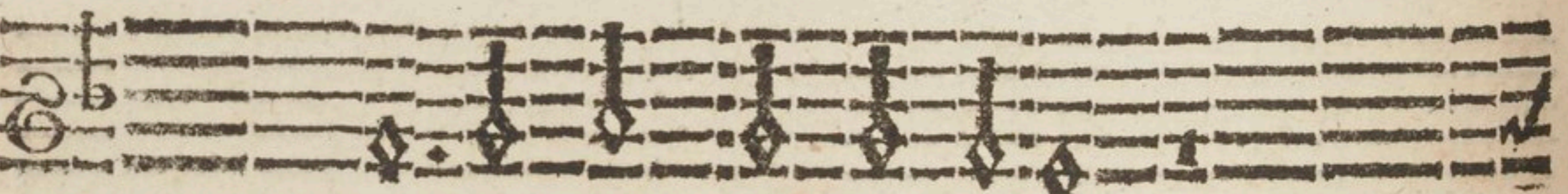
Al ghy dienaers des Heeren.



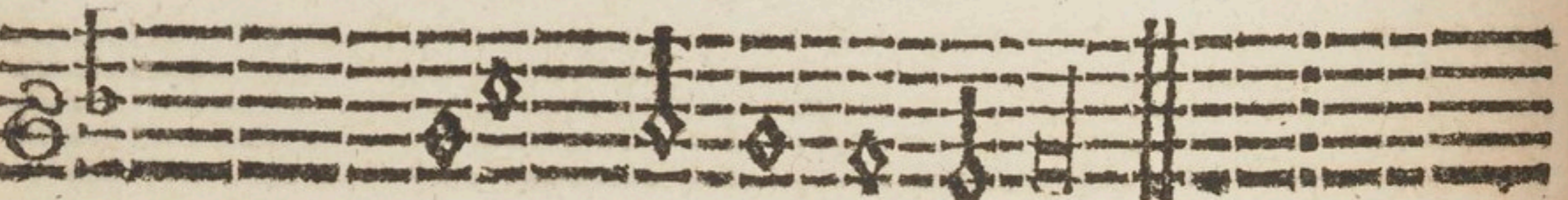
Komt, wilt hem prijfen al t'saem,



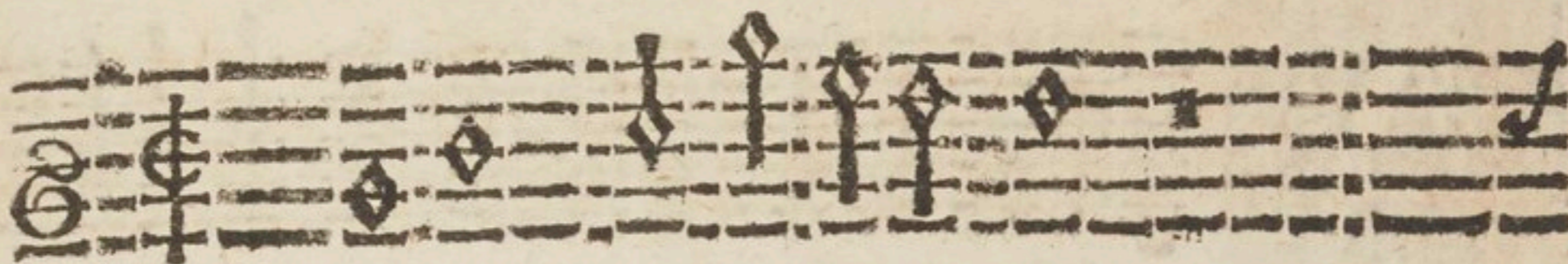
Ghy die daer woont met eeren



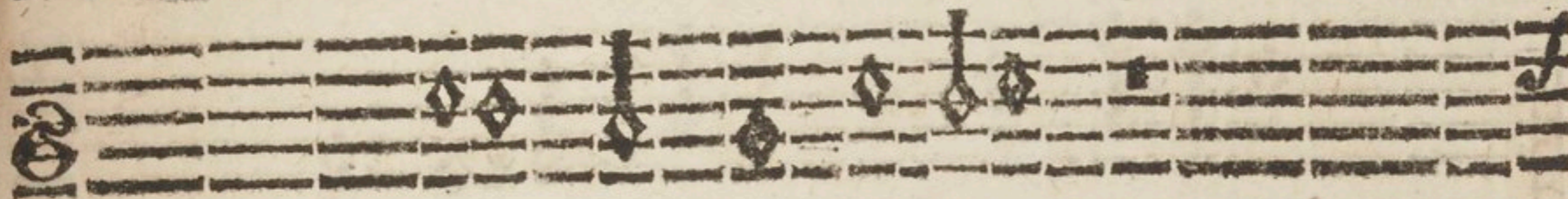
In zijn Huys, wilt hem loven



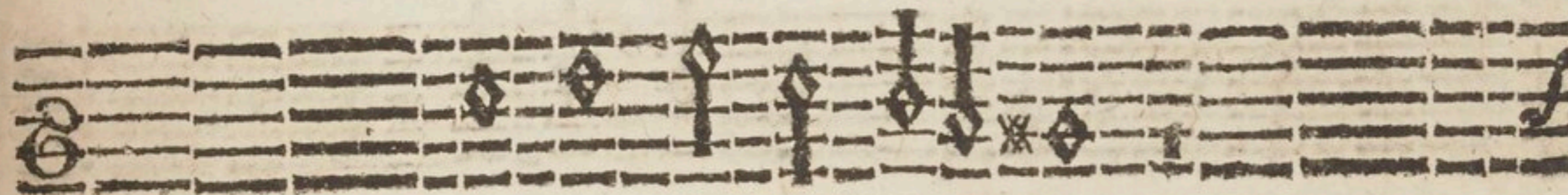
In zijn schoone voorhoven.



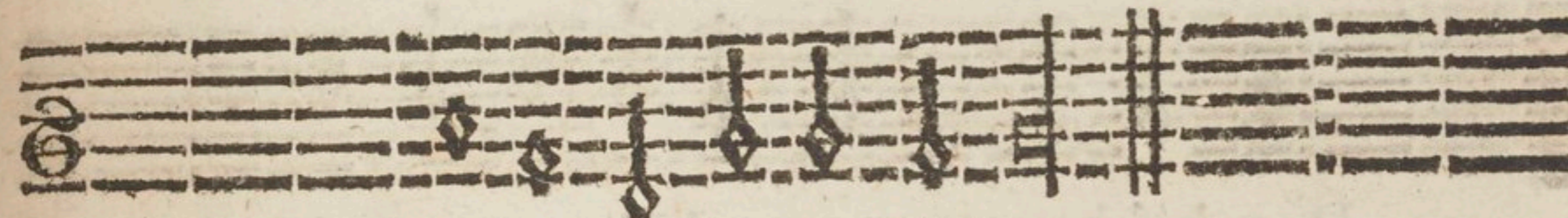
Ancket Godt nu opentlick,



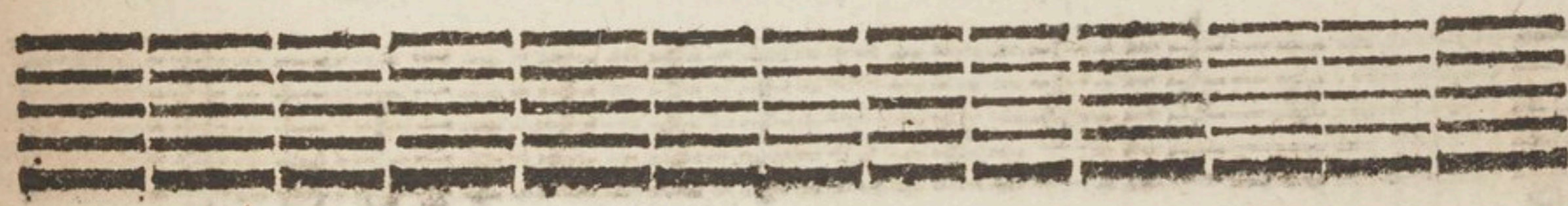
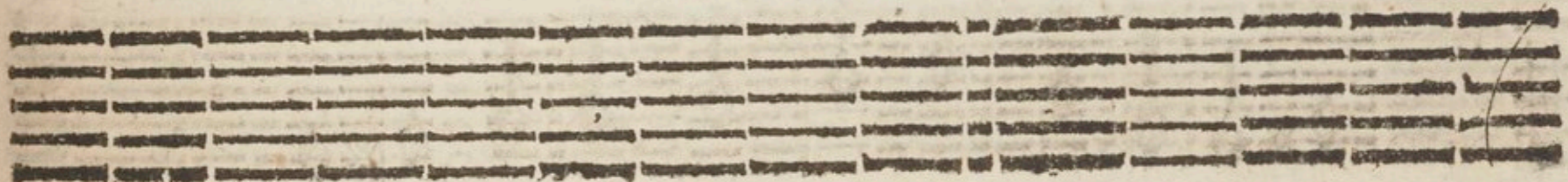
Hy is doch seer vriendelick :



Want sijn groote goedigheyt

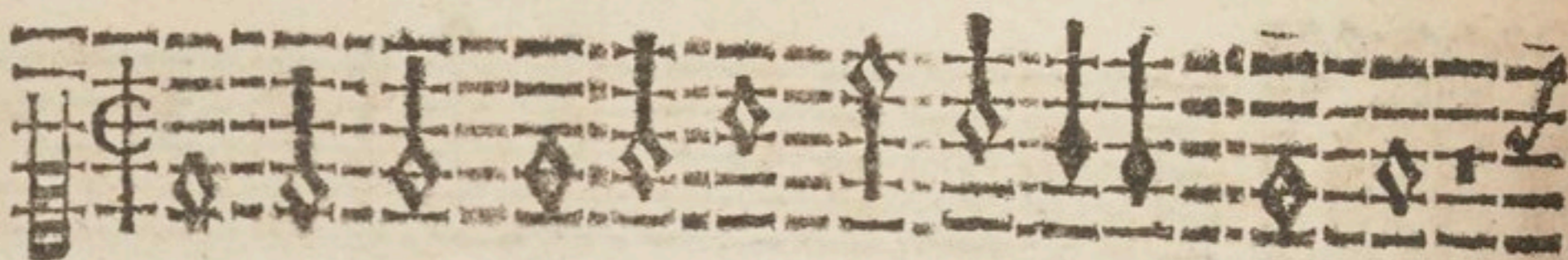
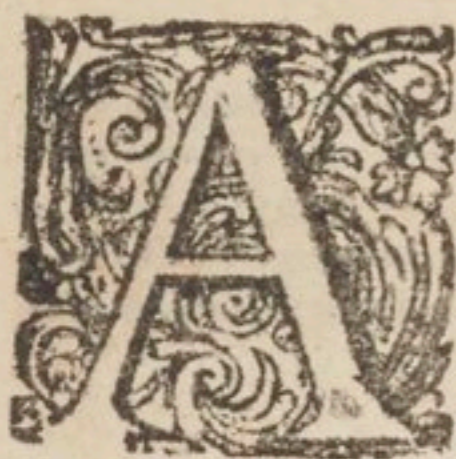


Geduert in der eeuwigheyt.

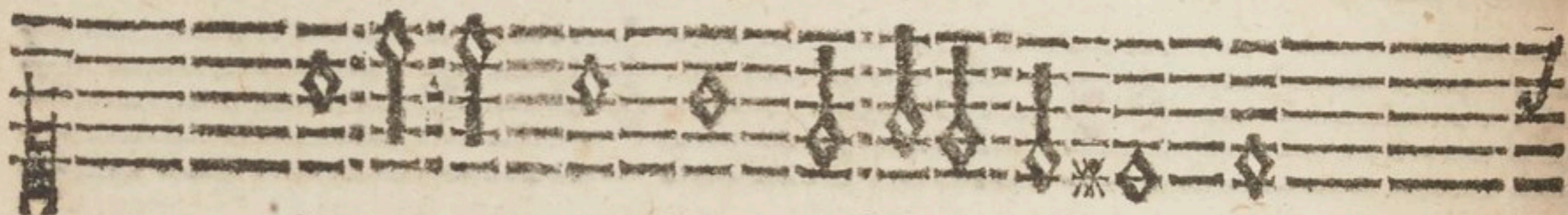


Superius.

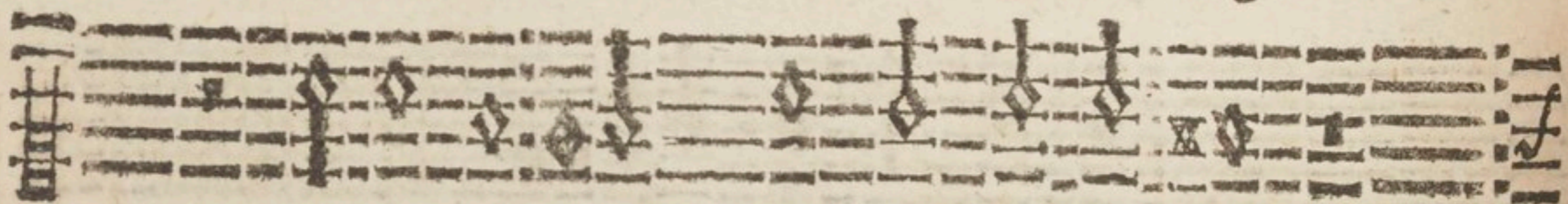
PSALM CXXXVII.



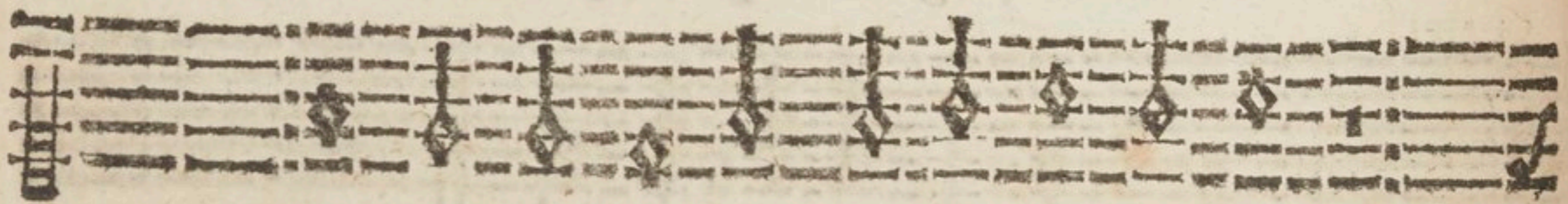
Is wy aen dat water tot Babel klachtigh



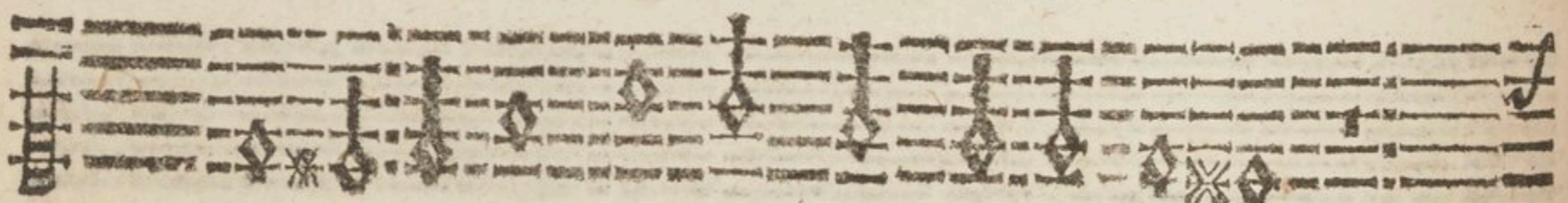
Saten en weenden, wefende gedachtigh



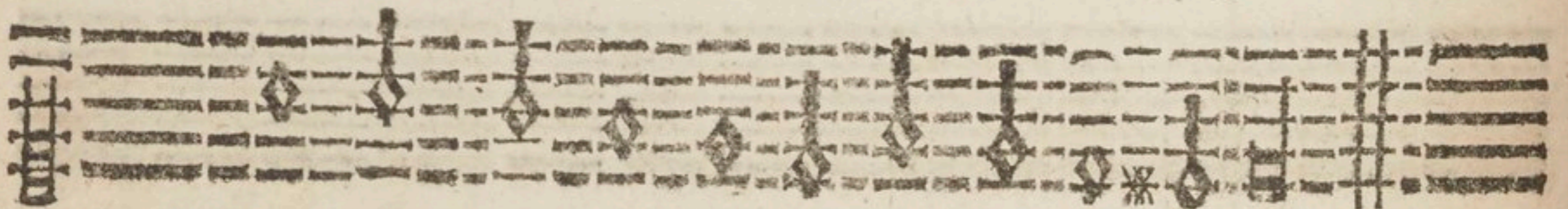
Uwes, ô Zion ! Huys des Heeren reyn,



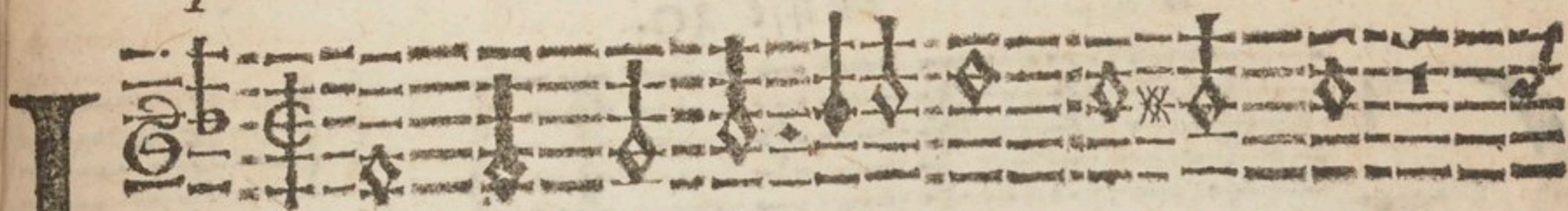
Daer hebben wy met veel klagens gemeyn



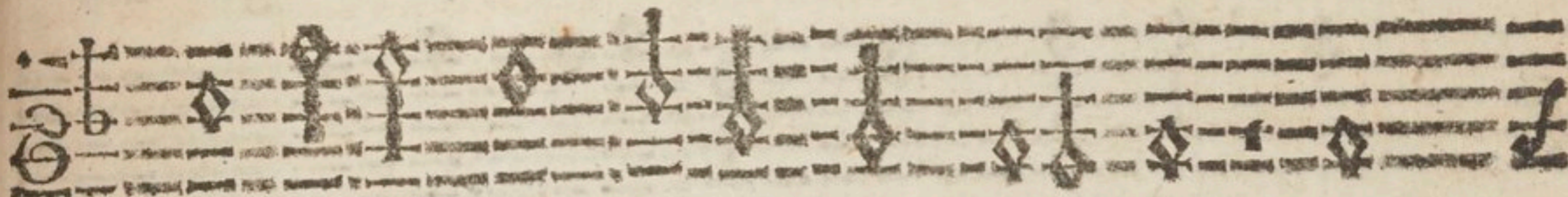
Onse harpen, benouwt met herten bangen,



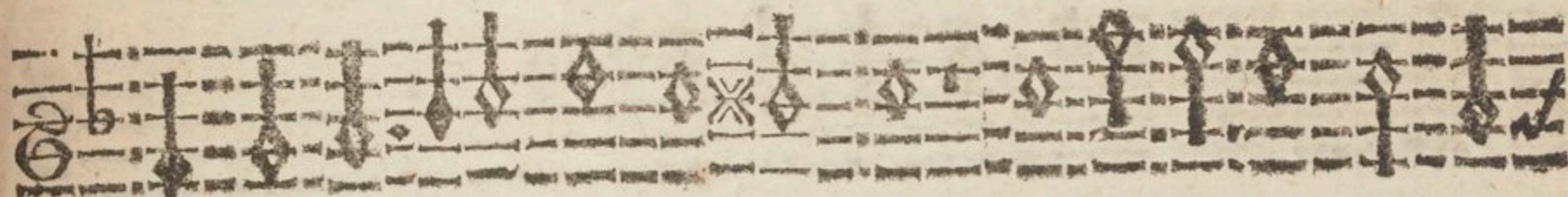
Aen den groenen wilgenboomen gehangen.



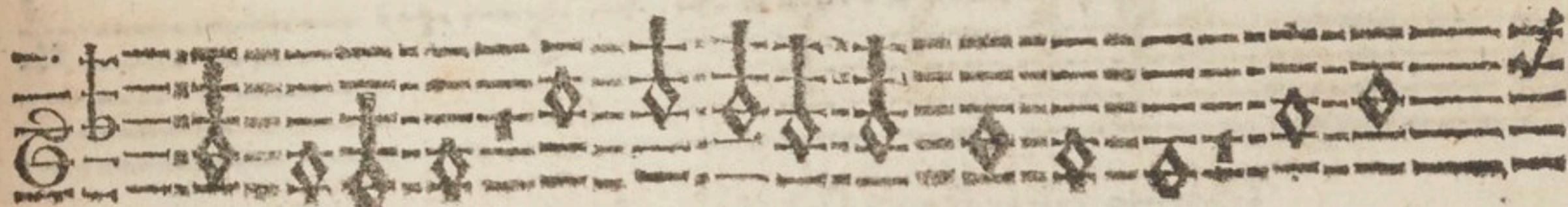
Ick danck u, Heer, uyt 's herten grondt,



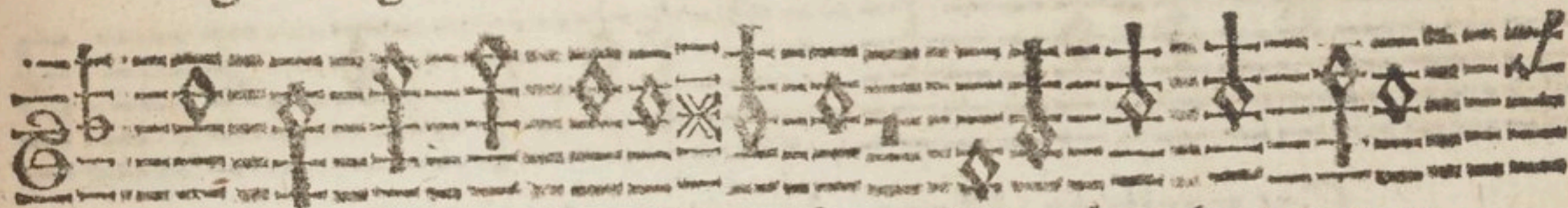
Lippen en mondt, U eer voortbrin- gen: Voor



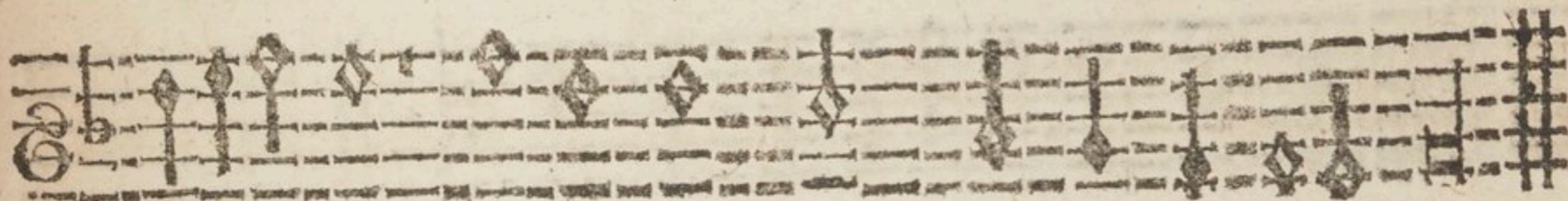
den Vorsten wil ick, ô Heer! U lofen eer Gesta-



dig sin- gen. Ick wil in uwen tempel saen U bid-



den aen, En eer bewij- fen: En u dancken om u



goet- heyt, En getrouwheyt, Niet om volprij- fen.

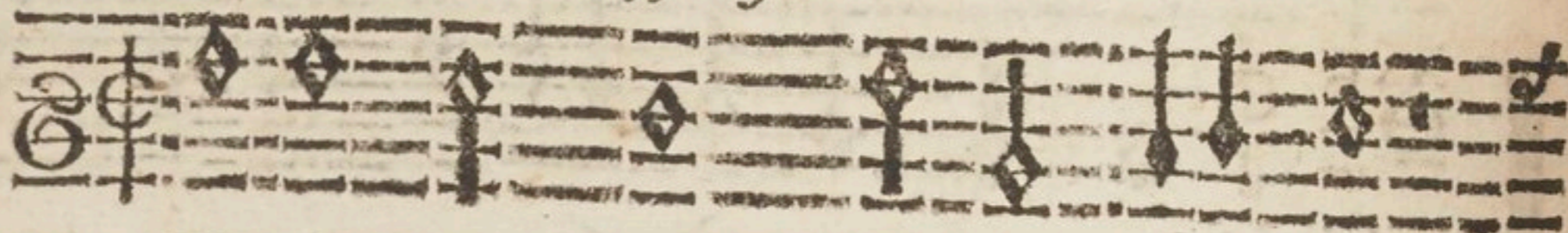
Superius.

PSALM CXXXIX.

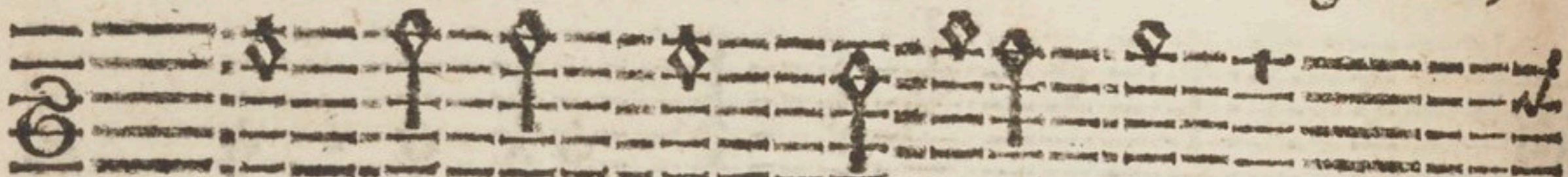
a 5.

Wijse 30.

