

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.

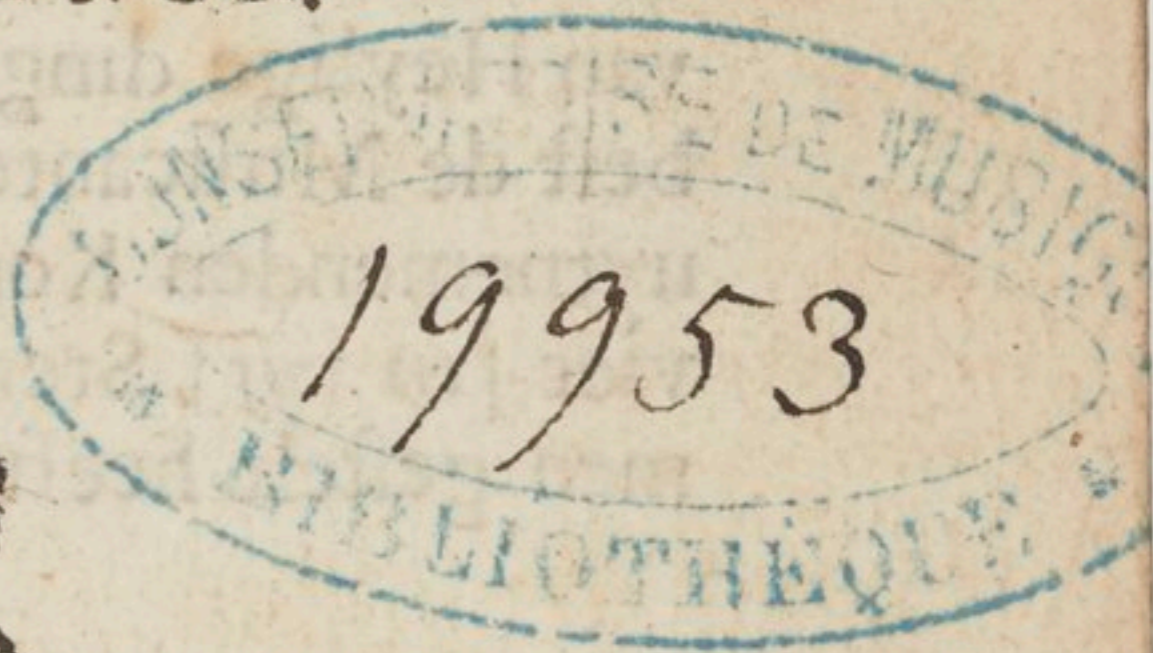
CONTRA - TENOR.



Tot SCHIEDAM.

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

Res. 648





*Iudiciũm*  
*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 Konstenæer 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<sup>r</sup>. Abraham van Cleef,  
Oud - Burgem<sup>r</sup>. 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 Gemeynthe Jesu  
Christi tot Schiedam.

E-Juffer, en Mijn Heer!

**M**

*Ik bidde slaet uw' oogen  
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 geestelijk genougen,  
Dat door 't gebruyck van dien in ons bevonden wert:*



Geen wonder! aengesien de meeste konst-gesangen  
 Met minne-jankerij, 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  
 (Wijl't Fransewerk ontbreekt) de gunst en vriend'lijkheyt,  
 Waer me'e gy my soo dikwils eerden en verhoogde,  
 T' ontmoeten met een prouf van schuld'ge dankbaerheyt.  
 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 Heerlijkheyt, en eer zy Eeuwig toegebracht.

P E T R U S A N G I L L I U S,  
 Poliat. Schied.

8. Novemb.  
 1664.



Op de Mufijke van Claudyn le Jeune,  
uytgegeven door

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

**D**ie 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-punter

van

CLAUDYN LE IEUNE.

**W**anneer 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 reedlijck mensch die sich dan niet verwondert.

Het ongelijck geluydt heeft door de Maet gelijkheyt ;  
Veel meer dan eenigh dingh dat andre wel geliijckt :  
'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 fin 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 **DAVIDS** heyl'ge Psalmen.


'T veranderen van stem, het laegen, en het hoogen,  
Het breecken 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 mal kander.

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* gestedt;  
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 verzwonden  
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 souden swichten,  
Doch ick insonderheyt

DE BUCK.



# Den Drucker

aen den

## Christelicken Sanger.

**W**Y maecken 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 Ieune*, 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 *H<sup>r</sup>. Aldegonde*, de *H<sup>r</sup>. Westerbaen*, *D<sup>m</sup>. 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 verongelijken, 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,

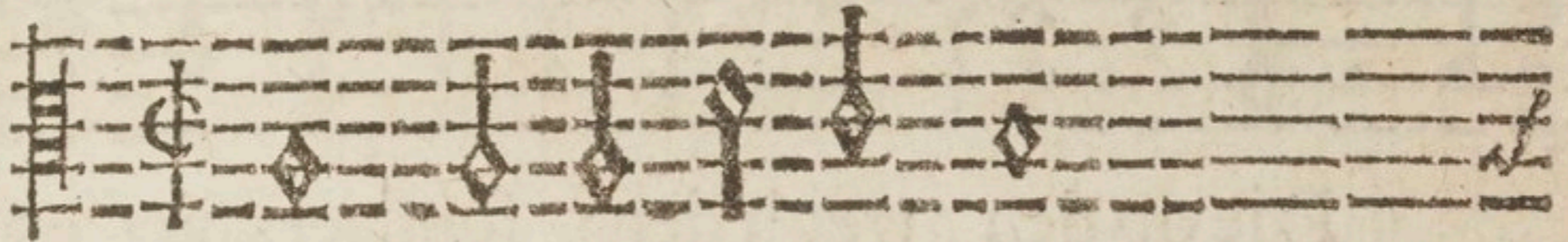
L. VANDER WIEL.



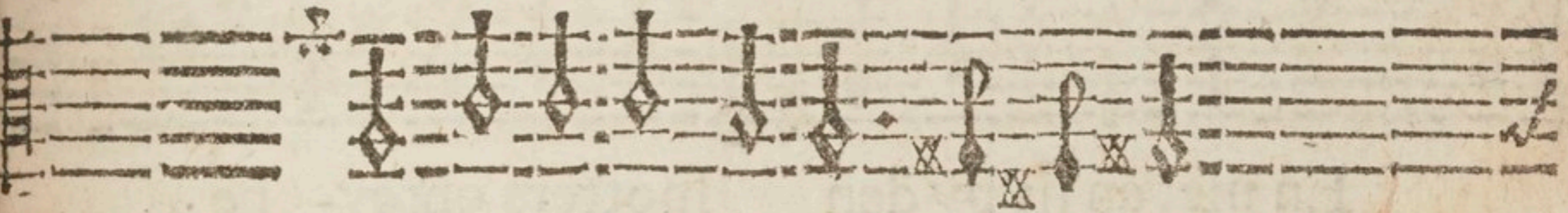
FUGVE A L'VNISSEON  
APRES DEUX TEMPS.

A CINQ.

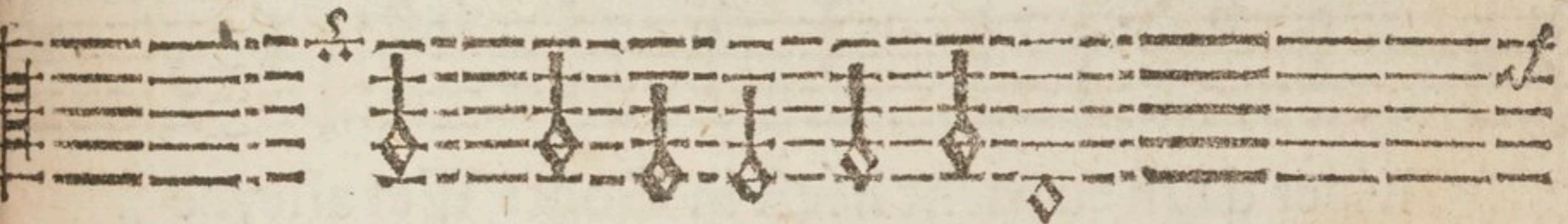
CANON.



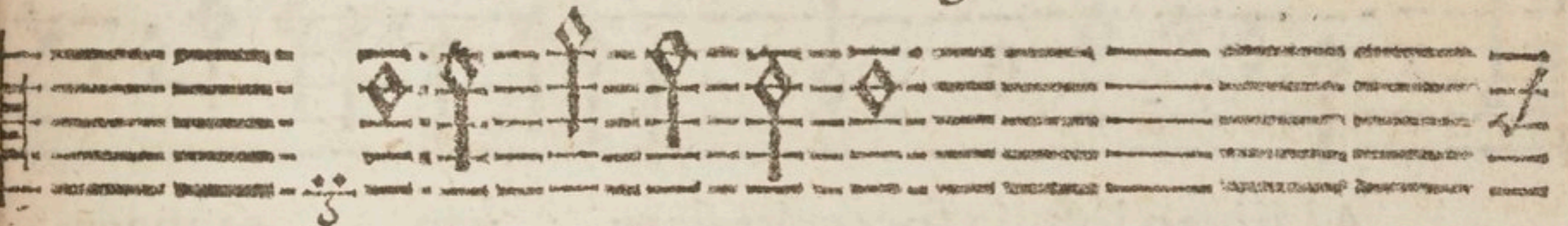
! 'T is een groote vreug-



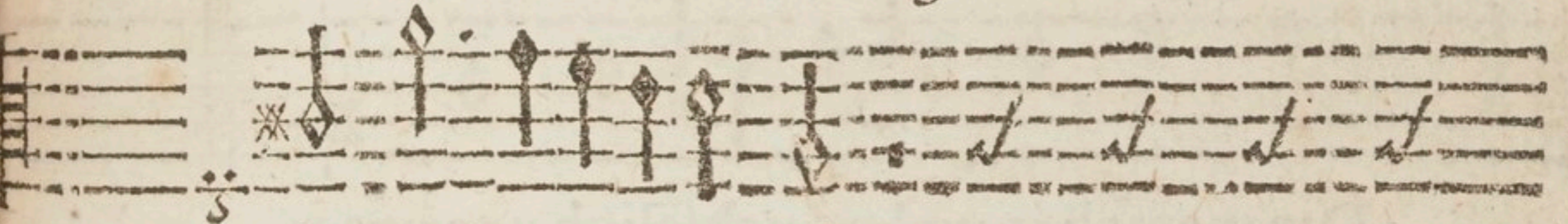
de Te loven sijnen



Godt: Geen ander aerds genot



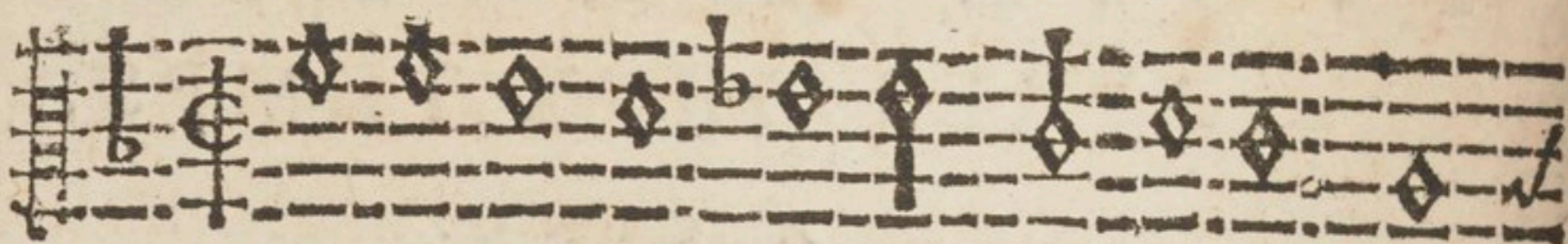
Ons immer soo verheug-



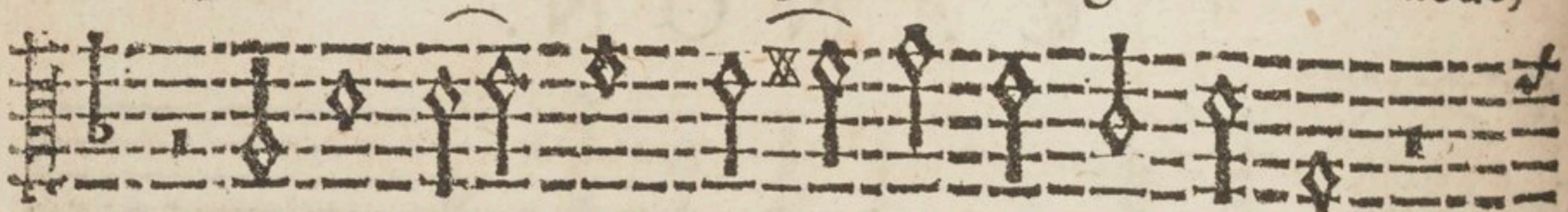
de, verheug- de.

A





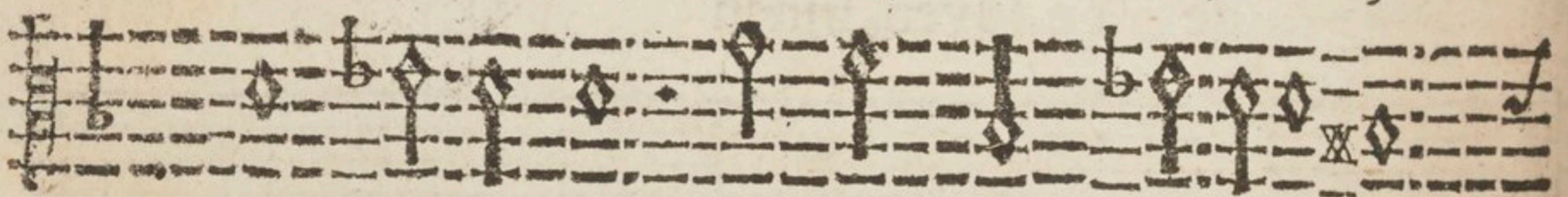
Ie niet en gaet in der godtloosen raedt,



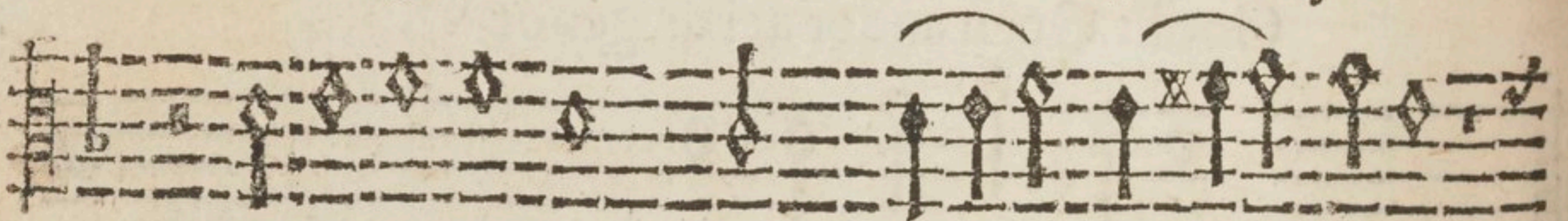
Die op den wegh der fondaers niet en staet,



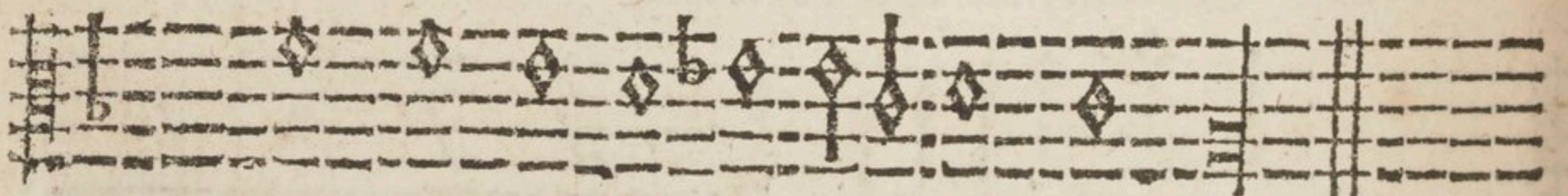
En niet en sit by den spotters onrey- ne;



Maer dagh en nacht heeft in Godts Wet alleyne

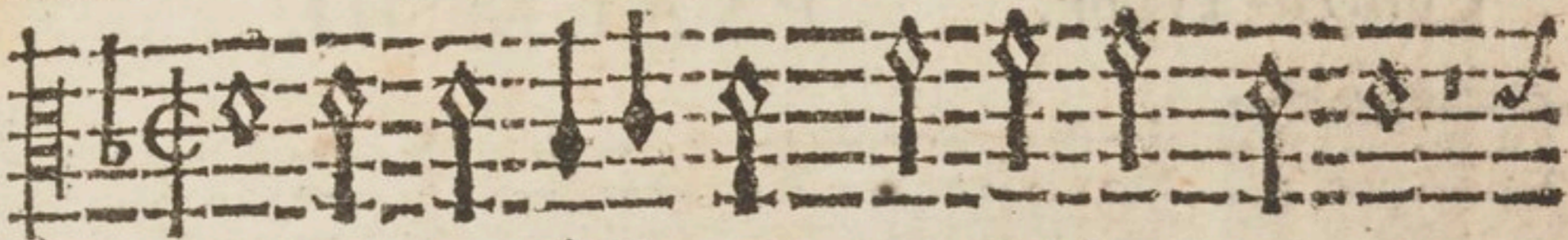


Al sijnen lust, ja spreeckt daer van eenpaer,

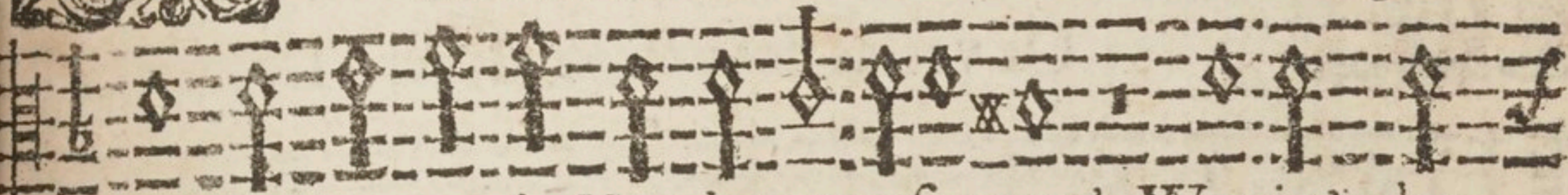


Die mensch is wel geluckfaligh voorwaer.

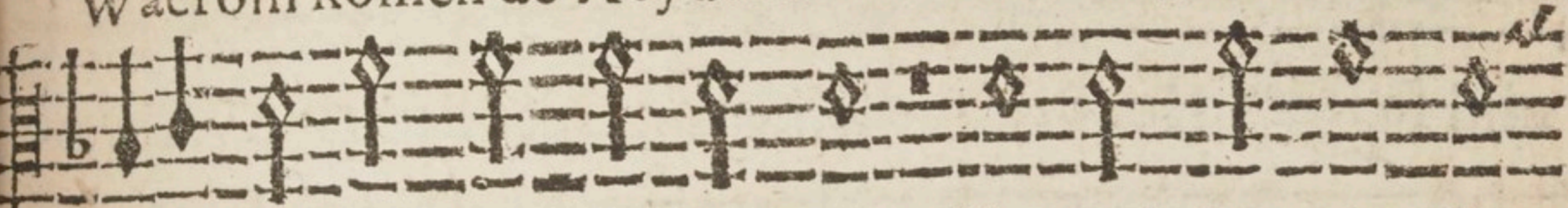




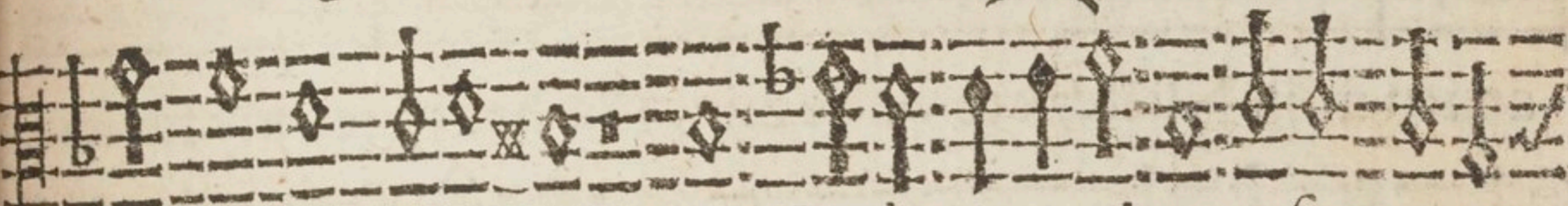
Aerom raest dat volk met sulken hoogmoet?



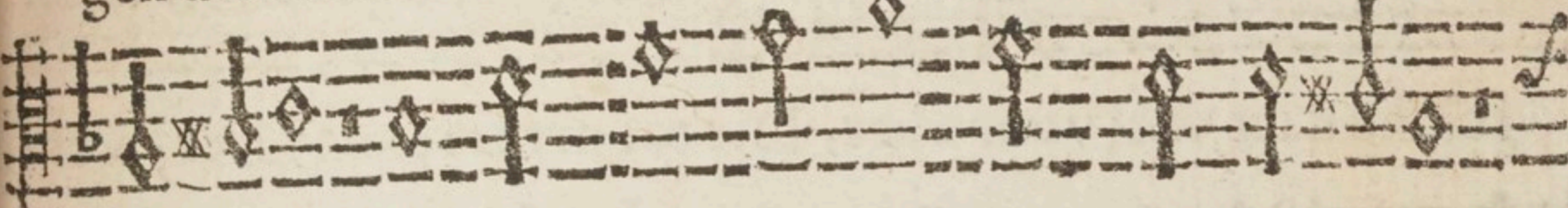
Waerom komen de Heydenen te samen? Wat is 't dat



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



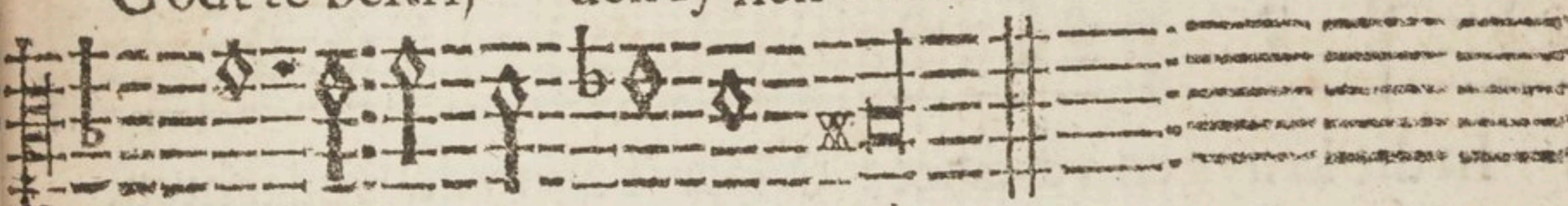
gen die niet betamen? De Koningen hen te samen ver-



bin- den, De voornaemst' all' zijn oock daer toe bedacht,



Godt te bestrij- den sy hen onderwin- den En sijnen

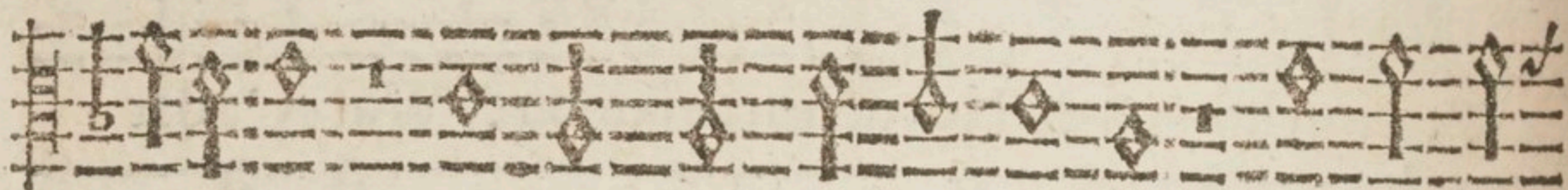


Gesalfden met grooter macht.

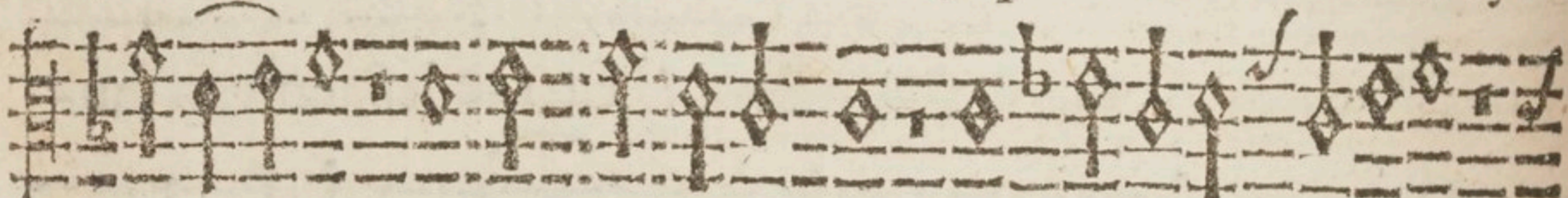




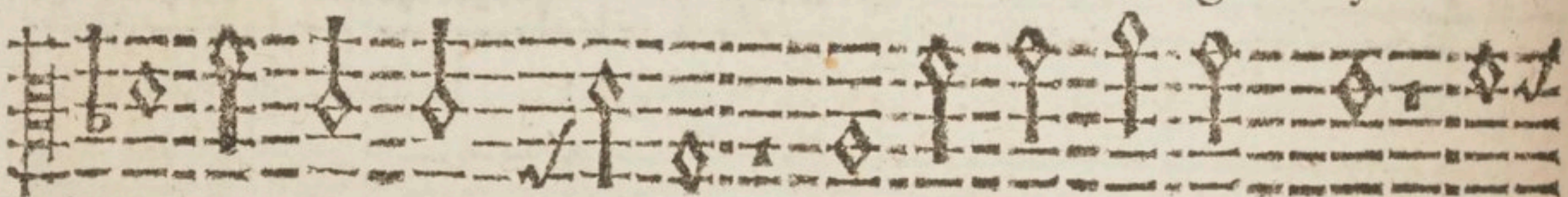
Oe veel is des volcks, Heer, Dat my be-



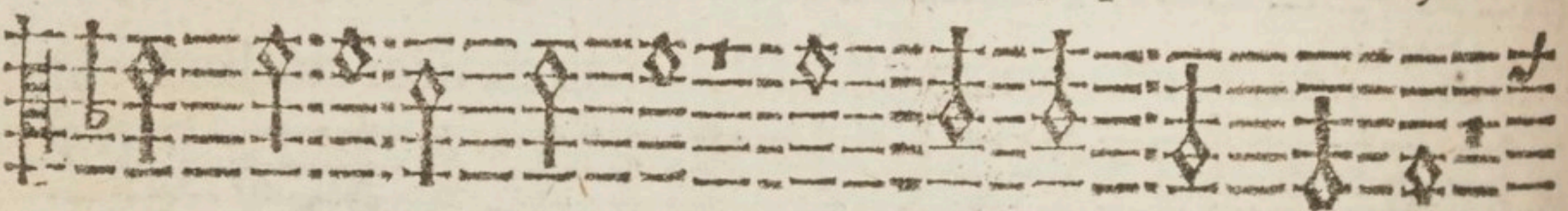
nijd so seer? Hoe veel menschen my quellen? Hoe veel vy-



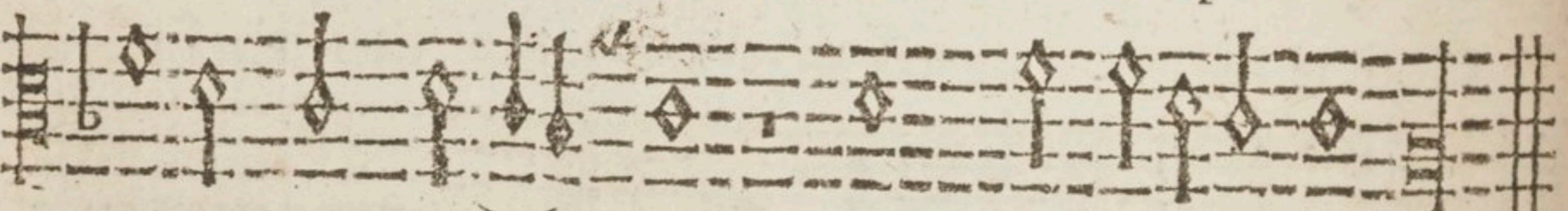
anden mijn Nu sterk te velde zijn, Die hen tegen my stellen?



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



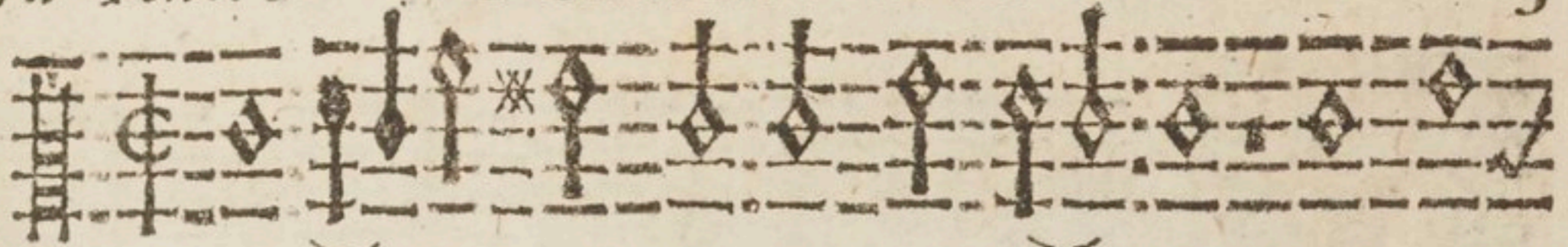
gaen zijn al sijn krachten, Sijn Godt die helpt hem niet



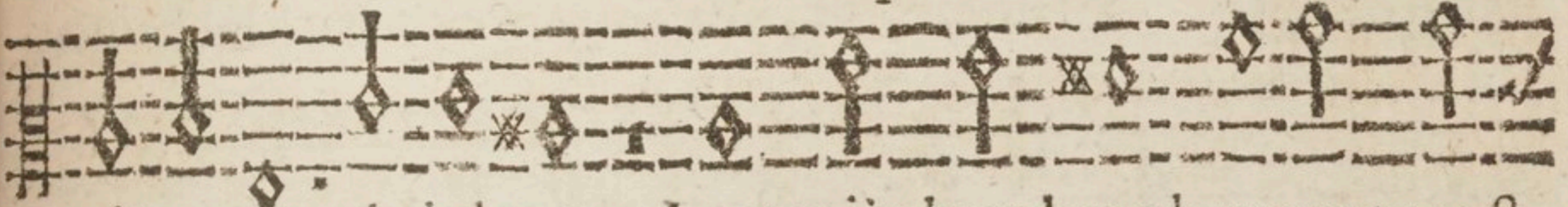
In dit kruys en verdriet: Maer 't-zijn ydel gedachten.