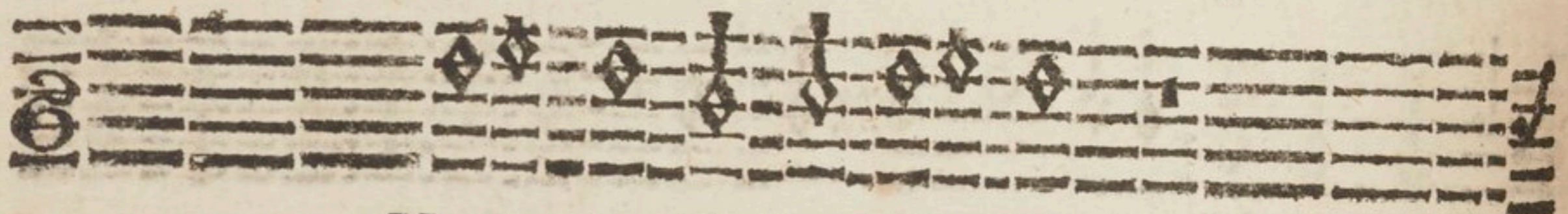
G



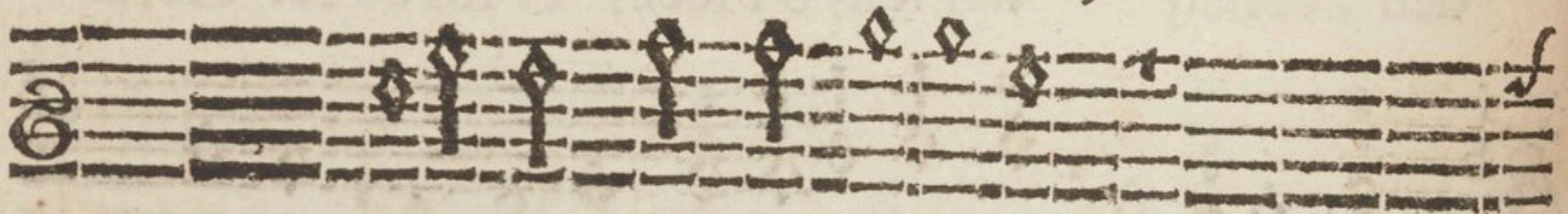
Y hebt my, Heer, gantschlick doorgrondt,



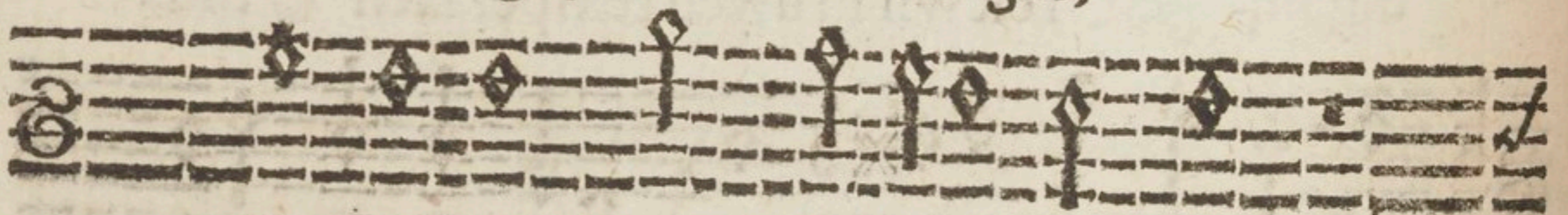
Ghy weet mijn kracht voor deser stondt,



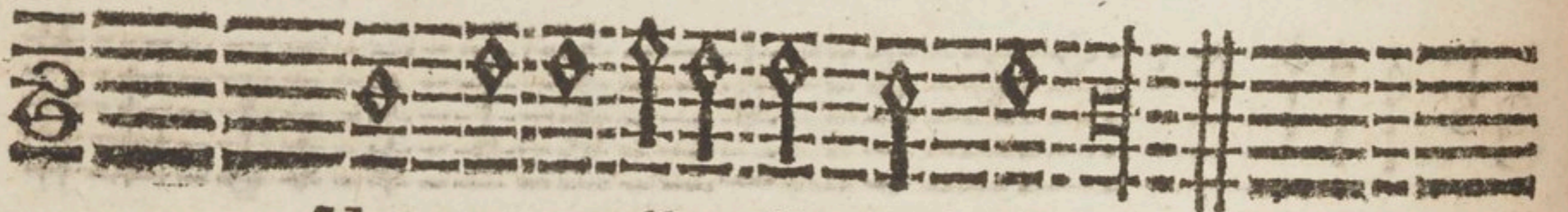
Het zy dat ick sitt' ofte stae,



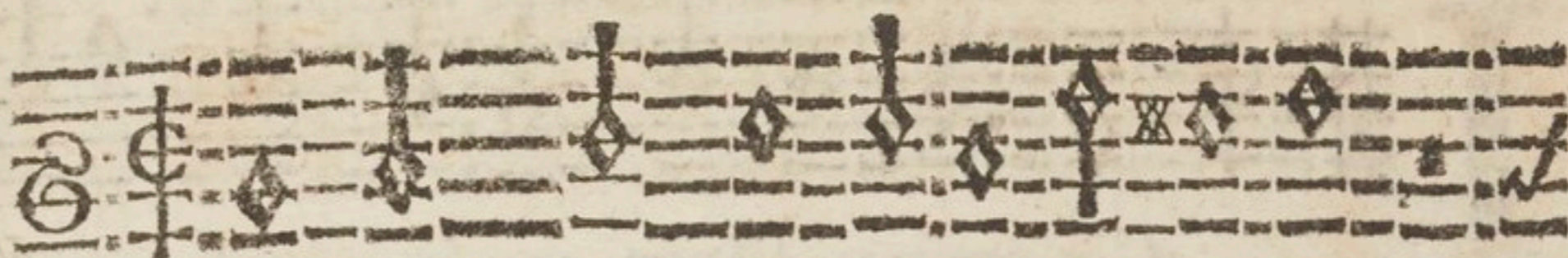
Heere ghy slaet sulckes al gae,



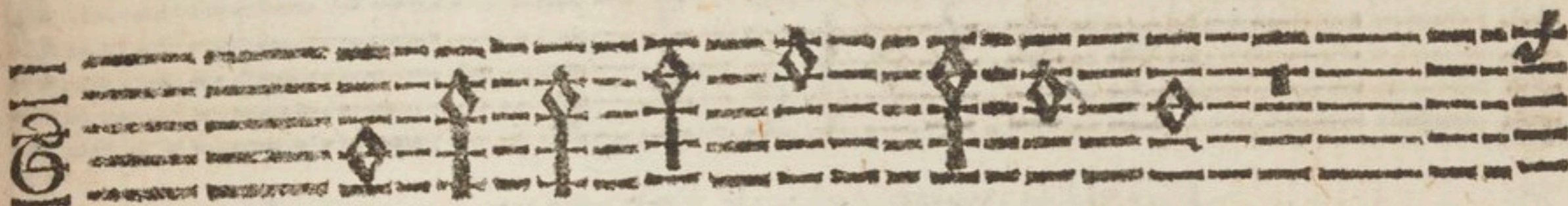
Gy verstaet, Heer, door uwe krachten,



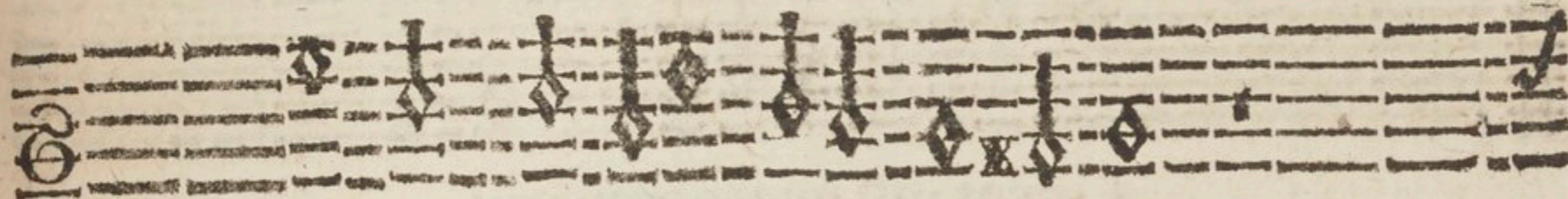
Van verren alle mijn' gedachten.



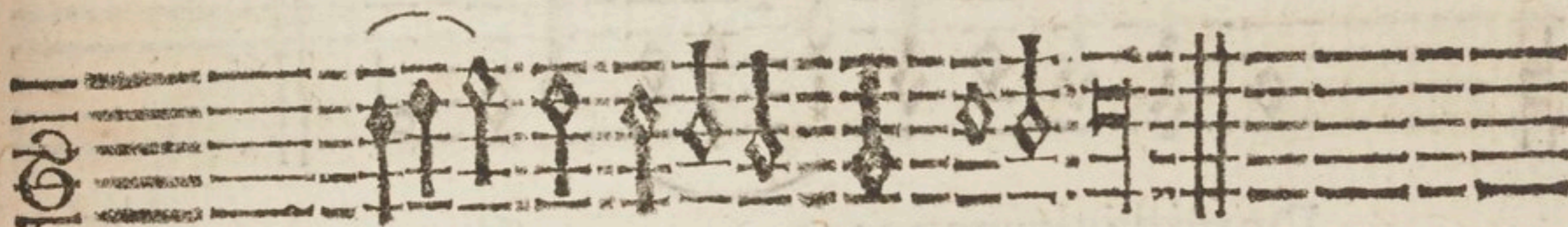
Mijn Godt wilt my nu bevrijden



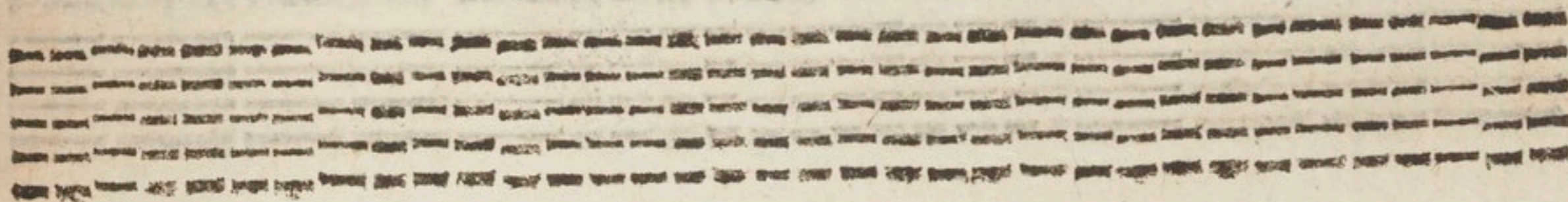
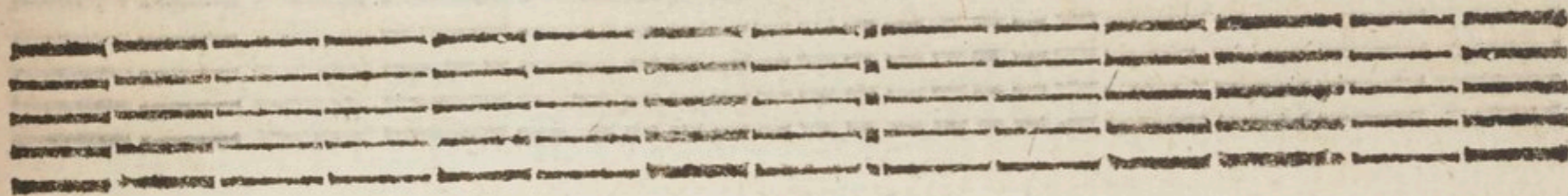
Voor de menschen seer boos, en quaet :

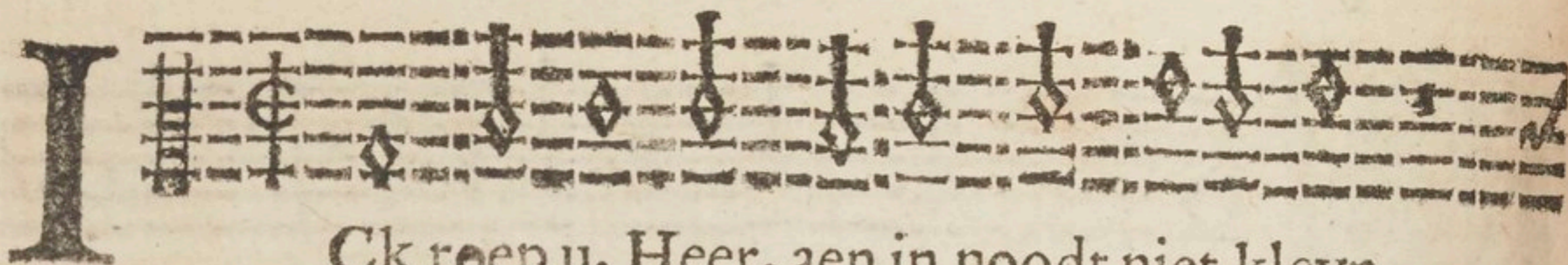


Behoed my nu en t'allen tij- den

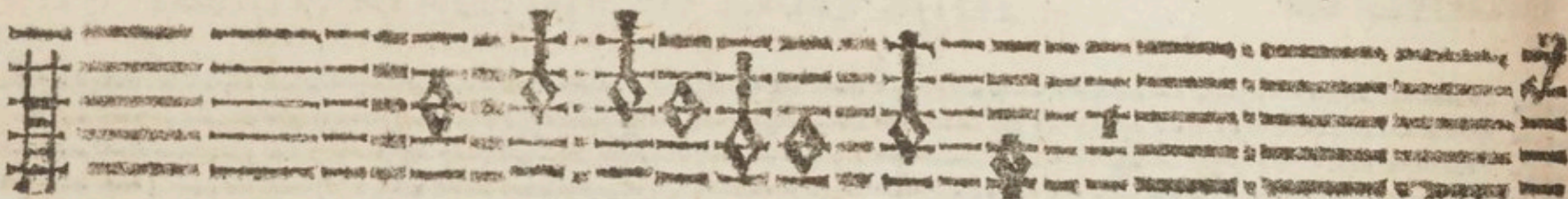


Voor der listigen raet en daet.

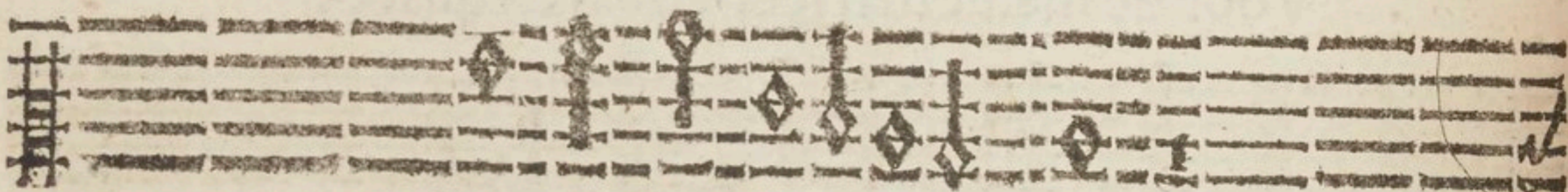


I 

Ck roep u, Heer, aen in noodt niet kleyn,



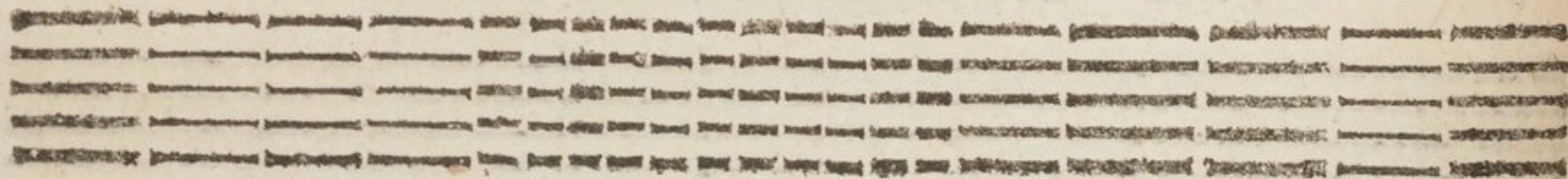
Maest u genadelick tot my :

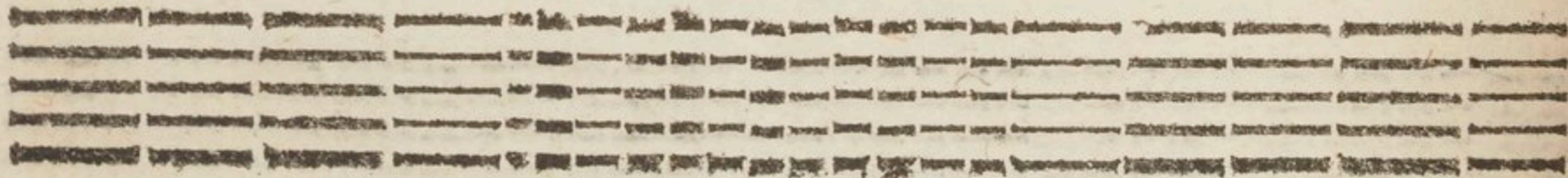


Opent my nu u ooren vry,



Dewijlick roepe tot u alleyn.





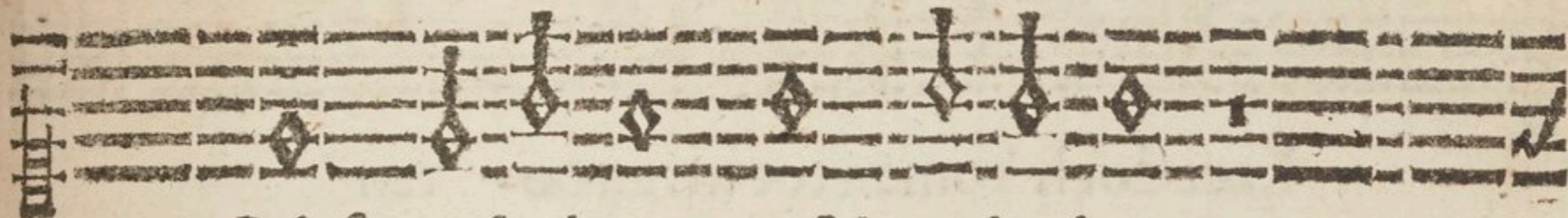
a 5.

Wijse 100.

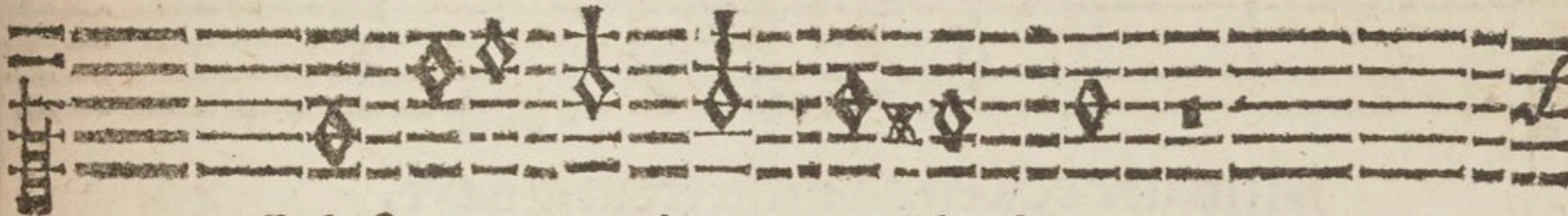
I



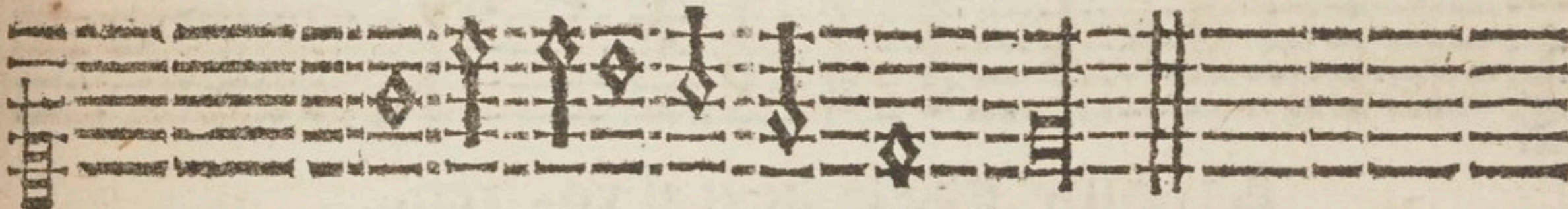
Ik roepe Godt met herten aen,



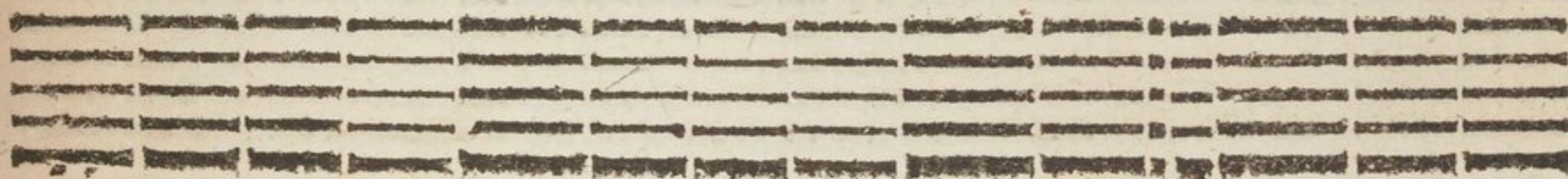
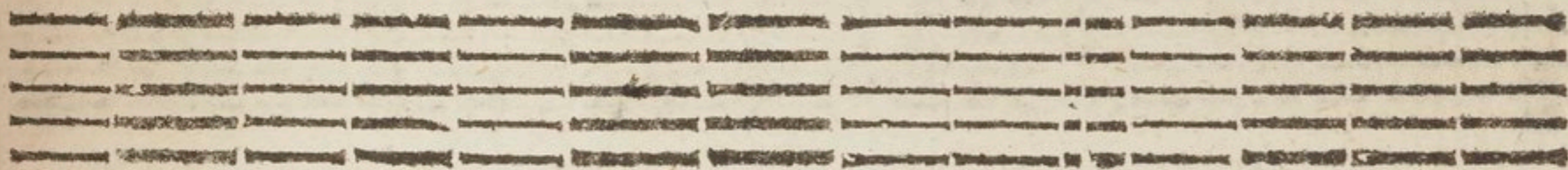
Ick smeecke hem gantsch onderdaen.



Ick storte voor hem uyt mijn hert,

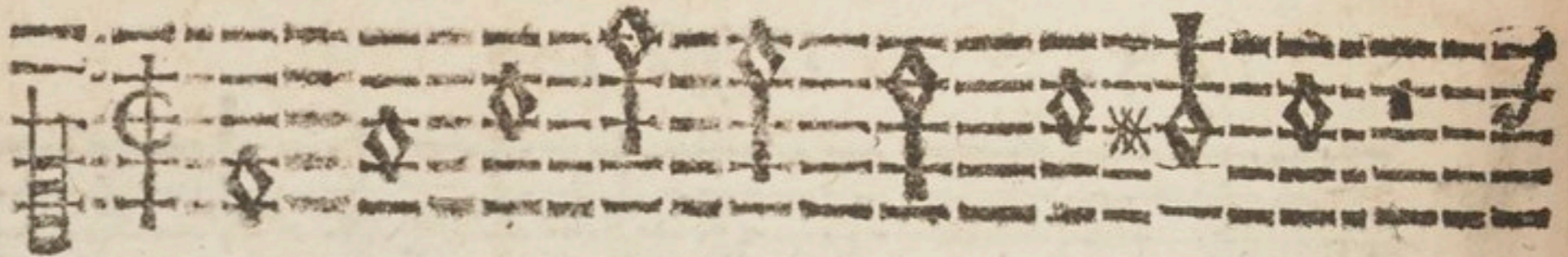


En vertelle hem al mijn smert.

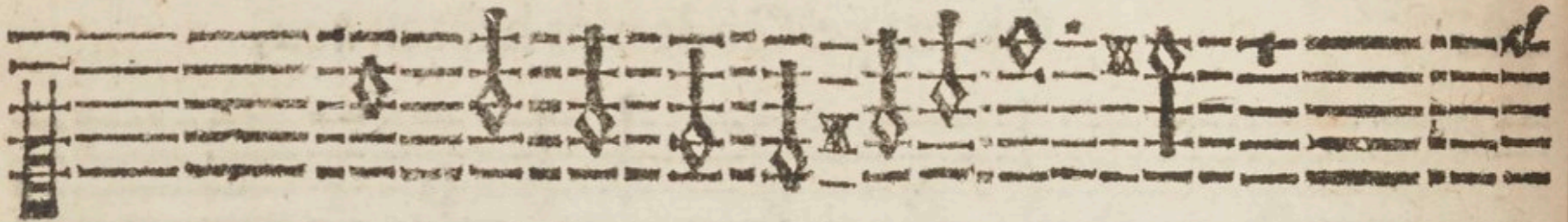


Superius.

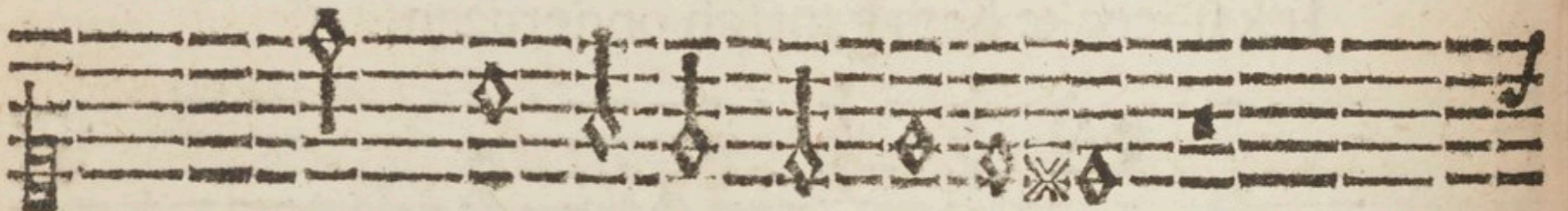
PSALM CXLIII.



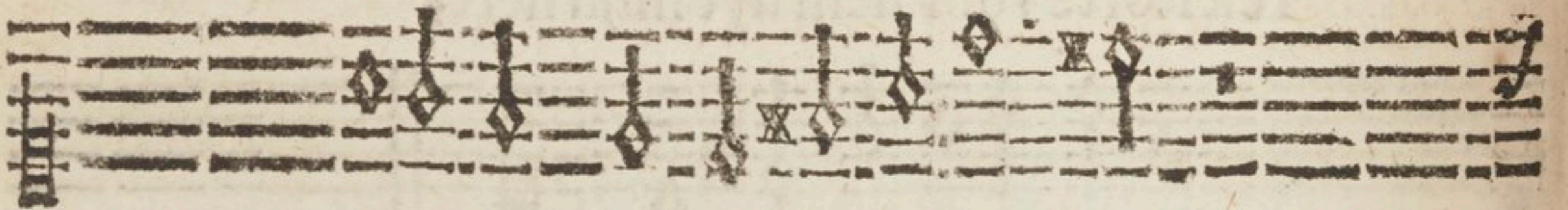
ilt mijn gebedt, ô Heer, verhooren,



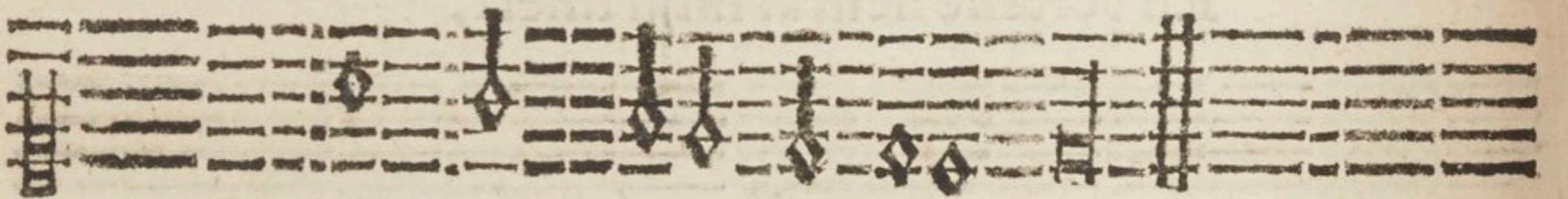
Laet doch komen tot uwen ooren



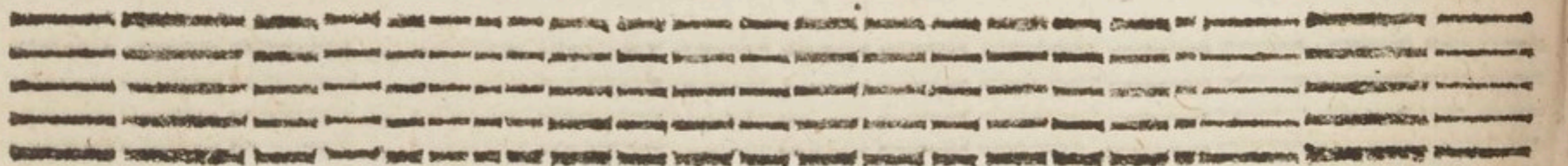
Mijn smeucken en mijn treurigheyt,

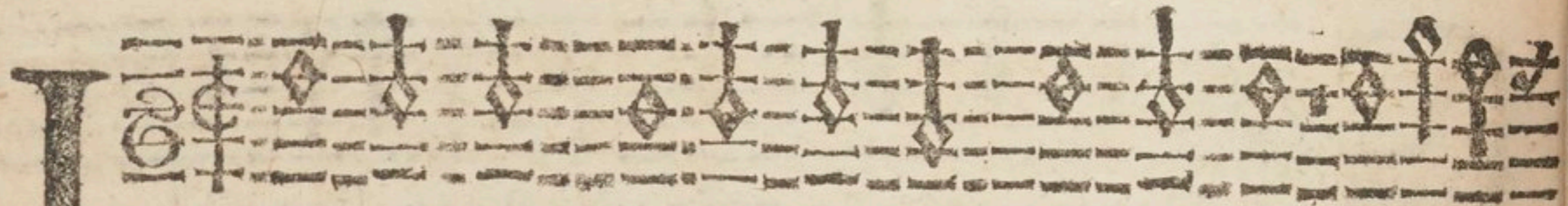


En na uw' goedigheyt al vooren,

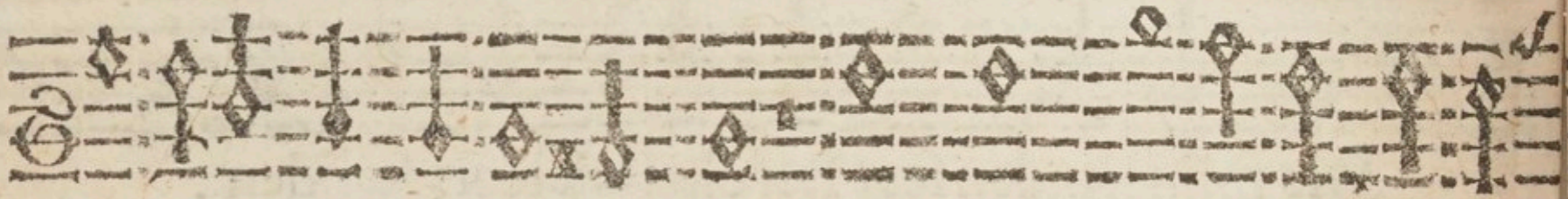


Antwoordt my in mijn tegenheyt.

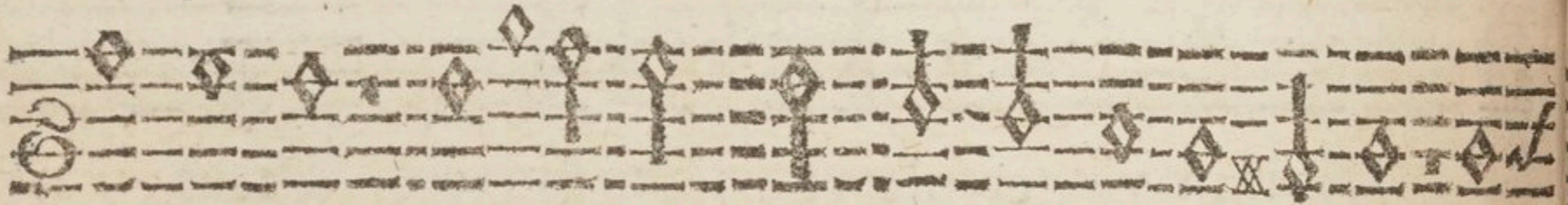




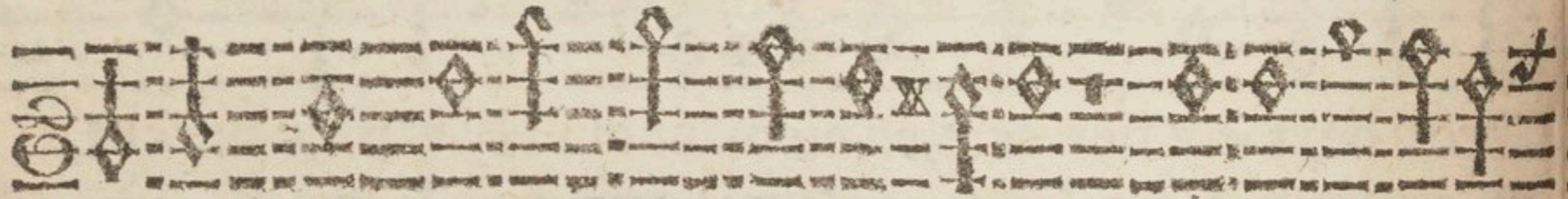
Ick sal God, mijnen Koning, prijfen seer, En uwen



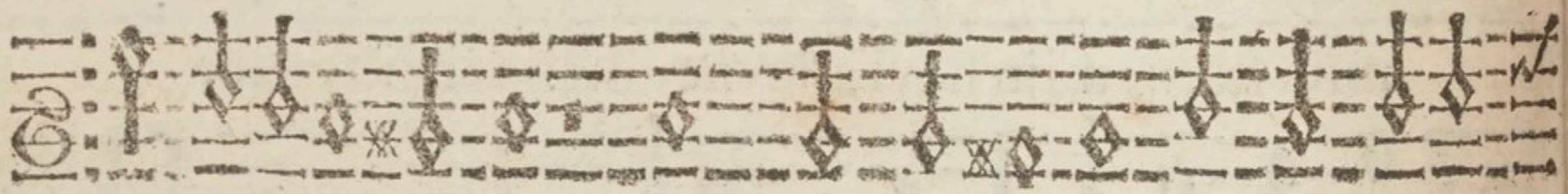
heyiligen naem loven, Heer : Ick wil, Heer, uwen naem ver-



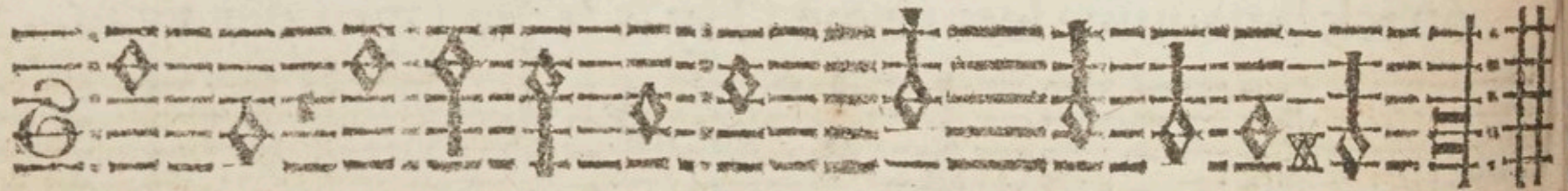
breyden sijn, En u altijd groot maken, ô God mijn. De



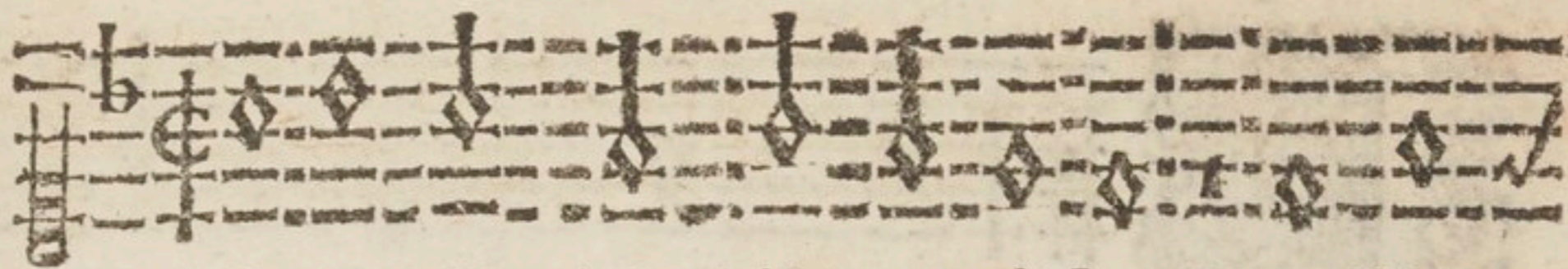
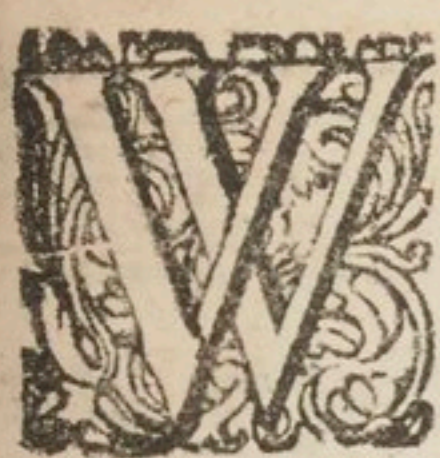
Heer is groot, en seer hooglick te prijfen : Onbegrijp'lick is



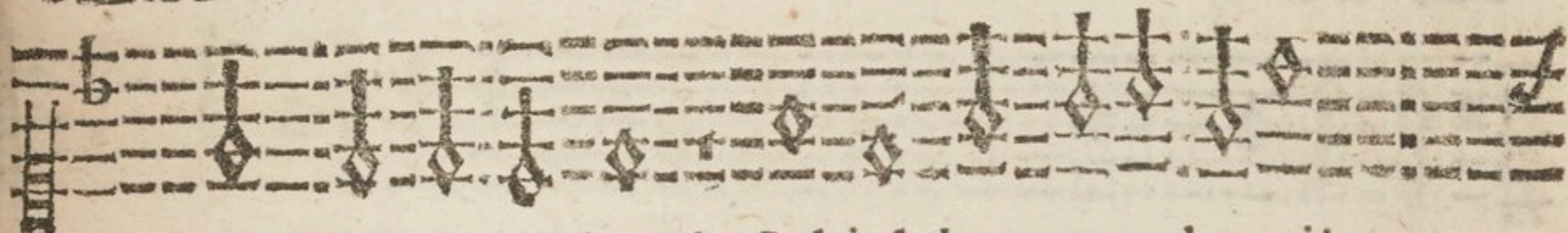
hy in aller wijfen. Kinds-kind'ren fullen roemen sijne



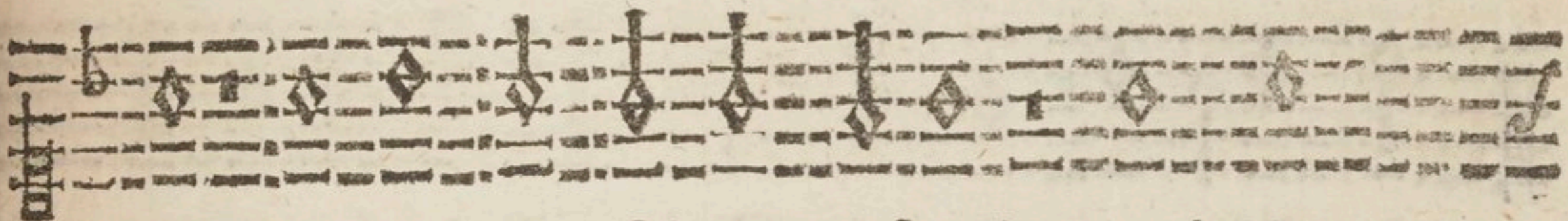
wercken, En vermonden sijn kracht niet om verstercken.



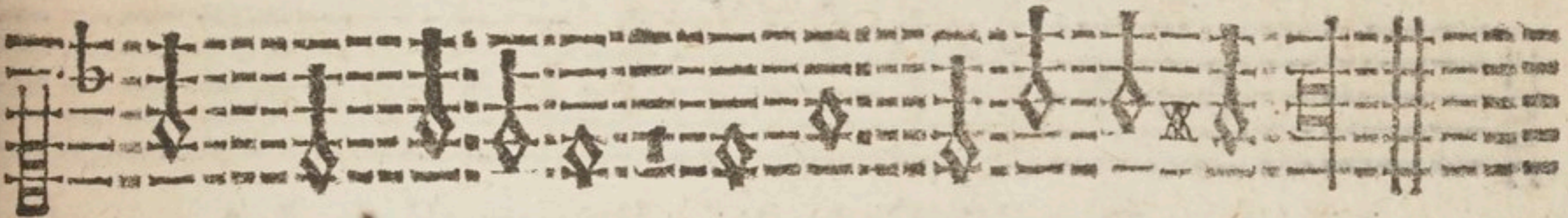
El op mijn ziel, wilt nu prijsen Den Heer :



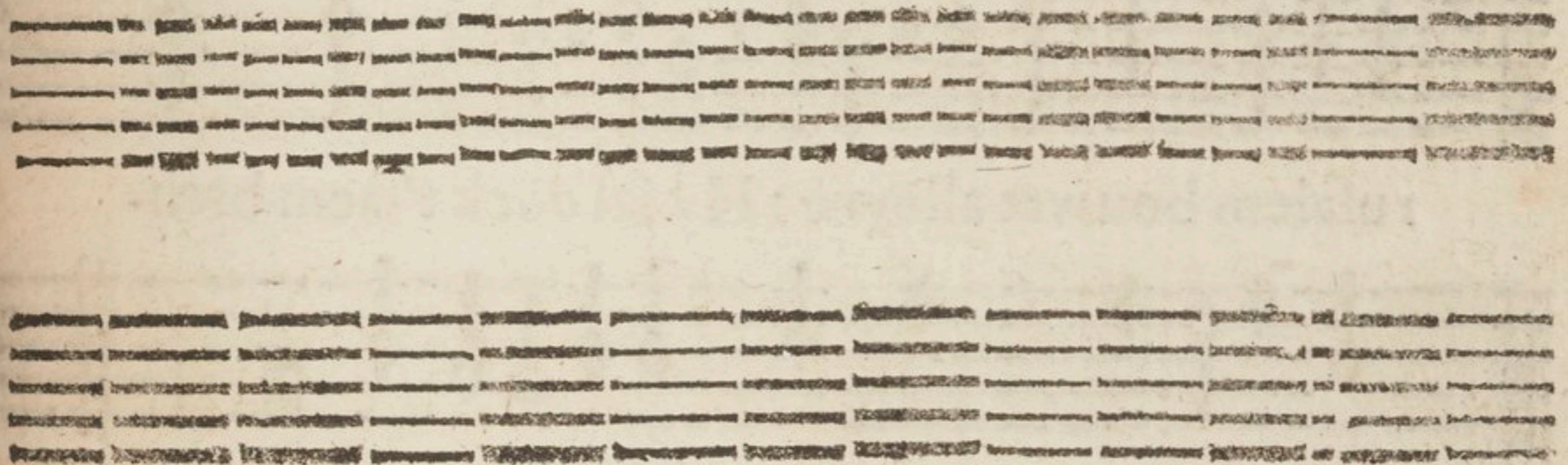
Want mijn leven langh Sal ick hem eere bewij-



fen : Ick wil met psalmen-gefangh Steedts lo-

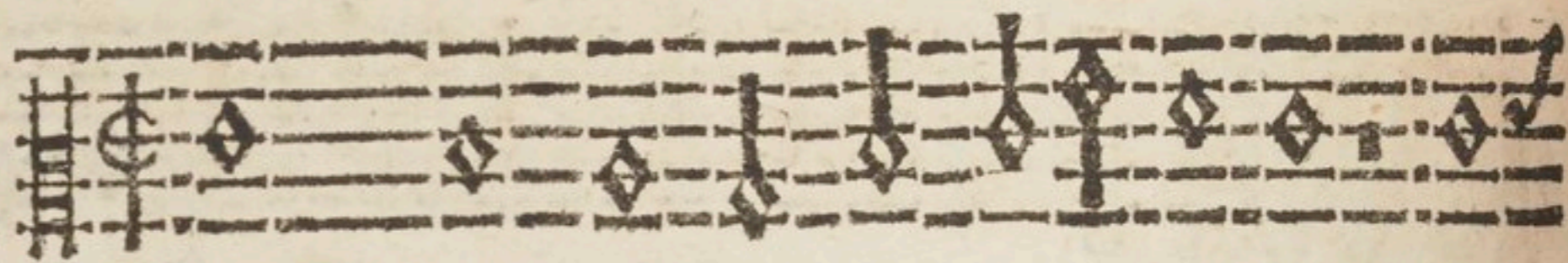


ven Godt verheven, Soo lang' als ick fal leven.

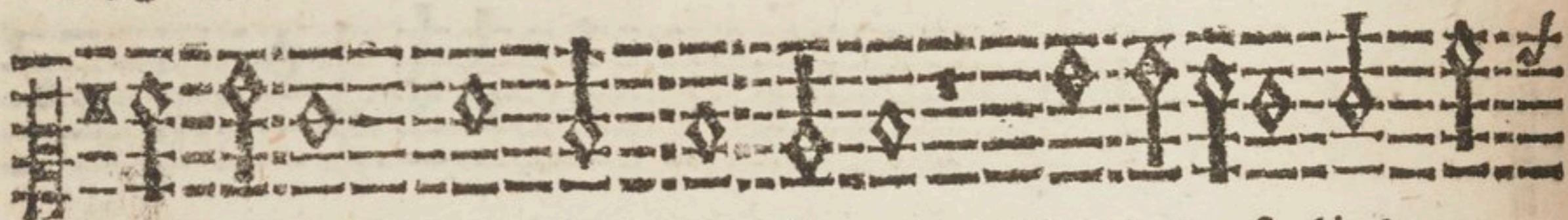


Superius.

PSALM CXLVII.



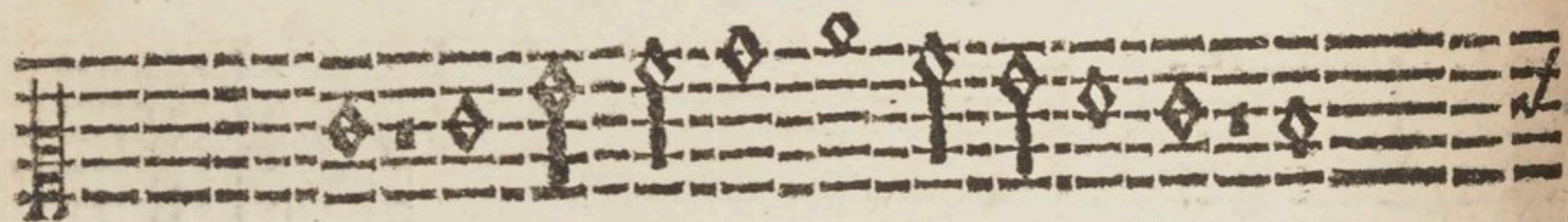
Ooft Godt, het zijn heerlicke dingen Dat



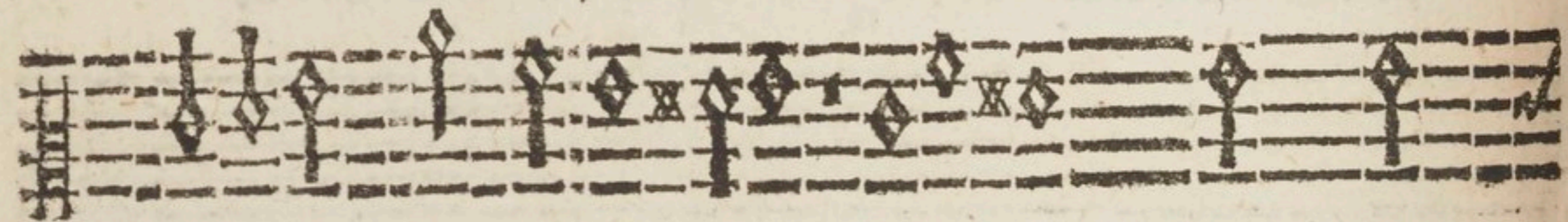
men onsen Godt prijft met fingen : Het is kostelick en



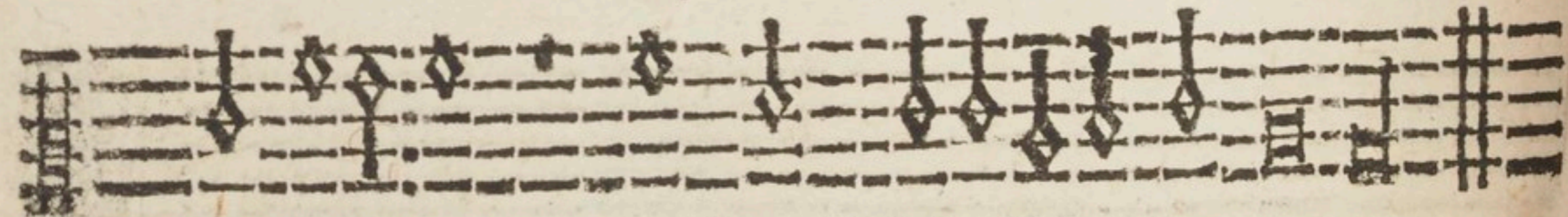
feer fchoone , Dat men Godt prijft met foeten too-



ne. Dewijl dat hy 't is die genadigh Je-

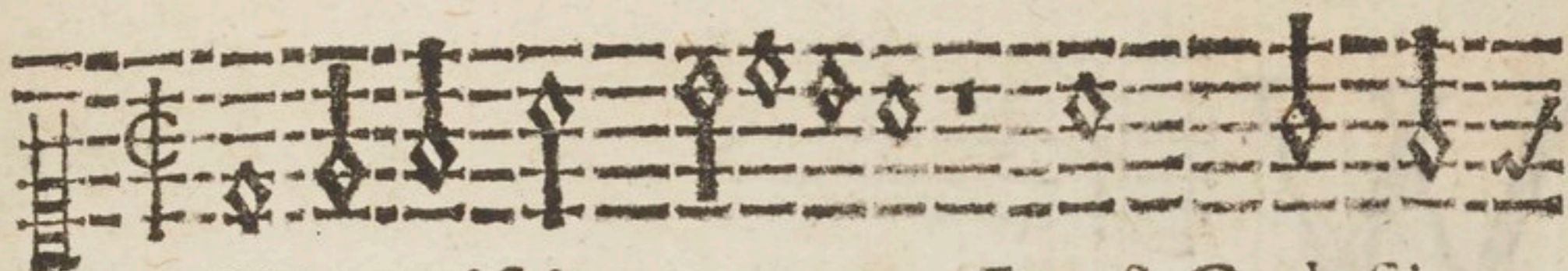


rusalem bouwet alleyne : Hy fal oock t'faem bren-

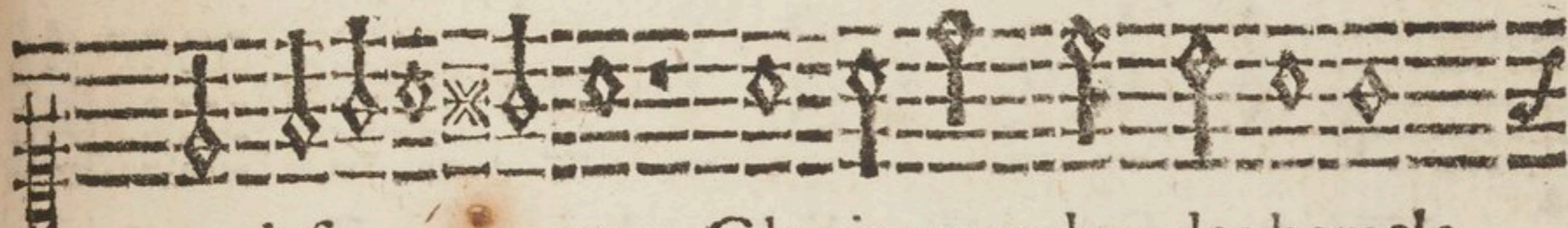


gen geftradigh 't Verftroyd' Israël in 't gemeyne.

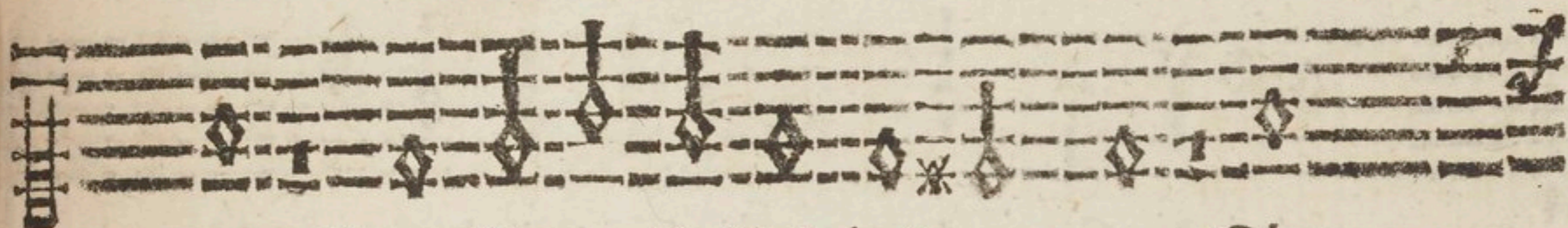
G



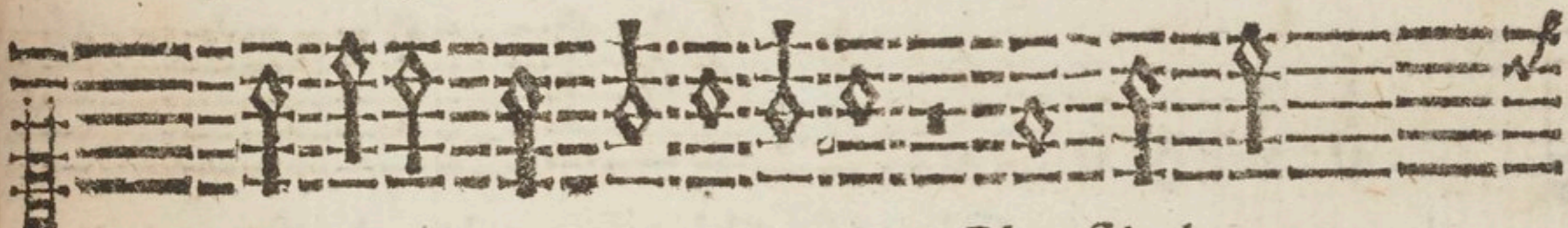
Y hemelsche creaturen, Looft Godt sijn



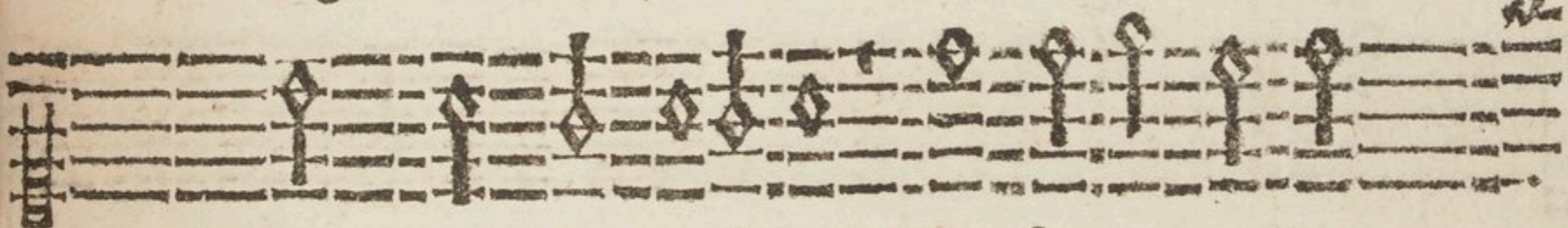
tot deser u- ren : Ghy inwoonders des hemels



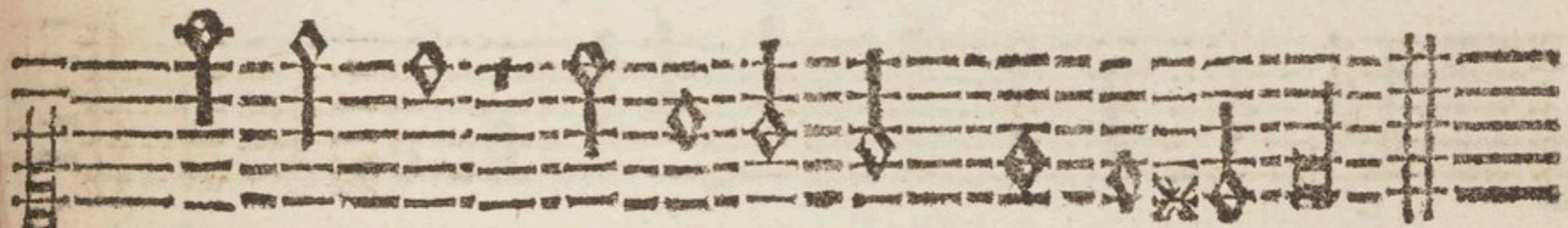
reyn, Singt sijn eer lieflick in 't gemeyn. Ghy



Engelen looft sijnen name : Ghy sijn heyr-



kracht looft hem te same. Ghy son en mane

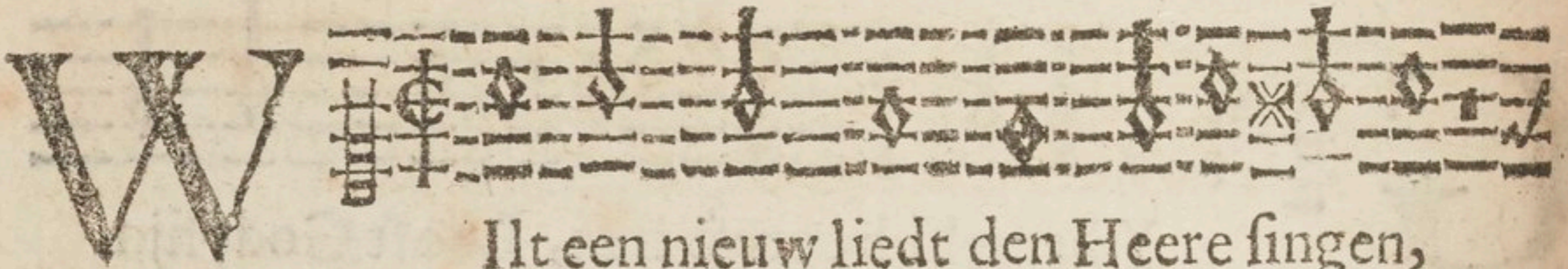


looft hem sijn : Gy sterren prijst den name sijn.