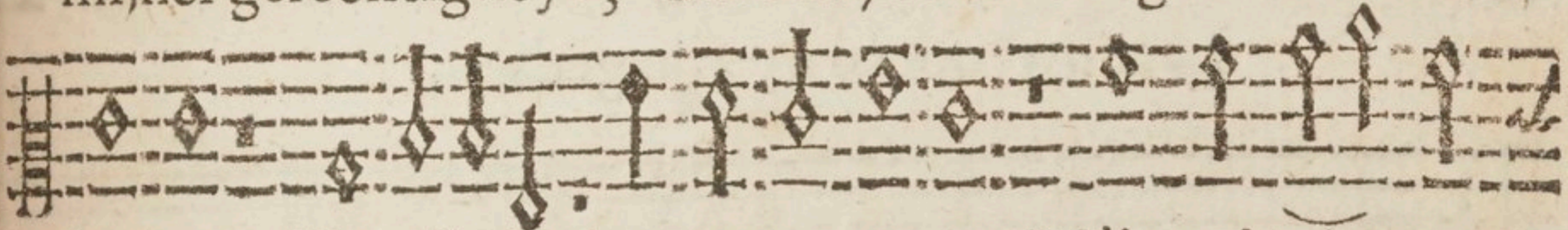
A



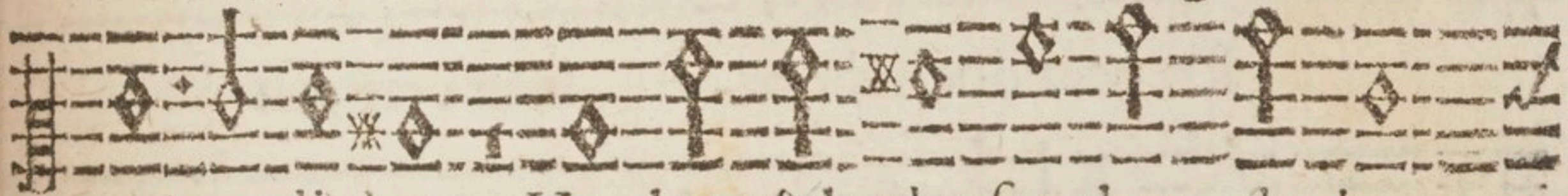
Als ick u bidd', opent uw' oo-ren, O Heer'



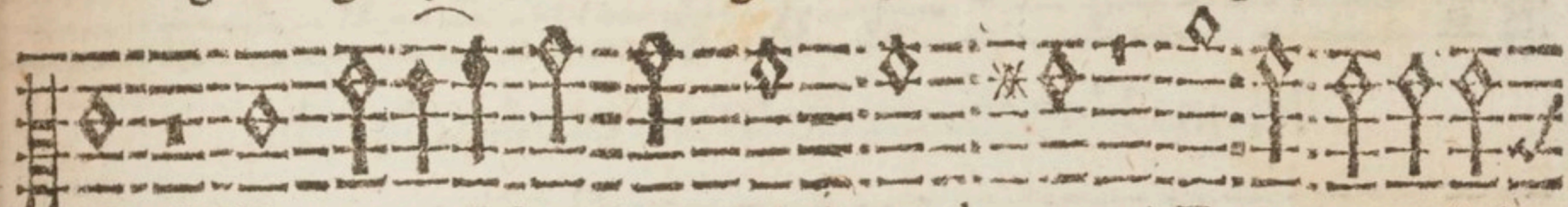
mijner gerechtigheyt ; Laet mijn hert bangh uwen troost



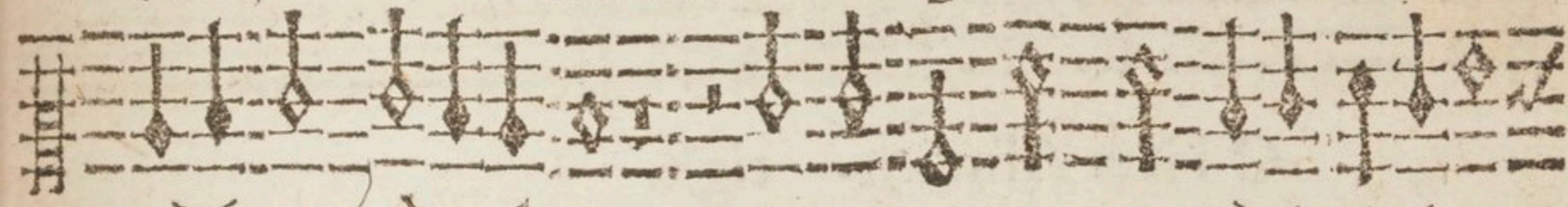
hooren, En u stedes komen te voren Mijn gebed, na



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



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



heyt gaen kee- ren, De leugen oock t'uwer on- ee-

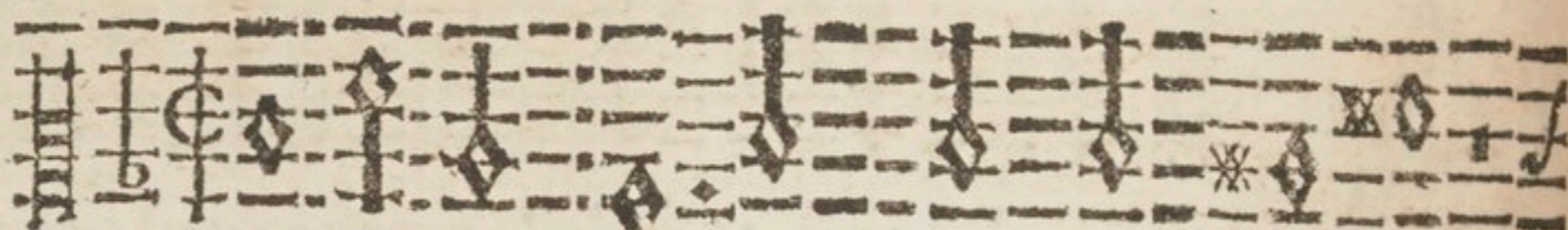


ren, Soo lief hebben als ghy nu doet?

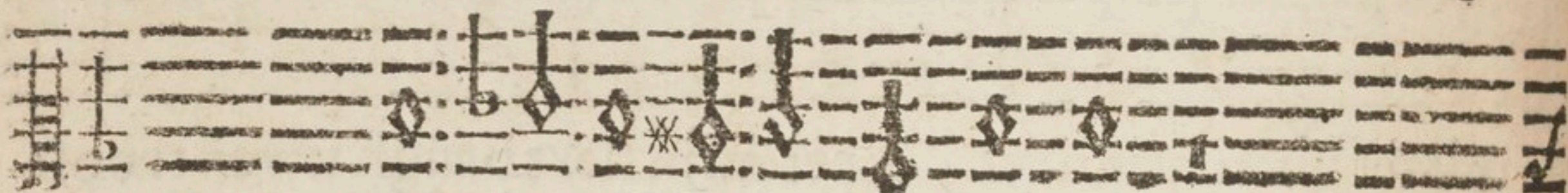


Contra-Tenor.

PSALM V.



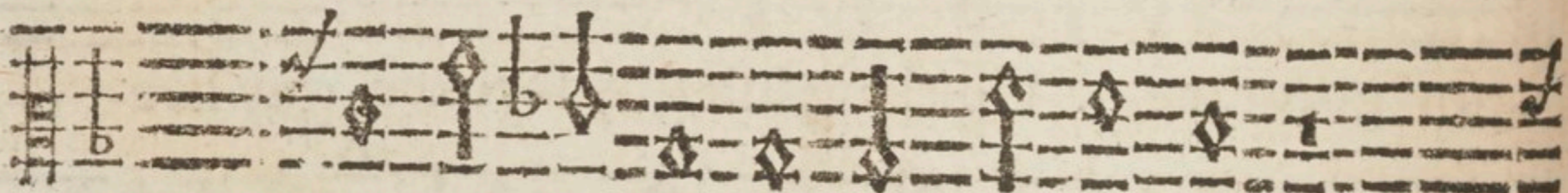
Erhoort, ô Godt, mijn woorden klachtigh,



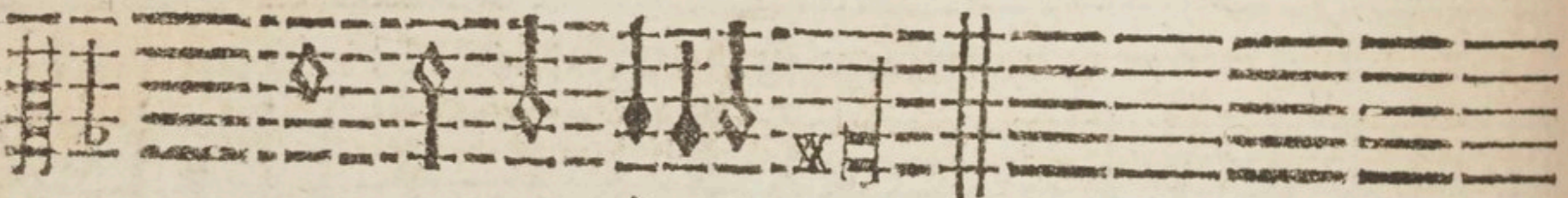
Laet uw' ooren op zijn gedaen,



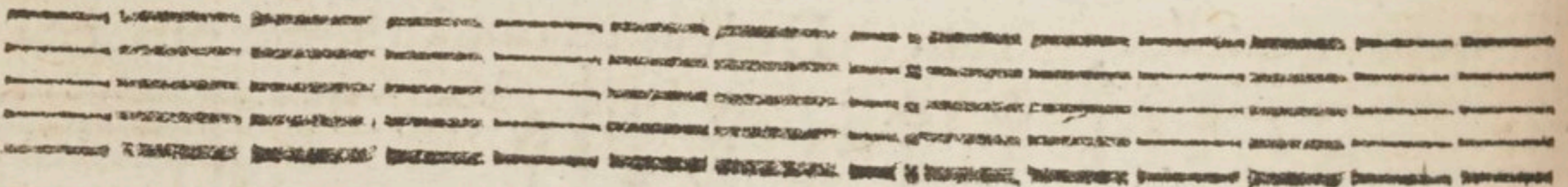
En wilt doch d'oor- fake verstaen



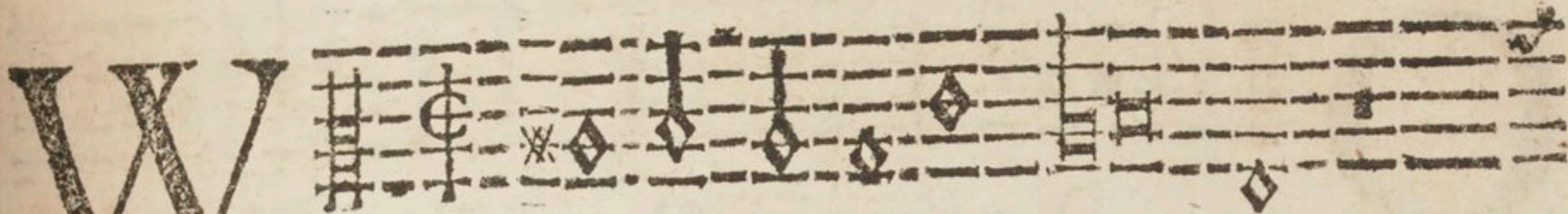
Mijns klagens en fuchtens eendrachtigh,

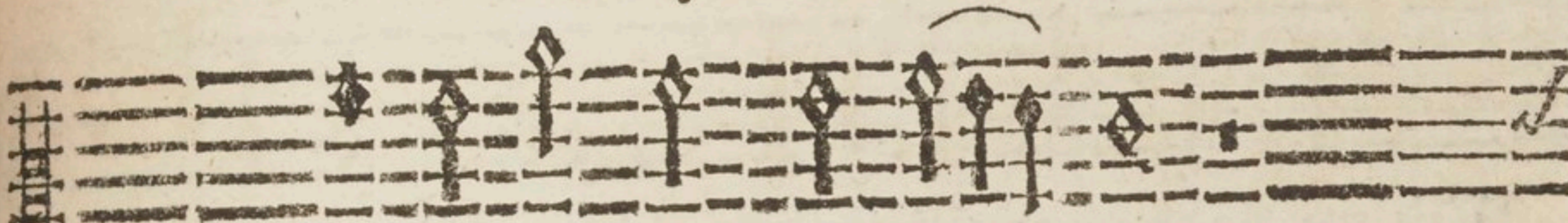


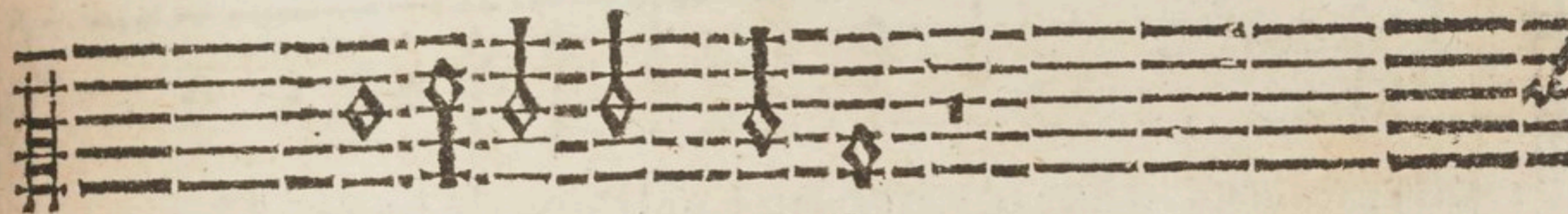
O Heer Almach- tigh.

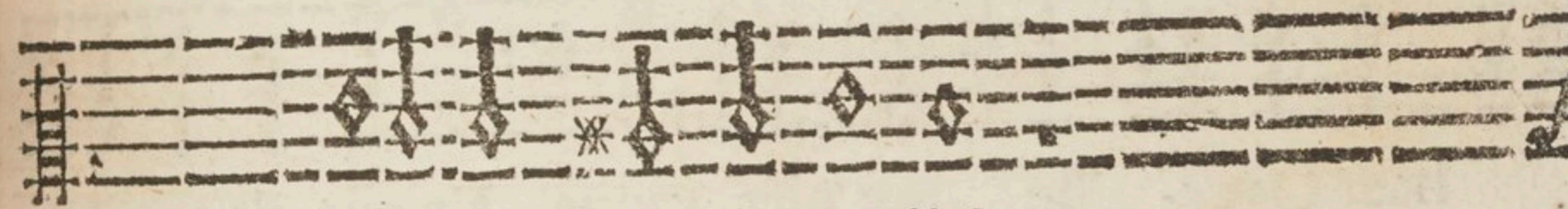


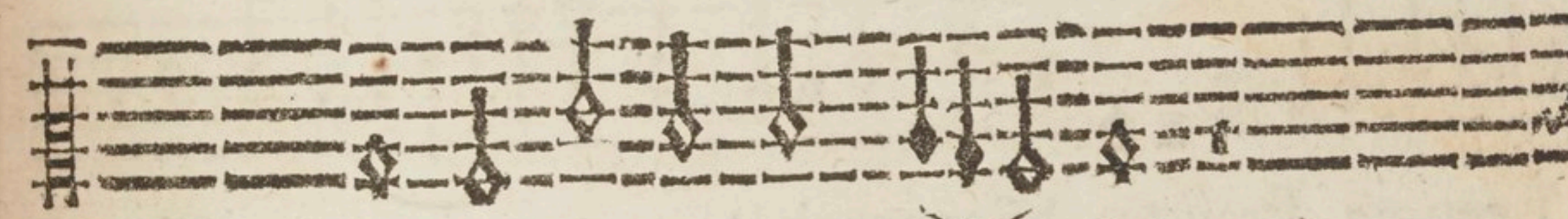


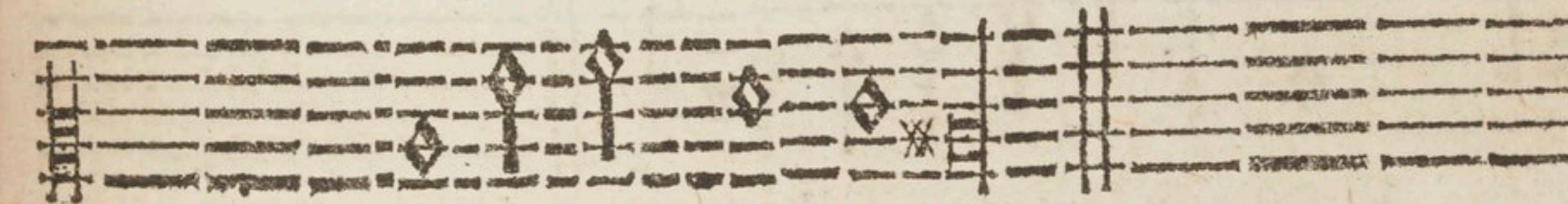
**W**    
 Ilt my niet straffen Hee- re,

   
 Die misdaen hebb' soo see- re,

   
 In eenen grammen sin ;

   
 In uwten toorn vervaerlick

   
 Kastijdt my niet soo swaer- lick,

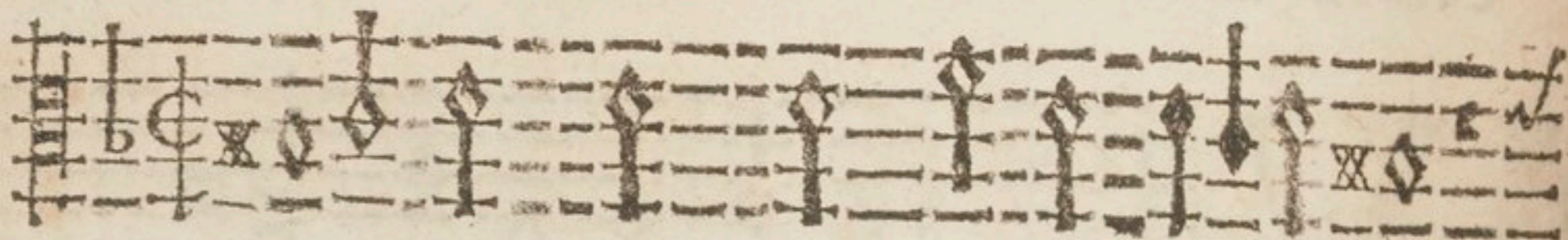
   
 Als ick wel waerdigh bin.



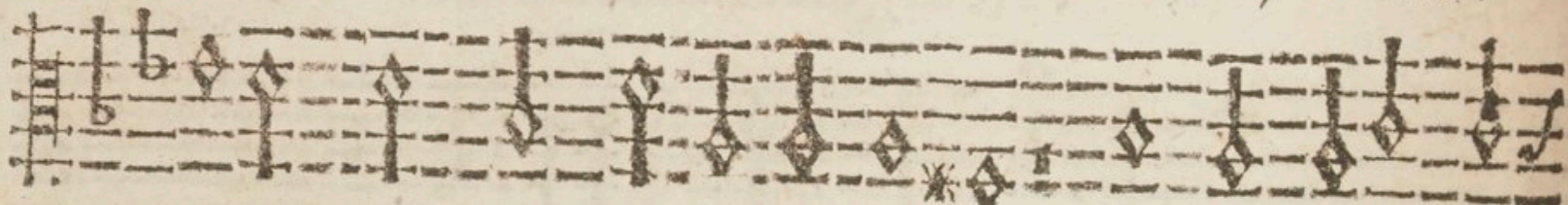
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM VII.

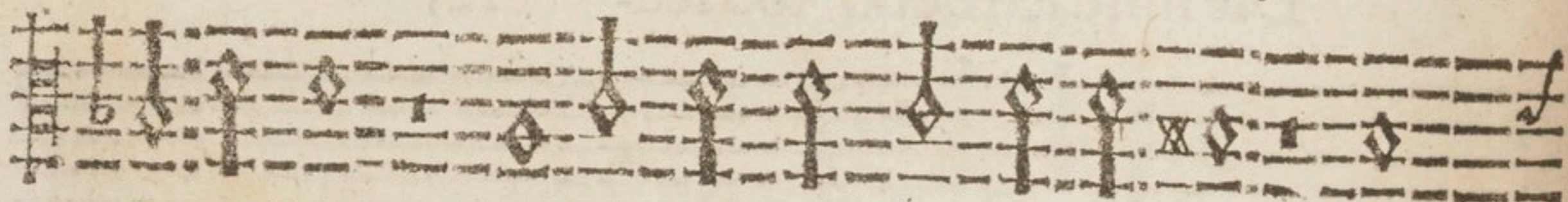
O



P u hoop ick, Heer, t'allen tij- den:



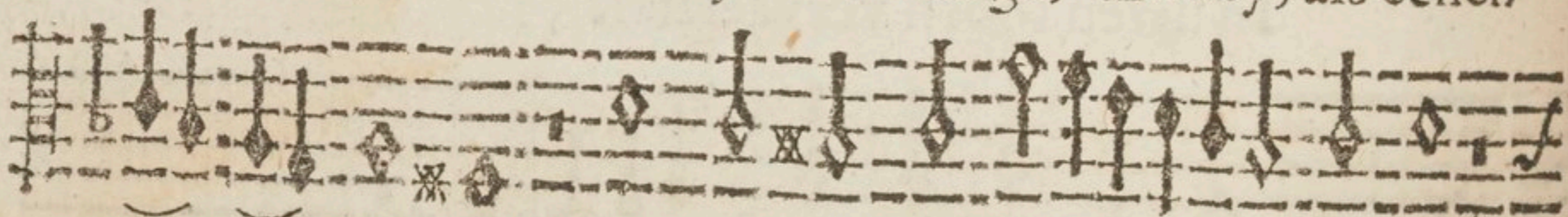
Wilt my doch voor all' die bevrijden, Die my haten met



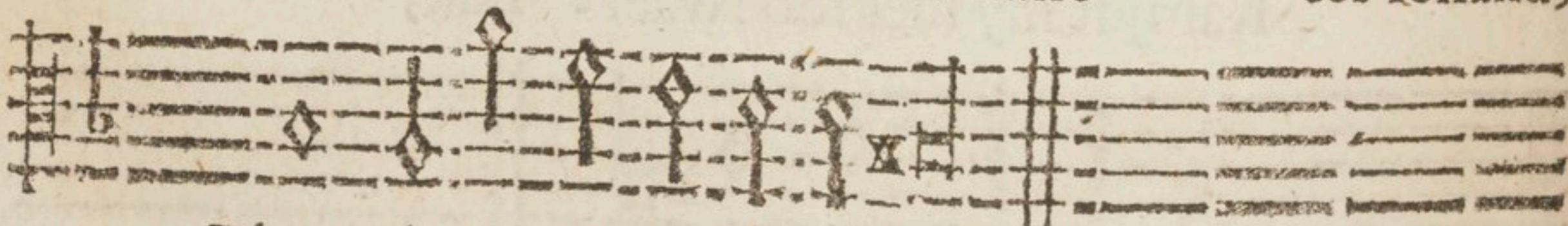
onverstant, Dat ick hen niet vall' in de hant. Dat



haer Over- ste my niet vange, En my, als eenen

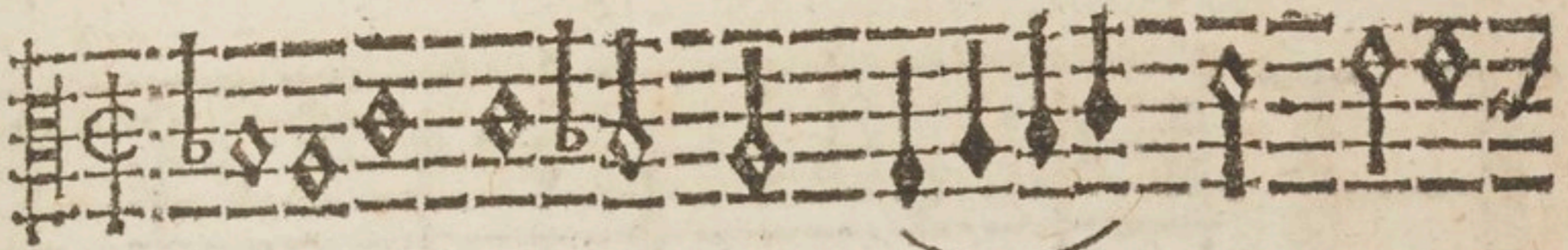


Leeuwe strange, Niet verniel' en make ter schand,

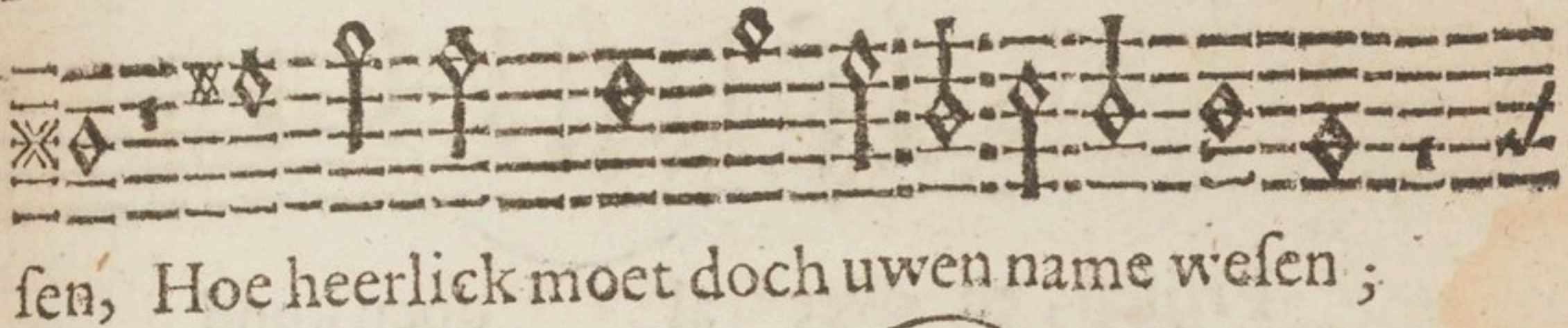


Bloot zijnde van uwen bystant.