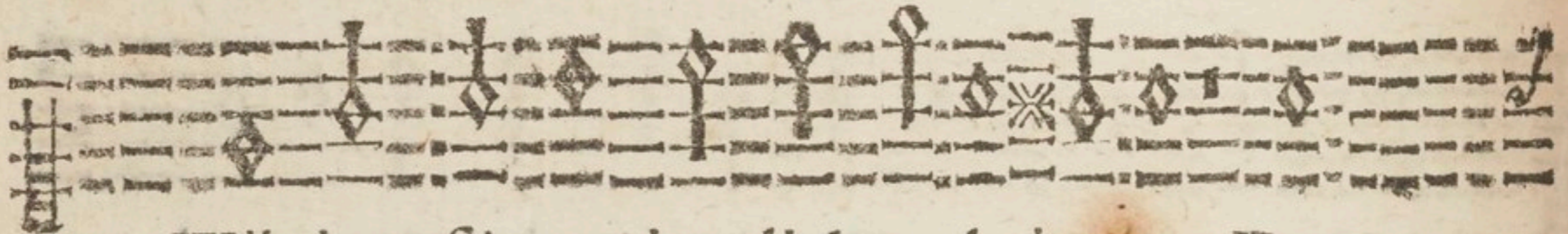
Superius.

PSALM CXLIX.

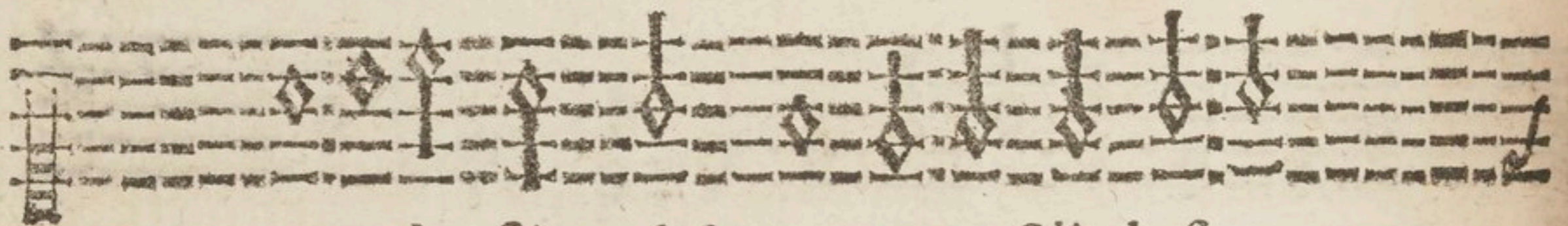
Wilt een nieuw liedt den Heere singen,



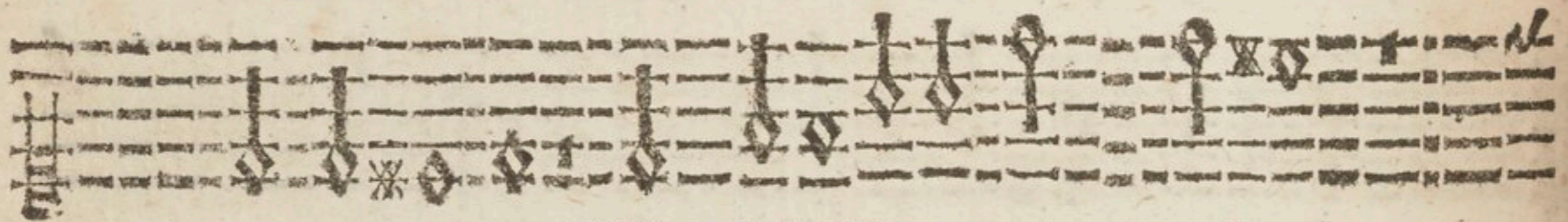
Wilt hem sijn eer' heerlick toebringen; Dat



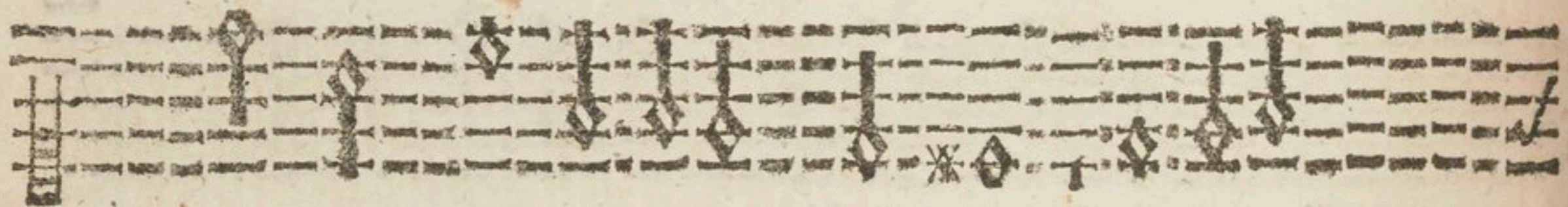
nu onder sijn volck gemeyne Sijn lof ge-



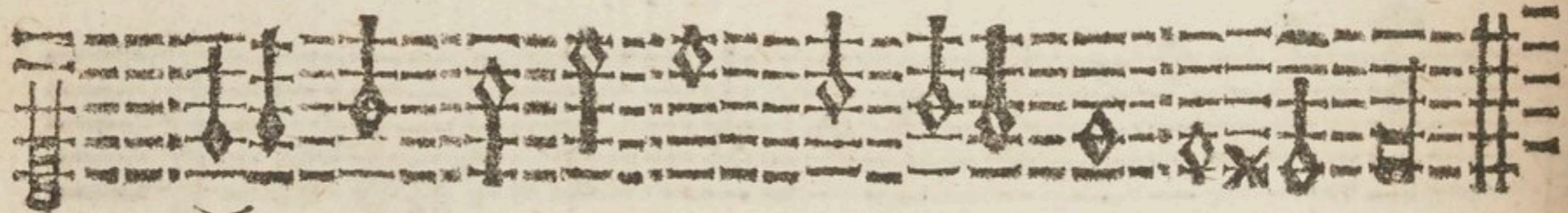
hoort zy reyne. Ghy Israël in vreugd nu leeft,



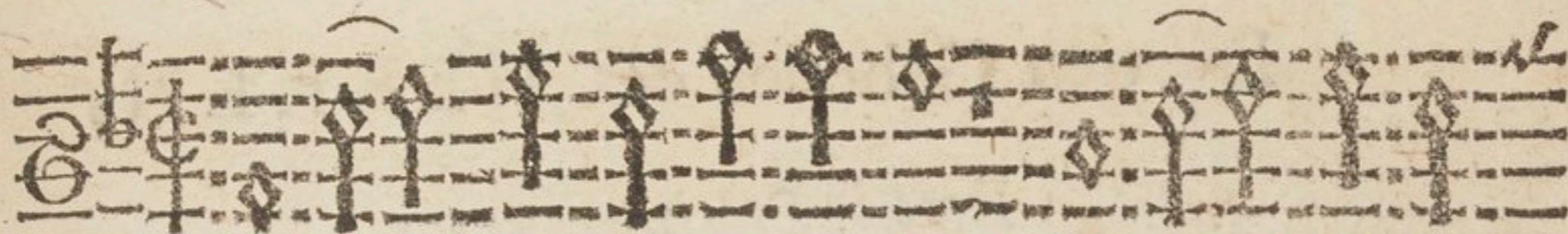
In den Heer die u gemaect heeft, In desen



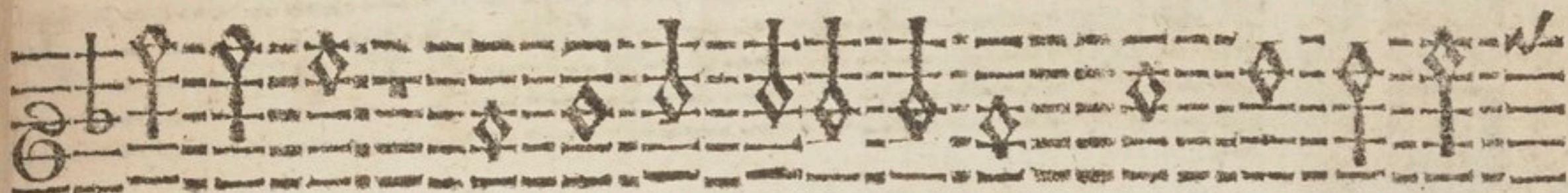
Ko- ningh u verblijdt Die Zions kind'ren zijt.



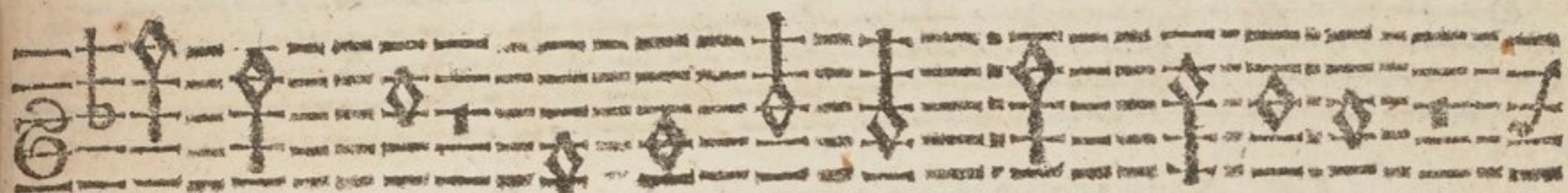
L



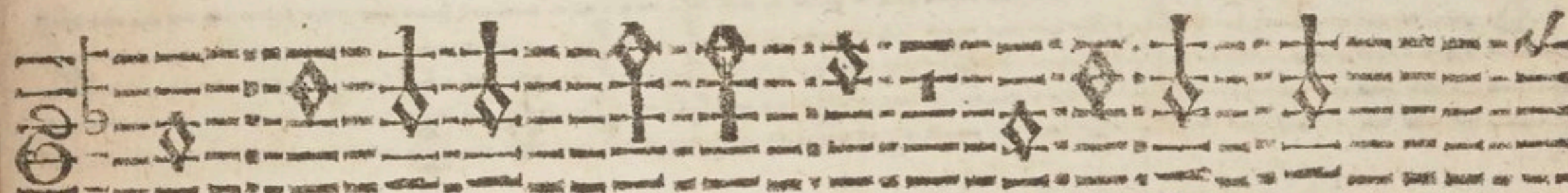
Aet nu Godt gepresen zijn In sijn Heylig-



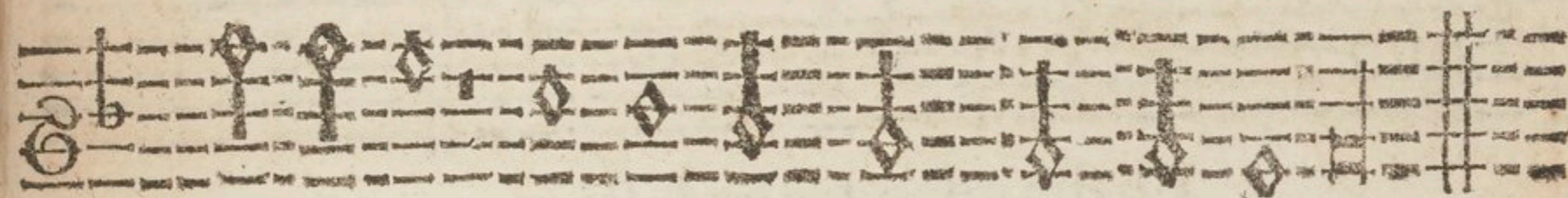
dom seer sijn: Gelooft zy hy en geacht Uyt den hemel



vol van kracht, In heerlickheyt hoogh verheven.



Looft hem in sijn wercken reyn, Die hy gewrocht



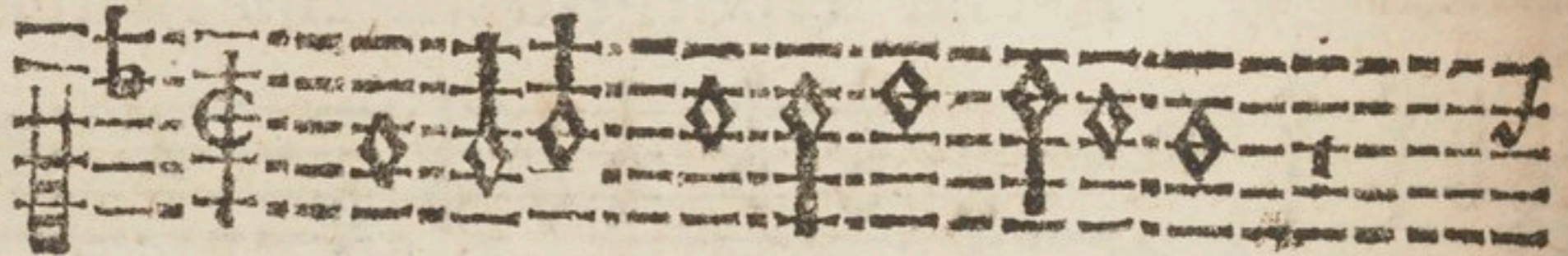
heeft alleyn, Die van sijn macht tuyg'nis geven.

Eynde der Psalmen Davids.

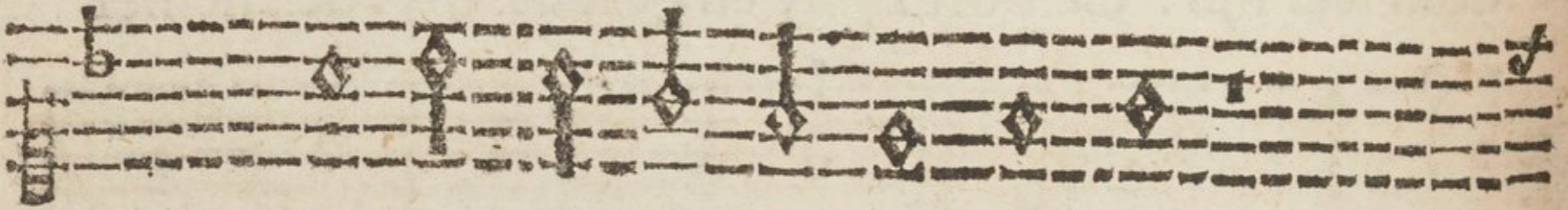
Superius.

De tien Geboden des HEEREN,

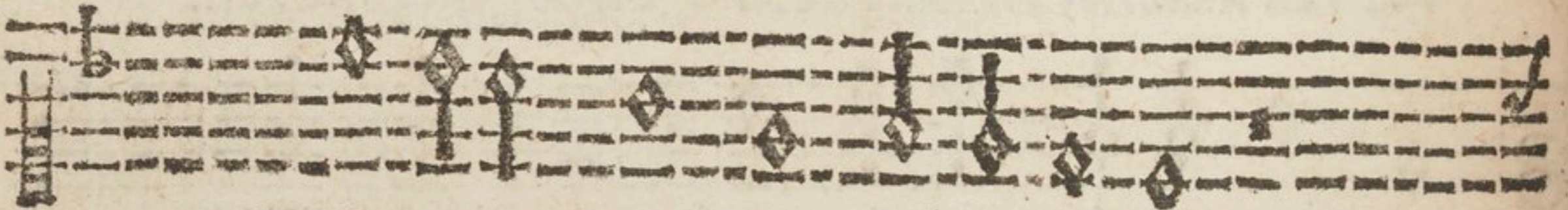
Exod. Cap. 20. vers 1.



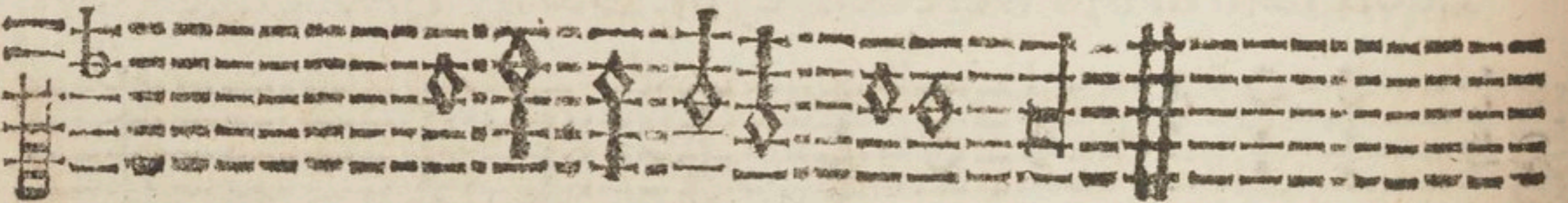
Eft op u hert, opent u ooren,



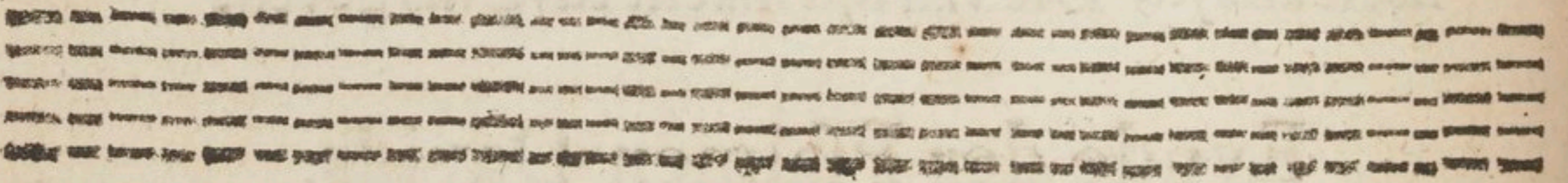
Gy hart volck en traeg in 't verstaen:



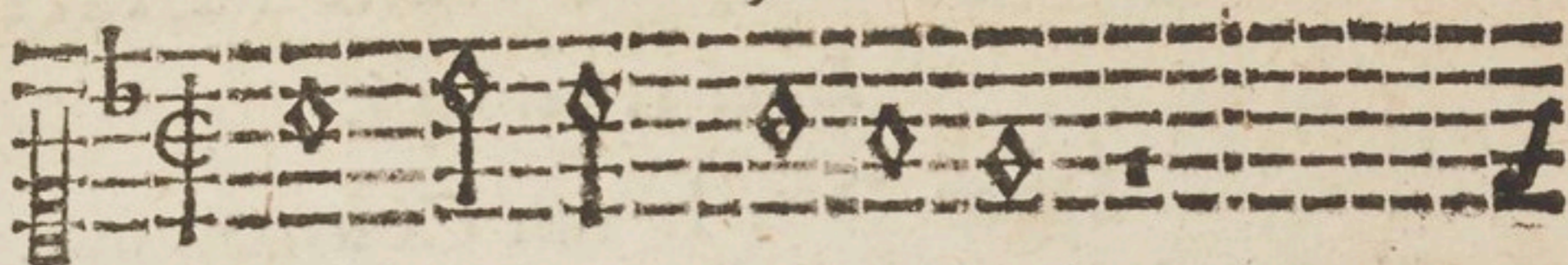
Wilt uwes Godts stemme nu hooren,



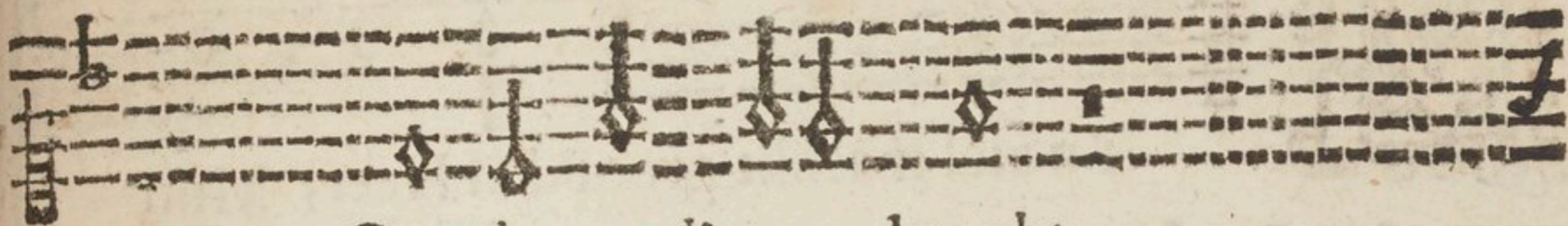
En sijn geboden gade slaen:



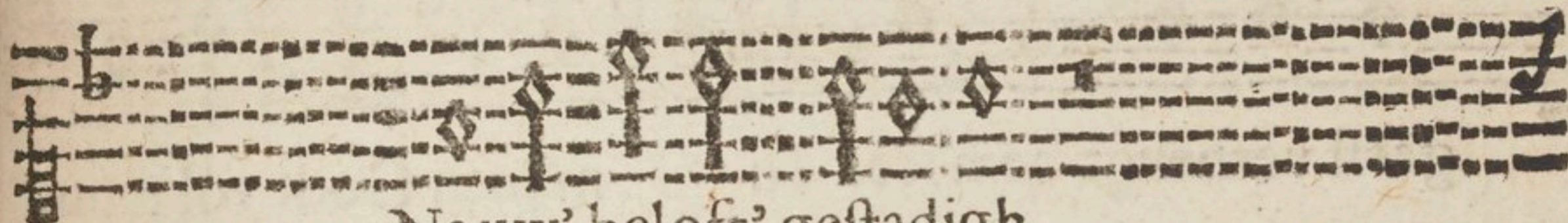
Luce 2: 29.



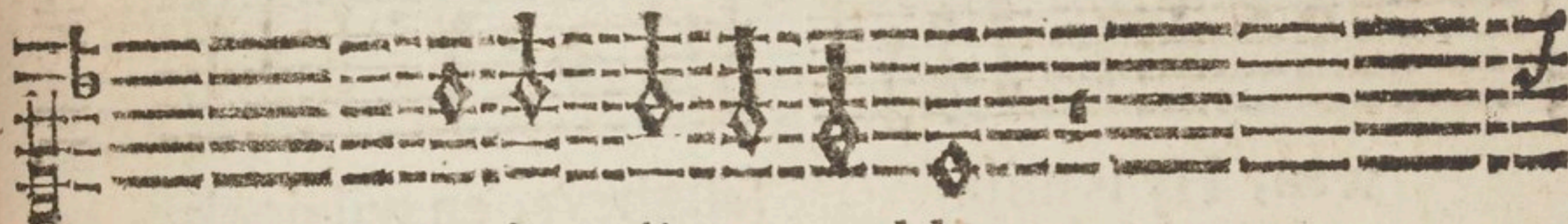
U laet ghy, Heer oprecht,



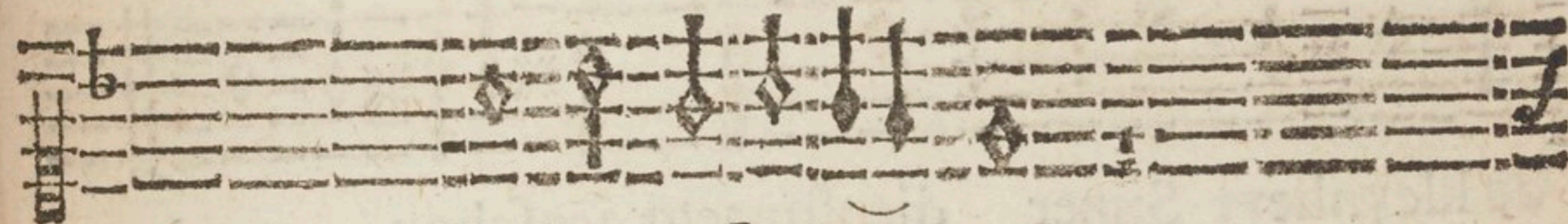
Gaen in vreed' uwen knecht,



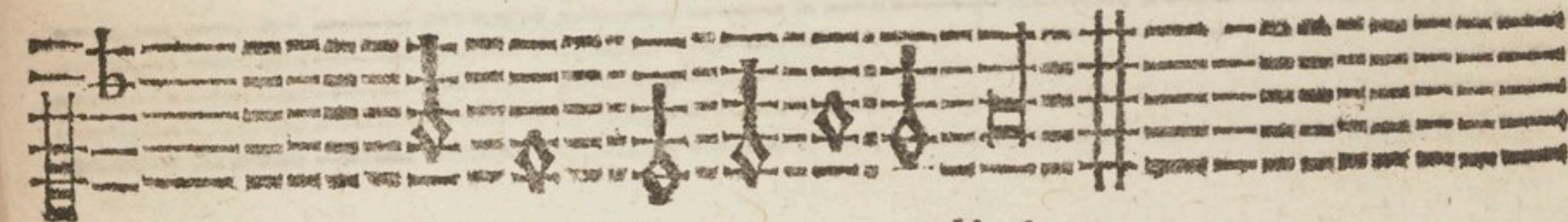
Na uw' beloft' gestadigh,



Na dat mijn oogen klaer



Hebben gesien voorwaer



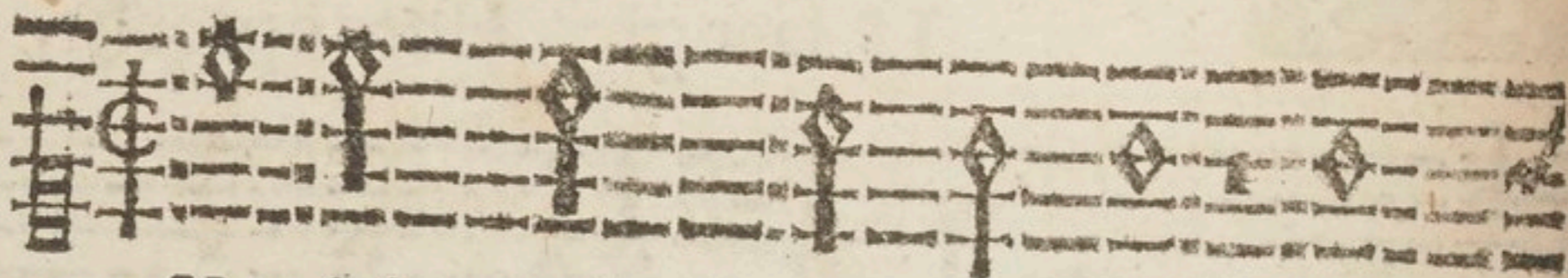
Uwen Heylant genadigh.