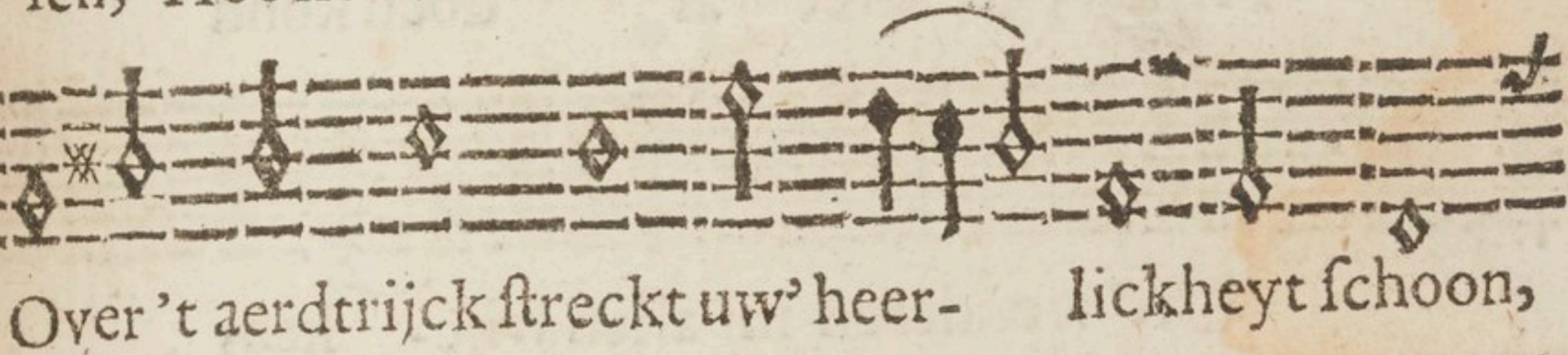




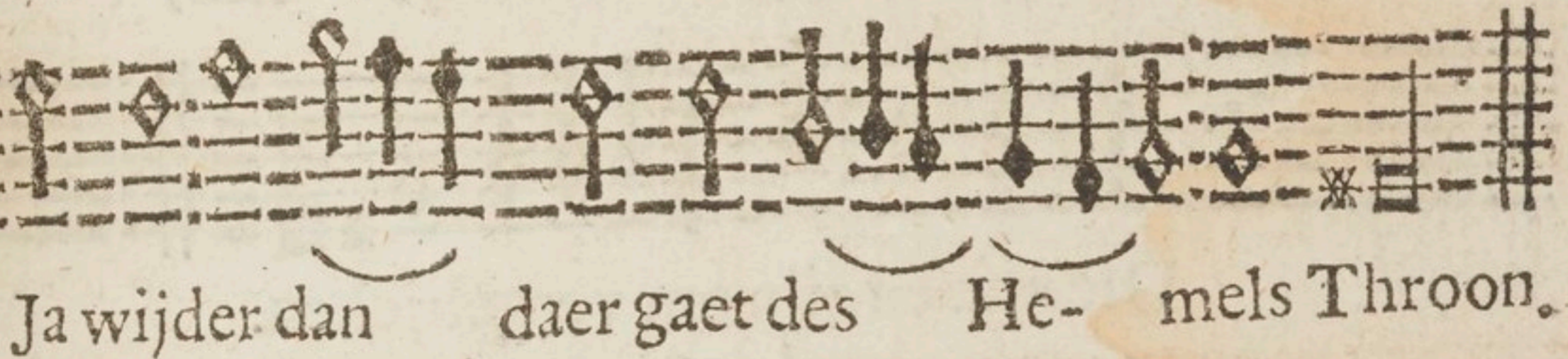
Onse Godt en Heer seer hoogh gepre-



fen, Hoe heerlick moet doch uwen name wesen ;

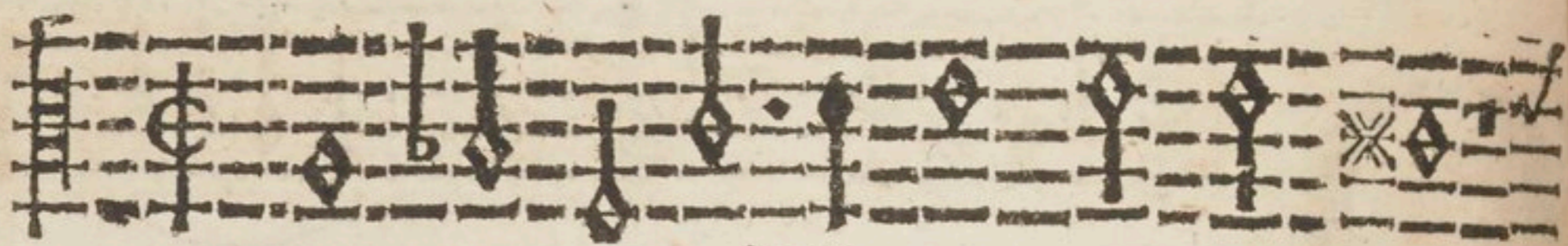


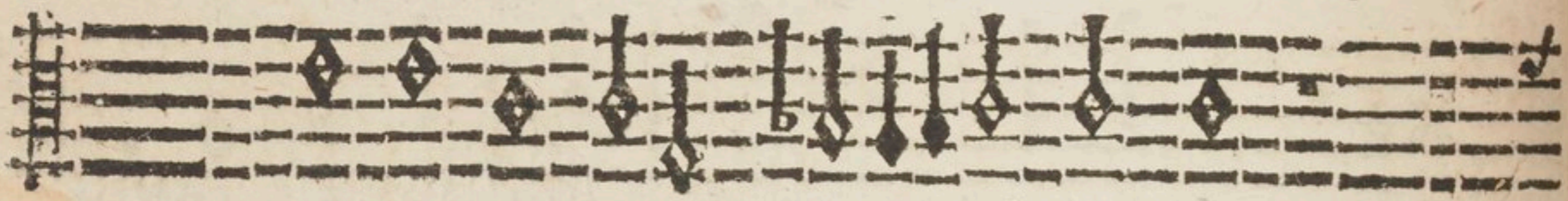
Over 't aerdtrijck streckt uw' heer- lickheyt schoon,

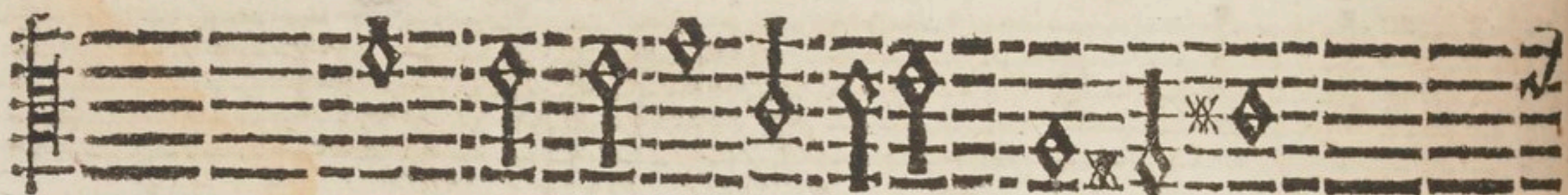


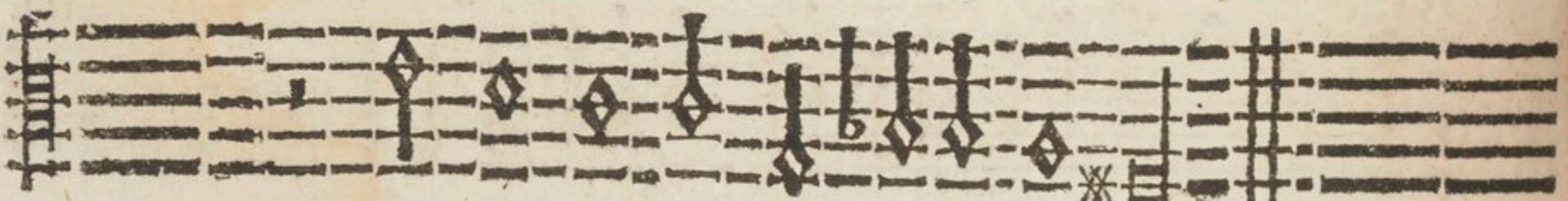
Ja wijder dan daer gaet des He- mels Throon.

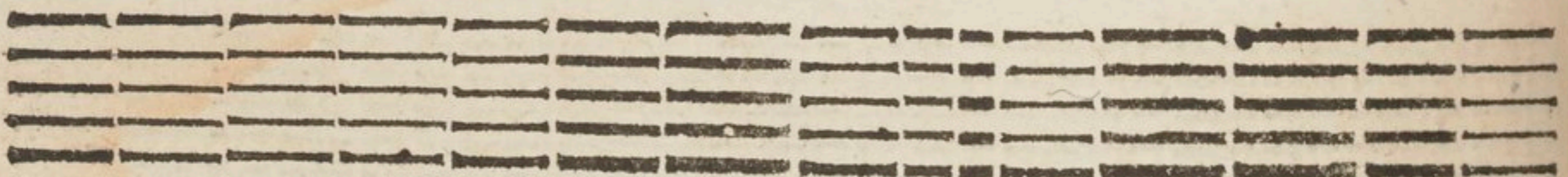


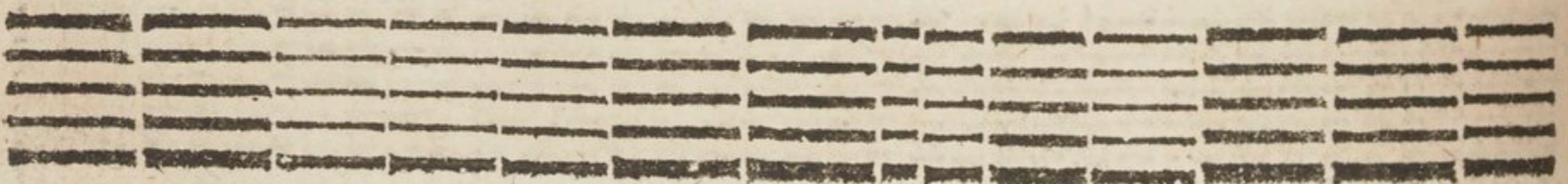
**H**  Eer, ick wil u uyt 's herten grond

 Prijfen, en over al doen kond

 Uw' wonderen in allen wijc- ken,

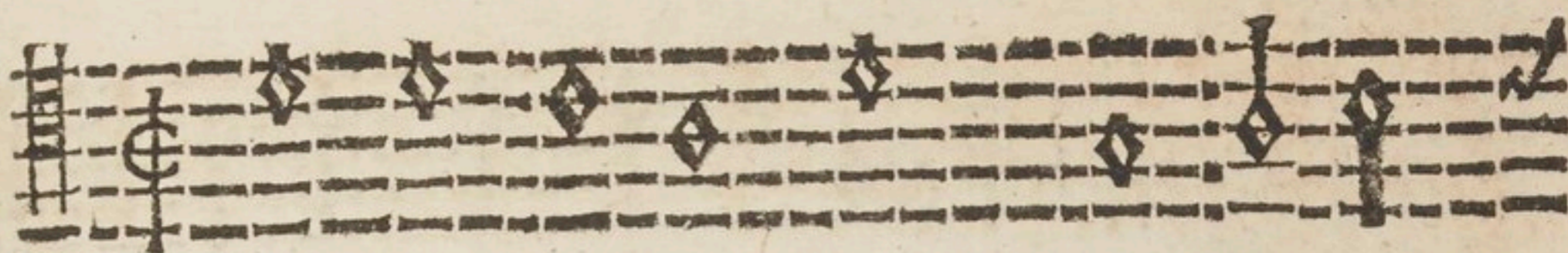
 Die niet en zijn om vergelijcken.



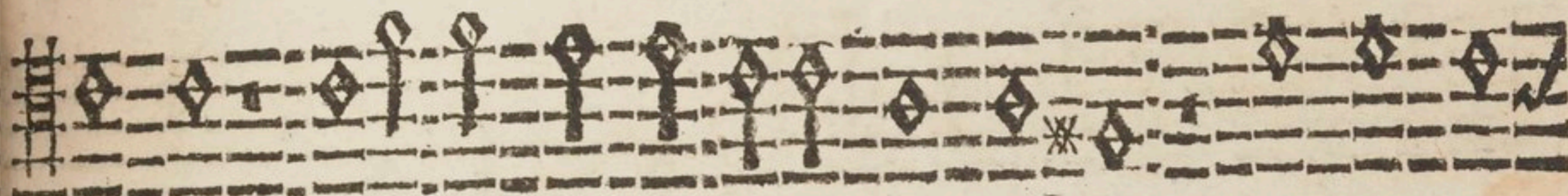




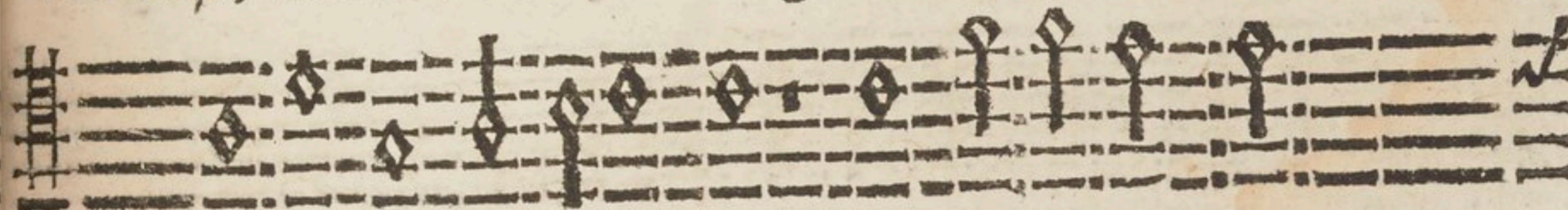
**H**



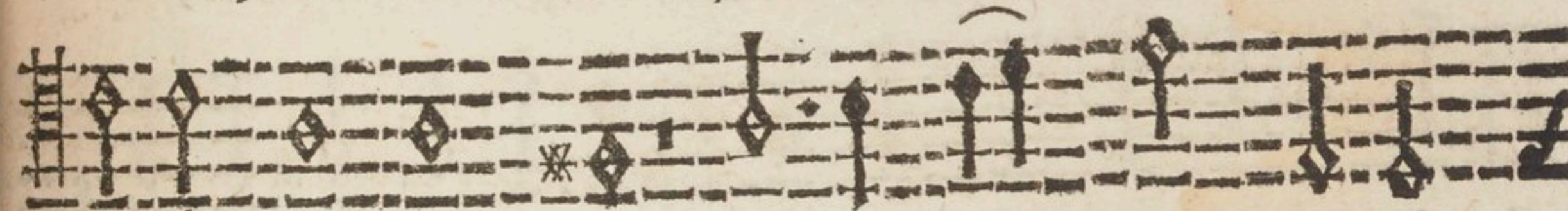
Oe komt dat ghy, Heer, wijckt van ons



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



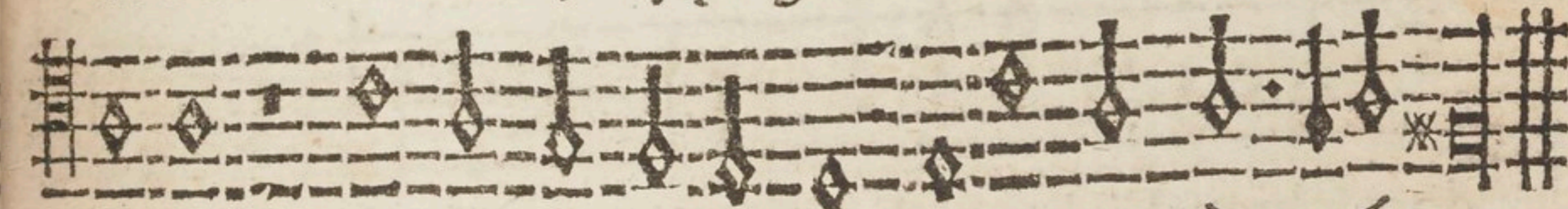
u, om ons tot aller tijdt Te vergeten, oock



in den noodt soo swaer? In hooghmoedt branden

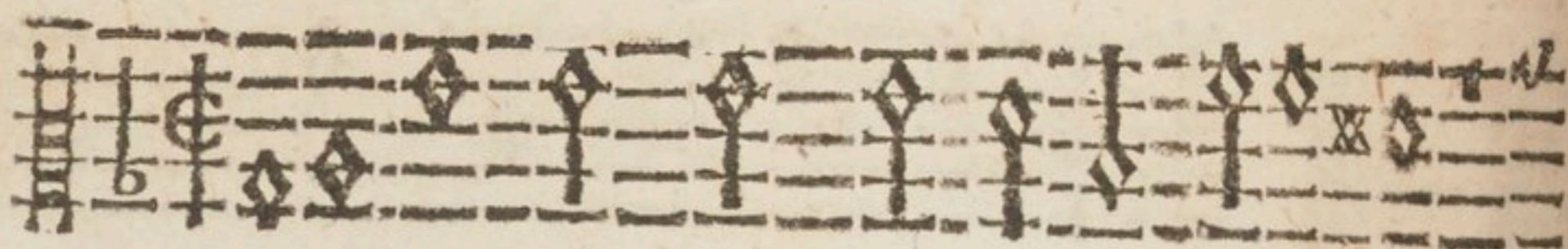


de boose voorwaer, Sy plagen den armen man seer mis-

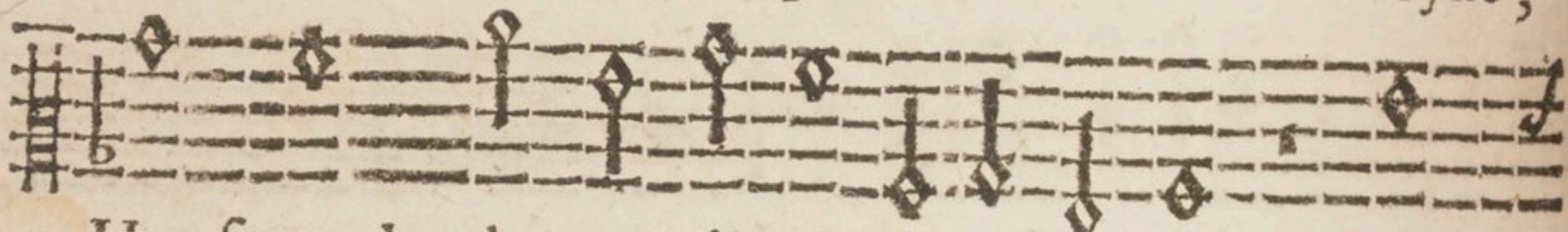


presen: Laets' in haer listen selfs gevangen we- sen.

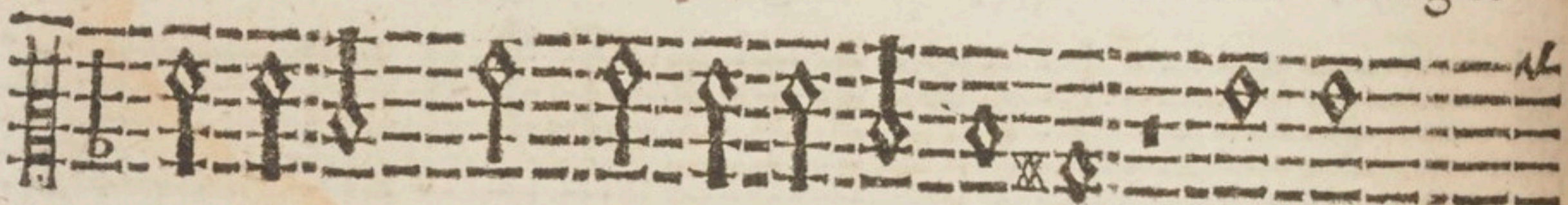




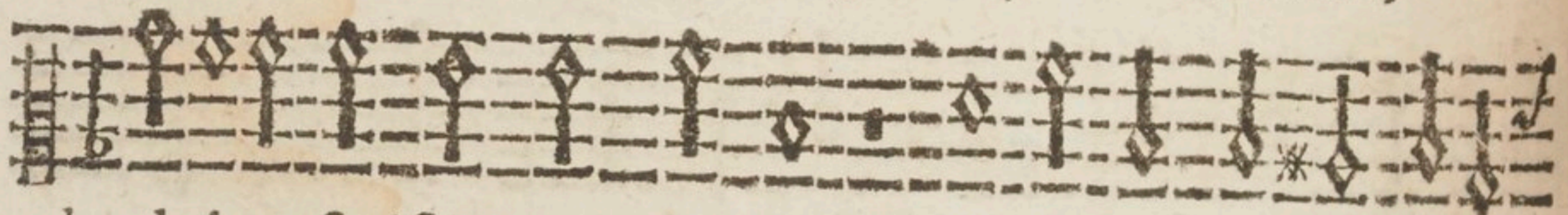
Dk betrouw op God met herten seer reyne ;



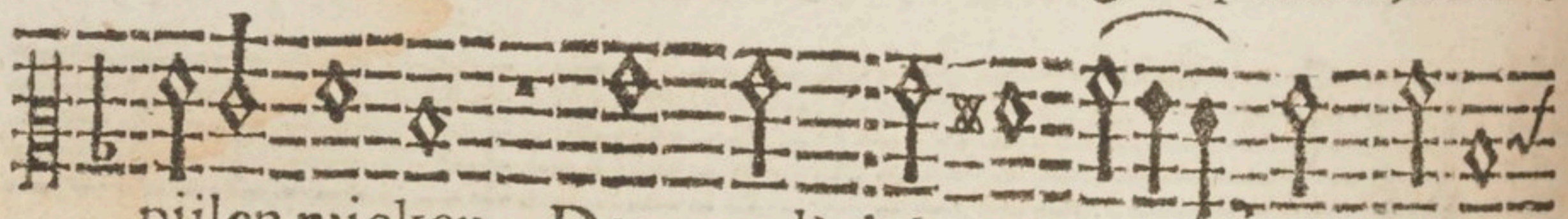
Hoe spreeckt ghy tot mijn ziel in dit verdriet? Vlieght



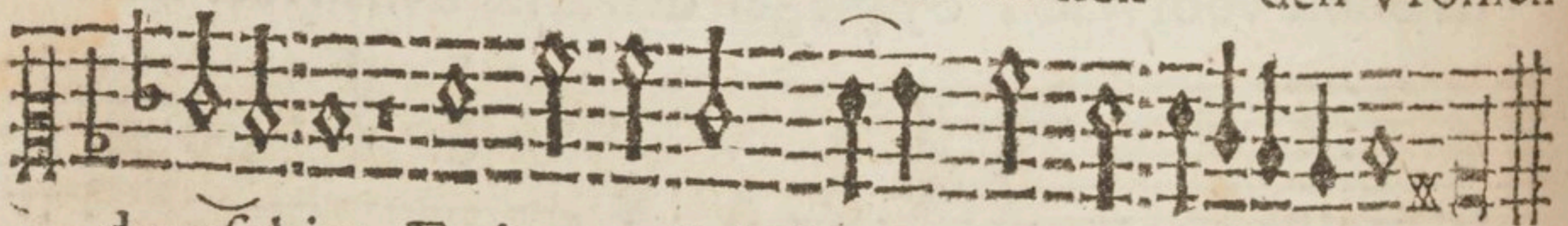
haest op den bergh als een vogel kleyne : 't Is waer,



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

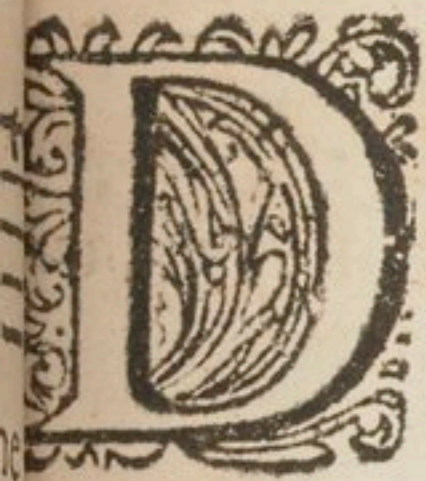


pijlen nuicken, Daer med' elck van hen den Vromen

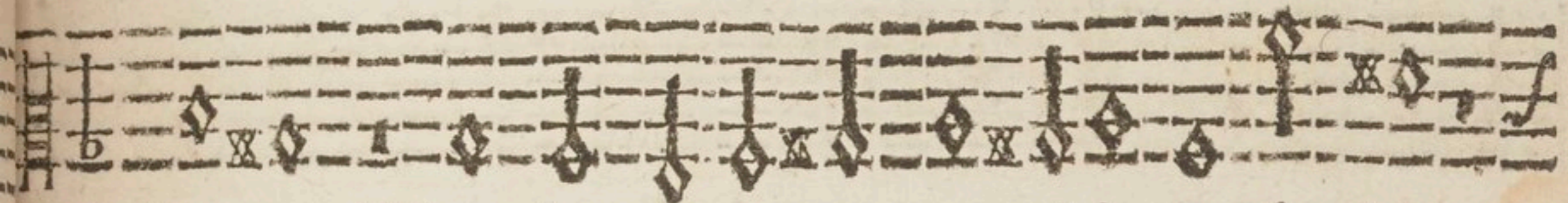


doorschiet, En heymelick soeckte met list te verstricken.

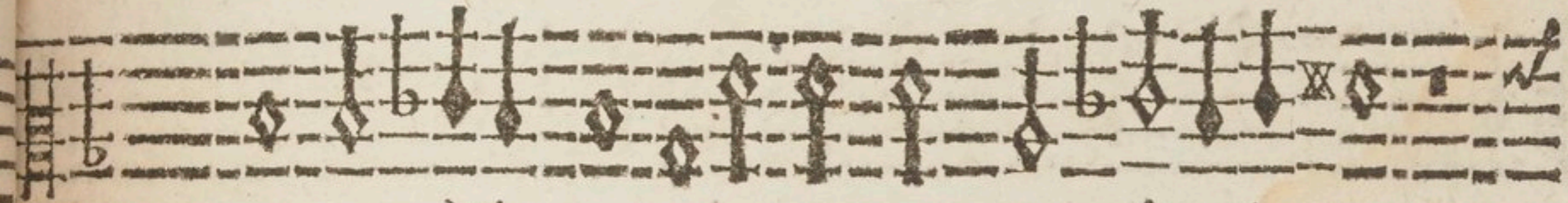




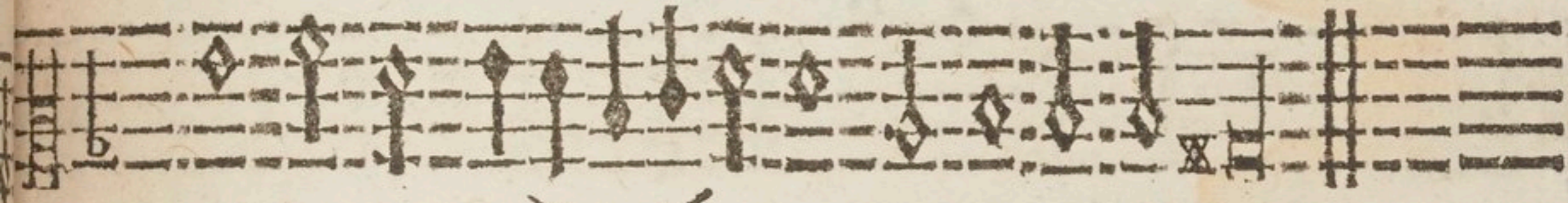
Oet ons bystant, 't is meer dan tijt, ô



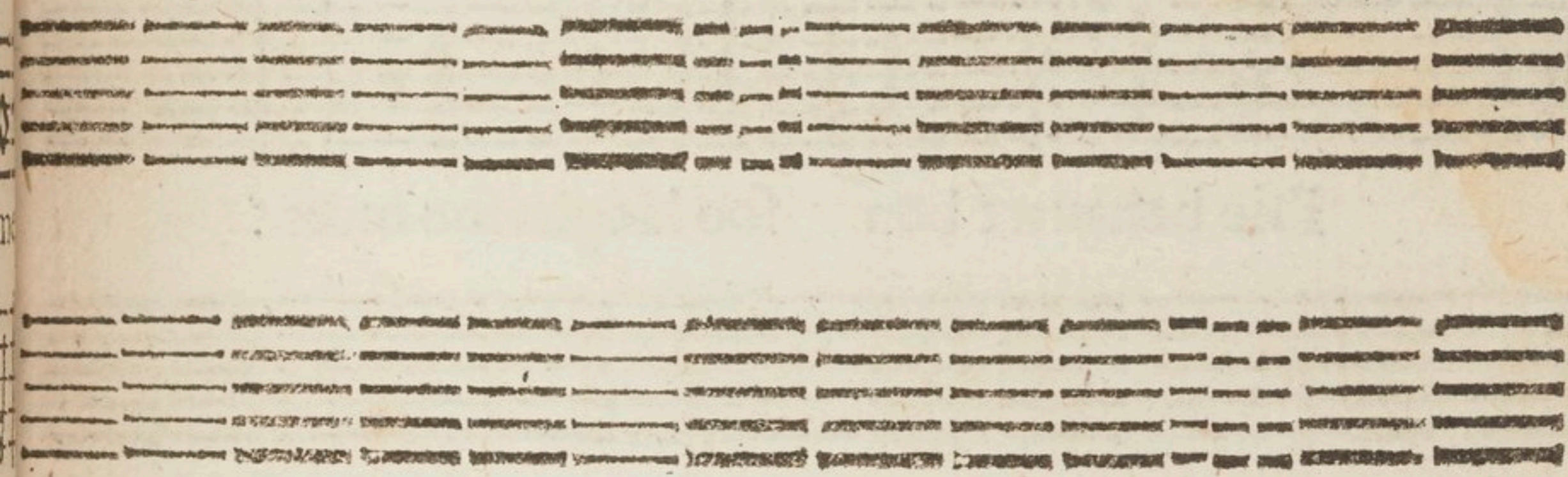
Heere; Want der vromer ge- tal is worden kleen:



Sy hebben afgenomen soo gaer see- re,



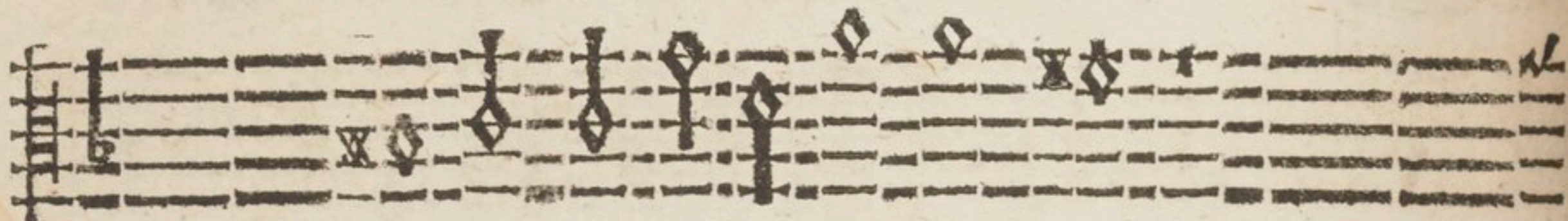
Dat der oprech- ten niet en is tot een.



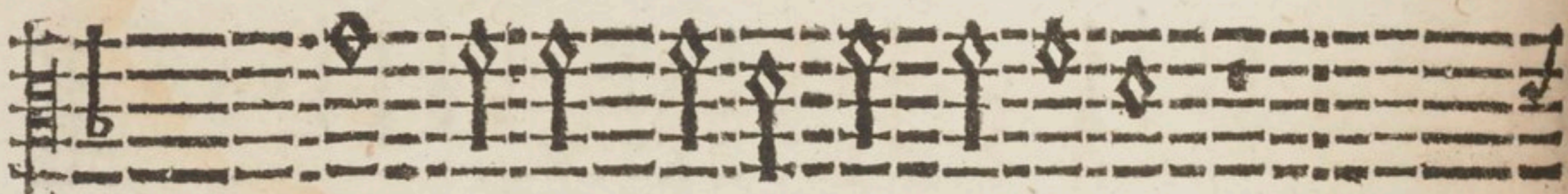




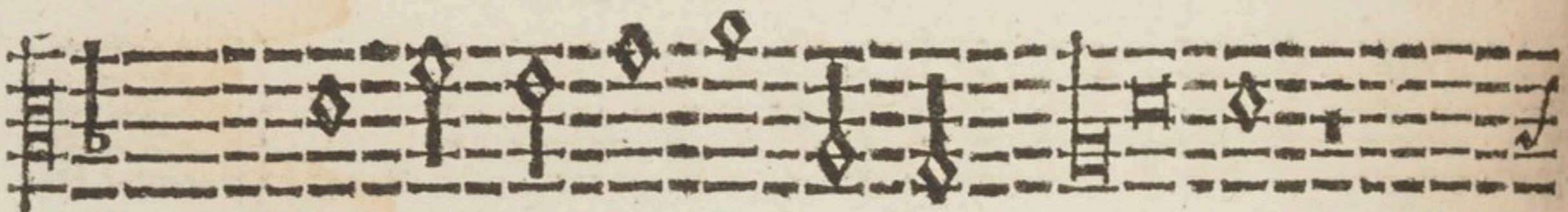
Oe lang' hebt ghy be- sloten, Heer,



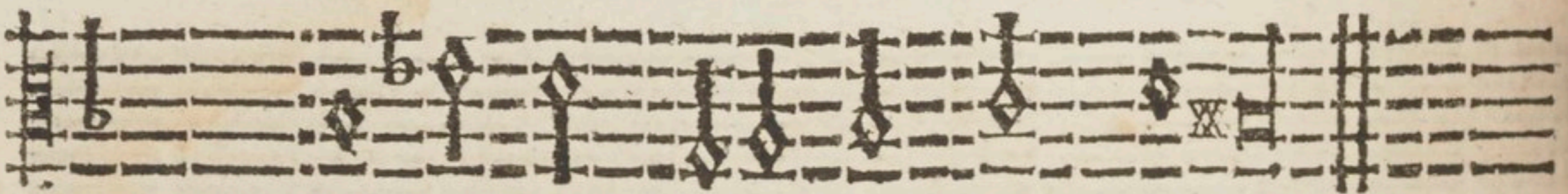
My te vergeten al- soo seer?



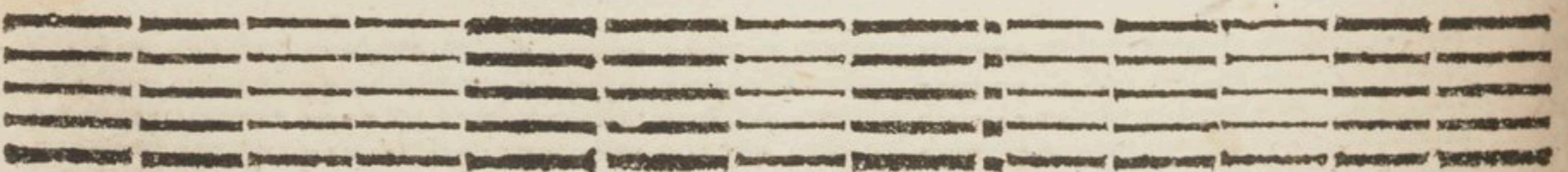
Sal 't altijd zijn en nimmer enden?



Wilt ghy u van my eeuwigh wen- den,

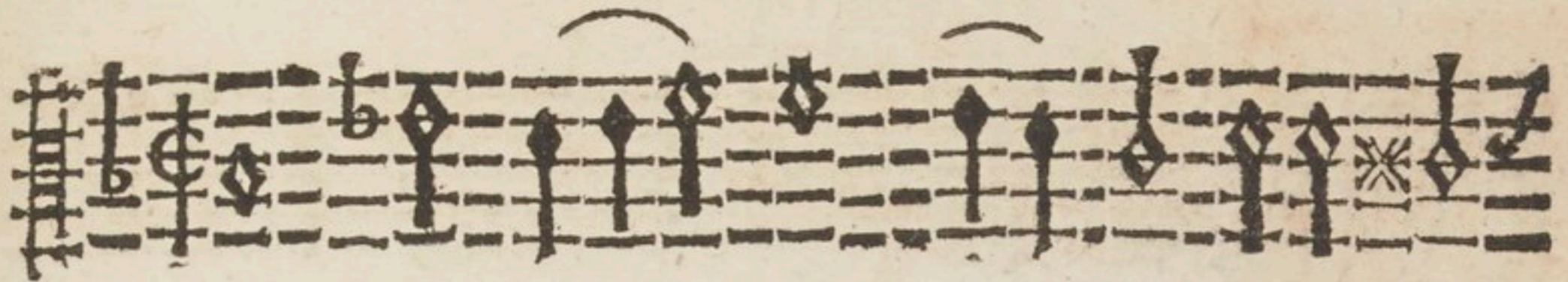


Die benauwt ben soo langhs soo meer?

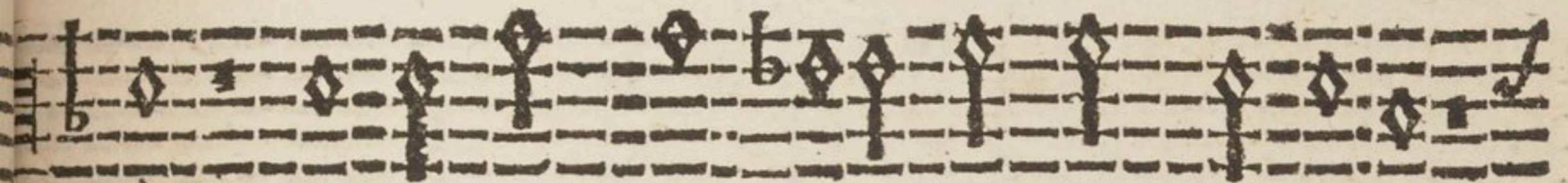




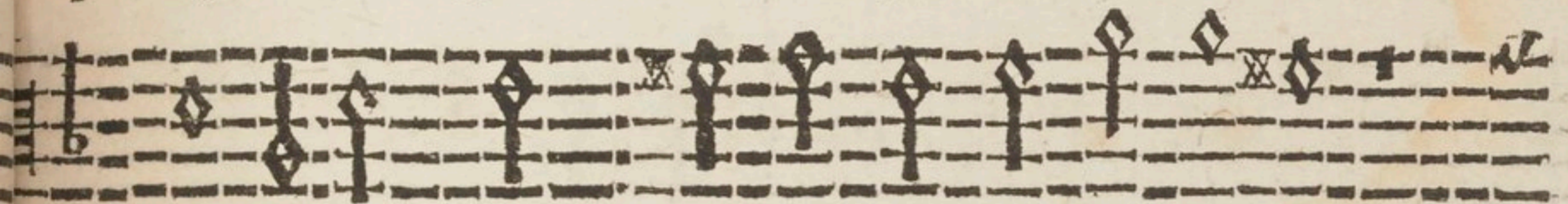
**D**



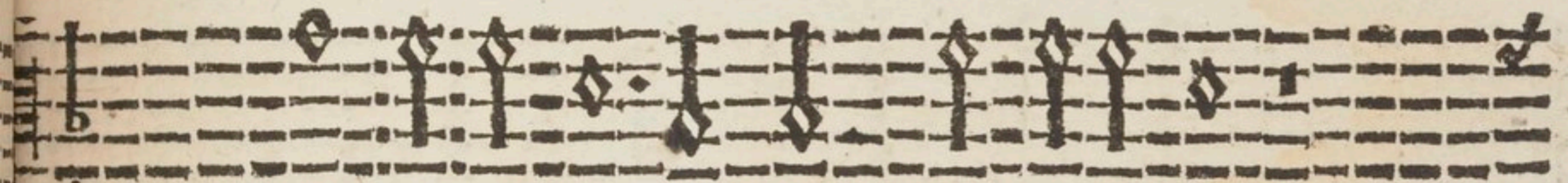
E dwaes die spreekt in sijn herte seer



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



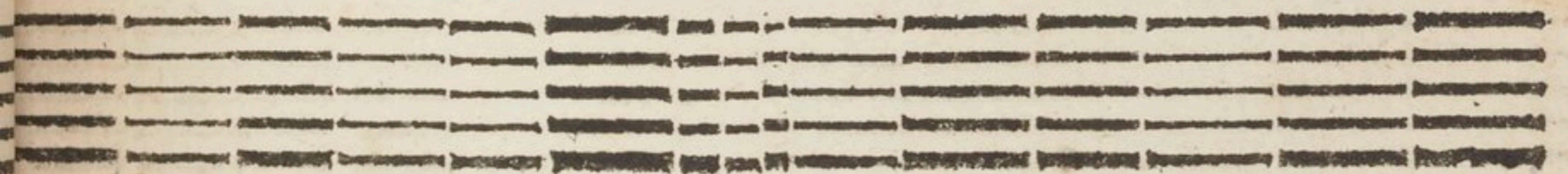
Sijn leven gantsch door sijn grouwelick wesen ;



Daer is niet een die met woort ofte daet,



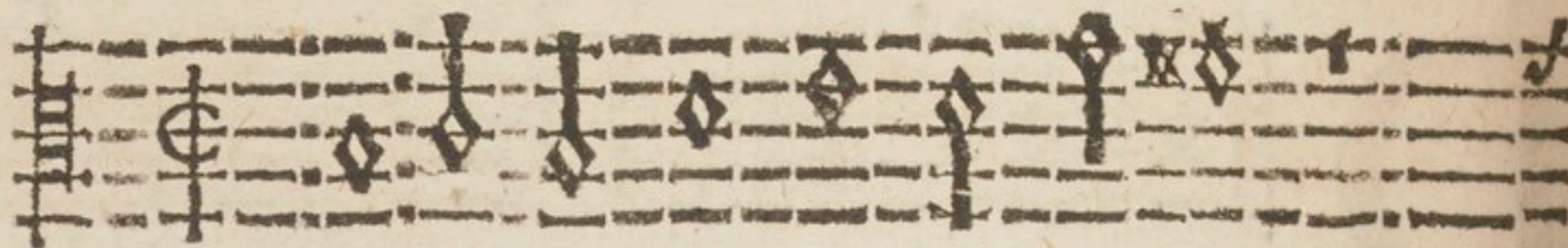
Wat goets begaet.



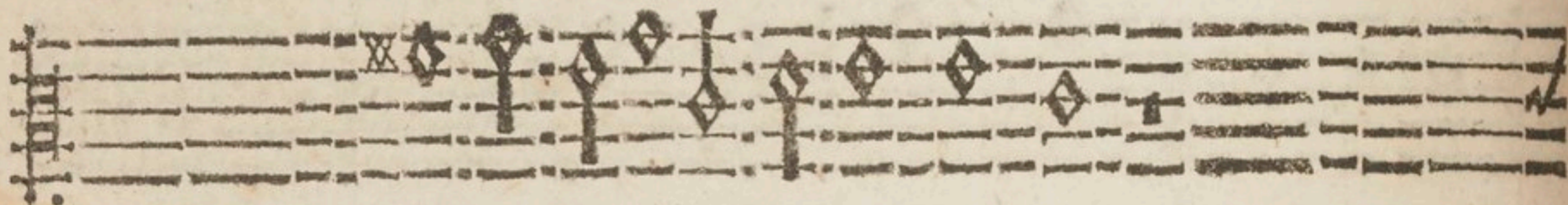


Contra-Tenor.

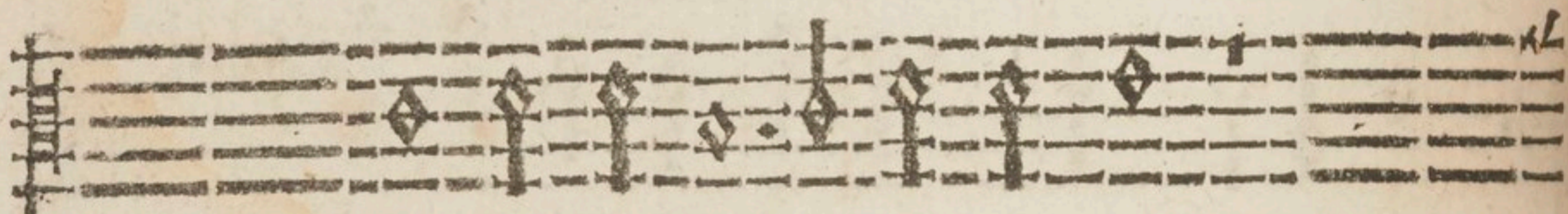
PSALM XV.



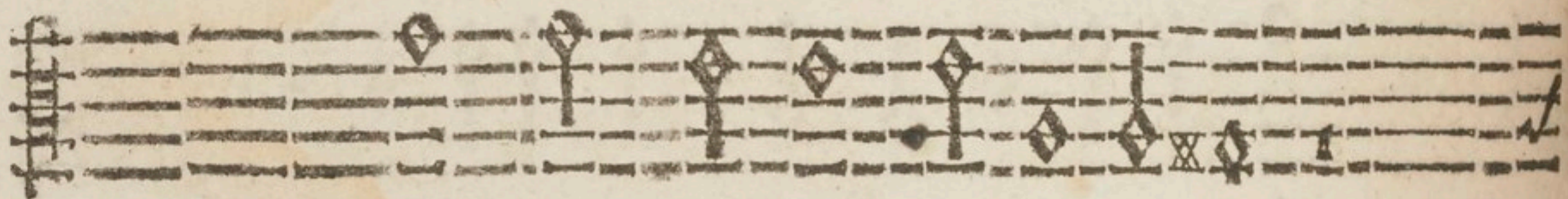
Ie is 't die sal woonen eenpaer



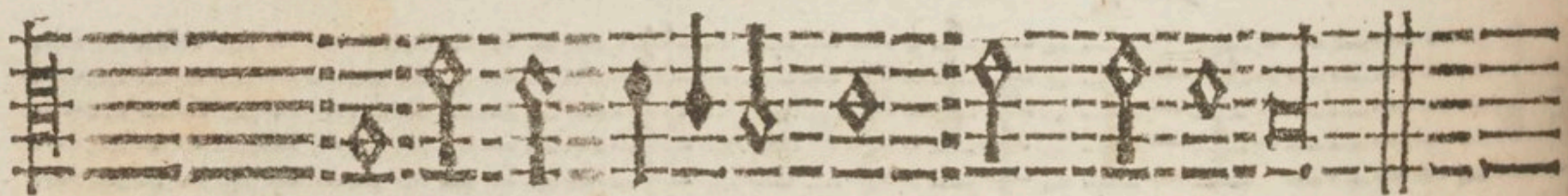
In u lieflicke tenten Heere?



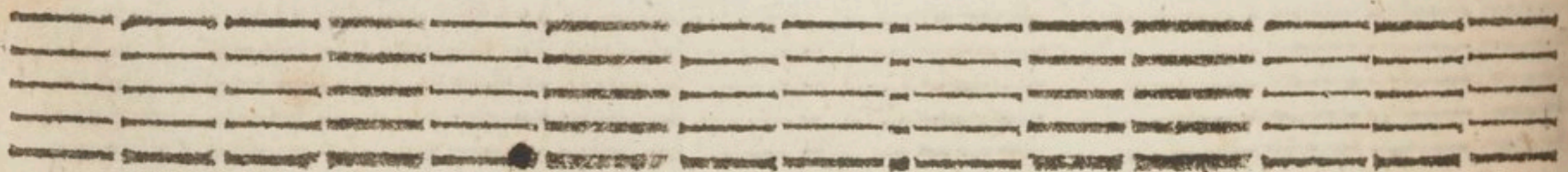
Wie sal doch verkeeren hier naer,



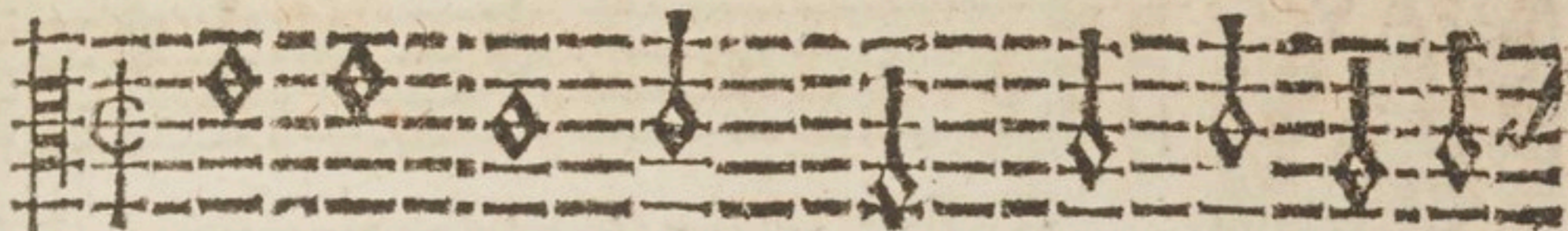
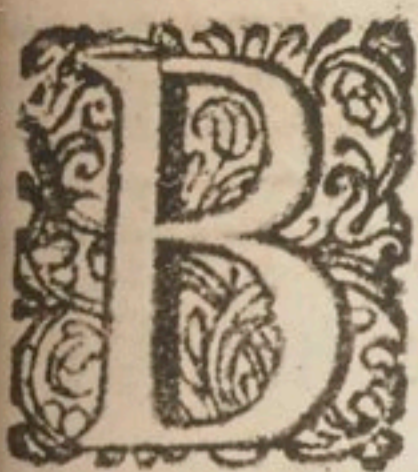
[Door uw' goetheyt, sonder gevaer,]



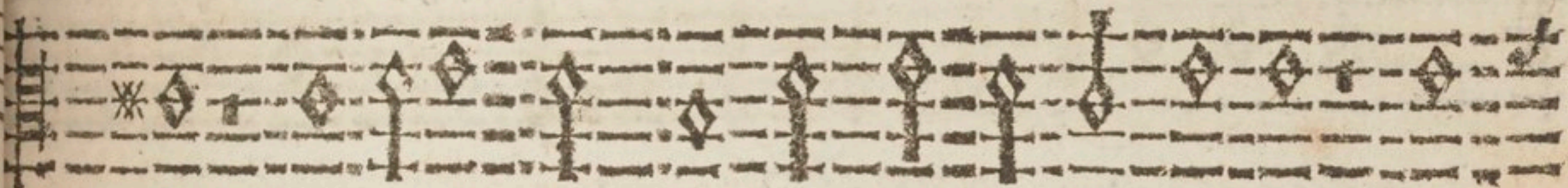
Op uwen heyl' - gen bergh met eere?



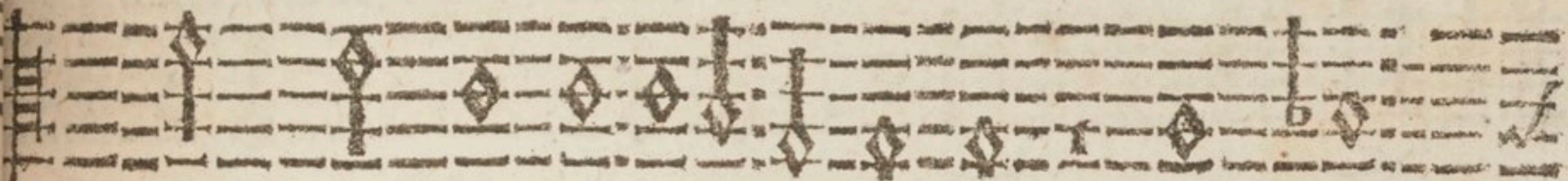




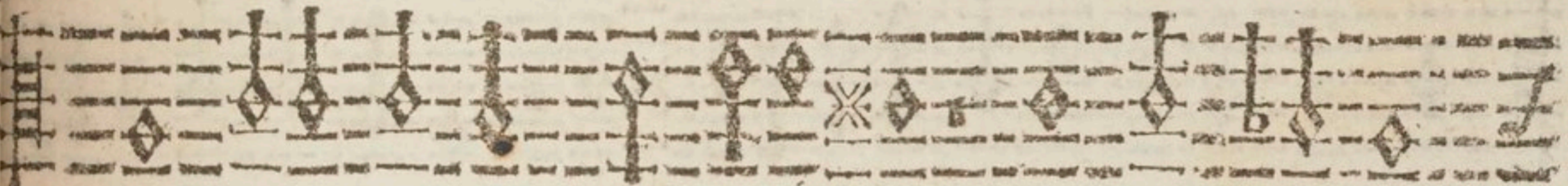
Ewaert my, Heer, weest doch mijn toever-



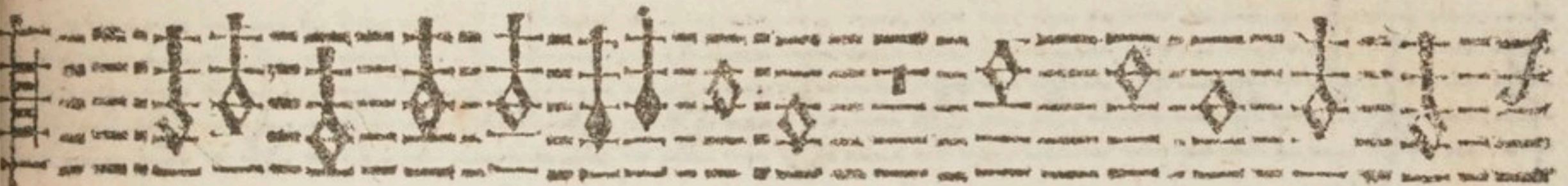
laet, Op u betrouw ick vast met herten reyne. Dies



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



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

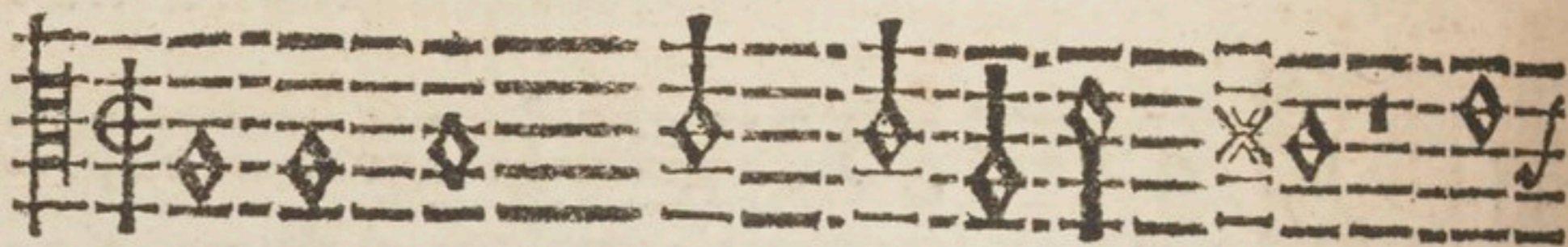
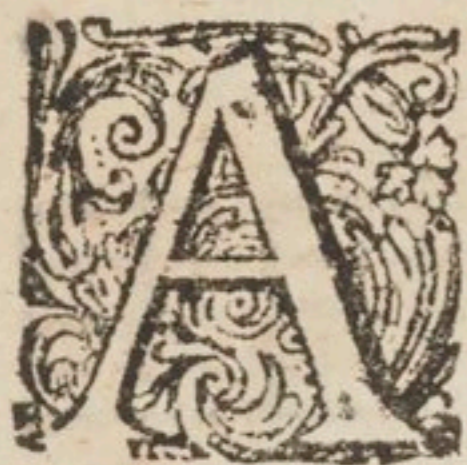


mijn wercken uytge- lesen Cantschgeenen nut tot

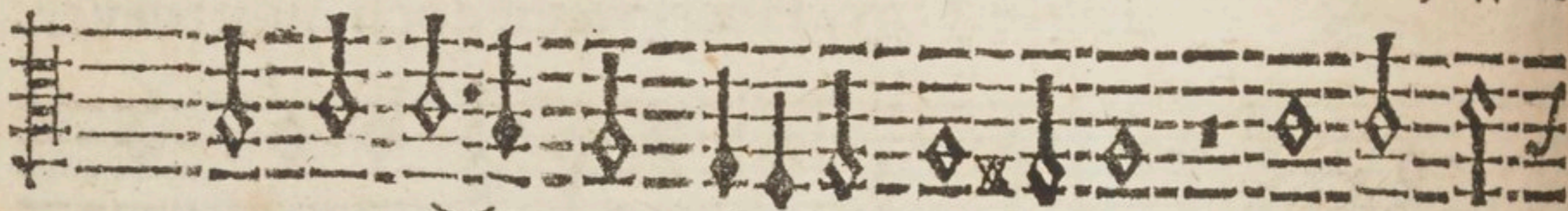


u, Heer hoogh geprefen.

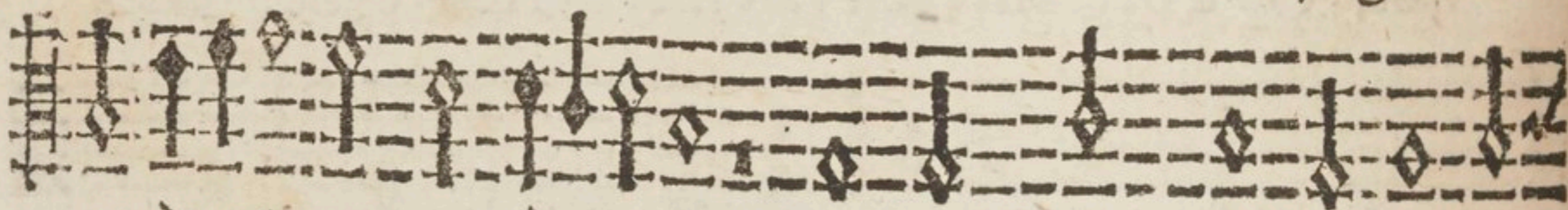




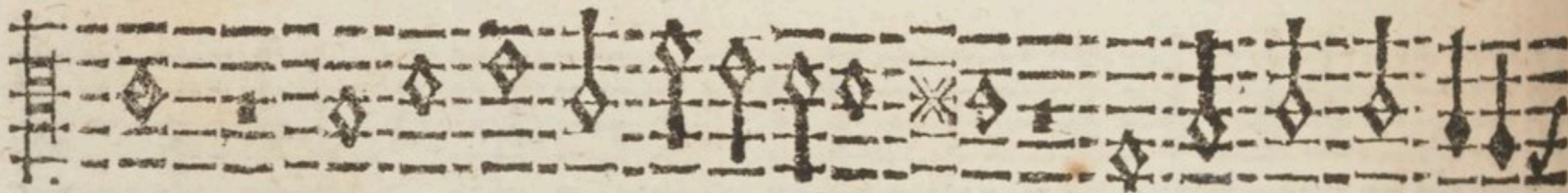
Enfiet, Heer, 't recht van uwen knecht, Wilt



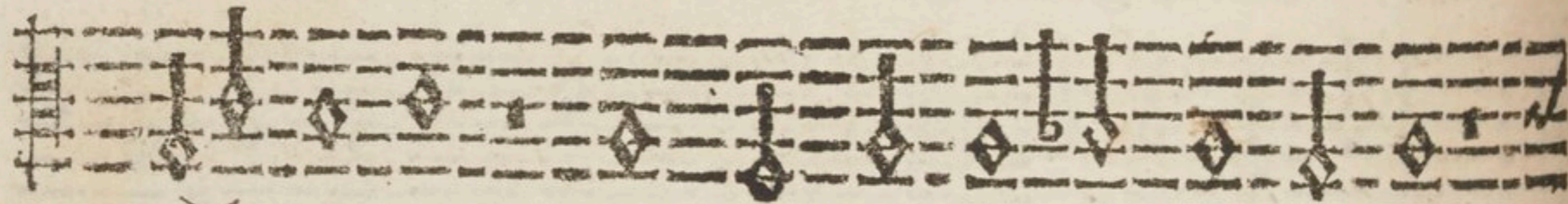
mijn geroep, ô Godt, verhooren, Mijn gebedt



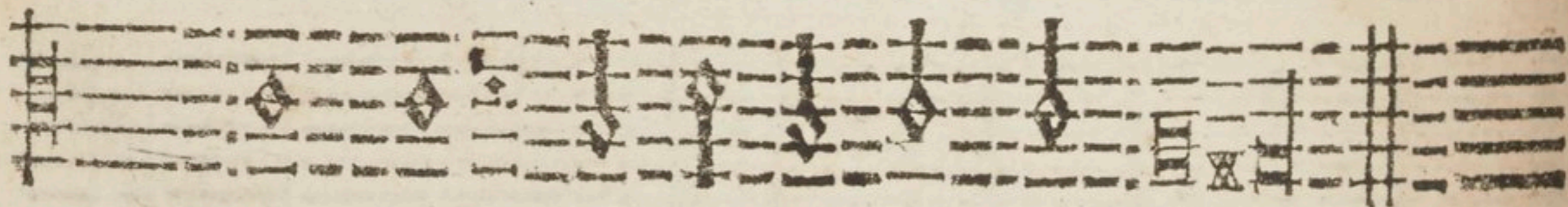
kome tot uw' ooren, Het welk vloeyt uyt een hert op-



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

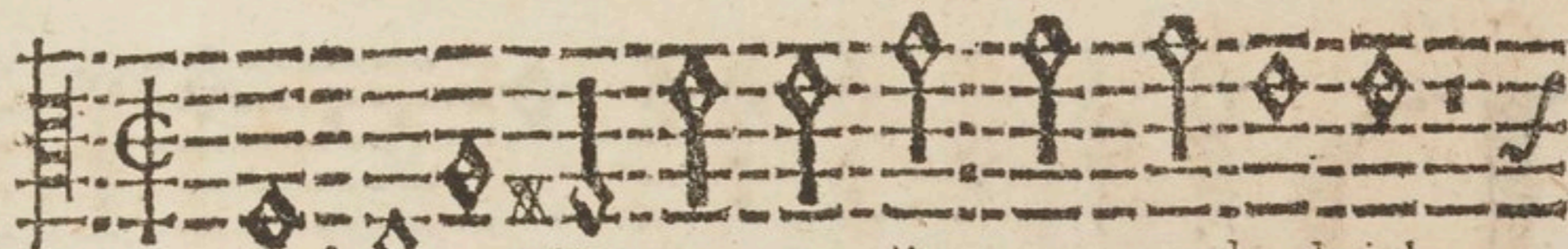


recht ontfaen, Wilt doch mijn sake mercken aen,

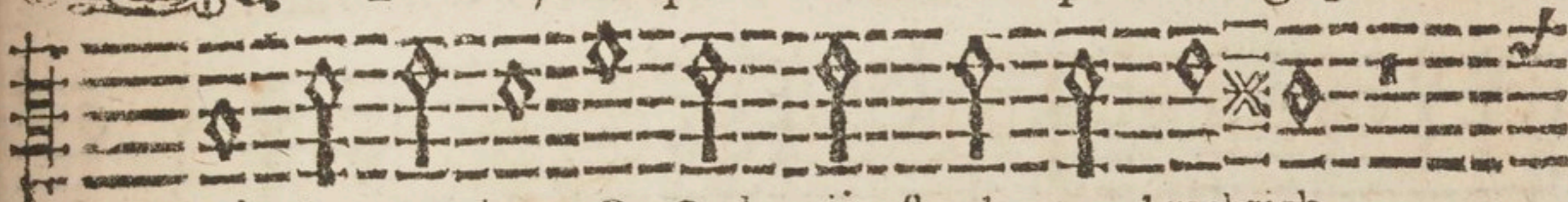


Want gantsch recht is al mijn voortbringen.