Superius.

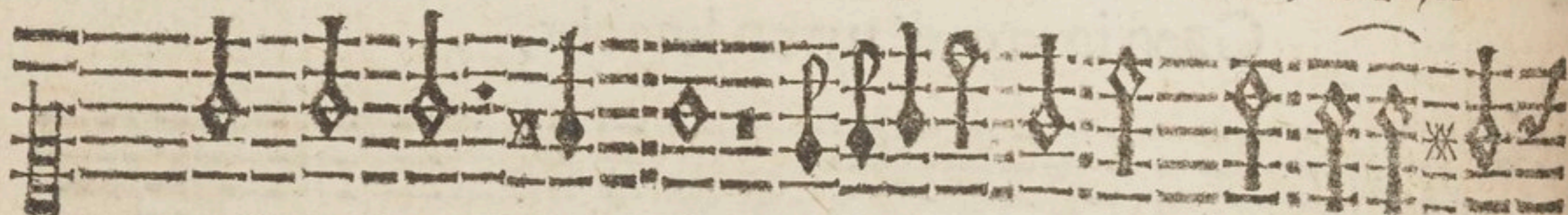
Den Loffangh der Ionckvrouwe MARIÆ,

Luce I. vers 46.

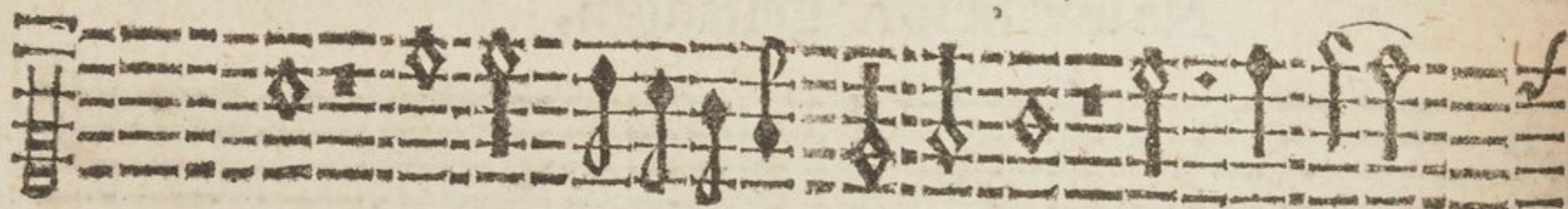
Door D^m. I. van Couwenhove.



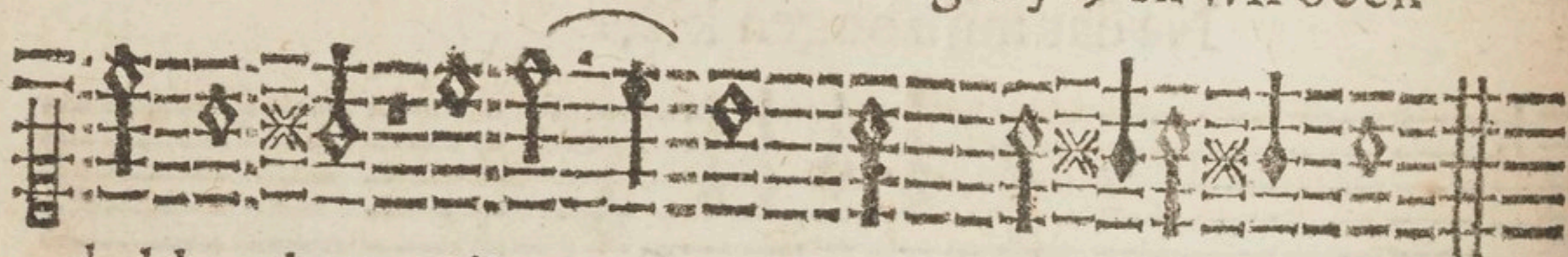
Yn ziel maeckt groot den Heer, Mijn



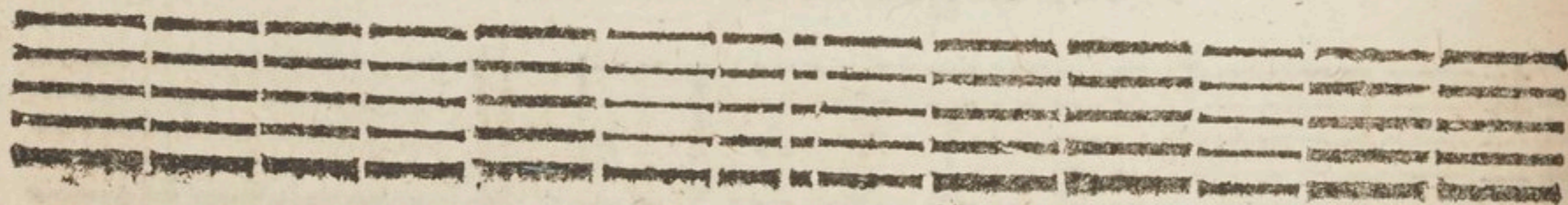
geest verheugt hem seer In mijnen Godt vol trou-



wen, Hy is mijn saligheyt, en wil oock



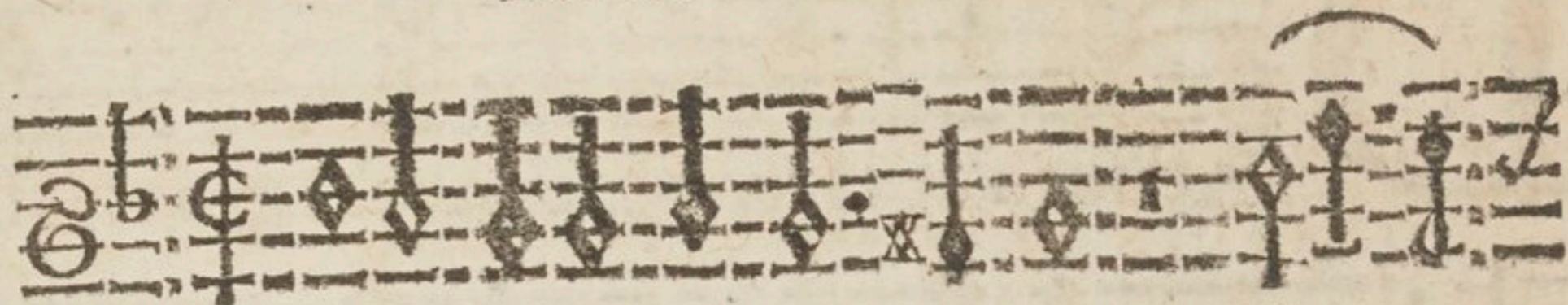
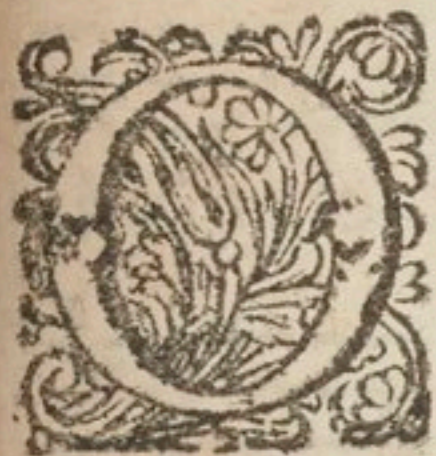
de kleynheyt Sijner dienstmaegt aenschou- wen.



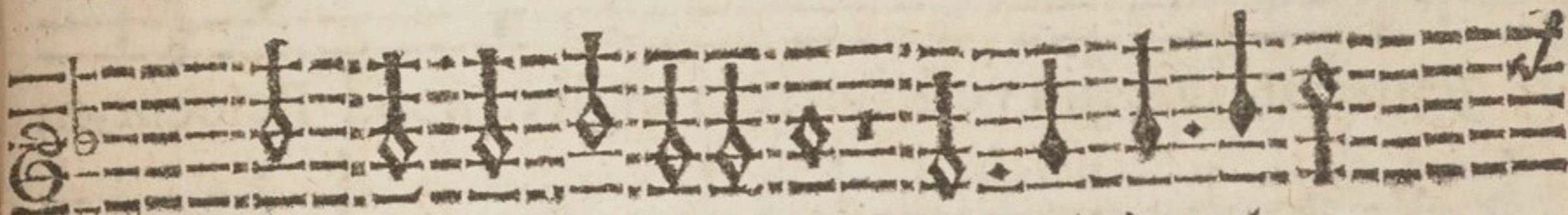
't Gebedt onses Heeren JESU CHRISTI,

Matth. 6. vers 9.

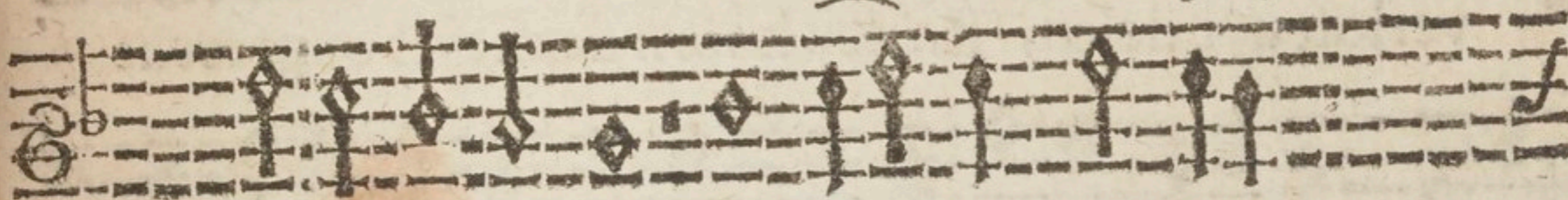
Idem.



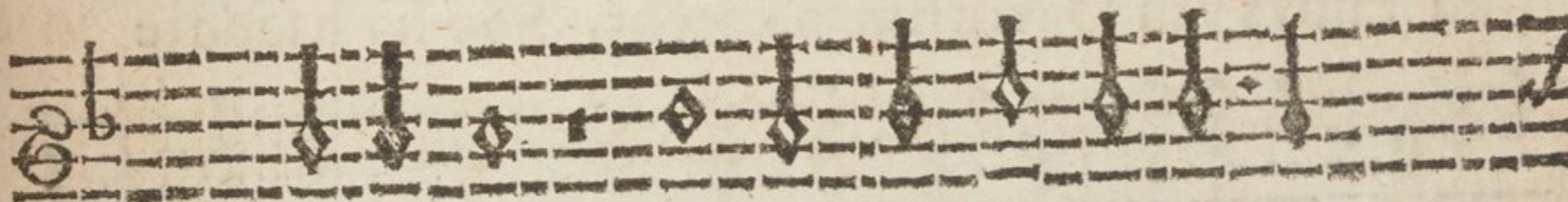
Nse Vader in Hemelrijck, Die



ons heet kinders algelijck, en wilt dat



wy u roepen aen, Als wy met noo- de



zijn bevaen, Geeft dat niet bidt alleen den

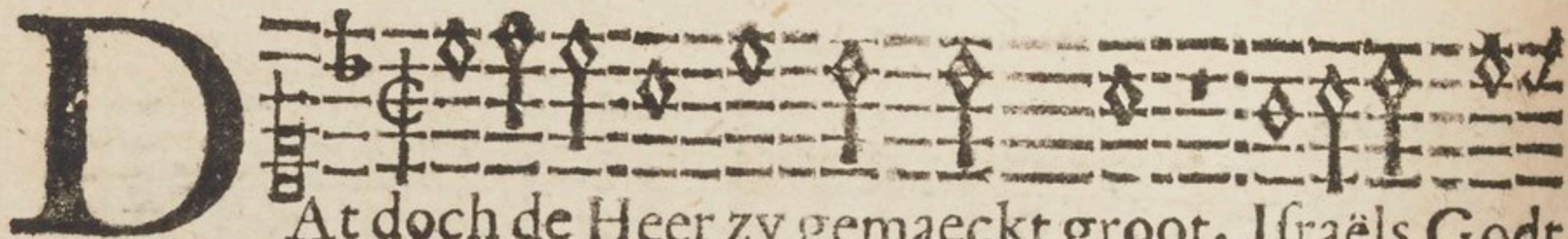


mondt, Maer dat het ga van 's herten gront.

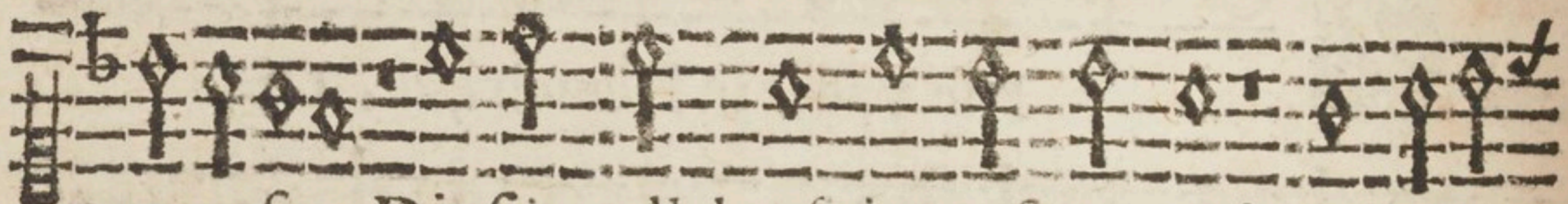
Superius. Den Loffangh ZACHARIAE,

Luce I. vers 68.

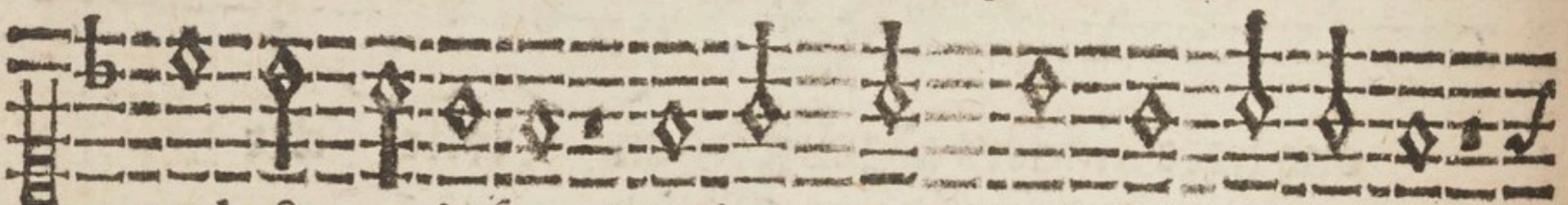
Door C. de Leeuw, Edammer.

D 

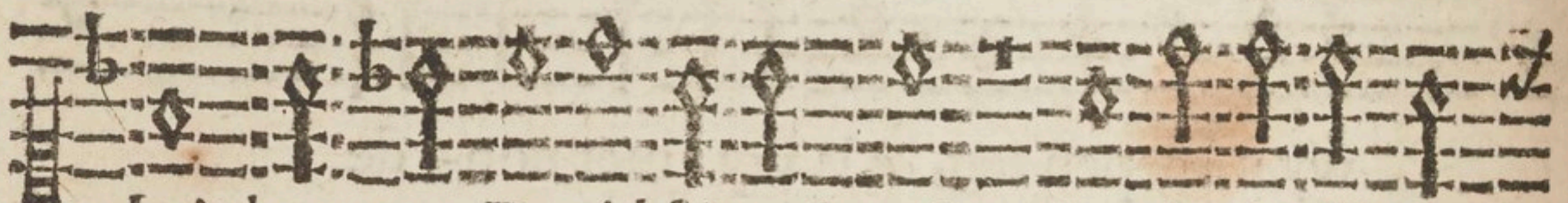
At doch de Heer zy gemaect groot, Israëls Godt



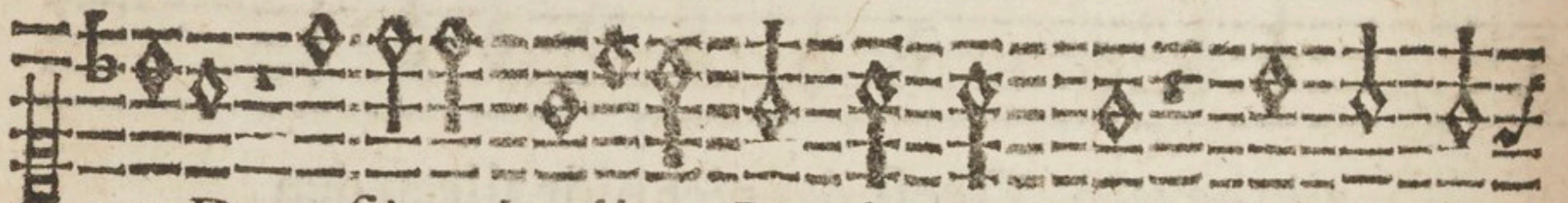
zy geprefen, Die fijn volk heeft in angst en nood Besocht, en



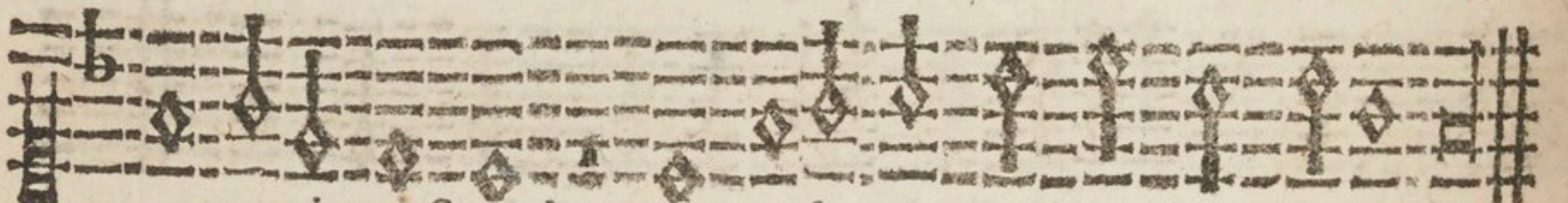
verloft uyt defen, En den hoorn des heyls opgerecht



In 't huys van David fijnen knecht, Soo hy hadde te



voren Door fijner heyliger Propheten mond, Wel voorfeyd

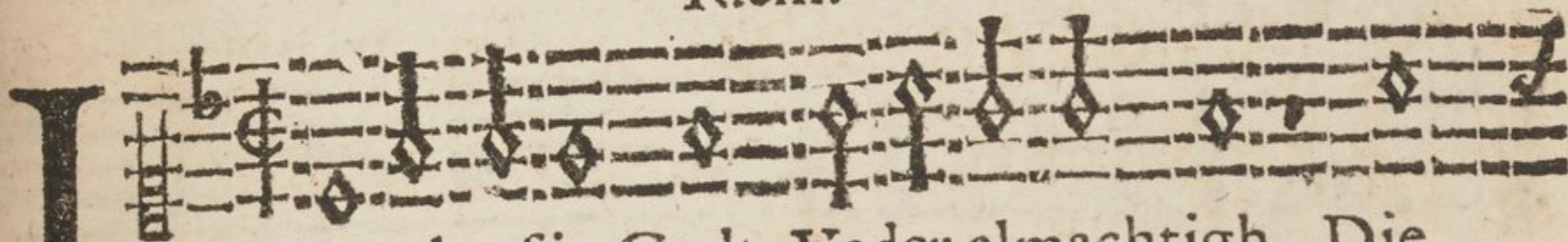


tot meniger ftond, Den vaderen van hem uytverkoren.

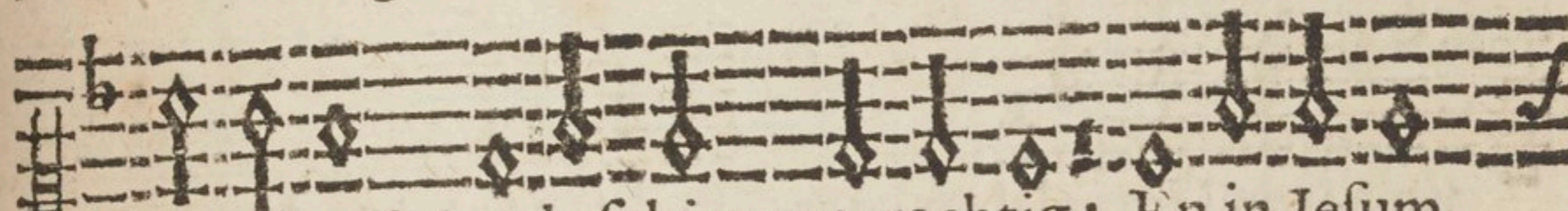
Dat is,

Een korte Bekentenisse des waren Christelicken Geloofs.

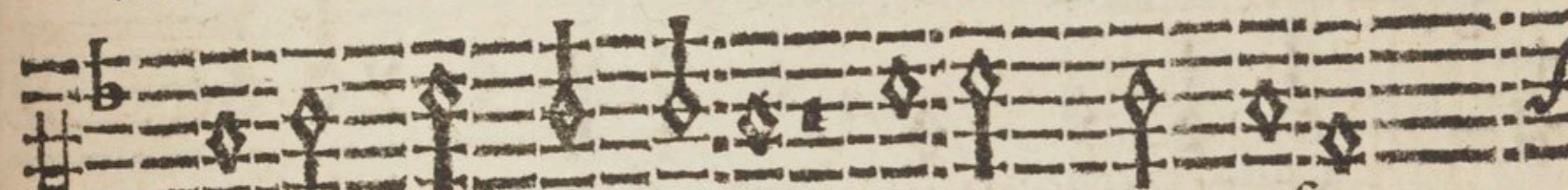
Idem.



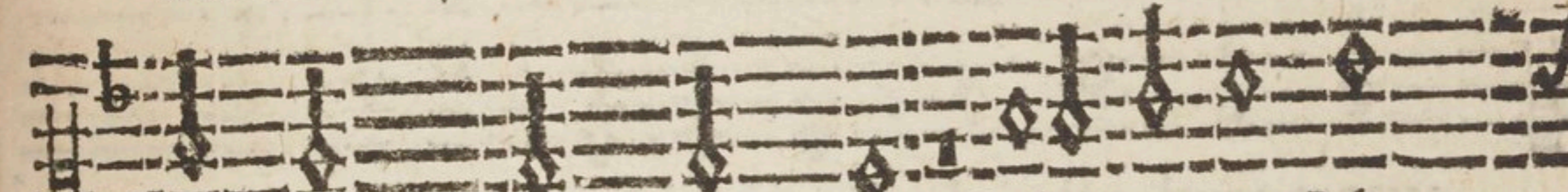
Ick geloof in Godt, Vader almachtigh, Die



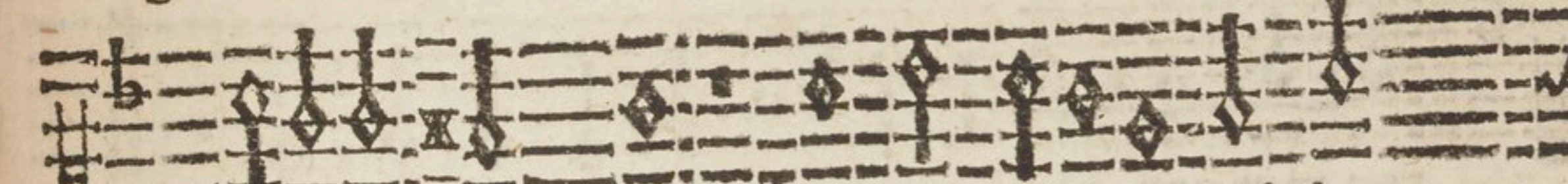
Hemel en d'Aerde schiep waerachtig: En in Jesum



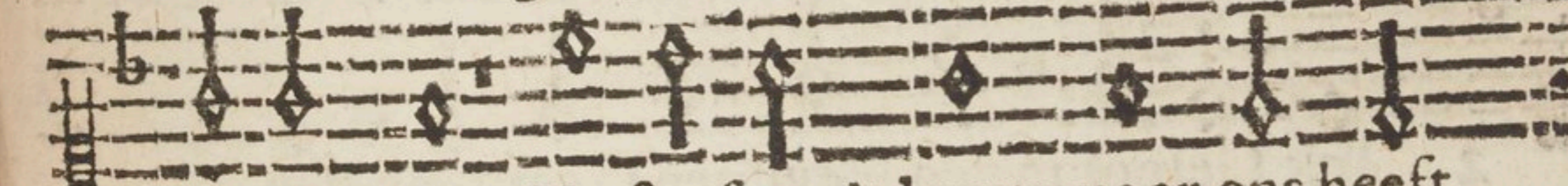
Christum sijn Soon alleyn, Onsen Heer, ontfan-



gen door 's Geests kracht reyn, Geboren van Ma-

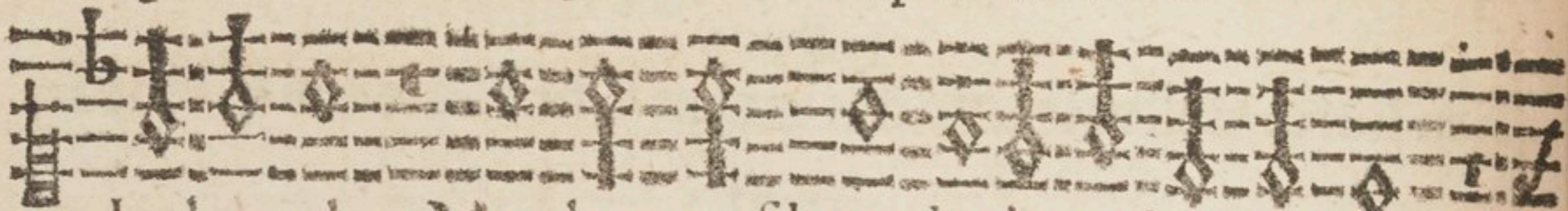


ria de Maeght goet: Onder Pilatus leedt hy

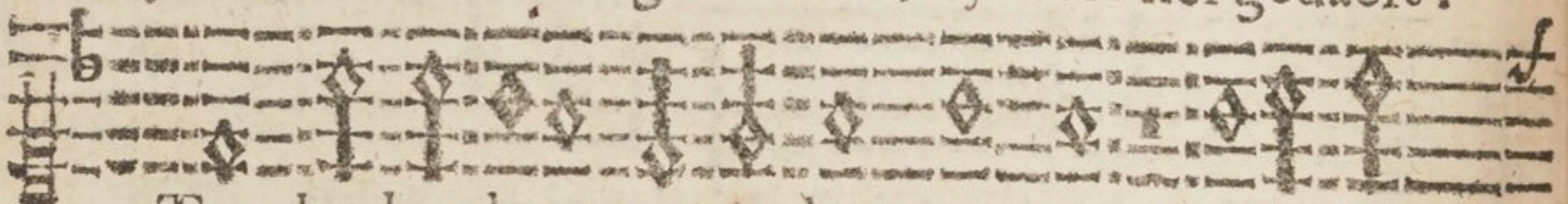


in ootmoet. Hy sterf aen 't kruys, voor ons heeft

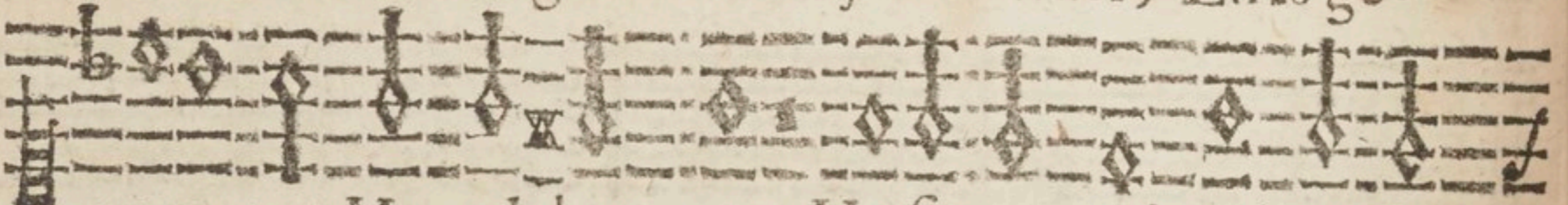
hy



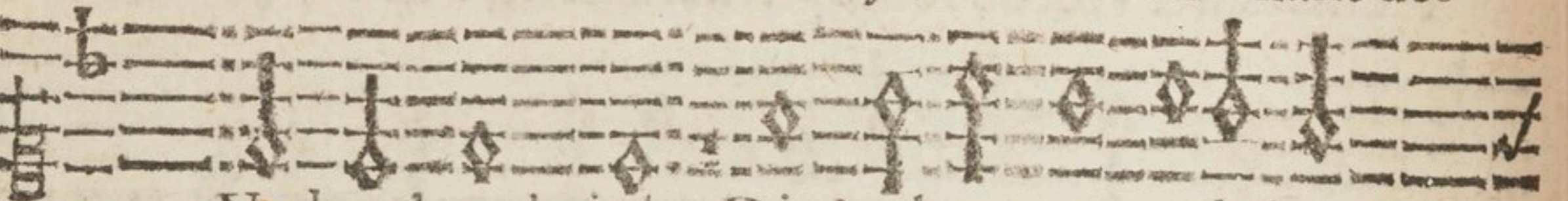
hy betaelt : Men begroef hem, hy is ter hel gedaelt :