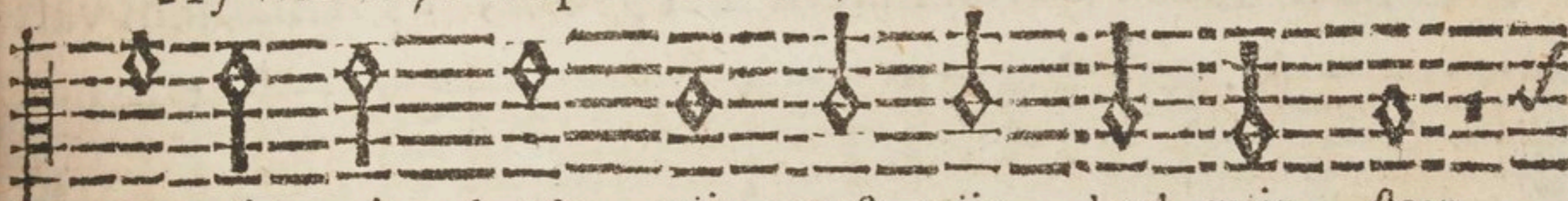




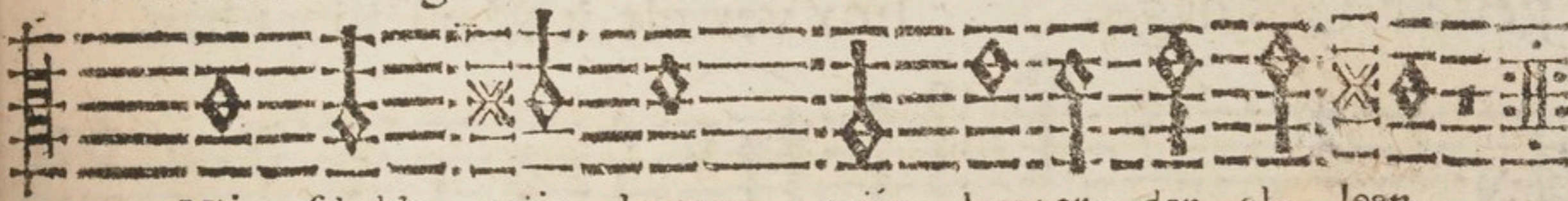
Ik sal u lie-ven en die-nen eendrachtigh,  
**I** Mijn hope staet alleen op Godt gepresen,



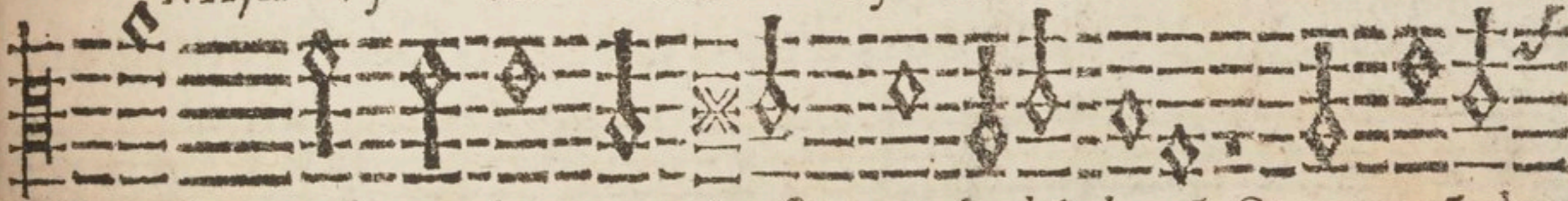
Mijn le-ven lang, O Godt mijn sterck- te krachtigh.  
 Hy wil mijn wapen en mijn toevlucht wesen.



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



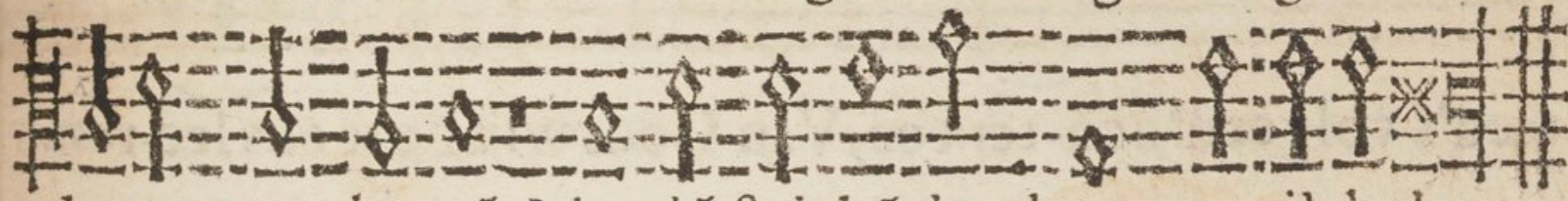
Mijn schuldt, mijn hoorn, mijn bewaer- der al- leen,  
 Mijn vy- an- den hy haestelick verstoort.



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



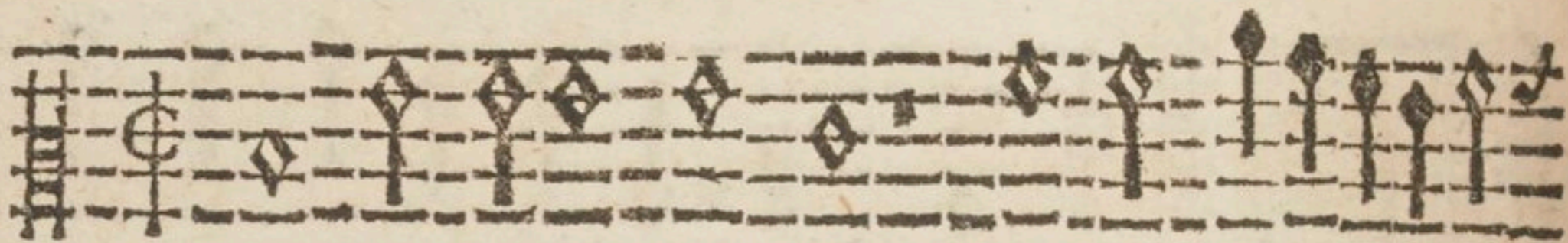
boosen maeckten 't hert verflagen. De angst des grafs had-



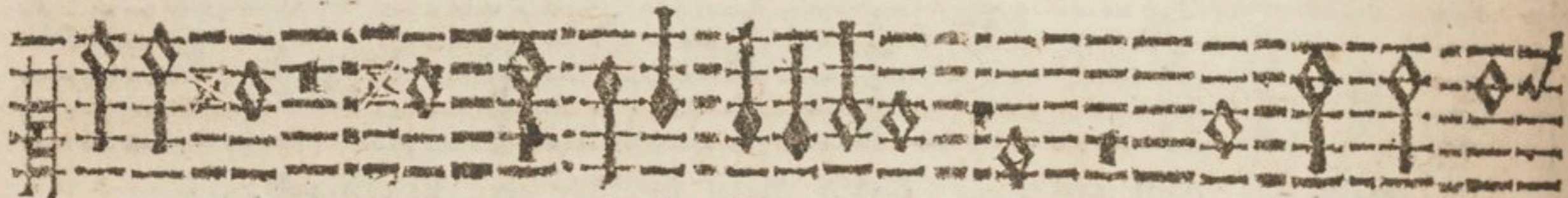
de my gants bevaē, Met dē strickē des doots was ik belaeen.



D



E Hemelen seer klaer Verkonden



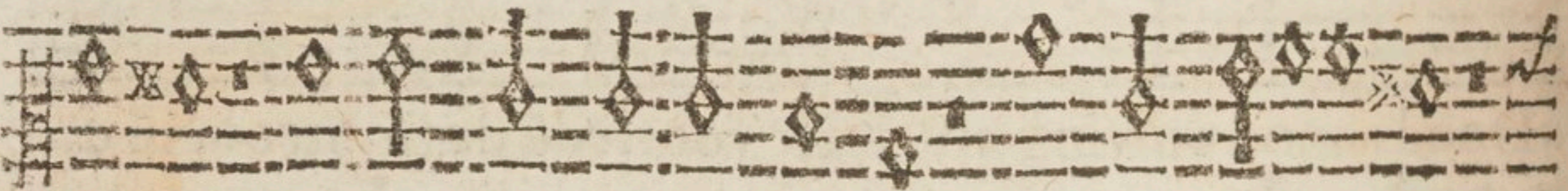
openbaer Des Heeren macht seer groot, 't Firmament vast



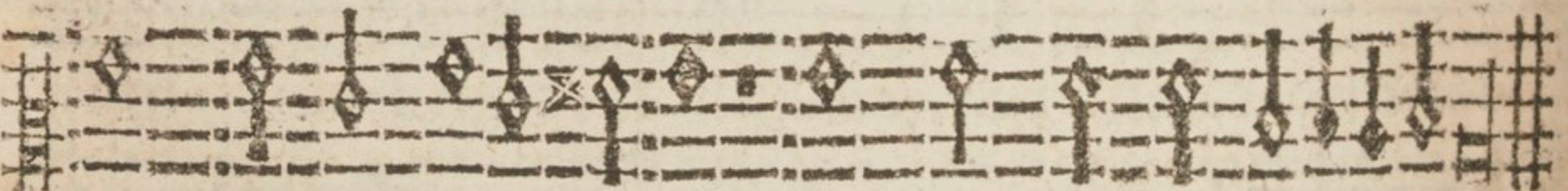
gestelt, Ons dage- licx vertelt 't Werk sijner han-



den [bloot.] D'eē dag voor, d'an- der naer, Geeft getuyg'nis

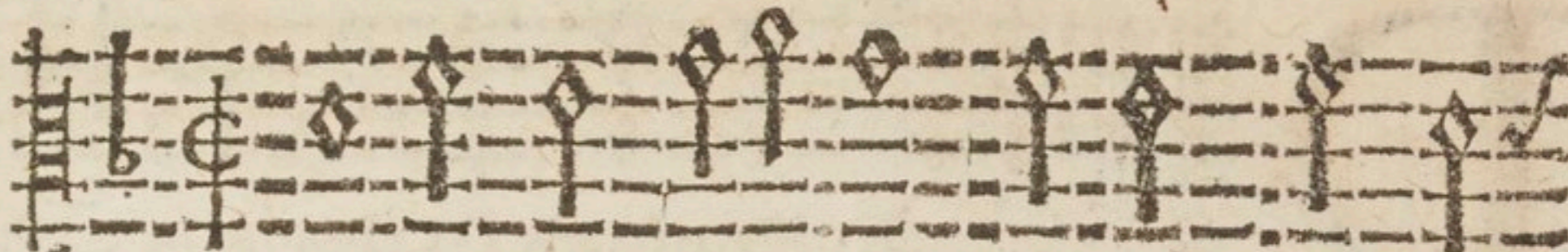


eenpaer Ons van Godt onsen Heere : De nachten algemeen

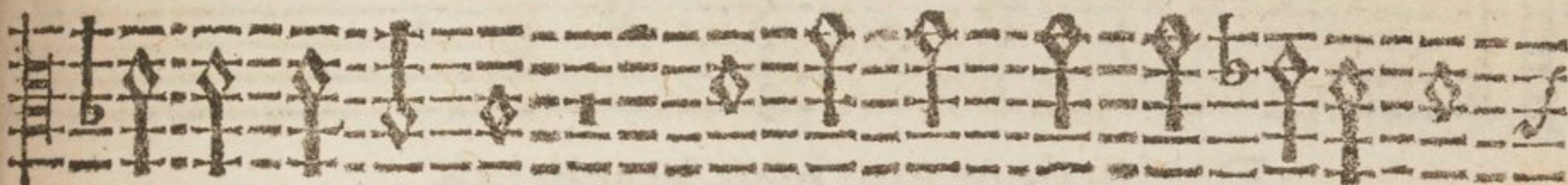


Steed's volgend' ach-ter een, Van Gods wijs heyt ons lee-ren.

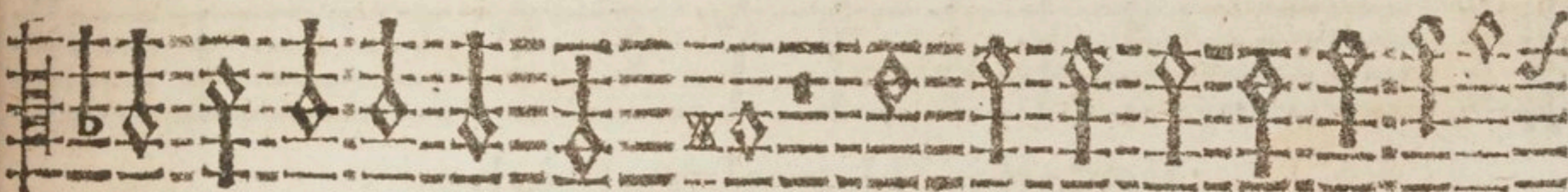




Odt verhoor u gebedt dat ghy doet In



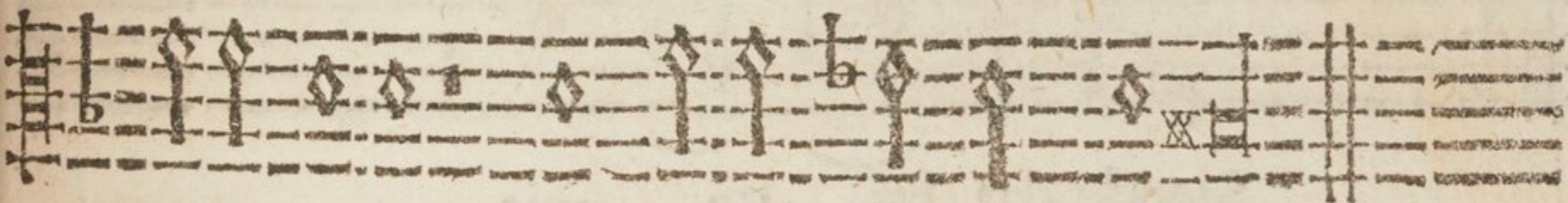
uwen swaren noot ; Godt Jacobs neem u in sijn be-



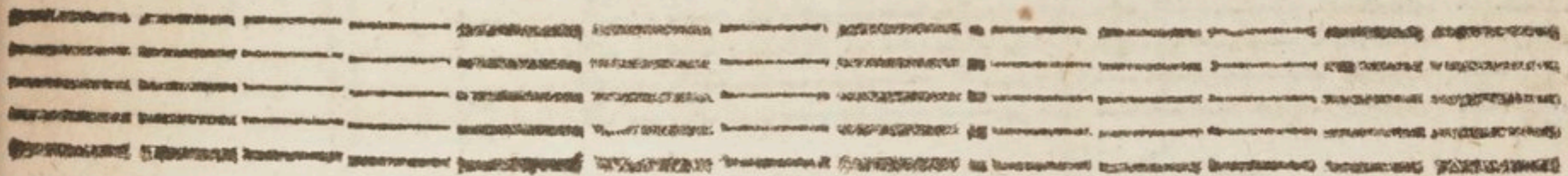
hoed, In den tegenspoet groot. Uyt den hemel sie Hy u lij-



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



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





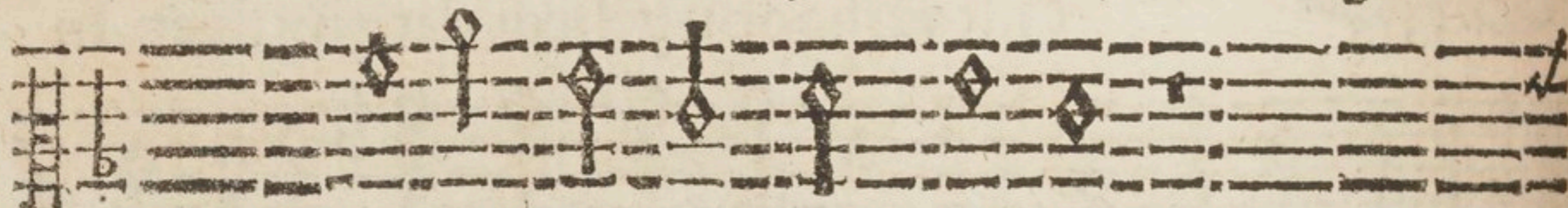
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM XXI.

**D**



E Koningh sal feer zijn verheught,



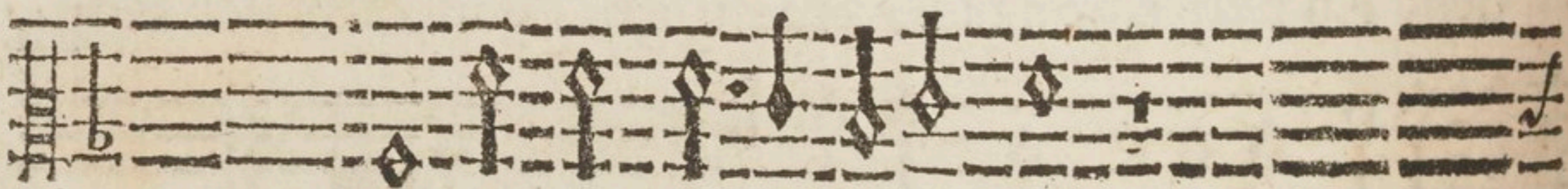
Dat hy door uw' hant krachtigh



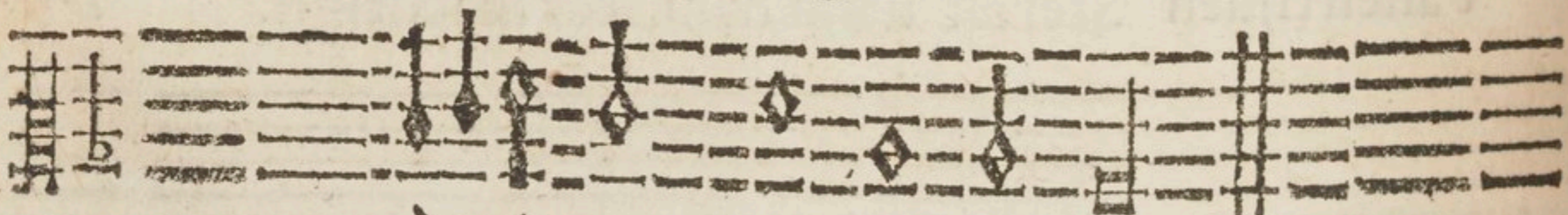
Verloft is, Heer almachtigh :



Hoe vol sal hy wesen der vreugd,

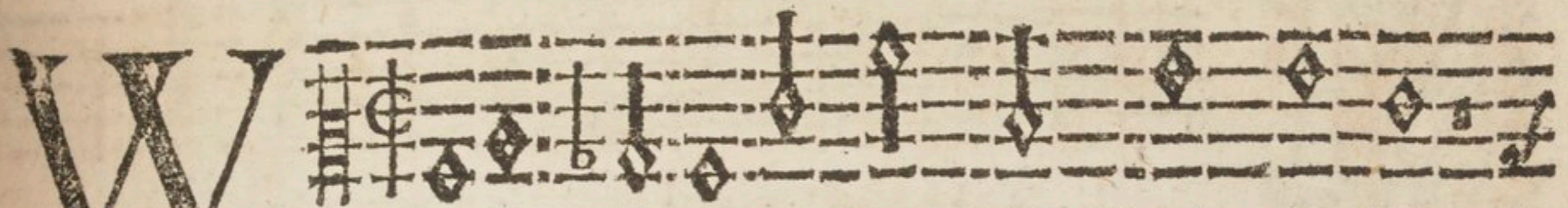


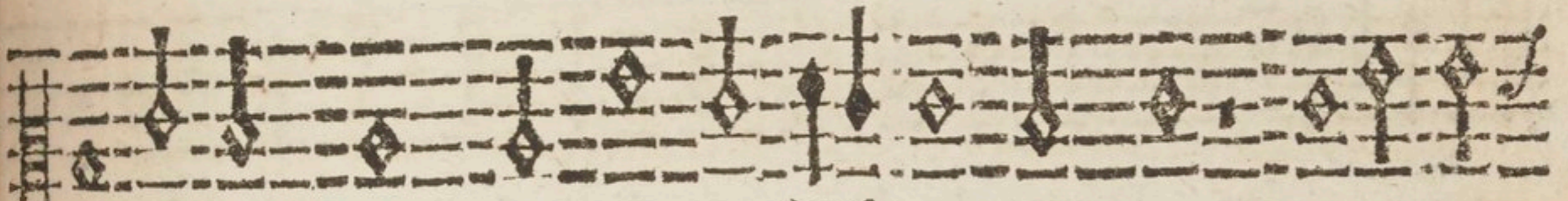
Siende dat hy ge- wis



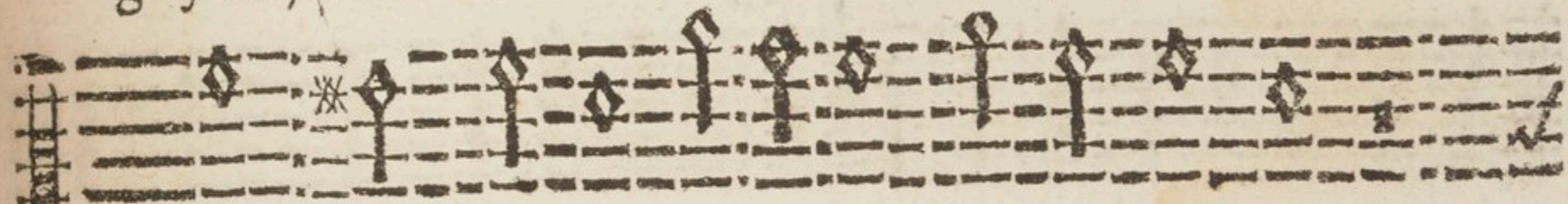
Door uw' kracht bevrijdt is :




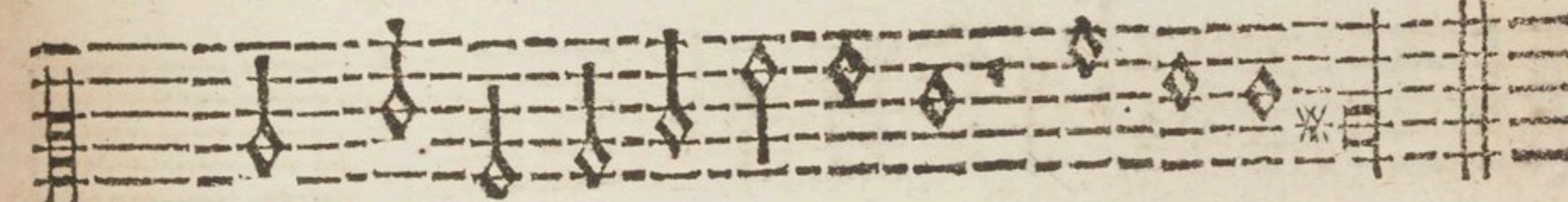
**W**  Aerom verlaet gy my, mijn God, mijn Heer?

 Verr' is uw' hulp, doch ben ick be- nouwt seer, Verre hebt

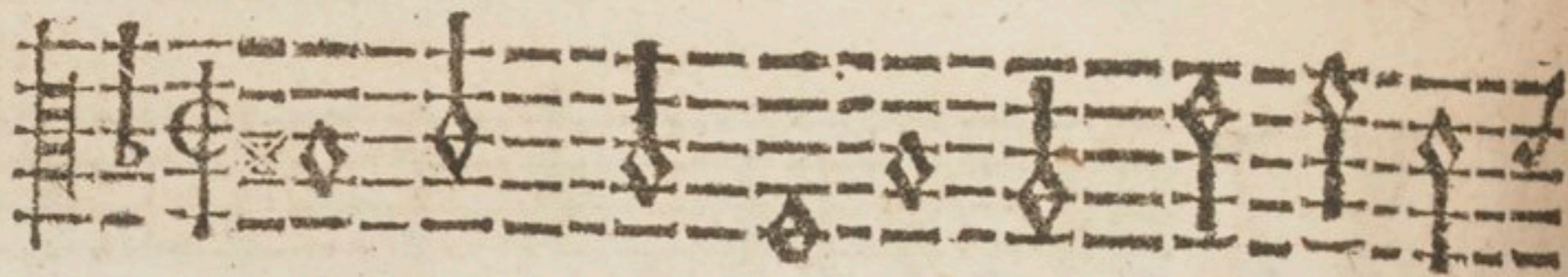
 ghy mijn klachten verfteken, Die my uytbreken.

 Des daeghs aenroep ick u uyt 's herten gronde,

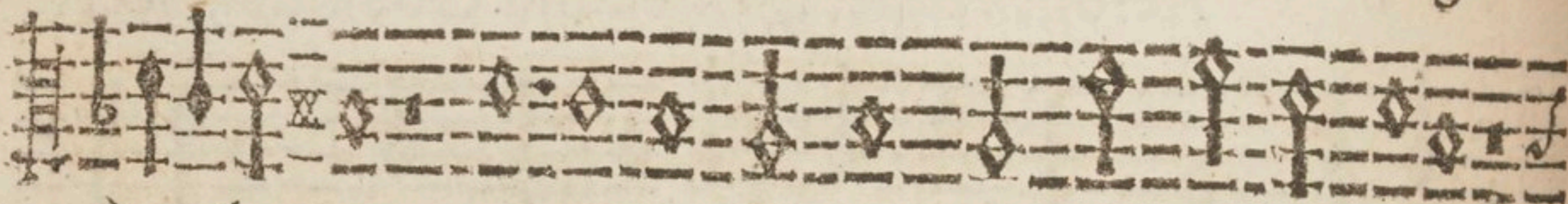
 Nochtans antwoord ghy my tot geender stonde, Ende des

 nachts laet ick niet af van klagen, Seer verflagen.

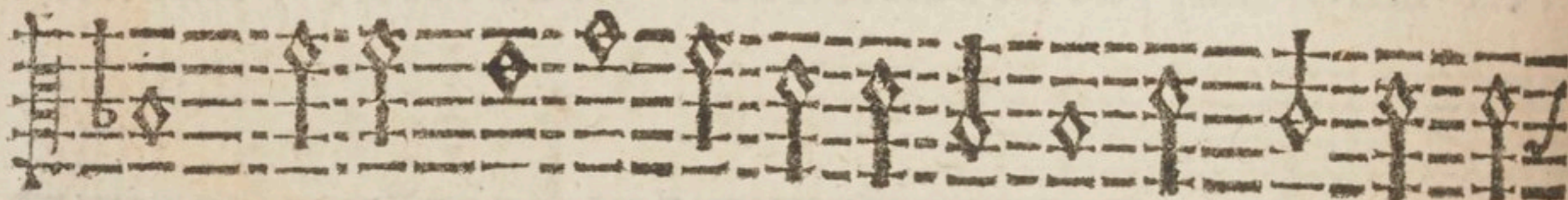




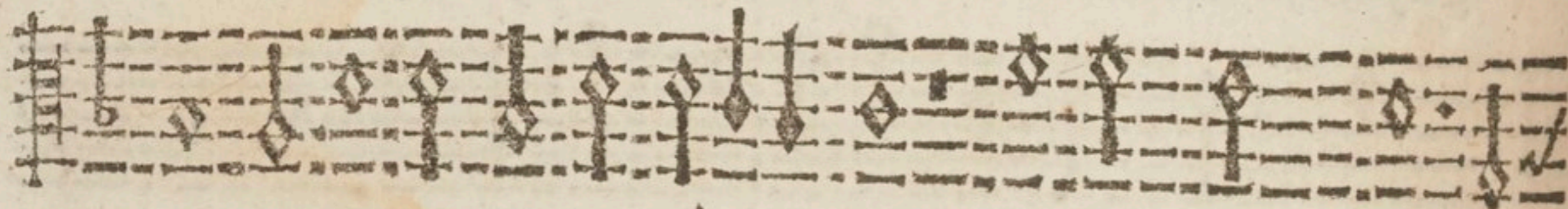
Yn Godt voed my als mijn Herder ge-



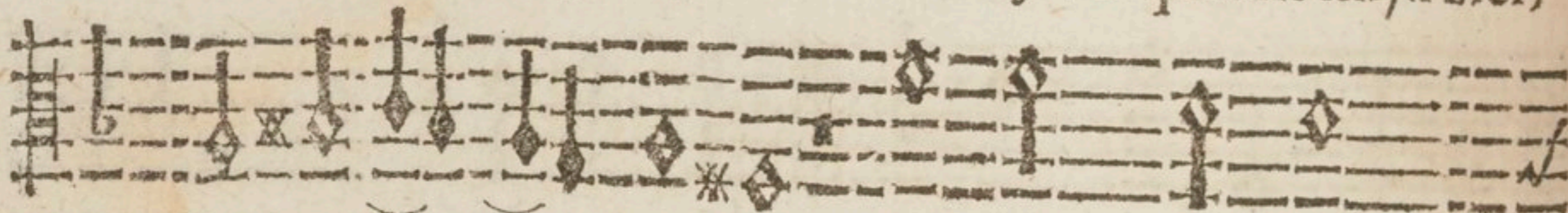
pre- sen, Dies sal ick geenes dings behoefflick wesen.



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



foet water hy my geleydet. Hy verquickt mijn ziel,



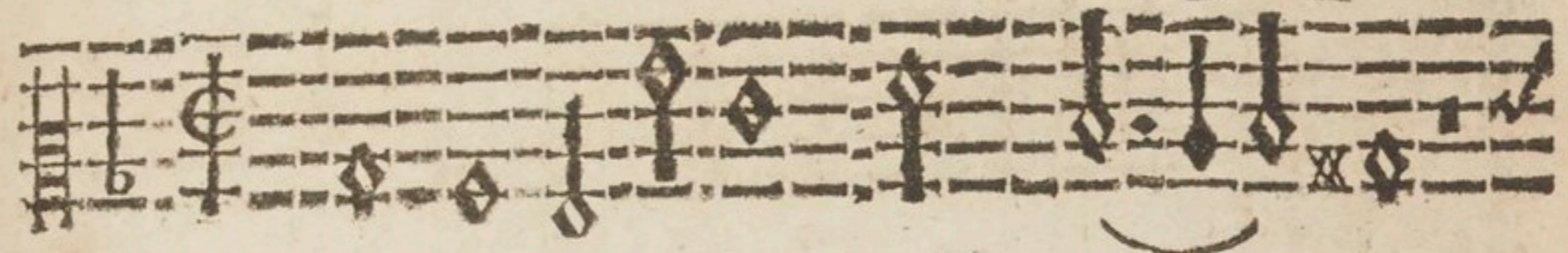
die seer is ver- slegen, Om sijns Naems wil



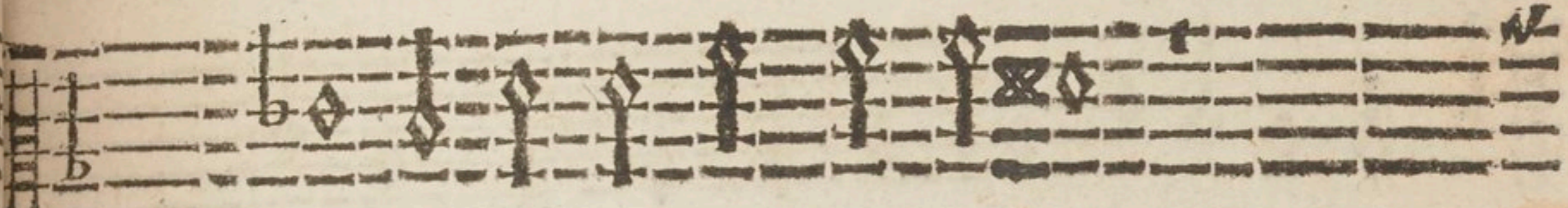
leyt hy my in sijn wegen.



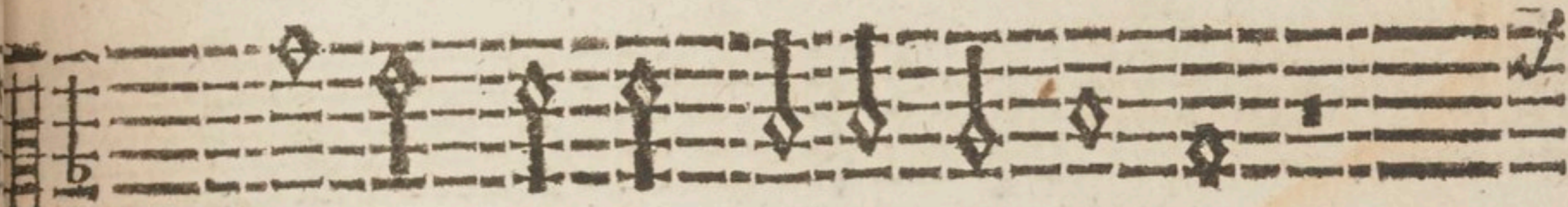
**D**



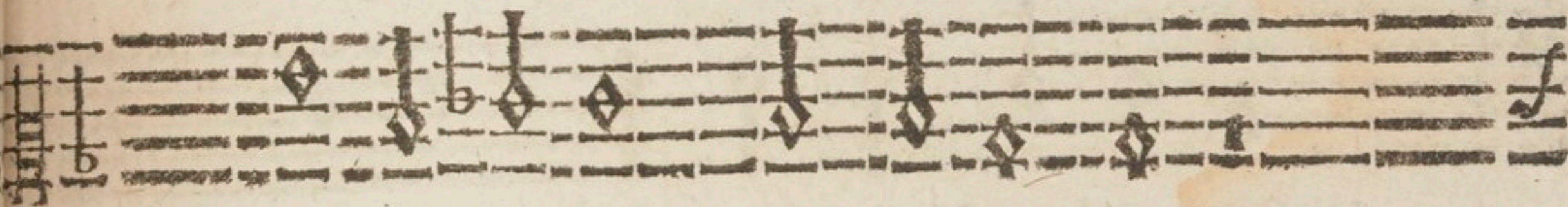
E aerd' is onses Godts voor- waer,



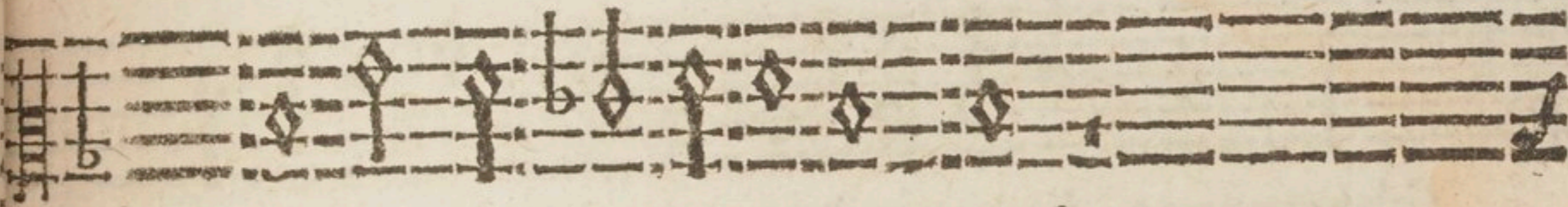
En wat sy begrijpt verr' en naer,



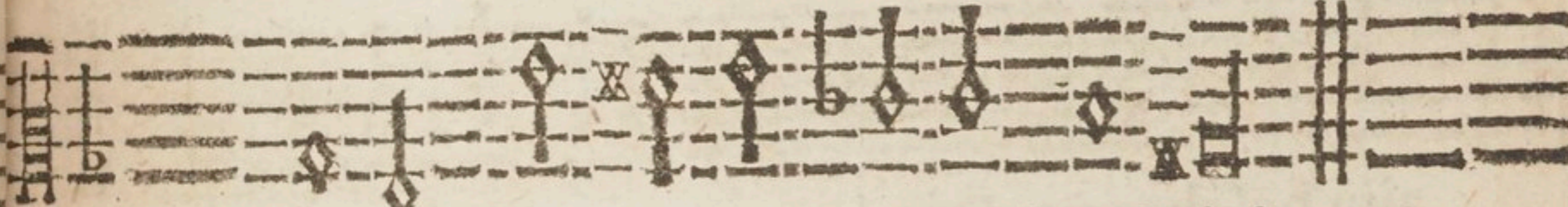
Met den menschen daer in woonachtigh.



Hy heeft die op 't Meyr vast gegrondt,



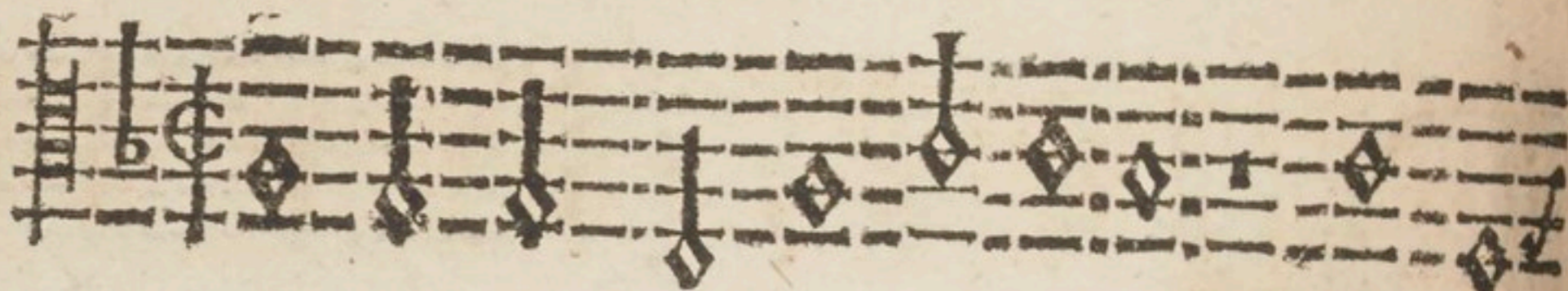
Hy verrijckt die alsins in 't rondt



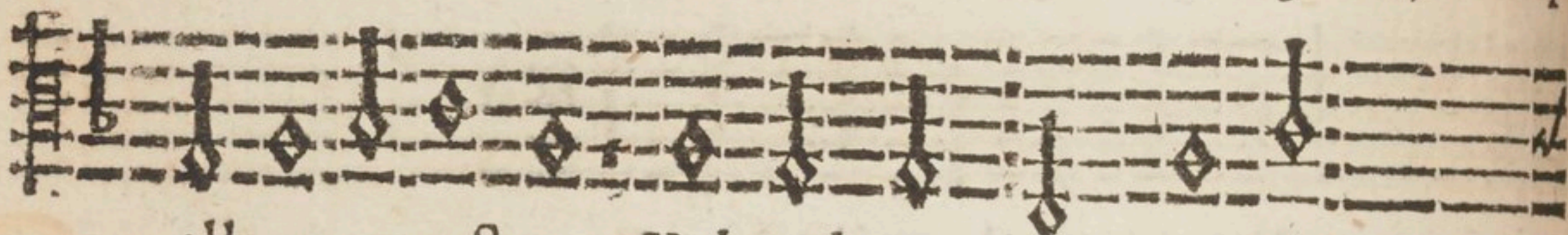
Met veel schoone ri- vieren krachtigh.



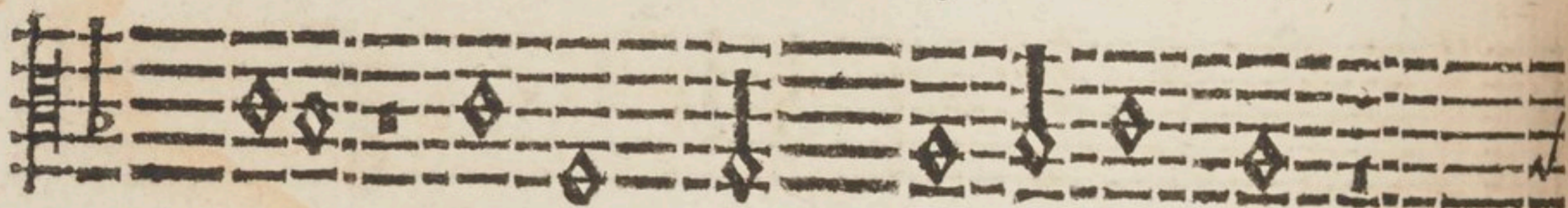
**M**



Yn hert heff' ick tot u Heere; Mijn hoop



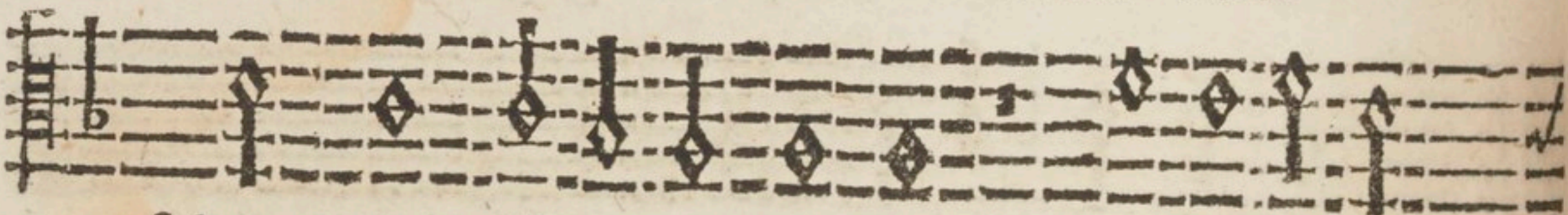
alleen op u staet: Behoedt my doch voor on-



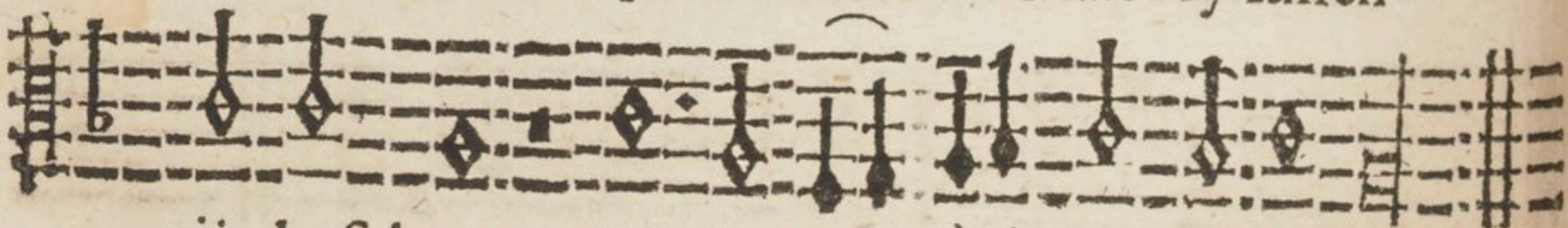
eere, Die my wenscht mijn vyandt quaet.



Sy werden, Heer, soo't betaemt Niet

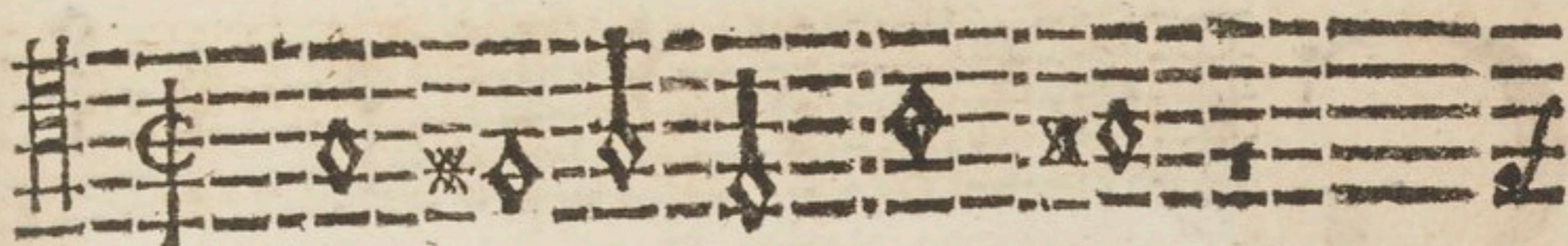
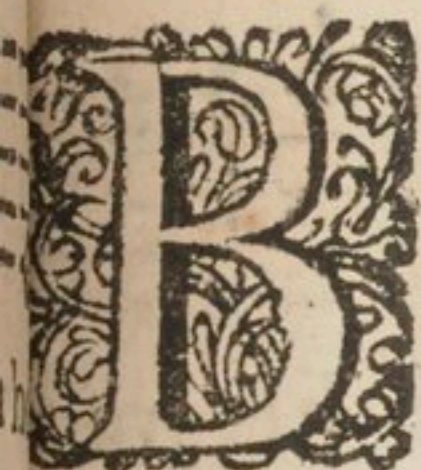


schaemroot, die op u bouwen: Maer sy sullen

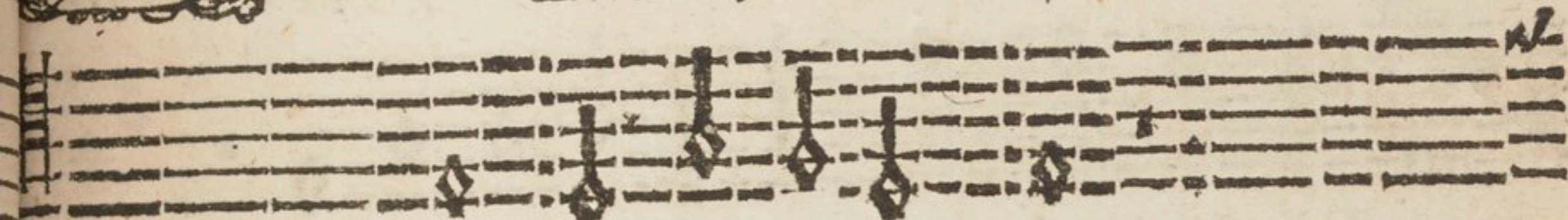


zijn beschaemt Die de vro- men hier benouwen.

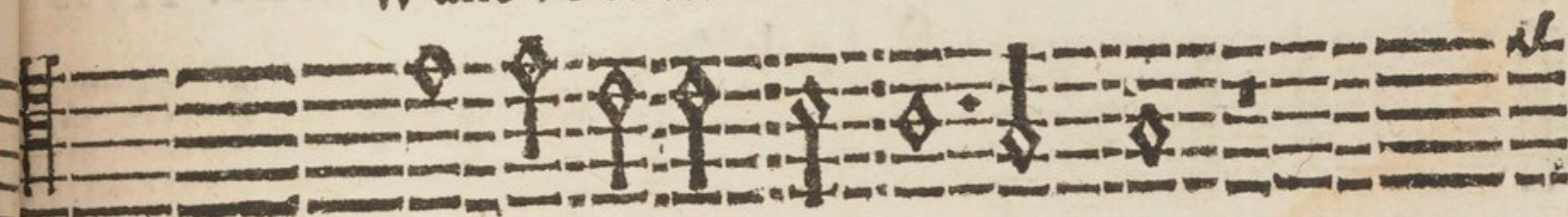




Ewaert, ô Heer, mijn recht :



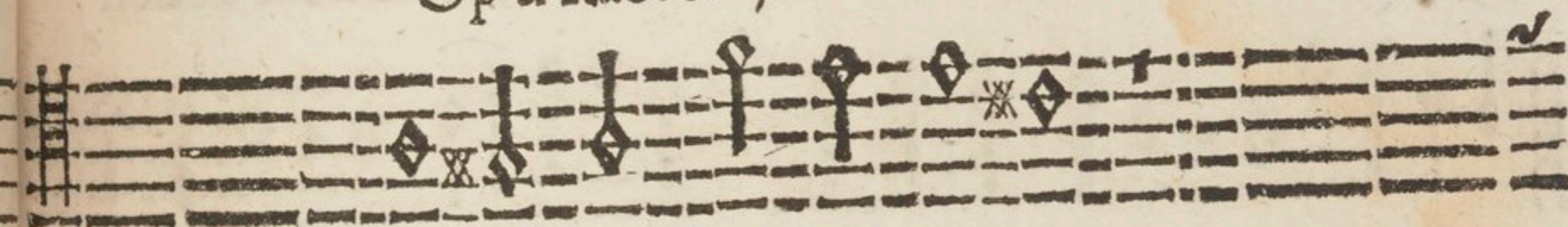
Want voorwaer uwen knecht



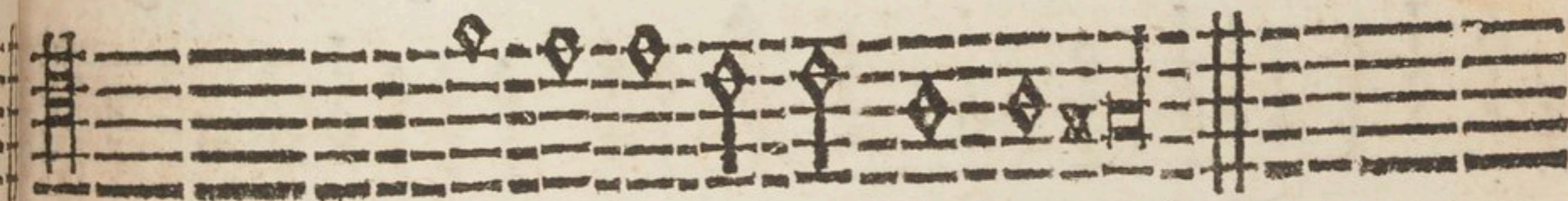
Wandelt in onschult nu voortaan :



Op u staet mijn be- trouwen,



In al mijn swaer benouwen,



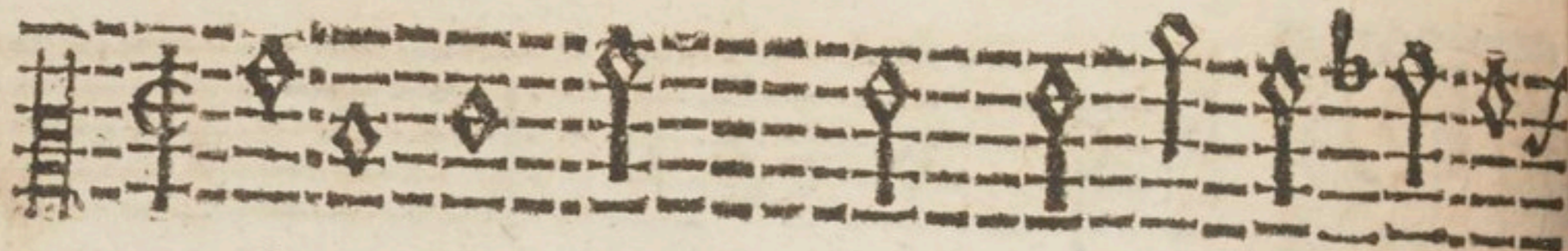
Daerom en sal ick niet vergaen.



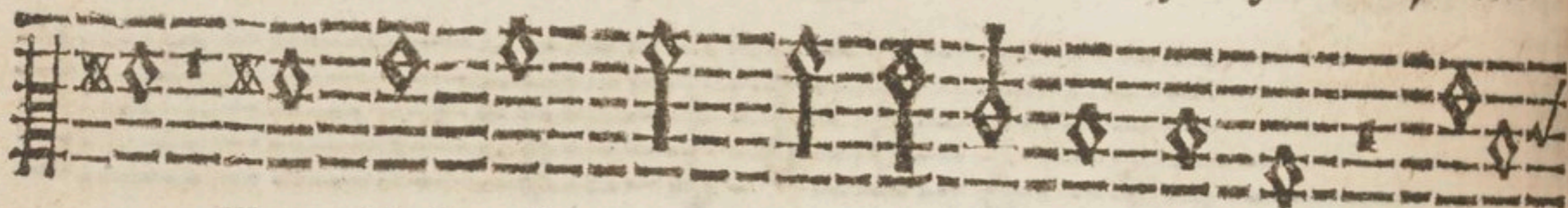
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM XXVII.

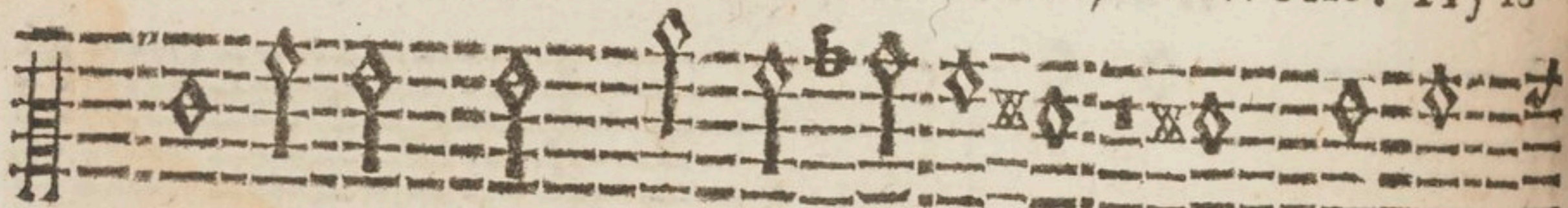
G



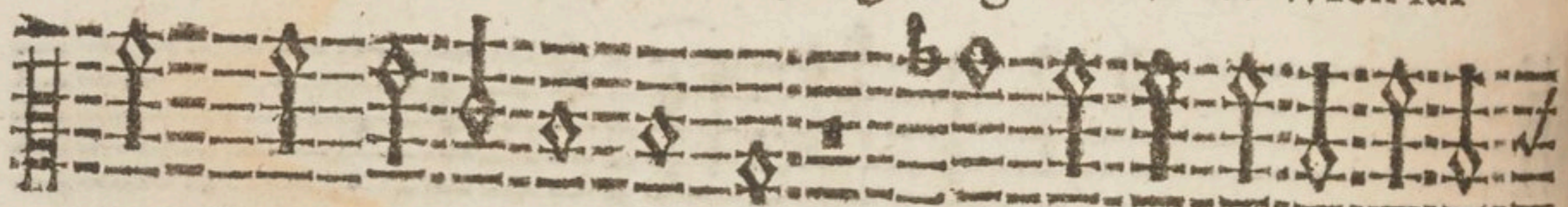
Odt is mijn licht, 't welck my leyt in zijn we-



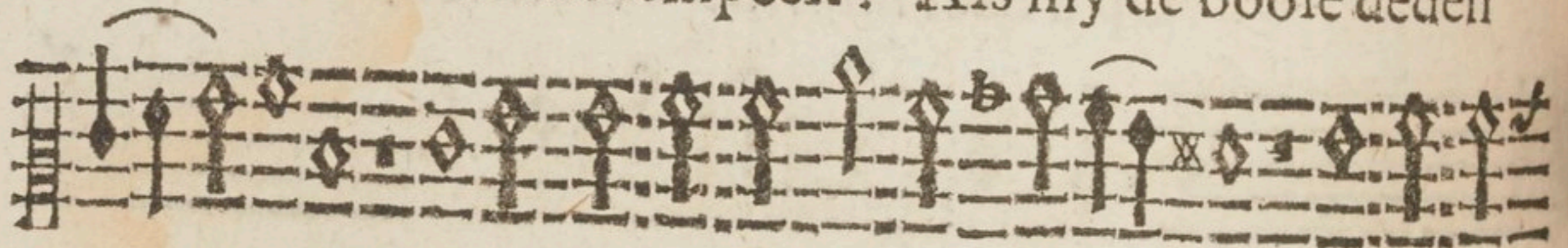
gen, En mijn heyl, voor wien sal ick zijn bevreesst: Hy is



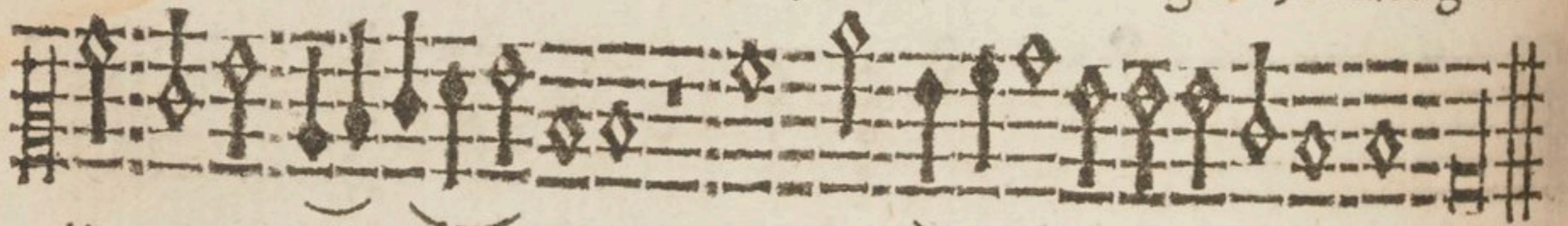
mijns levens kracht tot my genegen. Voor wien sal



ick schricken in dit tempeest? Als my de boose deden

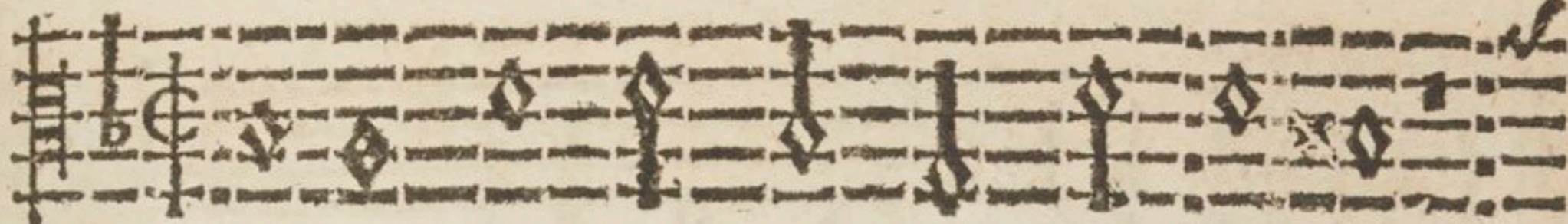


o- verloop, Ende sochtē my te verflinden gaer, Ick sag dan

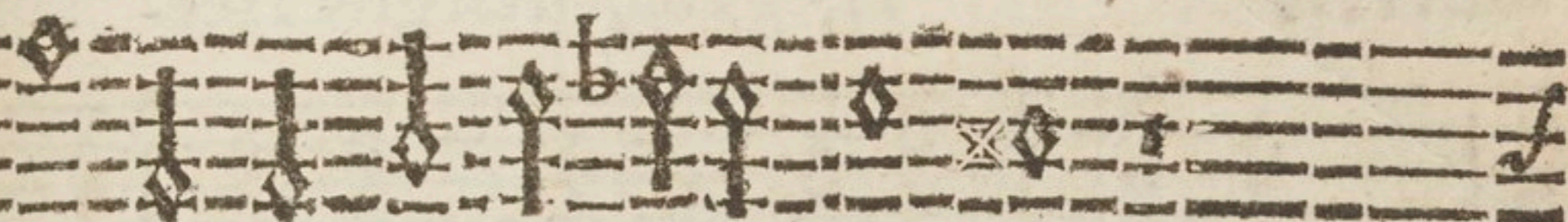


mijn vyanden in gevaer Struykelen en vallen al over hoop.