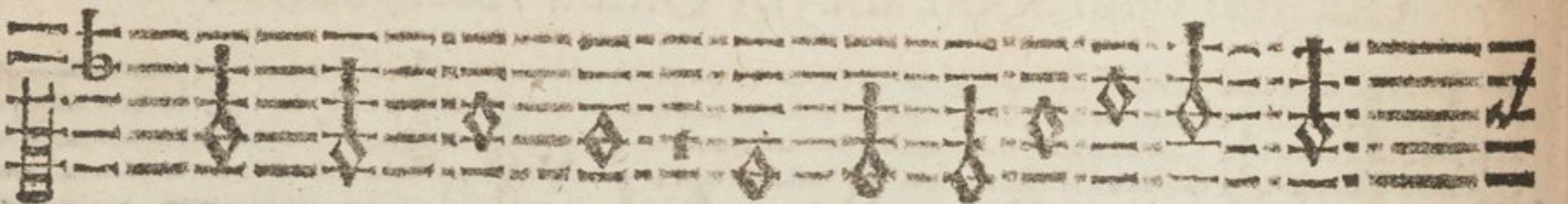
Ten derden dage verrees hy voorwaer, En is ge-



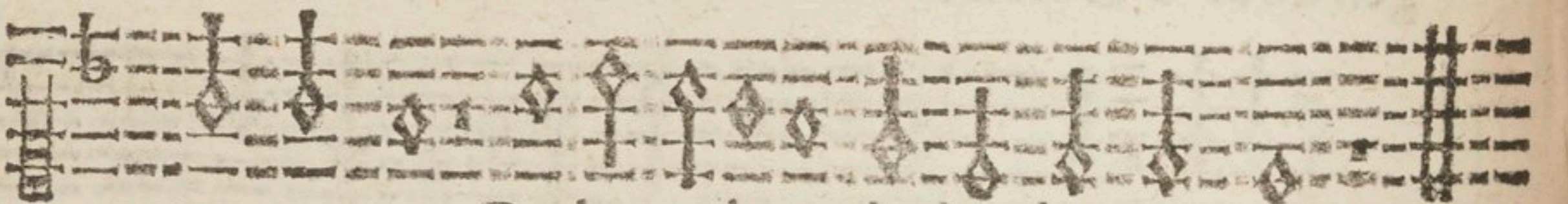
varen ten Hemel daer naer : Hy sit ter rechterhant des



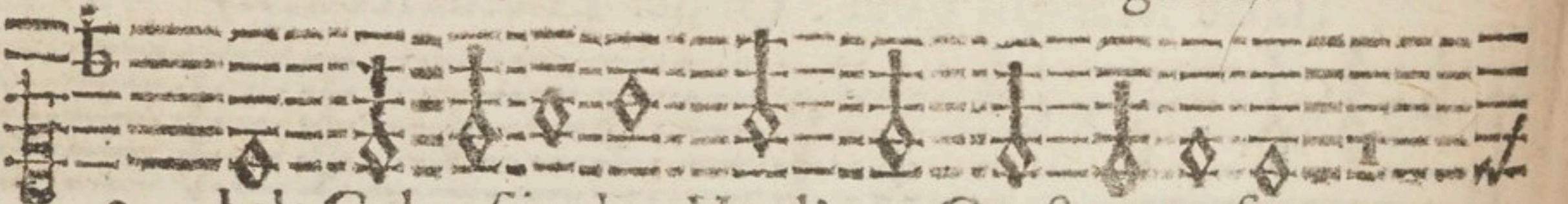
Vaders krachtigh, Die 't al regeert ende be-



waert eendrachtigh, Van daer sal hy komen rich-

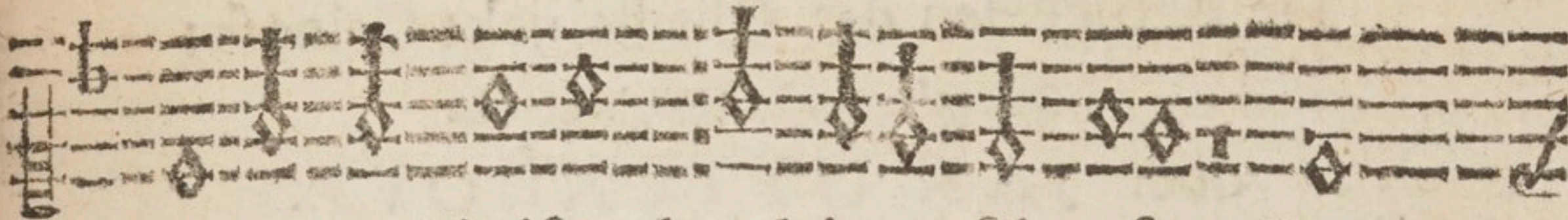


ten met een De levende en de dooden gemeen.

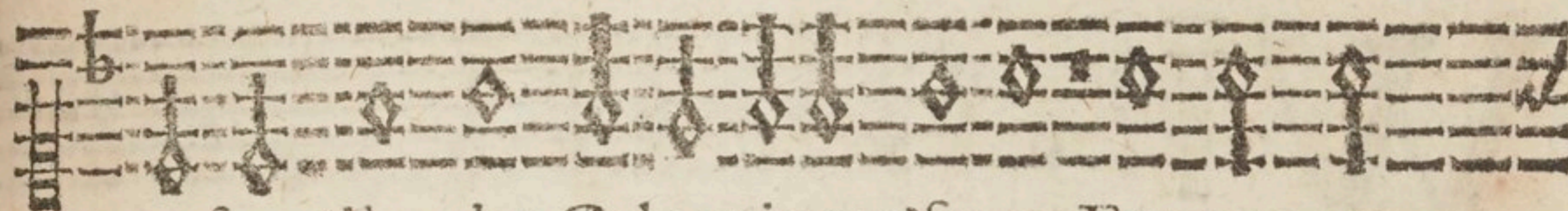


2 Ick Geloof in den Heyl'gen Geest gepresen

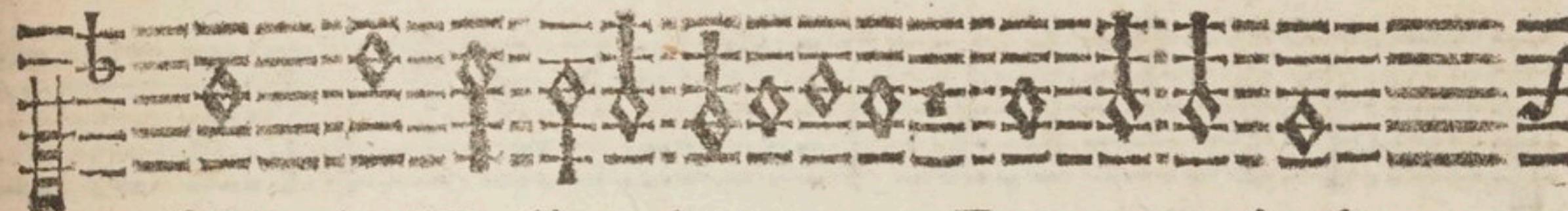
Dat-



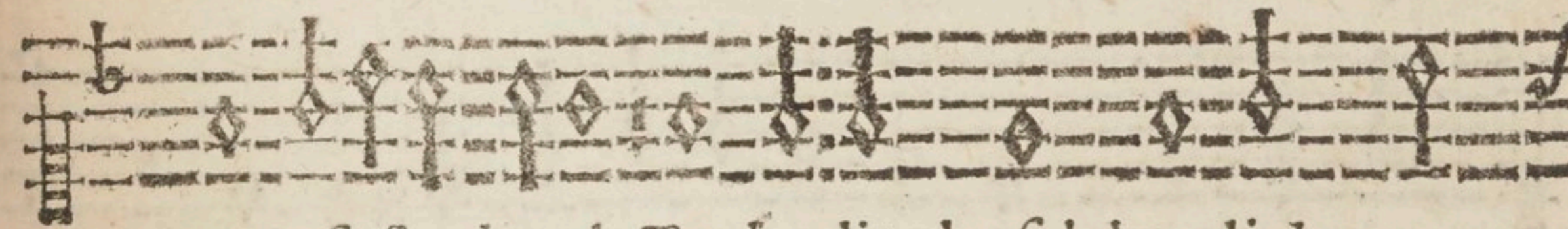
Datter een Christen-kerck is, en sal wesen. Een



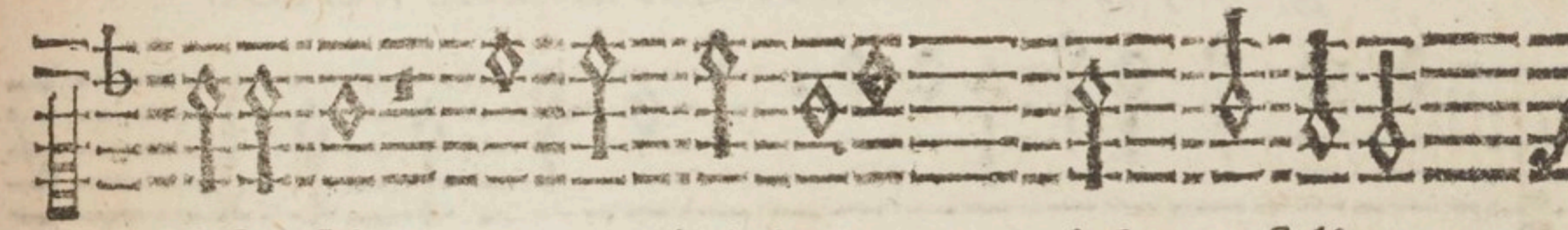
versaem'ling der Geloovigen t'same, Een gemeyu-



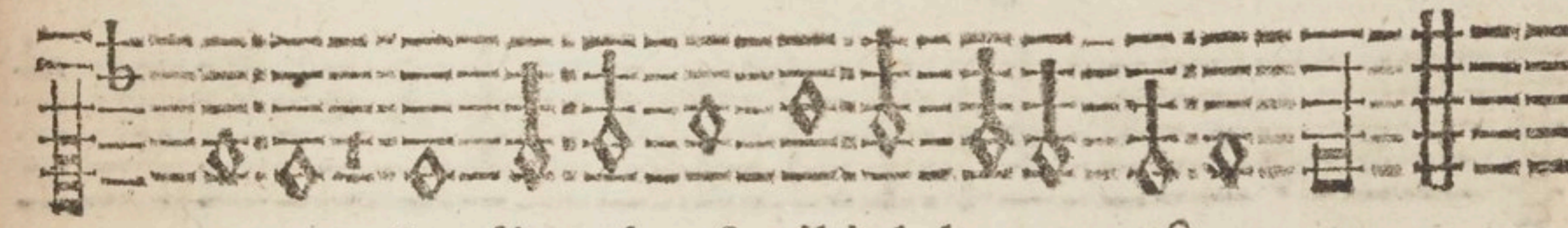
schap der Heyligen bequame. Een vergevingh



van onse sonden al. En dat dit vleesch heerlick ver-



rijfen sal: Een eeuwigh leven, 't welck wy sullen



erven. Op dit geloof wil ick leven en sterven,

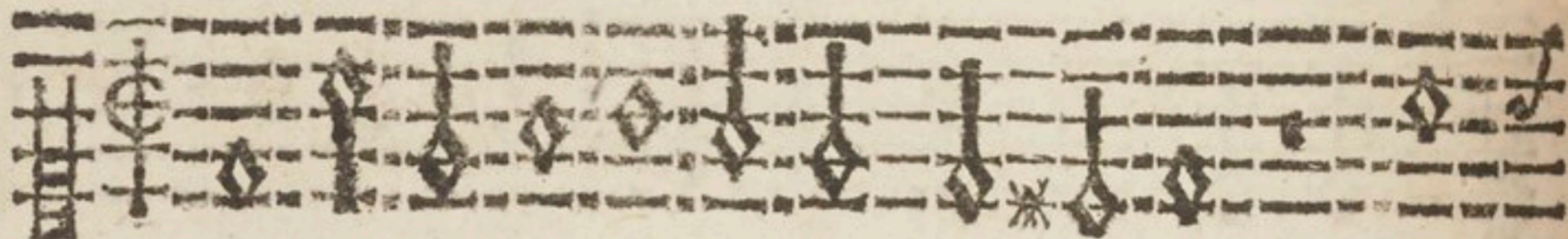
Superius.

De Artijckelen des Christelijcke Geloofs :

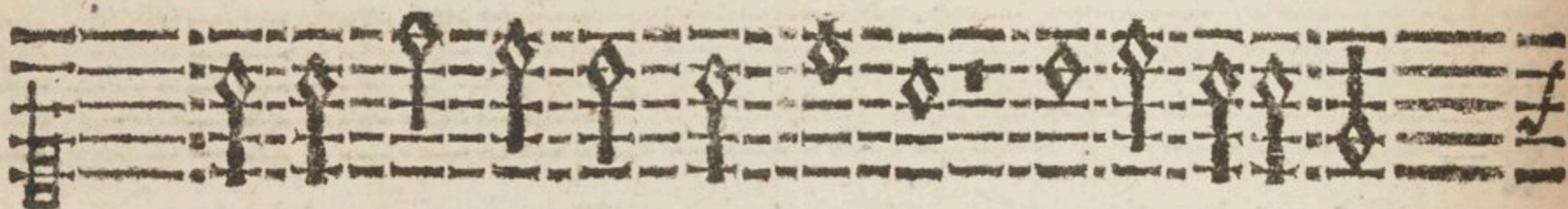
Overgeset uyt den Hooghduytsche

door JAN UYTENHOVE.

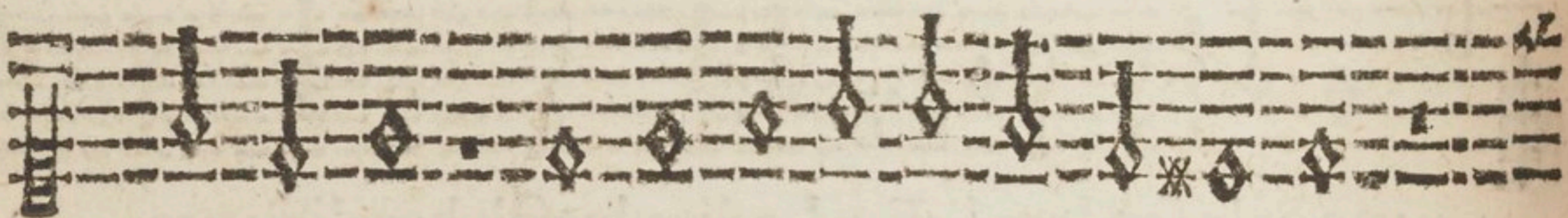
Idem.

W 

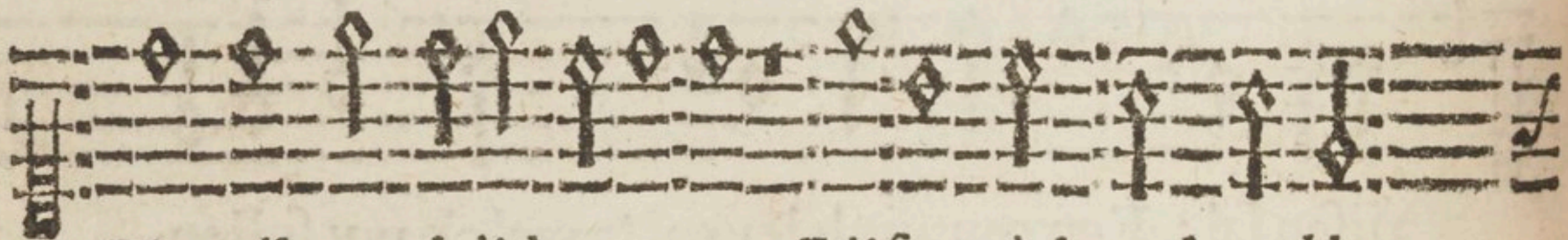
Y gelooven in eenen God alleyn, Schep-



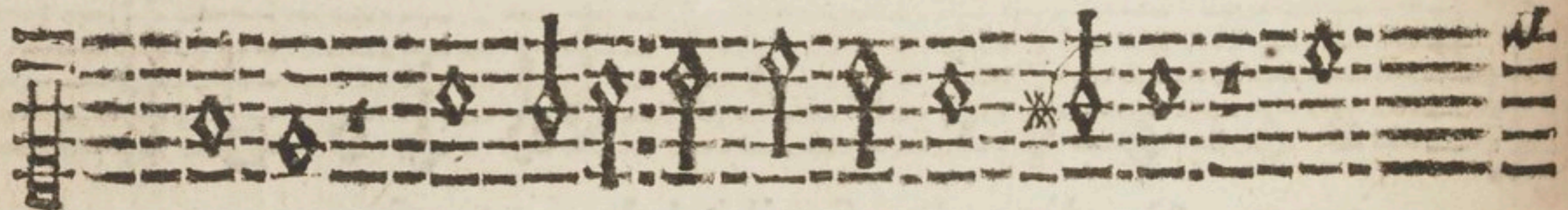
per des Hemels en der Aerden, Onser aller Va-



der gemeyn, Die ons laet sijne kinders werden.

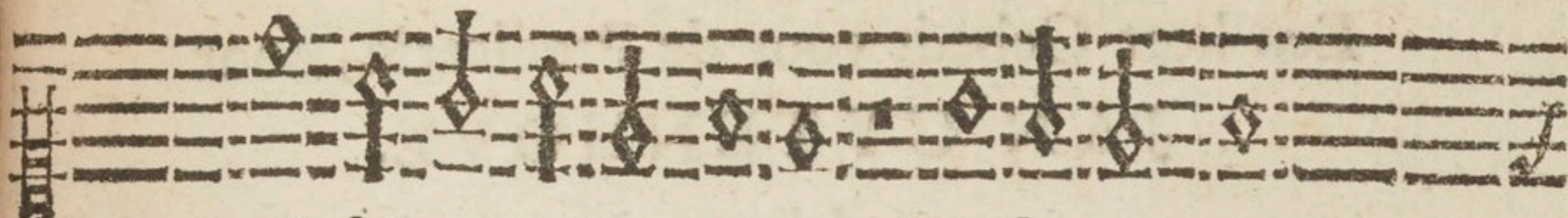


Hy wil ons altijd generen, Lijf en ziel oock wel be-

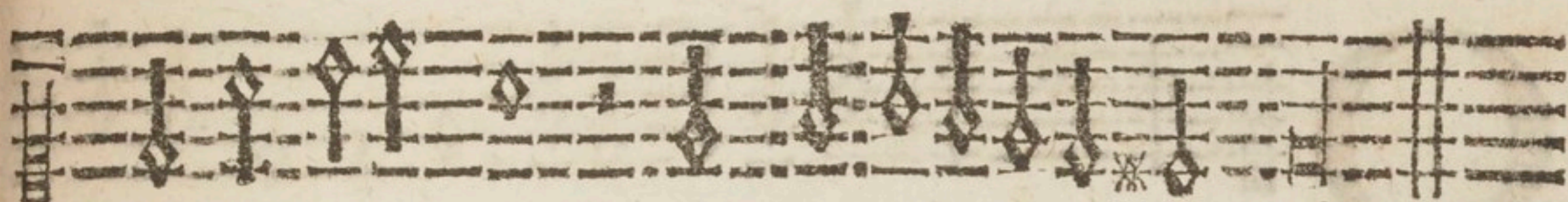


waren ; All' ongeval wil hy ons weeren, Geen

leedt



leedt sal ons tegen-varen : Hy forget voor

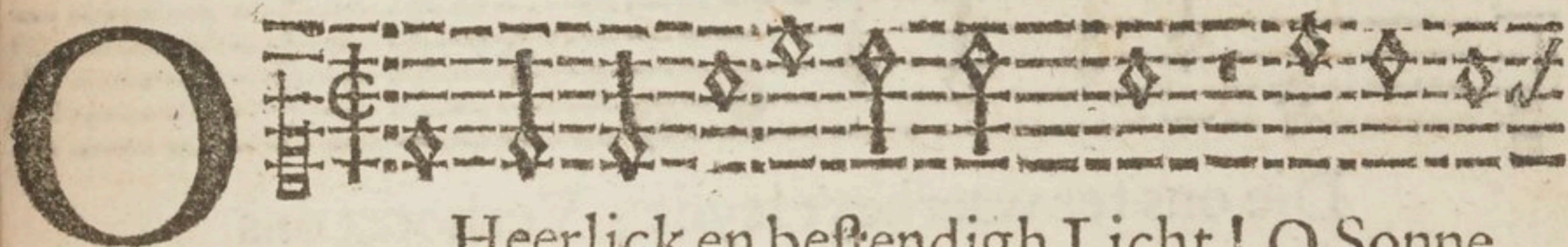


ons dag ende nacht ; Het staet alles in sijner macht.

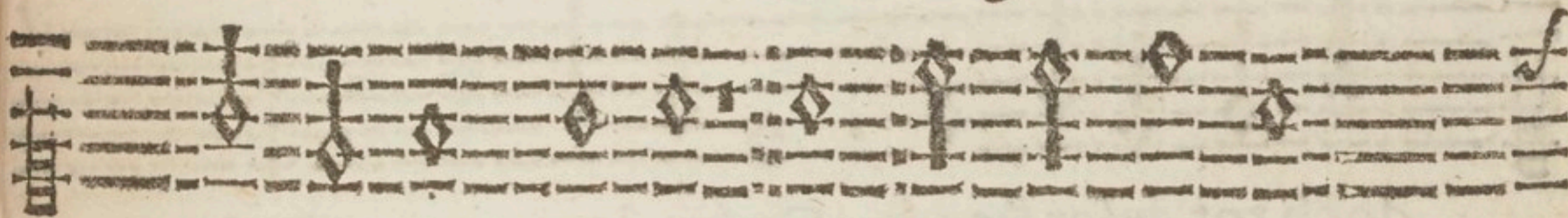
Het Morgen Gebedt.

Stem : Psalm 9.

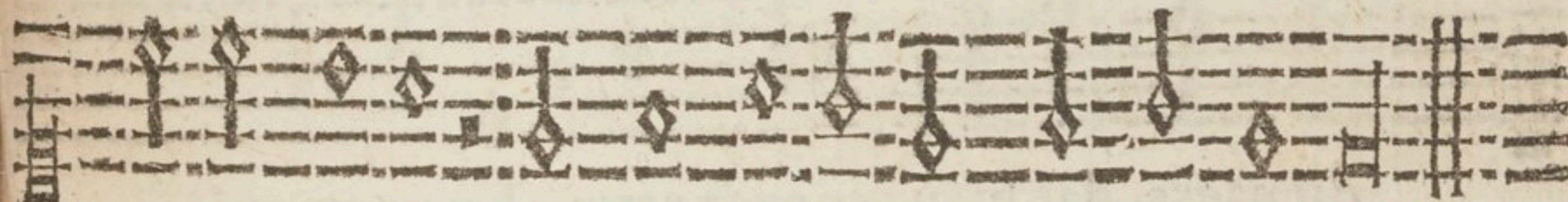
Idem.



Heerlick en bestendigh Licht ! O Sonne



van ons swack gesicht ! O Schepper van dees

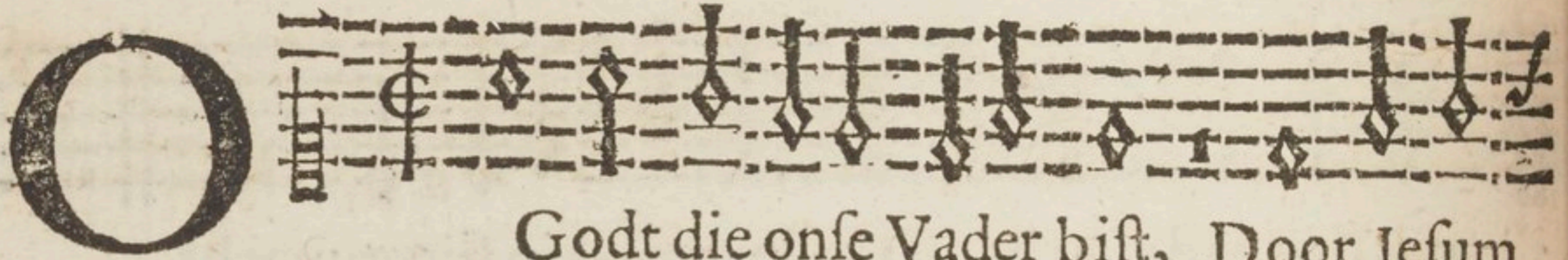


groote Ronde ! Wy dancken u uyt's herten gronde.

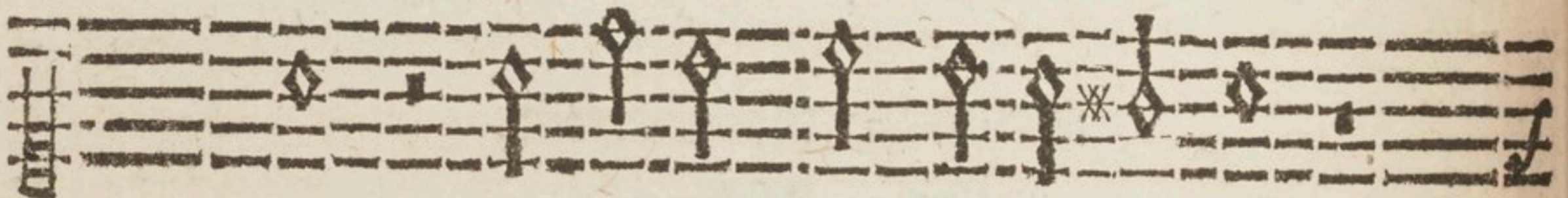
Superius.