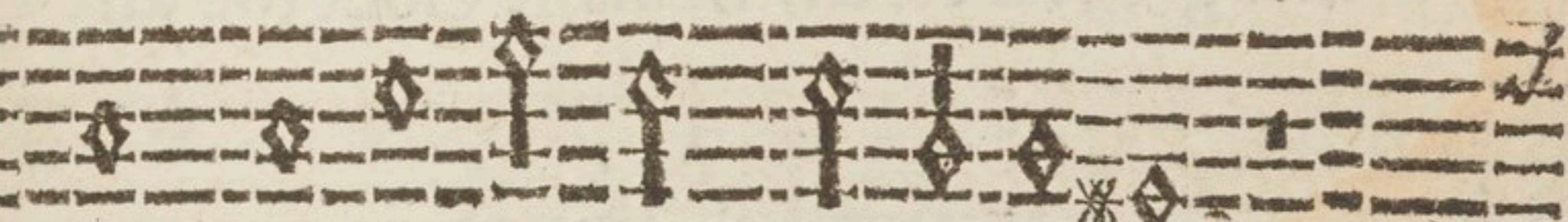




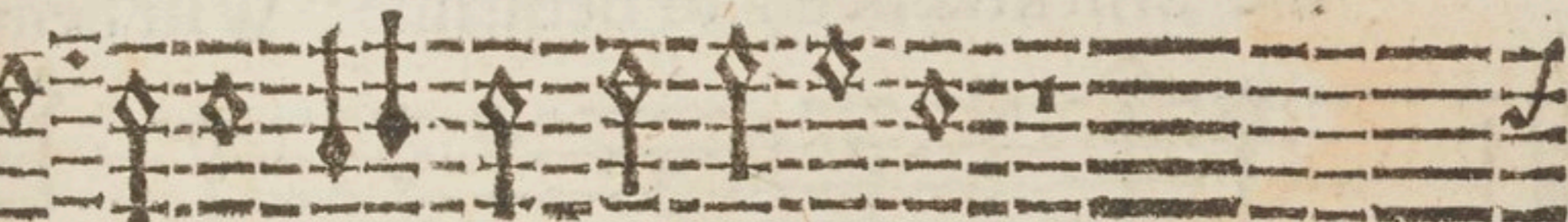
Heer, ghy zijt mijn sterckte machtigh,



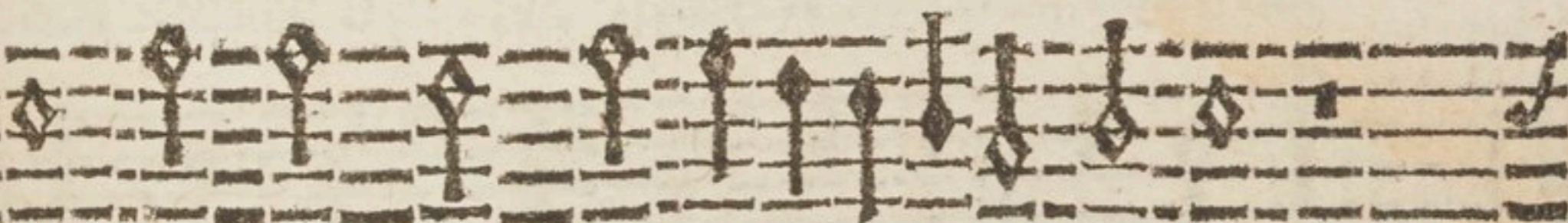
Tot u is 't dat ick bidde klachtigh :



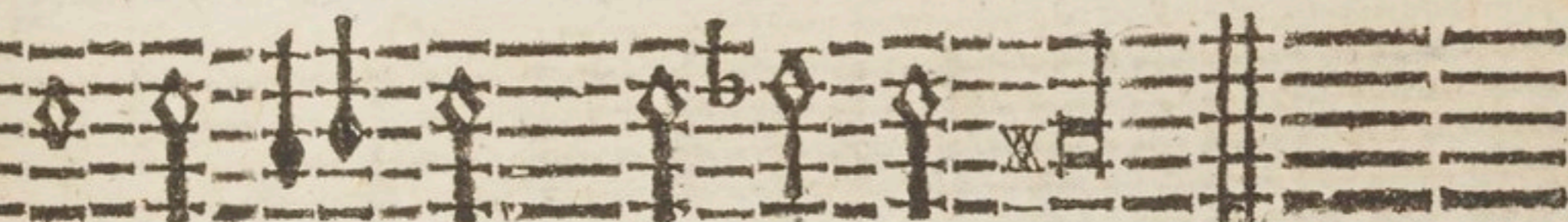
Swijght niet stil, ô mijn Godt gepresen :



Of anders soo moet ick nu wesen



Een mensche gantschelick gelijk,

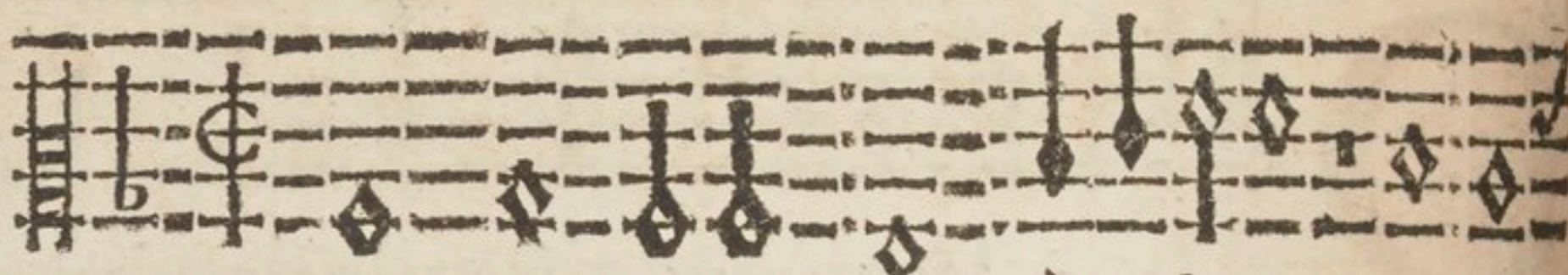


Die men be-graest in dataerdtrijck.

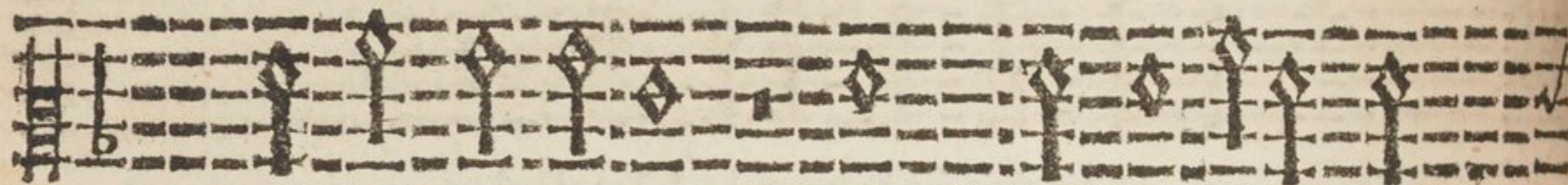


Contra-Tenor.

PSALM XXIX.



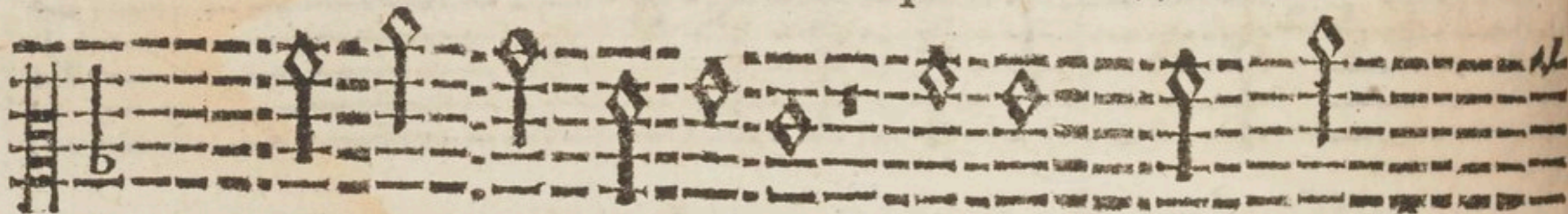
Hy Prinçen en ghy Hee- ren, Begaeft



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



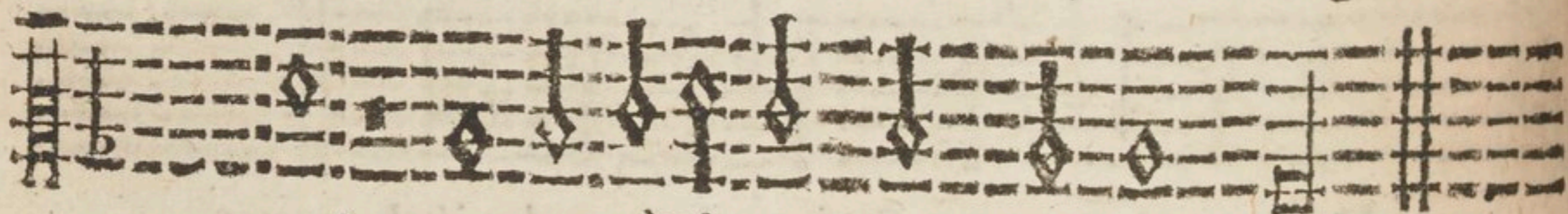
me Sijn kracht en lof bequame: Wilt hem



fulcken prijs bewijfen, Als sijn macht niet

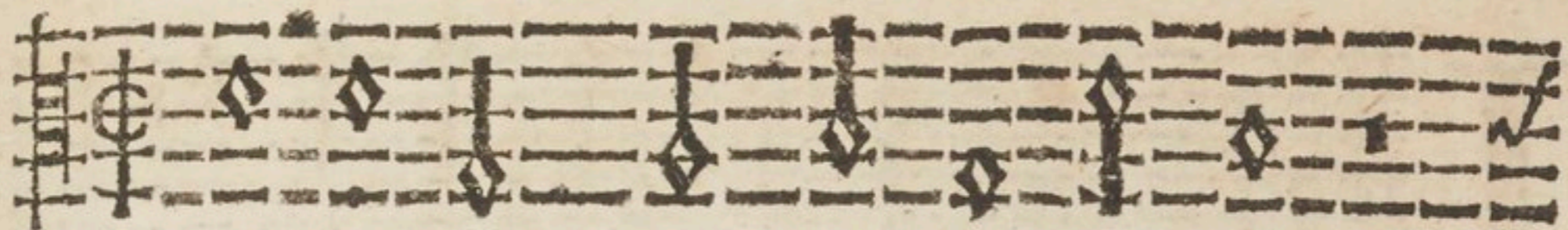


om volprijsen Toe-staet, en in sijn wooningh



goedt Buyget hem de knyen met ootmoedt.

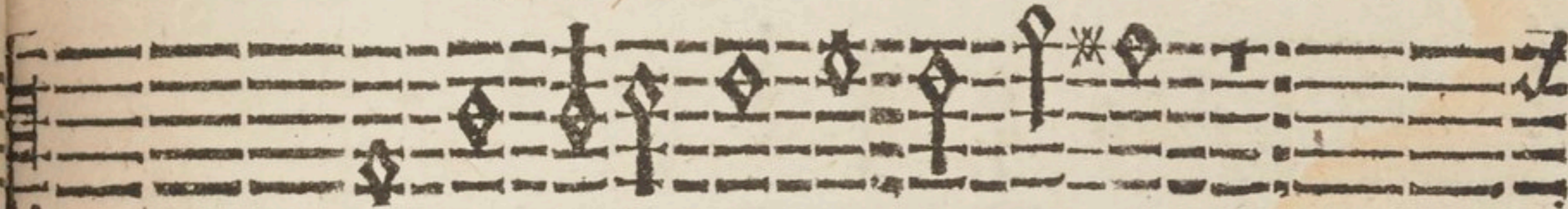




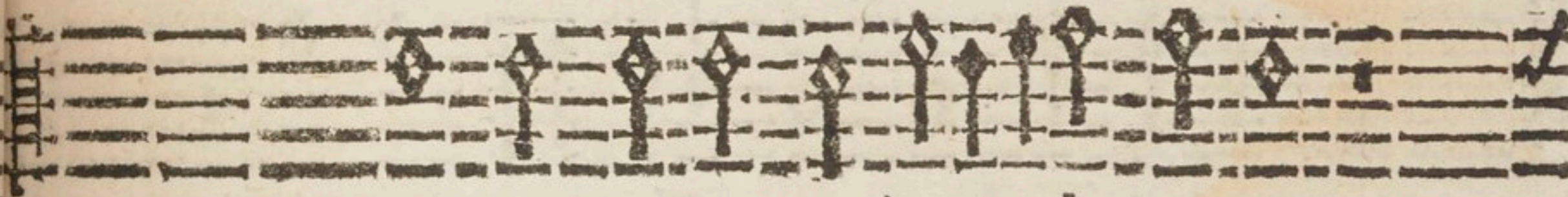
A dat ghy, Heer, my hebt bevrijdt,



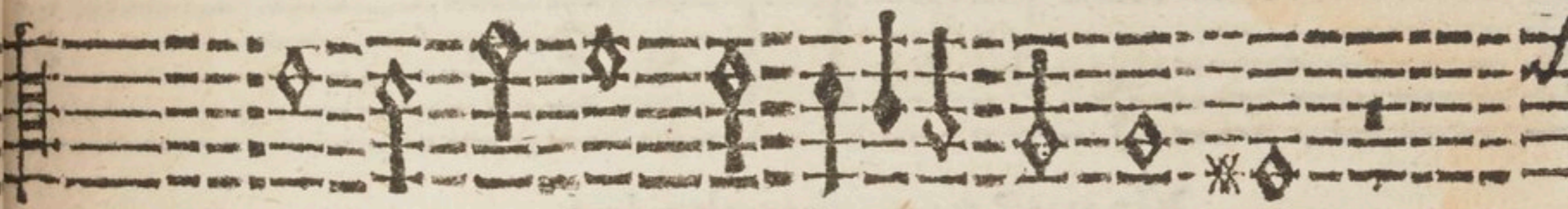
En dat ghy oock nim- mermeer lijdt,



Dat mijn vy- anden hebben vry



Oorfaeck om te spotten met my,




Den prijs die ghy hierom zyt weerdigh,

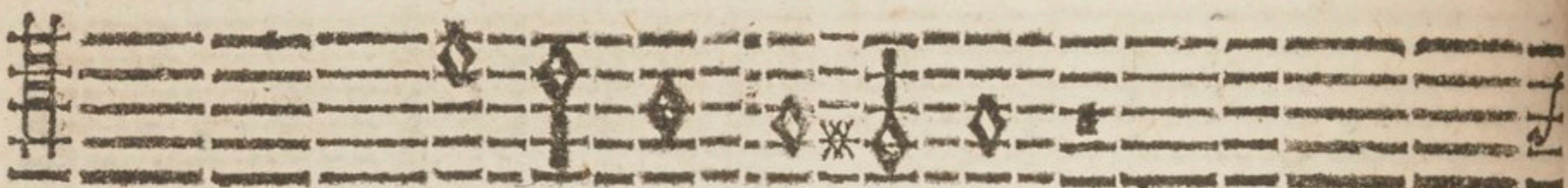


Te singen wil ick zijn volveerdigh.

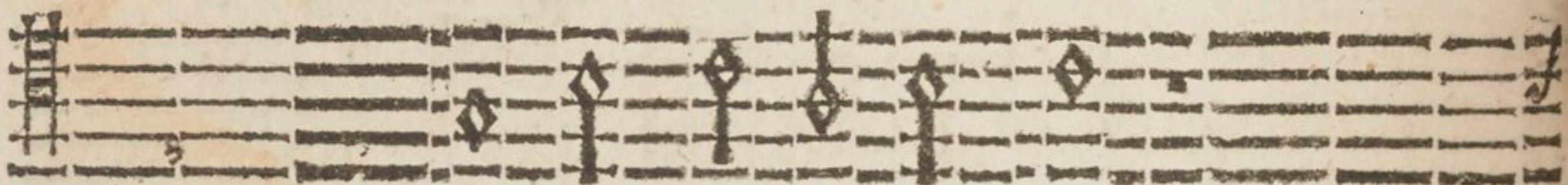


**I** 

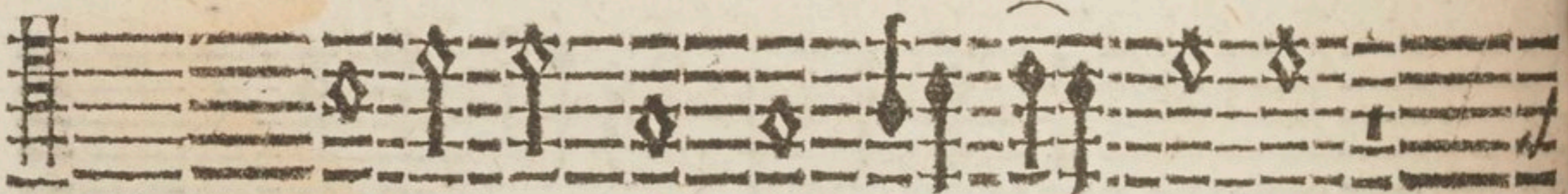
Ik stell' op u vast mijn betrouwen,



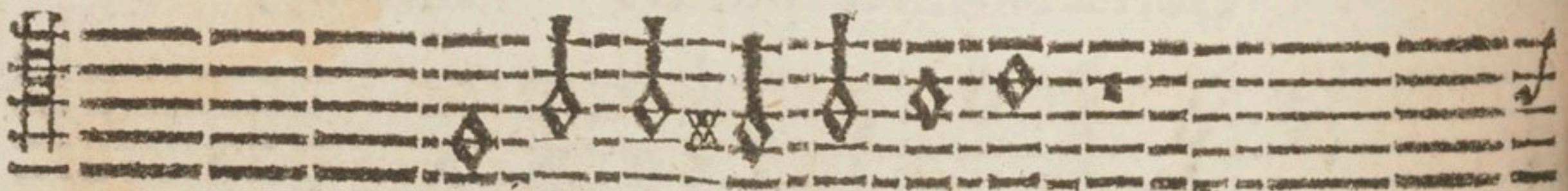
En laet my nimmermeer



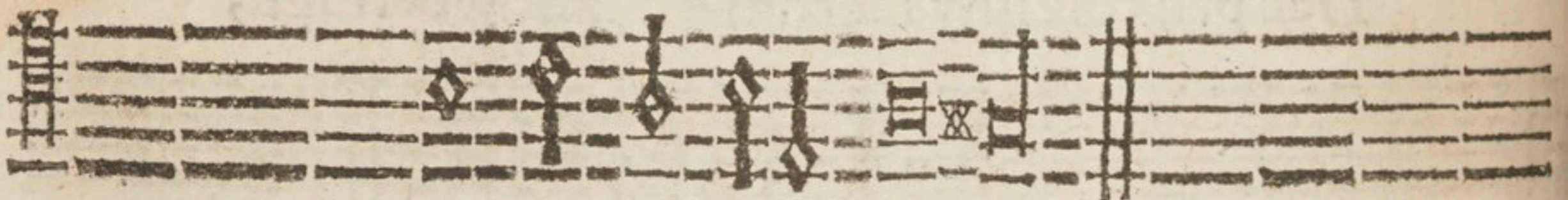
Tot schanden komen, Heer ;



Verloft my doch uyt dit be- nouwen,

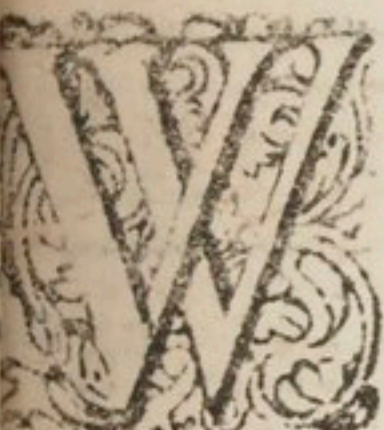


Na uw' gerechtigheden,

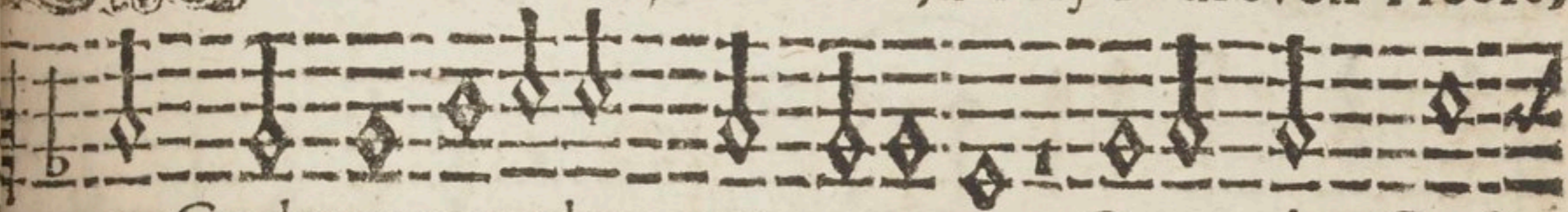


Bekent in allen steden.

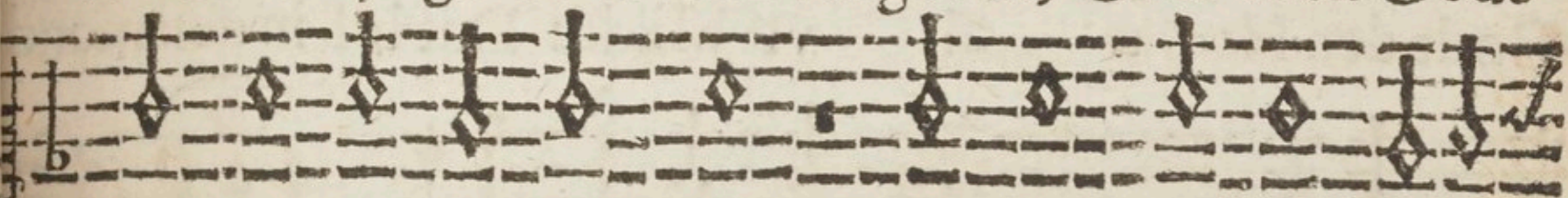




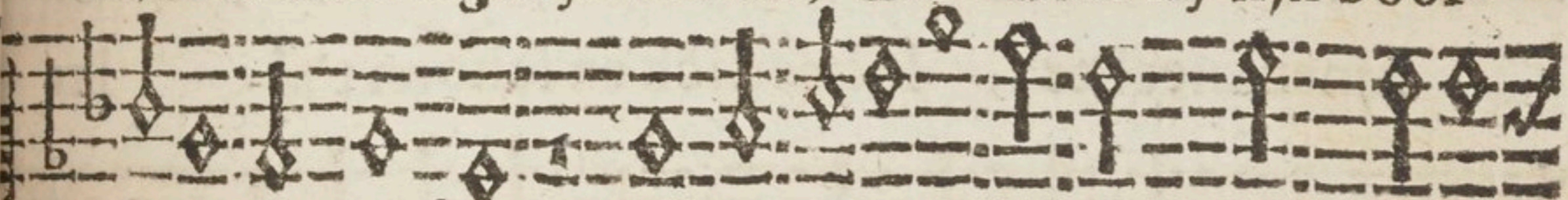
El hem die sijn misdaet, die hy bedreven Heeft,



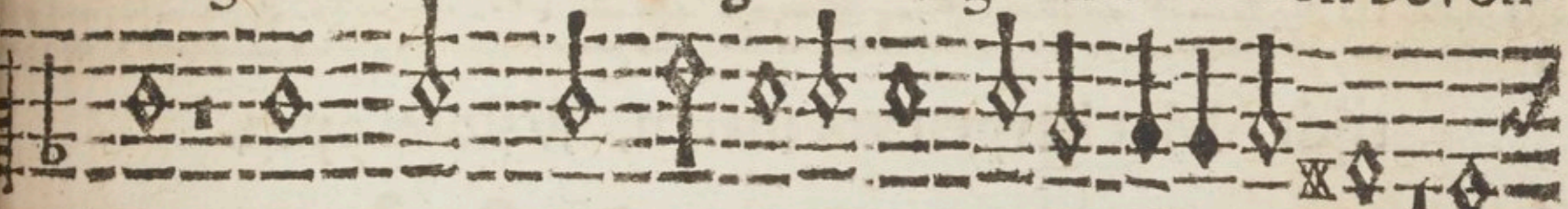
van Godt uyt genaden wert vergeven, Over wien Godt



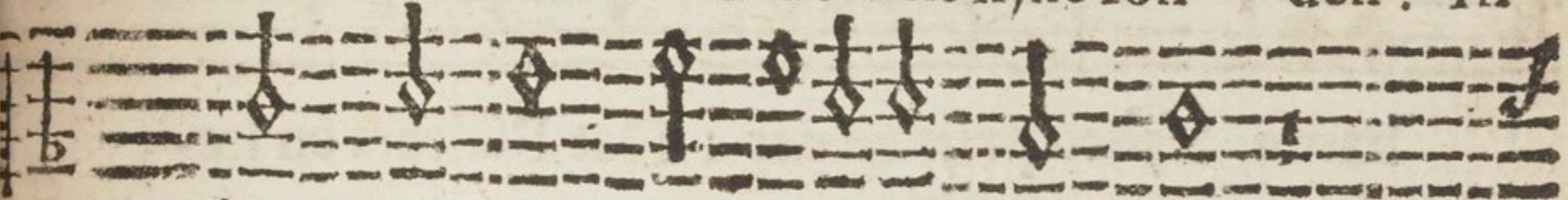
sijn barmhertigheyt streckt, Daer door hy sijn boof-



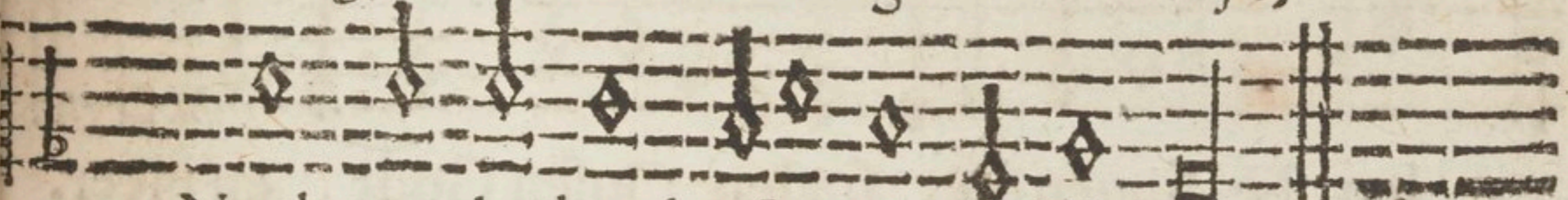
heden gants bedeckt. Hoe gelukkig is die mensch bevon-



den, Die Godt niet toe en rekent sijne son- den! In

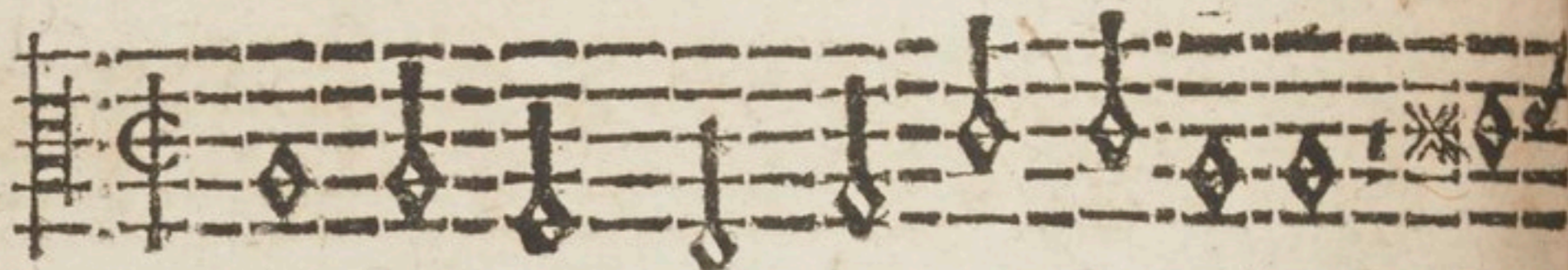


wiens geest niet woont eenige schalckheyt,

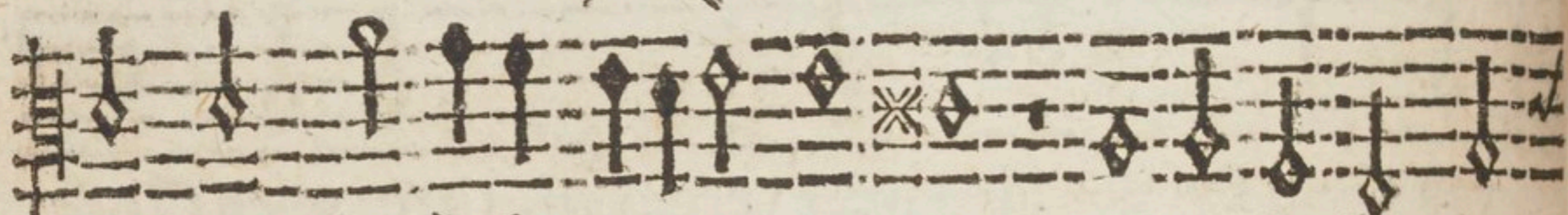


Noch geen bedrogh ofte geveynsdigheyt.