Een kort Gebedt voor de Predicatie, door
JAN UYTENHOVE.

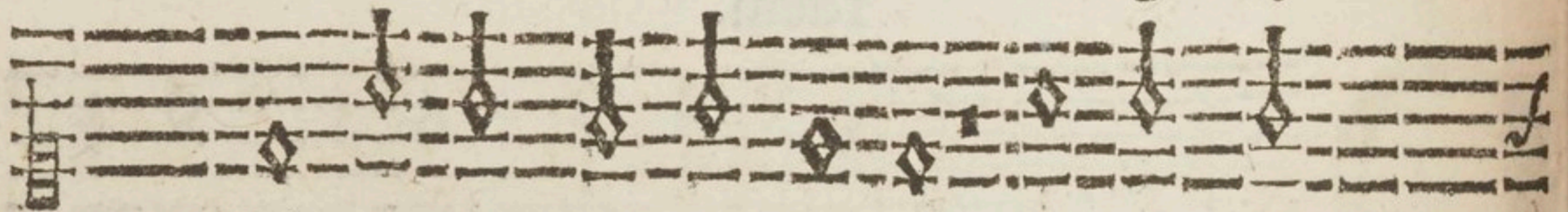
Idem.



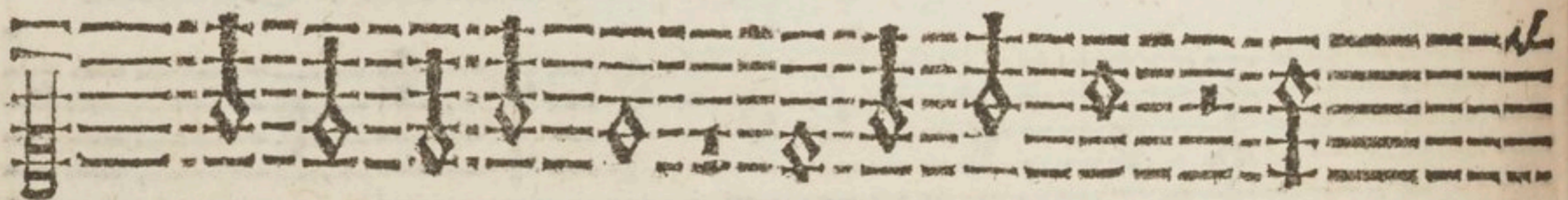
O Godt die onse Vader bift, Door Jefum



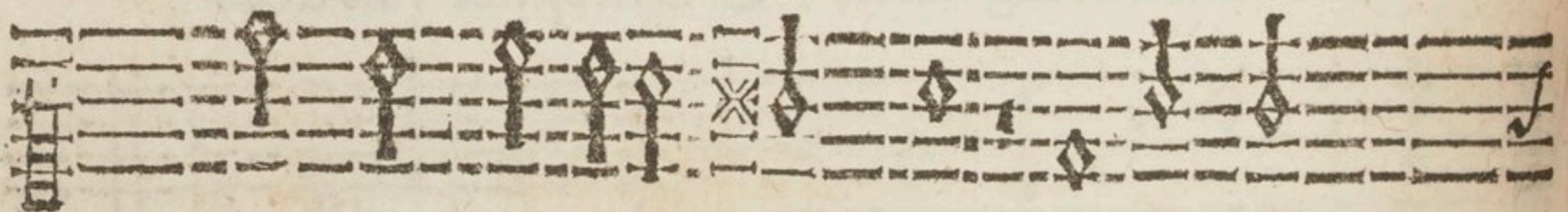
Christ, Geeft uwen Geeft ons al- gemeyn,



Die ons ter waerheyt leyde; Verhoort ons



doch tot deser ftondt, Opent den mont Uw's



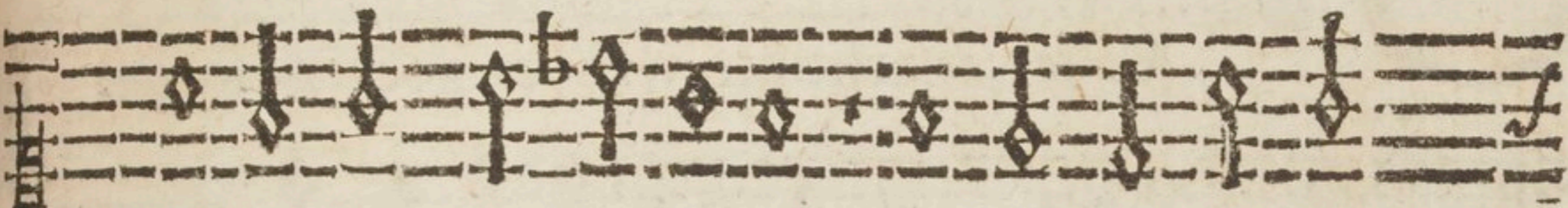
dienaers, dat hy u woordt reyn, En vrymoe-

digh

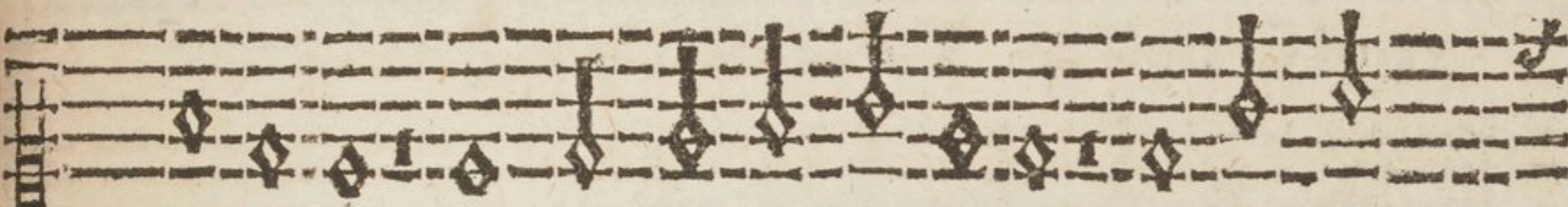
digh



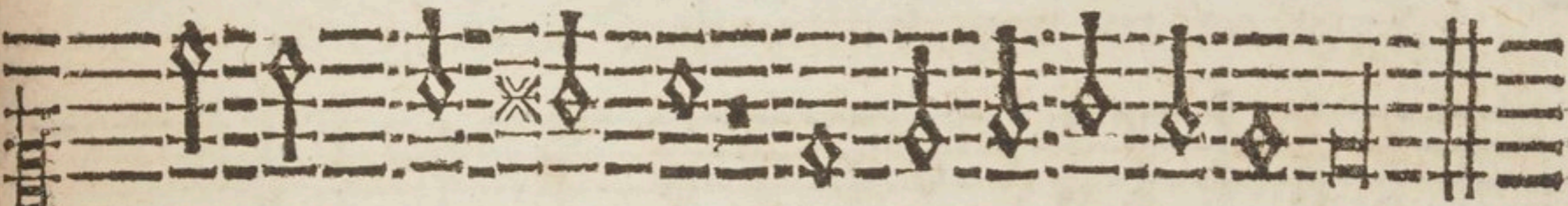
digh verbreyde: Daer toe, ô Heer genadelick,



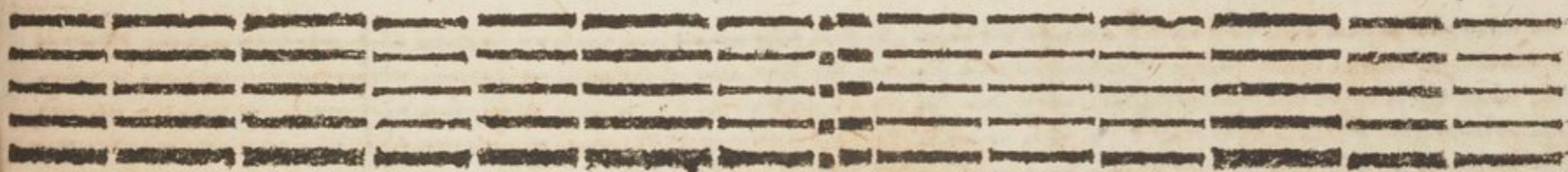
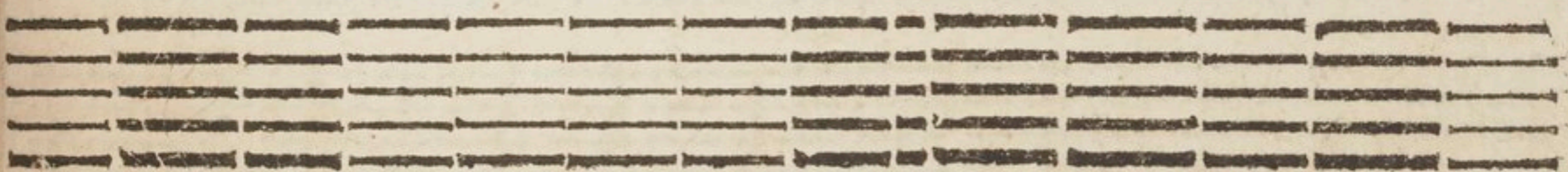
Opent onf' hert en ooren, Dat wy dat hooren



vlijtelick, En trouwelick bewaren; Op dat wy



mogen vruchtbaerlick Uw' lof altijd verklaren.

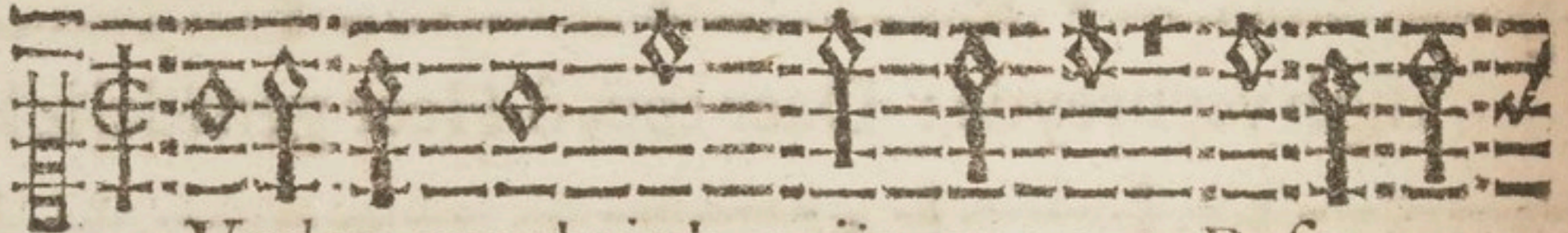


Superius.

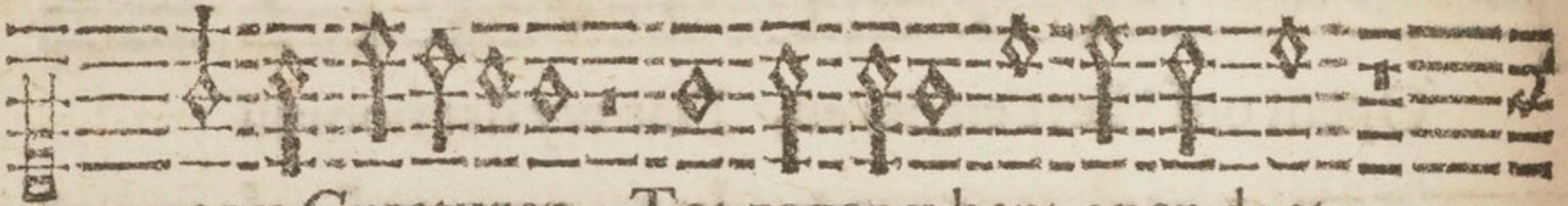
Gebedt voor den Eten : Overgeset door P. H.

Idem.

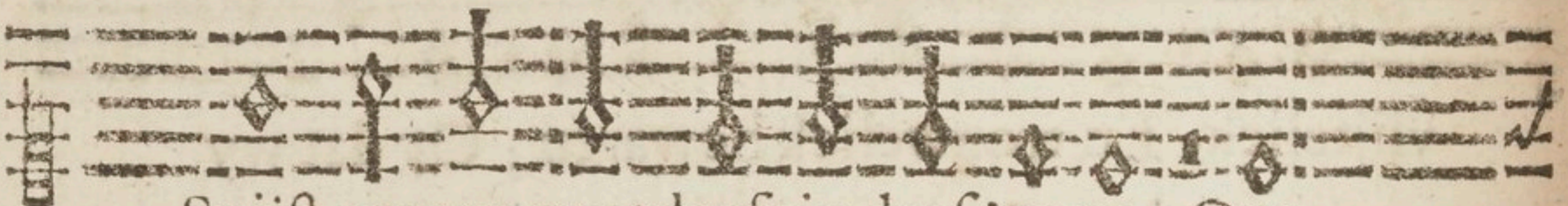
O



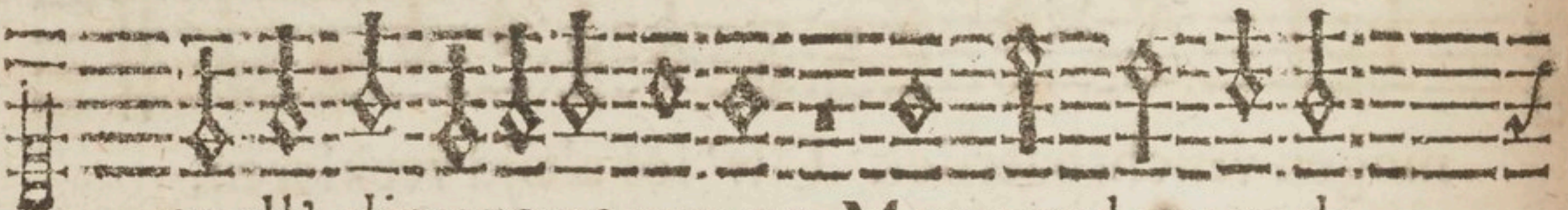
Vader, machtigh, wijs, en goet Beforger



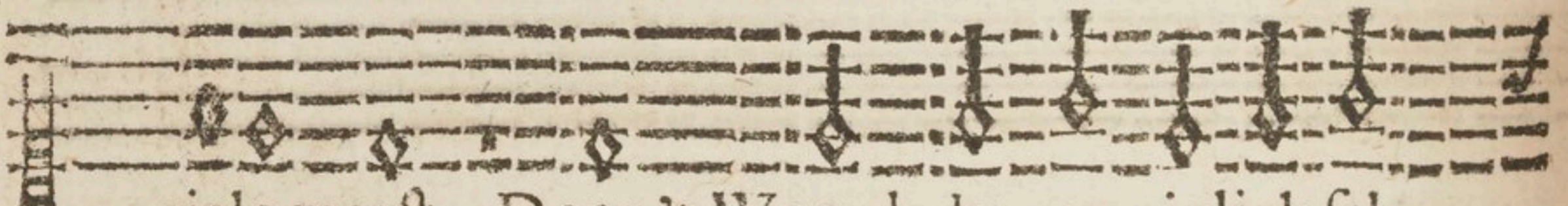
van u Creaturen, Tot zegen u hant open doet ;



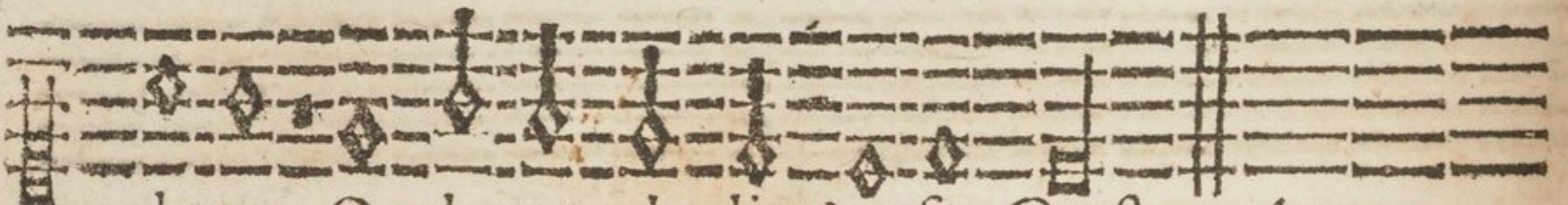
Spijst ons tot nootdrift in dees' uren ; Ons,



en all', die u name vuren : Maer voed ons na de



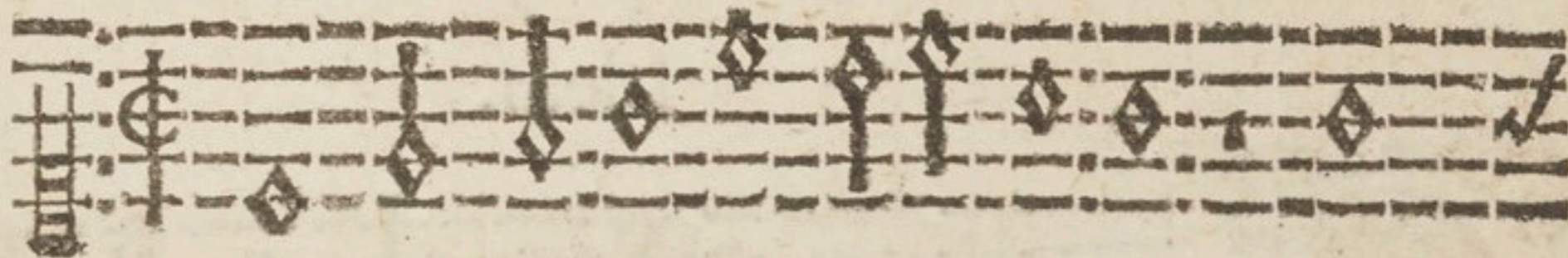
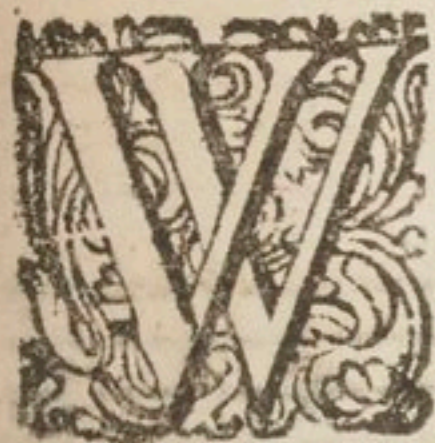
ziele meest, Door 't Woord, dat eeuwiglick sal



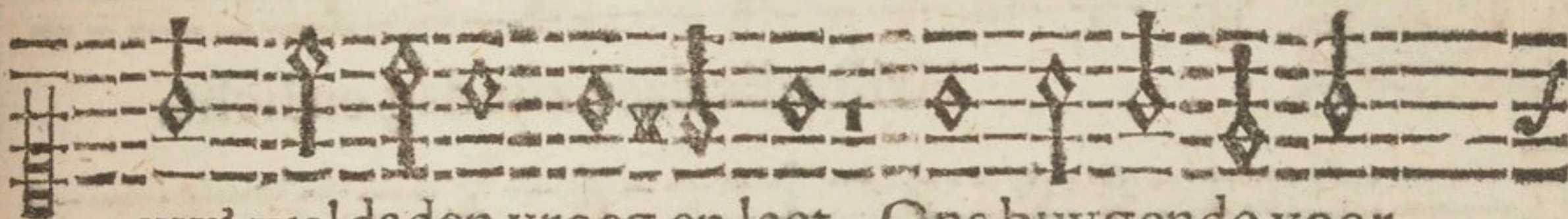
duren, Op dat u recht dien' onsen Geest. *Amen.*

Danckfegginge na den Eten.

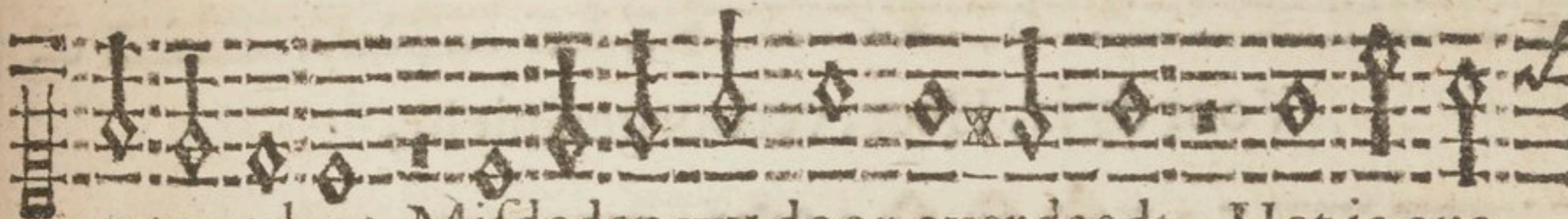
Idem.



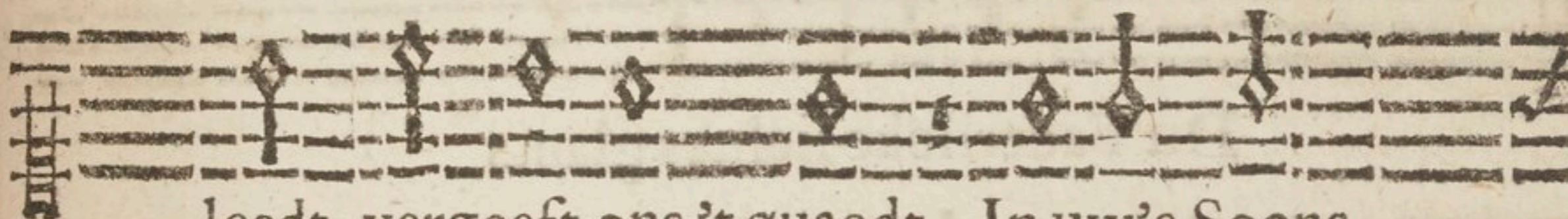
Y dancken u, eeuwige Vader, Van



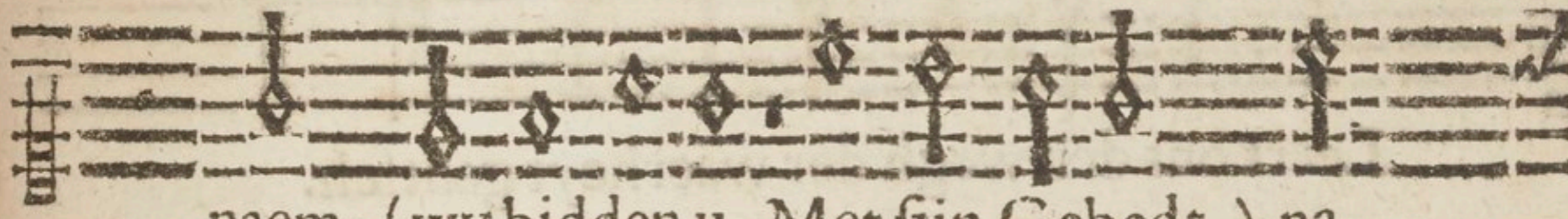
uw' weldaden vroeg en laet, Ons buygende voor



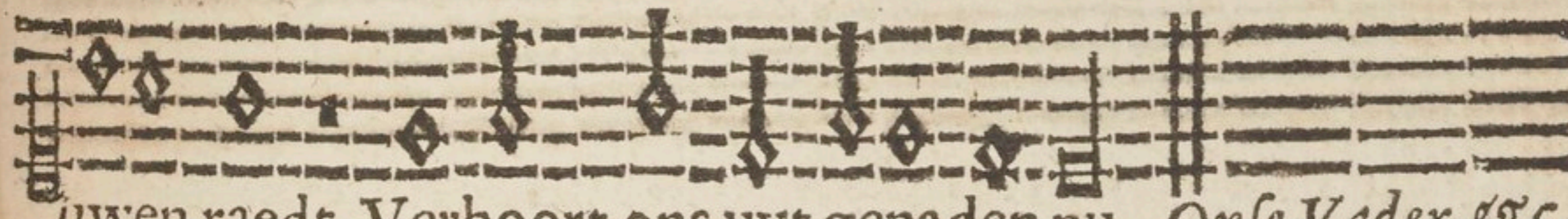
u te gader: Misdeden wy door overdaedt, Het is ons



leedt, vergeeft ons 't quaedt, In uw's Soons



naem, (wy bidden u Met sijn Gebedt.) na



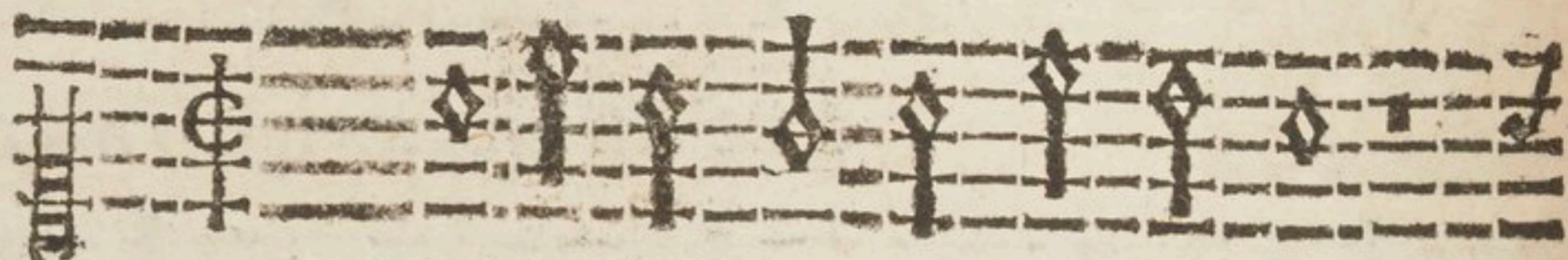
uwen raedt Verhoort ons uyt genaden nu. Onse Vader, &c.

Superius.

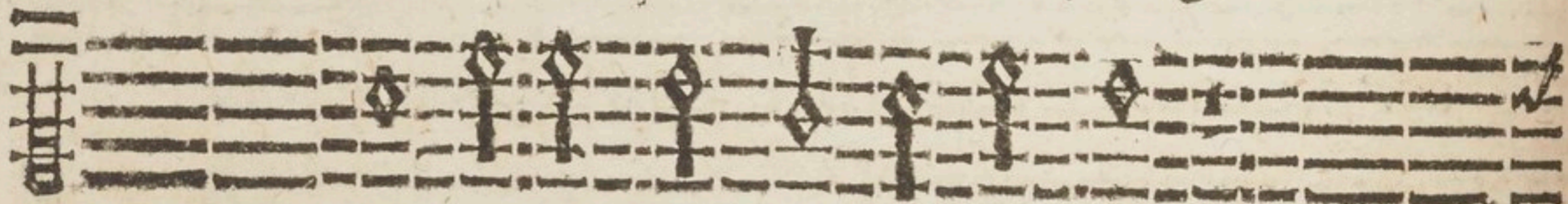
Het Avondt Gebedt.

Mede op Psalm C.

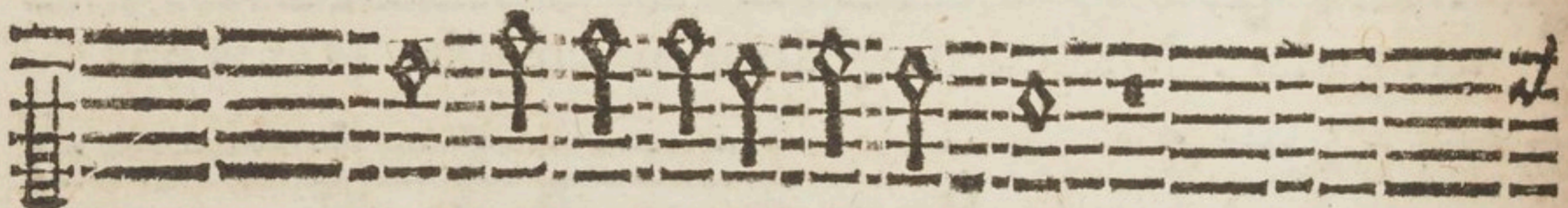
Idem.



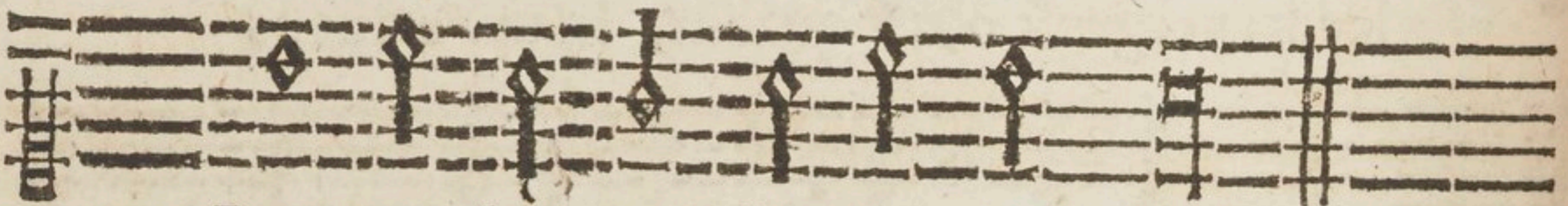
Hriste die daer zijt dag en licht,



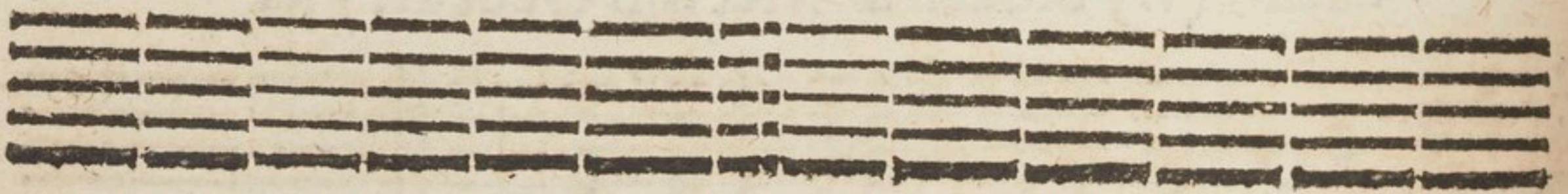
Voor dy is, Heer, verborgen nicht,



Du Vaderlicke lichtetes glants



Leert ons den wegh der waerheyt gantsch.



Een Eygen Geschrift

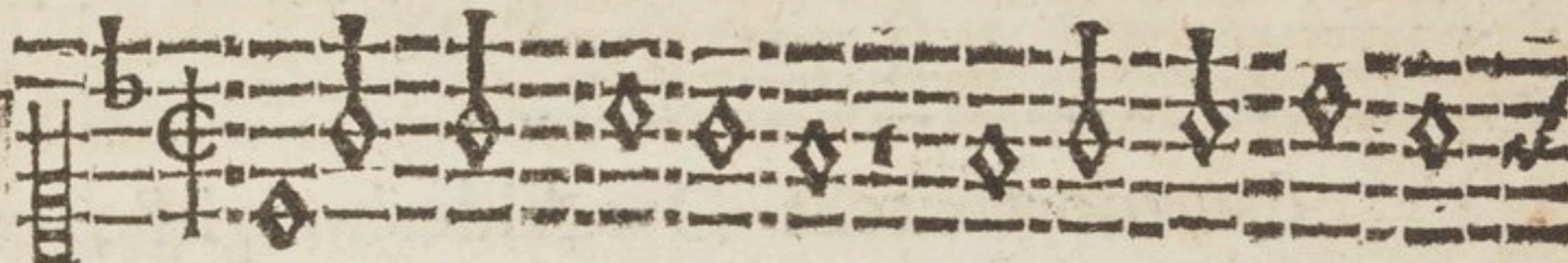
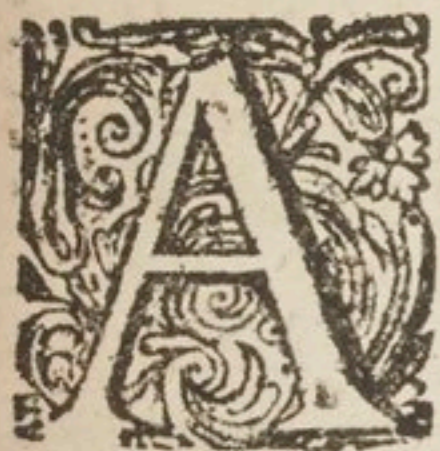
D A V I D S,

Boven 't getal der 150. Psalmen, uyt de Grieksche Bybels in
Nederduytschen Dichte gestelt, door

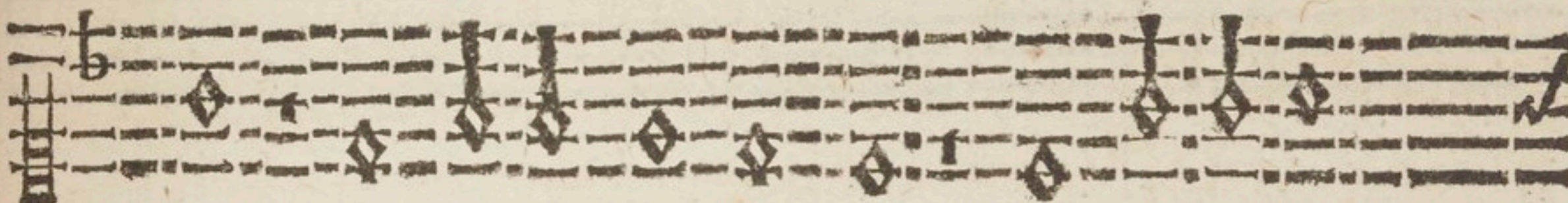
D. A B R A H A M vander M E E R.

Stem : Psalm 19.

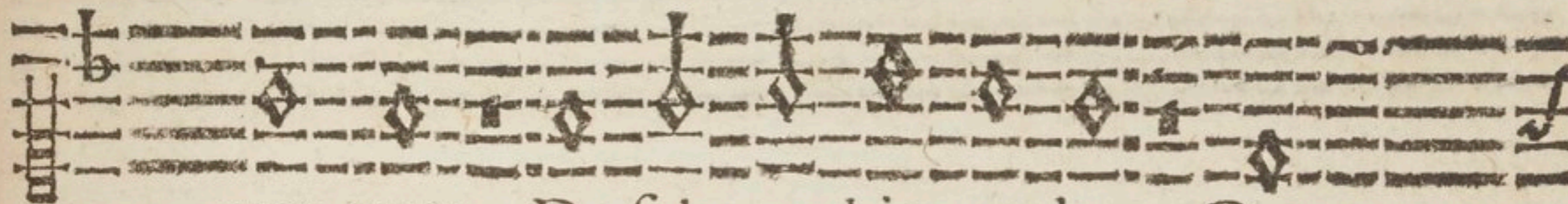
Idem.



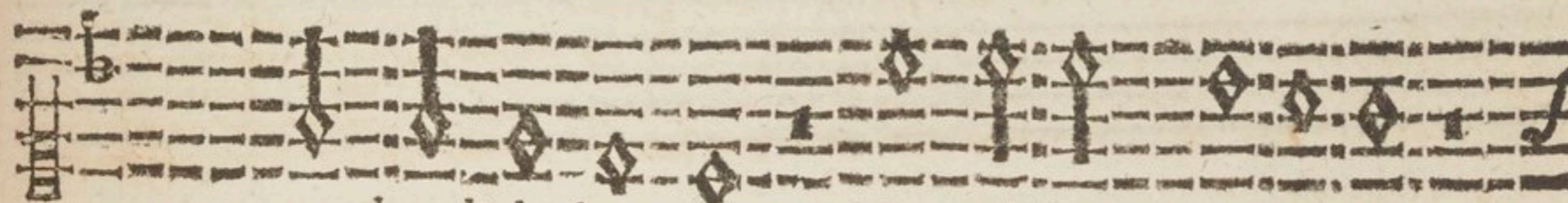
Ls ick noch Jongeling, Geachtet seer ge-



ring, By mijne broeders was, End' dagelicks



nam waer, De schapen hier en daer Gaen

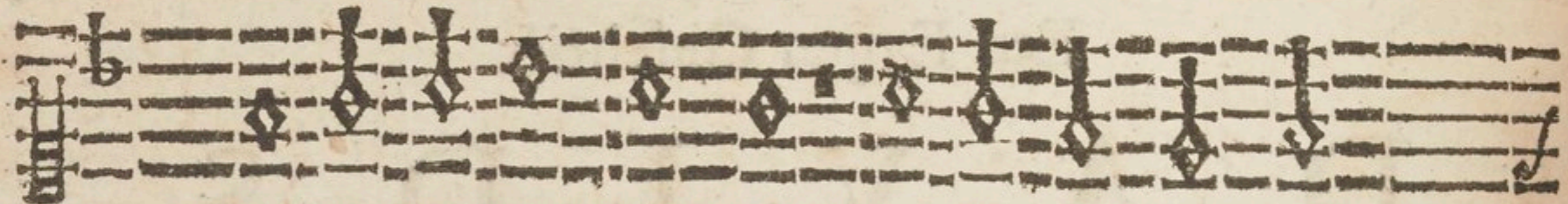


weydend' in het gras : Terwijl en 't vee nu at,

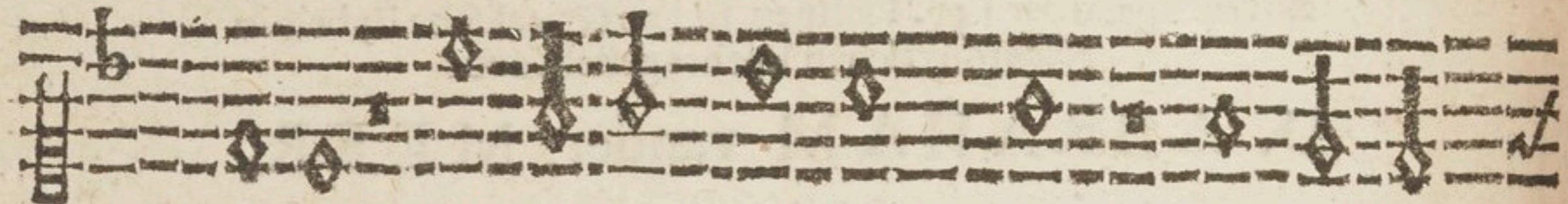
Ick

Superius.

Eygen Geschrift Davids.



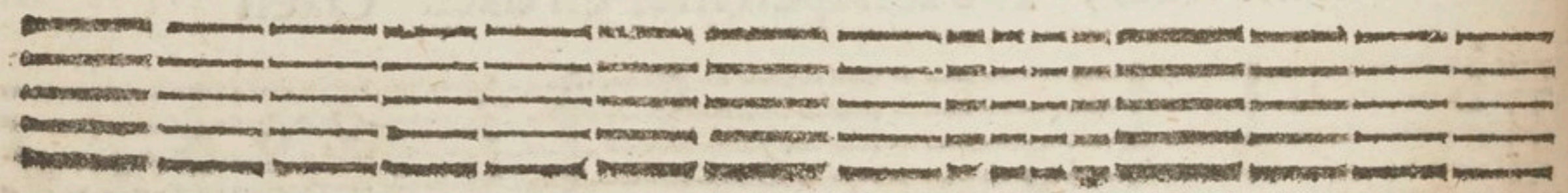
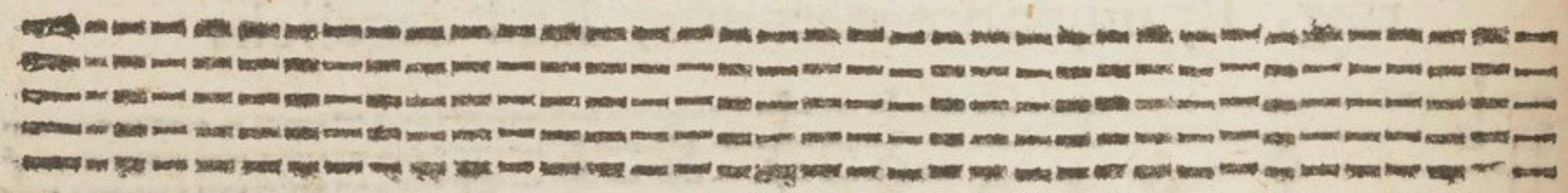
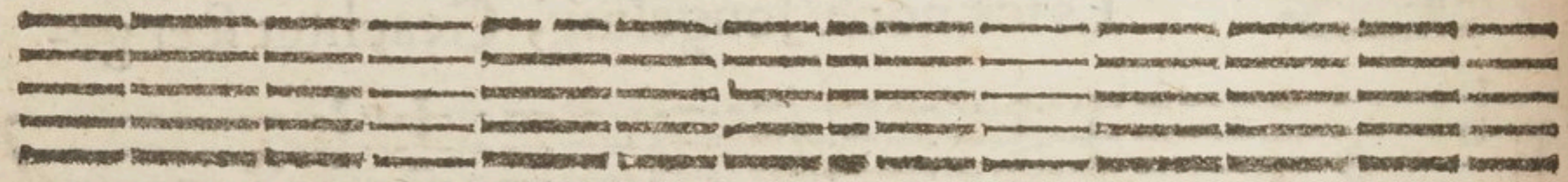
Iek in de schaduw' sat, En loofde Godt den



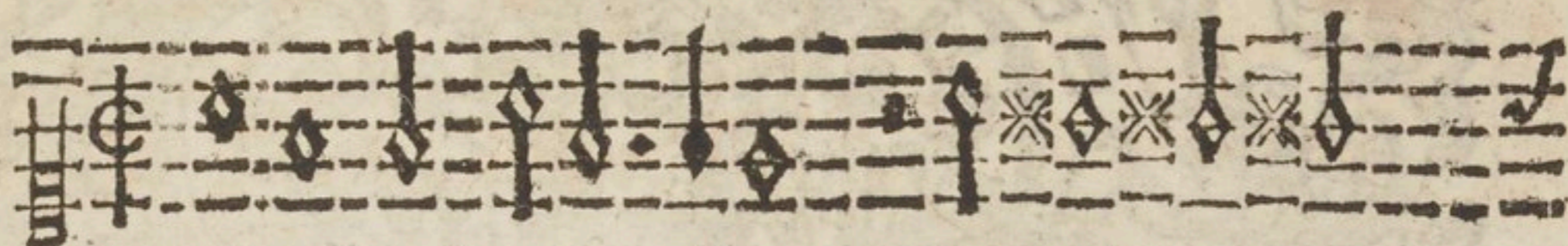
Heere, Een Instrument ick wracht, Daer op ick



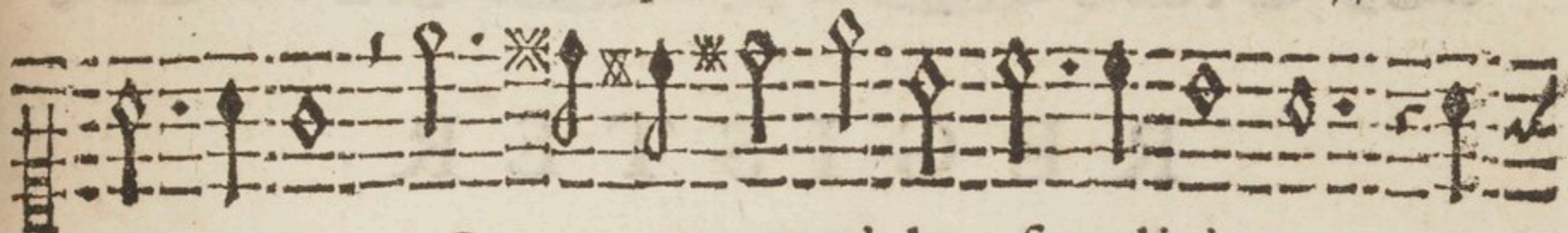
dan voortbracht Des Alderhooghtens eere.



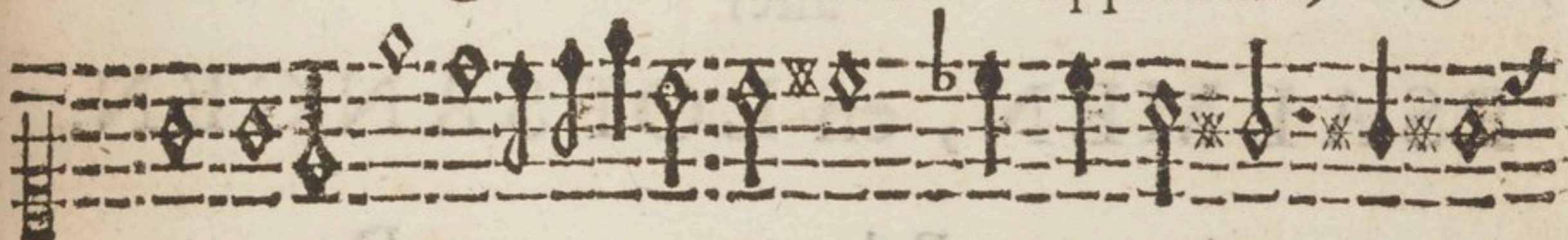
O



Triste spectaculum, O triste ://:



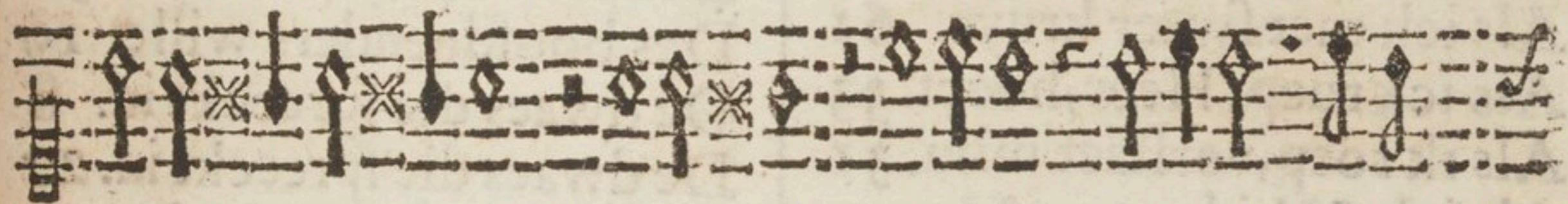
O crudele supplicium, O



crudele suppli- cium, Morte turpis- sima



condemnatur Je- sus, ululate, ululate ://:

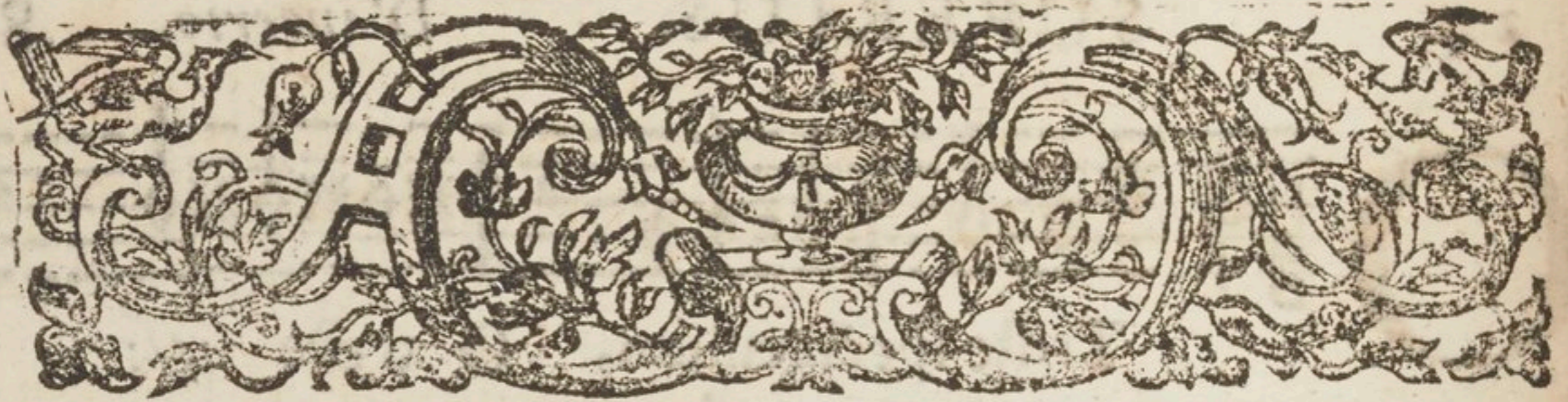


gen- tes, plangite, pl://: & clama-



te, qui- a oc- ci- sus est Salvator nost- er.

M



REGISTER

aller

PSALMEN, en LOFSANGEN.

A	Fol:	D
A Enfiet, Heer, 't recht. 9		D Ancket dē Heer. a 5. 60
Alle gy knechten. 68		Dancket Godt nu. 69
Alle volck gemeyn. 24		Danckt Godt, want hy. 54
Alseen Hert gejaegt. 22		DeHeer heeft gesproken. 56
Als God Zions gevang'n. 64		Den lof en prijs. a 5. 56
Als ick met swaer kruys. 61		Des boofdoenders wille. 19
Als ick roep, Heer, hoort. 33		De dwaes die spreeckt in. 8
Als ik roep, verstaet mijn. 31		De dwaes die spreeckt in. 27
Als ick U bid, opent Uw. 3		De aerd' is onses Godts. 13
Als ons de nood overvalt. 24		De Hemelen seer klaer. 10
Als wy aen dat water tot. 69		DeHeyd'nen zijn in uw'. 40
		Die in Godes bewaring'. 46
B		De Koning sal seer zijn. 11
B Ewaert my, Heer. 9		Die niet en gaet. I
Bewaert ô Heer, m. 14		Die

R E G I S T E R.

Die op den Heere vast. 63
 Doe Israël Egyptenlant. 58
 Doet ons bystandt, 't is. 7

E

EnKoning is deHeer. 49
 Een yeder moet tot. 53

G

Gedenckt doch des. 67
 Gelooft zy God m. 73
 Gelucksalig is de mensch. 60
 Gy hebt my, Heer. a 5. 70
 Gy Herder Israëls wilt. 41
 Gy hemelsche creaturen. 75
 Gy Heydenen looft t'fae. 59
 Gy kind'ren die den Heer. 57
 Gy menschen al, hoort en. 25
 Gy Prinçen en gy Heer. 15
 Gy Raeds-Heeren, laet. 30
 Gy zijt geweest. a 5. 46
 Gy zijt, Heer, met uw'. 43
 Gy volckeren des. 51
 Godt die der goden Heer. 26
 Godt heeft sijn Huys vast. 44
 Godt is inde vyers. a 5. 42
 Godt is in Iudea seer wel. 39
 God is mijn licht, 'twelk. 14

God is nochtans troost'l. 37
 Godt regeert, zijnde met. 47
 Godt verhoor uw' gebed. 11

H

HEer, die my dus lang. 45
 Heer, die ons hebt. 31
 Heer, ick wil u uyt 's hert. 5
 Heer, uw' wonder. 23
 Het zijn heerlicke dingen. 47
 Hoe komt dat gy, Heer. 6
 Hoe komt dat gy ons. 38
 Hoe lang' hebt gy beslotē. 7
 Hoe lieflick, ô Heer, en. 43
 Hoe seer dat mijn ziel is. 32
 Hoe veel is des volcks. 2

I

Ick betrouw op Godt. 6
 Ick bidd' U, help. a 5. 35
 Ick danck u, Heer, uyt. 70
 Ick hebb' den Heer lief. 59
 Ick hebb' mijn stem. 39
 Ick roepe Godt. a 5. 72
 Ick roep u, Heer, aen in. 71
 Ick sal Godt, mijnen. 73
 Ick sal U lieven en dienen. 10
 Ick sprack; Ick woude. 20

M 2

Ick

R E G I S T E R.

Ick stel op u vast mijn. 16
 Ick wil (zijnde verblijd.) 18
 In de heylige stad voorw. 25

K

Komt laet ons bl. a 5. 48

L

Laet nu God gepresen. 76
Looft Godt, het zijn. 74
 Looft nu vry onses Gods. 68

M

Men looft u, Heer. 33
Men mach nu wel. 63
 Mijn Godt voed my, als. 12
 Mijn hert heff ick tot u. 13
 Mijn hert is Heer, in gr. 66
 Mijn hert is, ô Heer r. 55
 Mijn hert wilt nu een seer. 23
 Mijn hoop stel ick op U. 36
 Mijn ziele wilt den Heer. 52

N

NA dat gy, Heer, my. 16
NA dat ick langent. 21
 Neemt mijn saeck aen. 22
 Niet ons, niet ons, maer u. 58

O

Och Heer almachtig. 28
O Godt, geen Godt. 32
O Godt, gy die God zijt. 48
O Godt, op wien. a 5. 36
O Heer, gy zijt mijn sterk. 15
O Heer, ick ben van mijn. 30
O Heer, mijn roem en eer. 55
O Heer, opent my. a 5. 44
O Heer, wilt mijn gebedt. 28
O mijn Godt, wilt my. 71
O mijn volck, wilt mijn. 40
Onse Godt die is. 50
Onse Godt zy ons. a 5. 34
Ontfermt u Heer, ontf. 29
Ontfermt U mijns, die n. 29
Ontfermt U over my. 26
Onse God en Heer seer. 5
Op U hoop' ick, Heer. 4

Q

Quelte u daer med'. 19

S

Saligh is hy bevonden. 65
Segte gy Tyran, waer. 27
 Siet hoe fijn en lieflick is. 67
 Singt den Heere bly. 41

Singt

R E G I S T E R.

Singht den Heer in den. 34
 Singt een nieu liedt den. 49
 Soo Godt niet selfs dat h. 64
 Soo haest als ick hoore sp. 62
 Staet op Heer, toont u. 35

T

T Ot den bergen hef ik. 61
 Tot u, Heer, mijn o. 62
 Twist, Heer met mijn tw. 18

V

V An der jeught aen h. 65
 Van des Heeren goed. 45
 Van Godts goetheyt en. 51
 Verhoort ô God, mijn w. 3
 Uyt de diepten, ô Heere. 66

W

W Aerom raest dat v. 2
 Waerom verlaet gy. 12
 Weest nu verheugt all' g. 17
 Wel aen mijn ziel gy m. 53
 Wel hem, die altijdt is b. 57
 Wel hem, die recht oord. 21
 Wel hem, dien sijn misd. 17
 Wel op mijn ziel, wilt nu. 74
 Wie is 't die sal woonen. 8

Wilt doch niet langer sw. 42
 Wilt doch u gericht. a 5. 37
 Wilt een nieu liedt den. 75
 Wilt Godt lofen eer gev. 54
 Wilt in uwen toorn gest. 20
 Wilt my niet straffen. 4
 Wilt mijn gebedt Heer v. 52
 Wilt mijn gebedt ô Heer. 72
 Wilt onsen Godt een n. 50
 Wy dancken u God en H. 38

Loffangen.

H Eft op u hert. - Fol: 76
 Nu laet gy, Heer. 77
 Mijn ziel maect groot. 77
 Onse Vader in Hemelr. 78
 Dat doch de Heer zy g. 78
 Ick geloof in God, Vader. 79
 Wy geloovē in eenē God. 80
 O heerlick en bestendig. 81
 O Godt die onse Vader. 81
 O Vader, machtig, wijs. 82
 Wy dancken u, eeuwige. 83
 Christe die daer zijt dag. 83
 Als ick noch Jongeling. 84

Canon 25. Fol: 1. O triste spectaculum. Fol: 85.

E Y N D E.