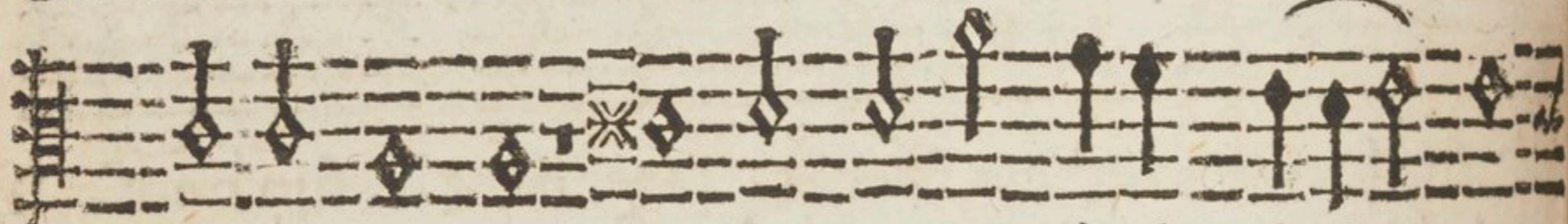




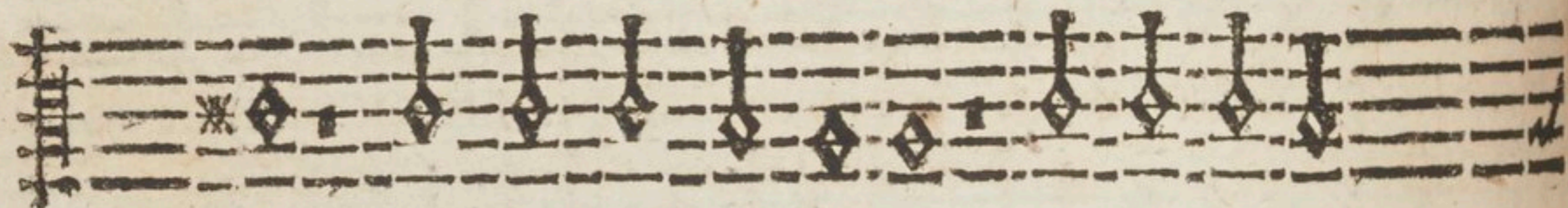
Eest nu verheught al ghy oprechten, In



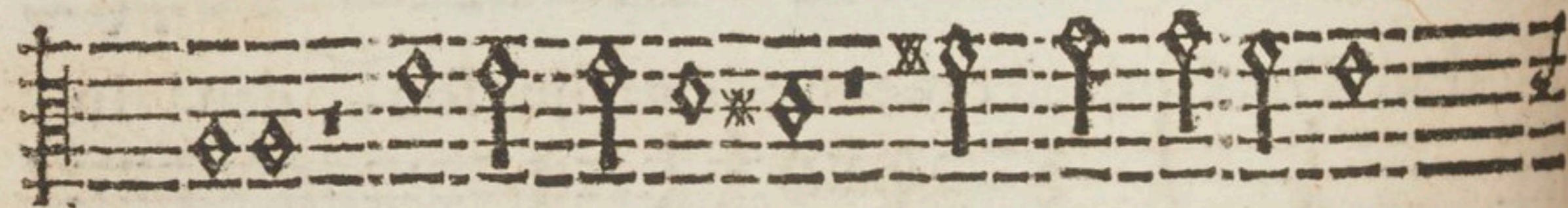
Godt den Heer u al verblijdt: Dat lof in den mond



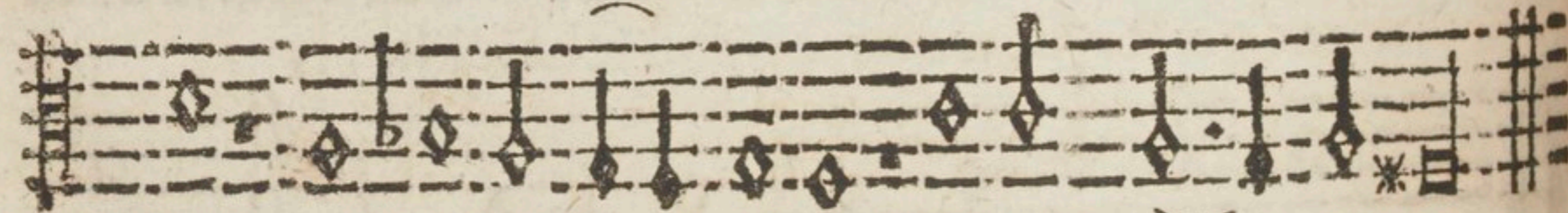
sijner knechten, Is heerlick en schoon t'al- ler



tijdt. Met harpen vol snaren, Wilt nu open-

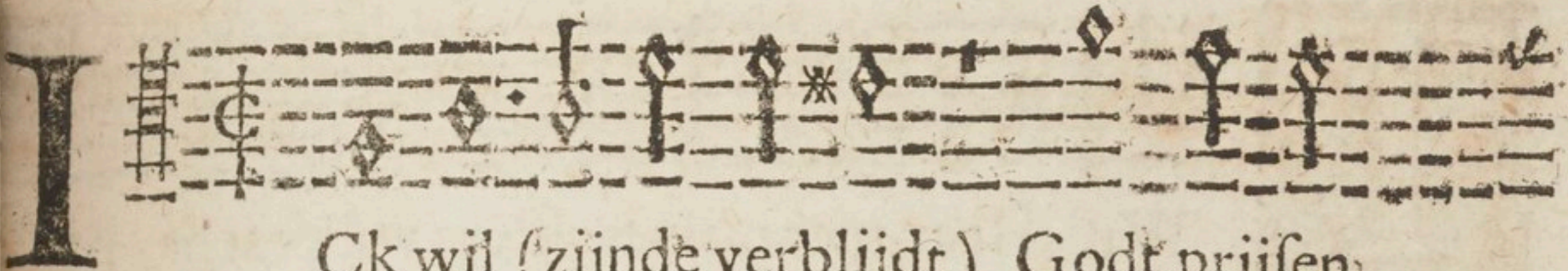


baren. Sijnen prijs en eer: Dat Psalters en ke-



len. Nu singen en spelen Onsen Godt en Heer.

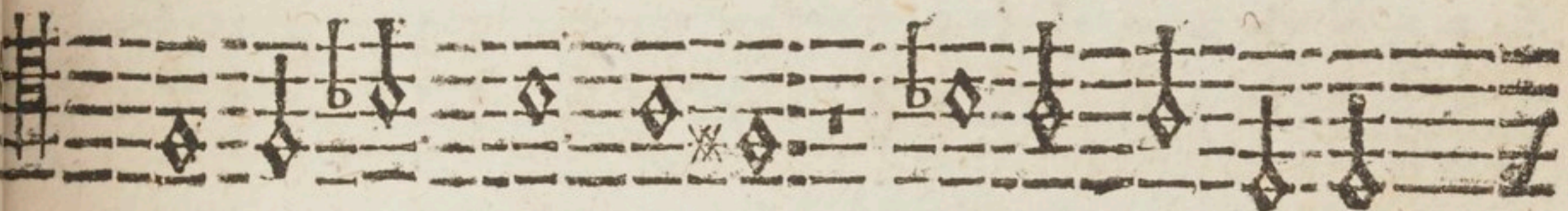


**I** 

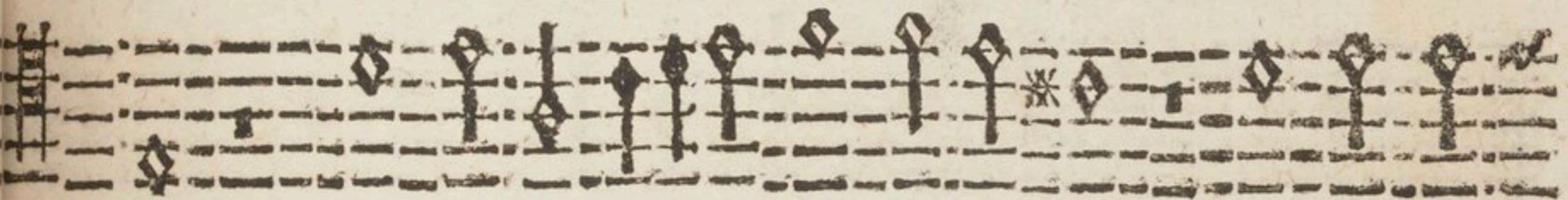
Ik wil (zijnde verblijdt) Godt prijsen



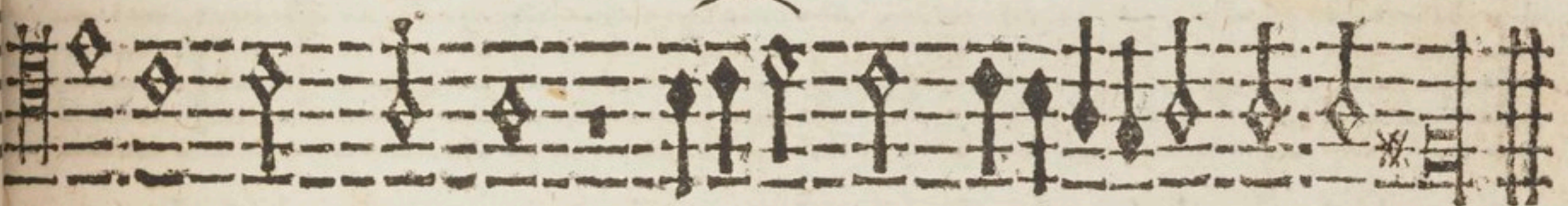
ende maken groot: Mijn mont sal nu sijnen lof bloot



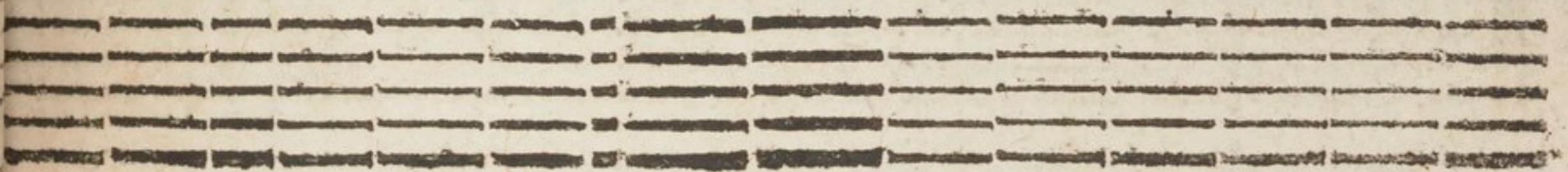
Verkonden breedt en wijdt. Ick heb geen ander



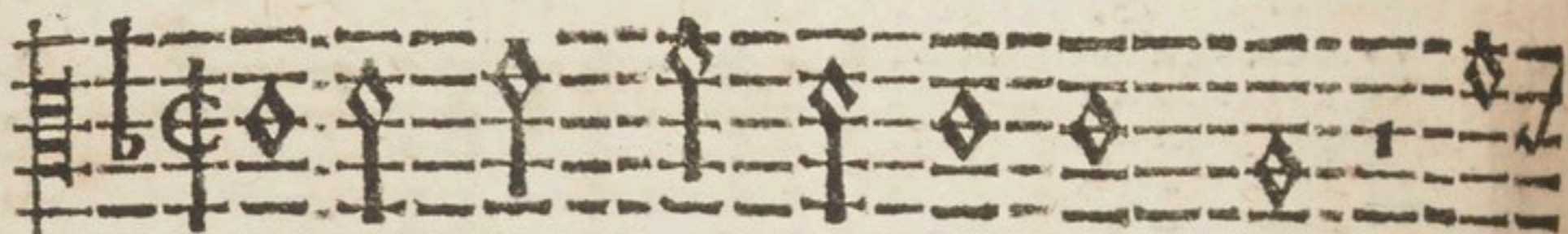
vreugd; Dan dat gepre- fen zy de Heer; Op dat sy



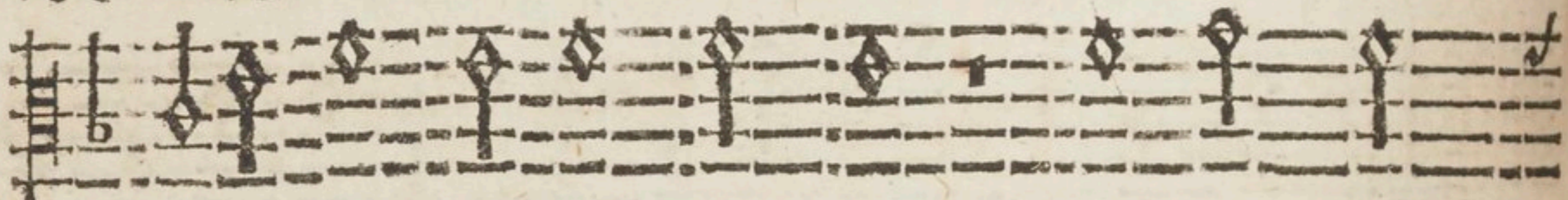
die benauwt zijn seer, Daer door wer- den verheugt.



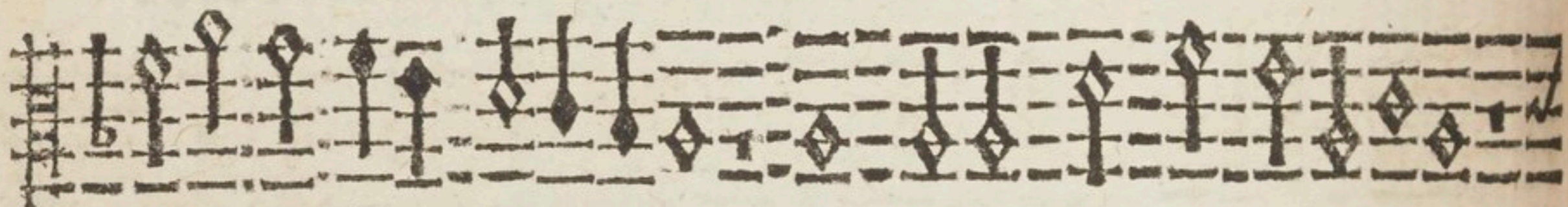




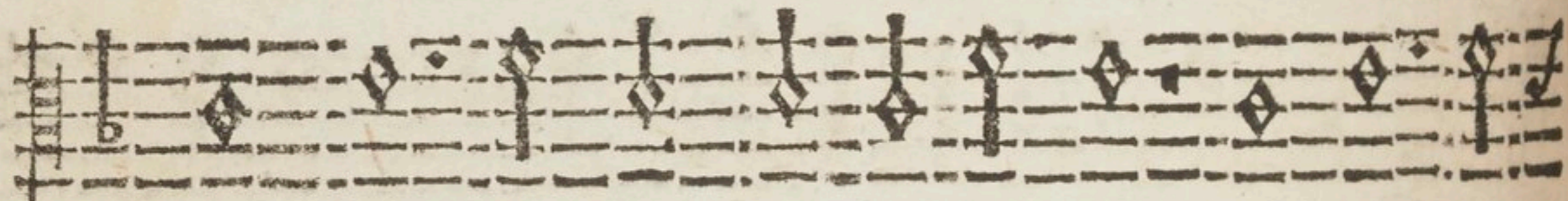
Wist, Heer, met mijn twisters vol pracht; Mijn



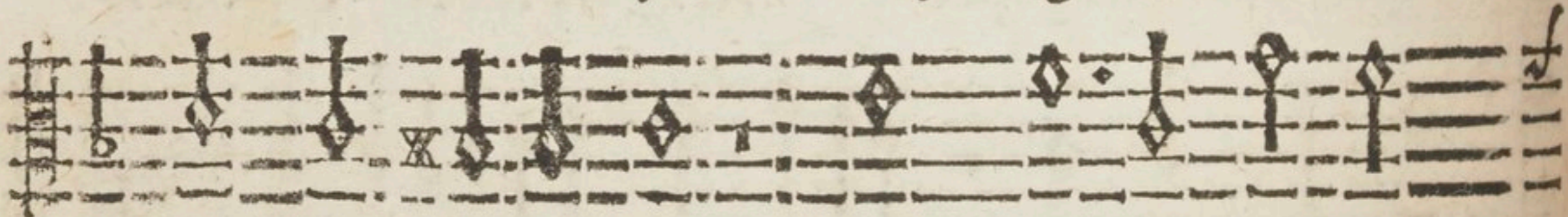
bestrijders bestrijdt met kracht; Grijpt den schilt



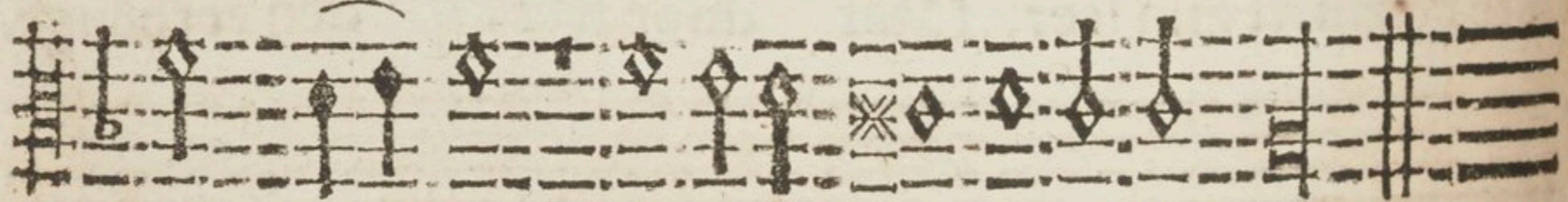
en wapen in han- den, Maekt u op tot mijnen bystande.



Treect dat sweert uyt, voor my nu gaet, Hinderts' en



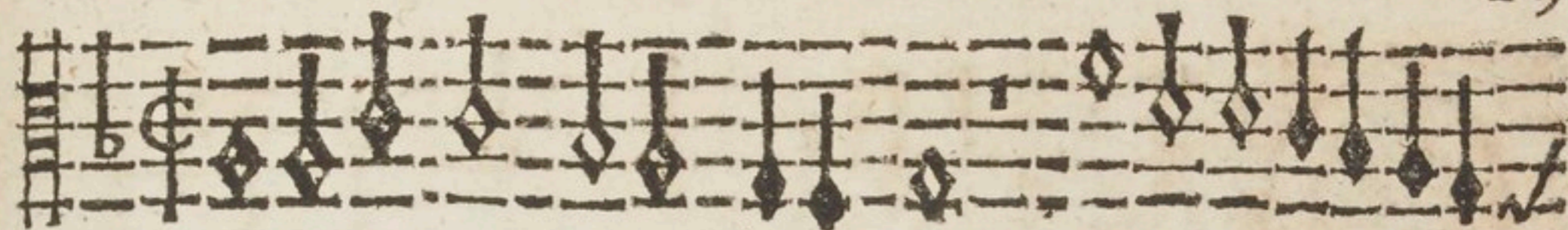
hen doch wederstaet, Spreeckt tot mijn ziel, Ick



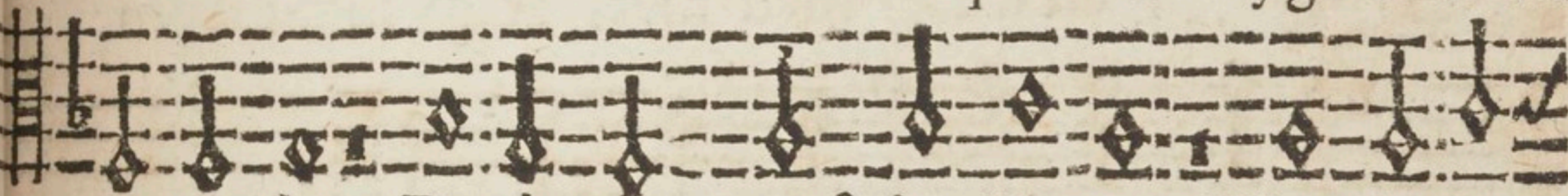
ben 'tal- leen, Die u bewaert en anders geen.



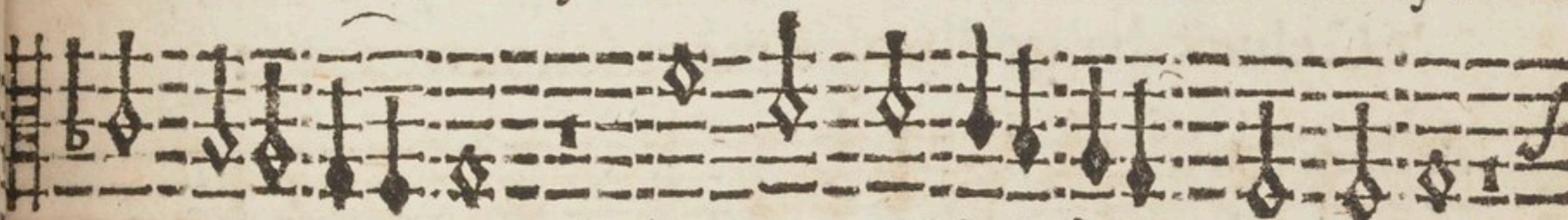
**D**



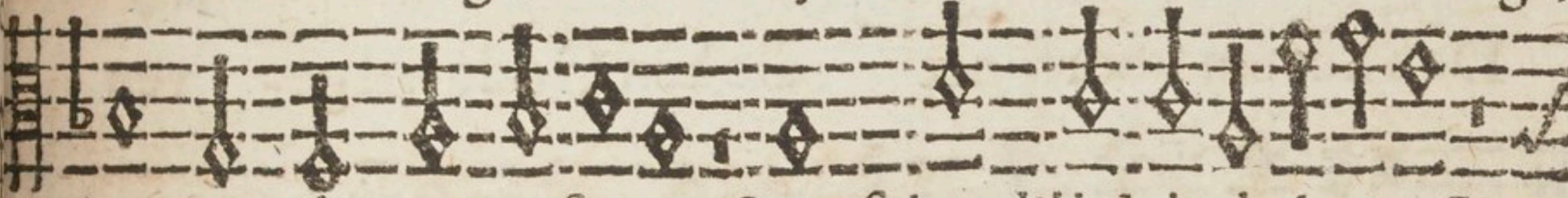
Es boosdoenders wille seer quaet Getuygt sekerlik



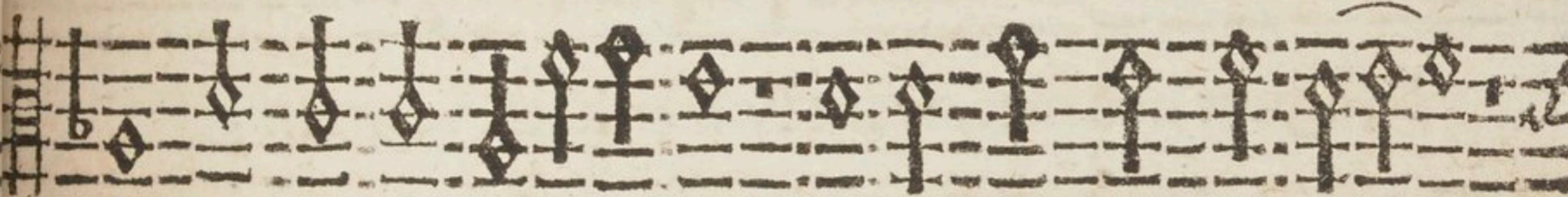
metter daet Dat hy niet vreeft den Heere. Want hy hem



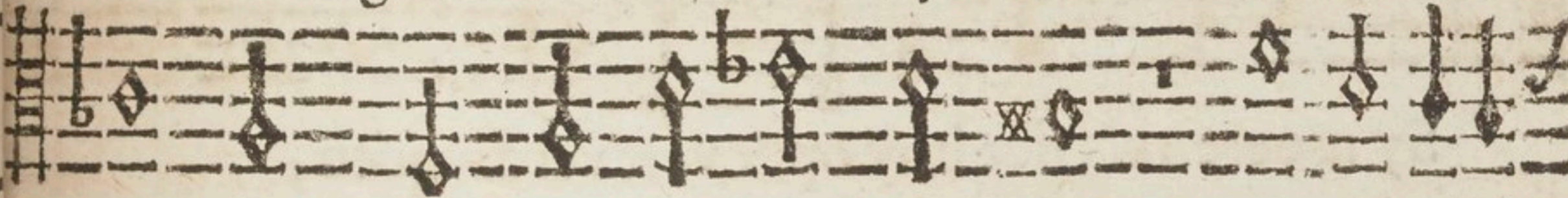
in't boose behaegt, 't Welk hy noch ha- tet noch beklægt,



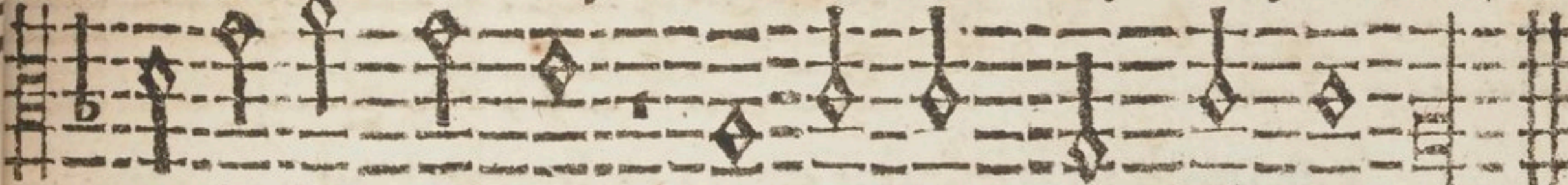
Maer spot de vrome seere. Seer schaed'lick is de leere sijn,



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



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

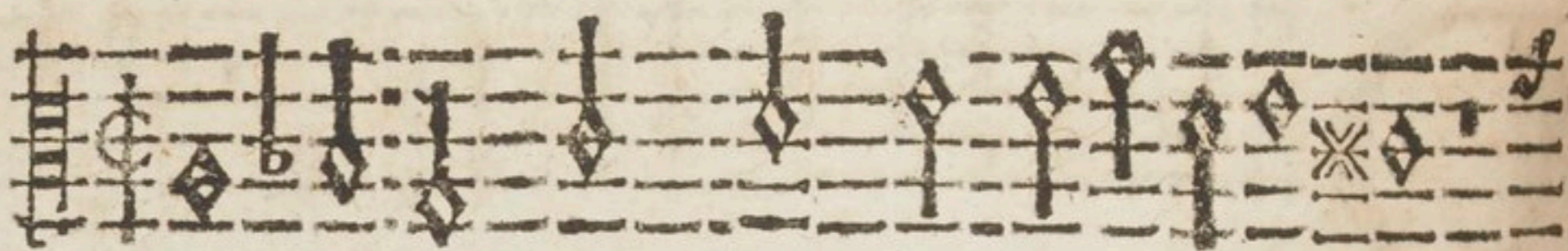


ven in der boosheyt, En van geen quaet hem keeren.

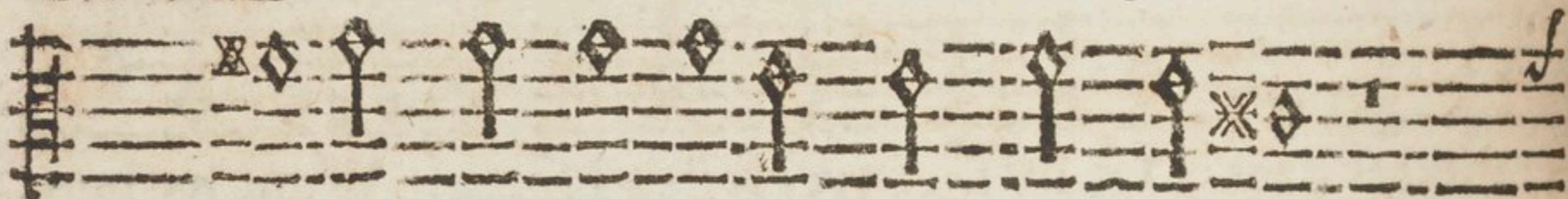


Contra-Tenor.

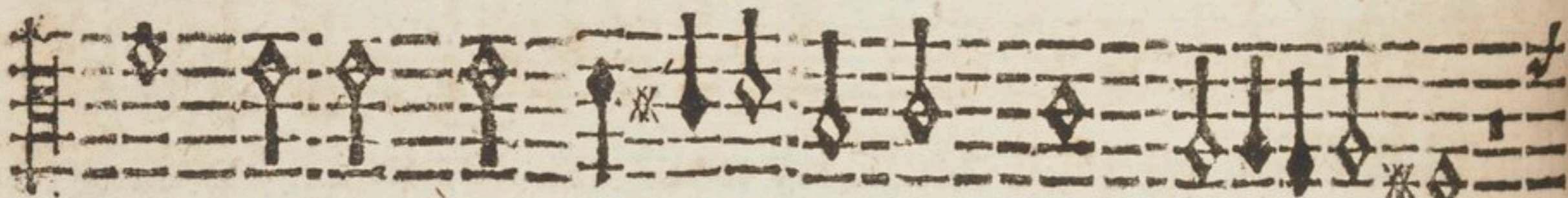
PSALM XXXVII.



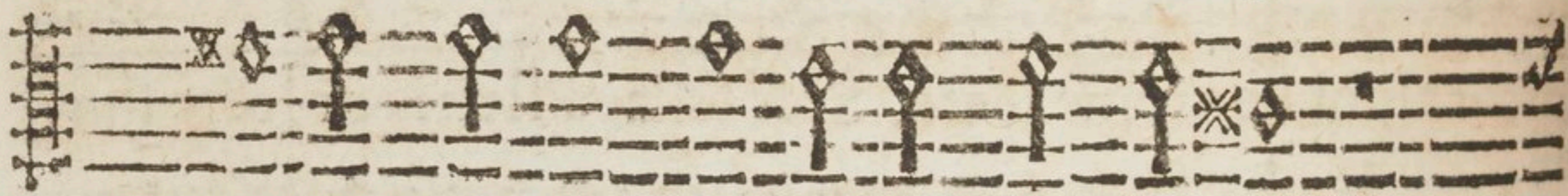
Uelt u daer med' niet, soo gy in dit leven



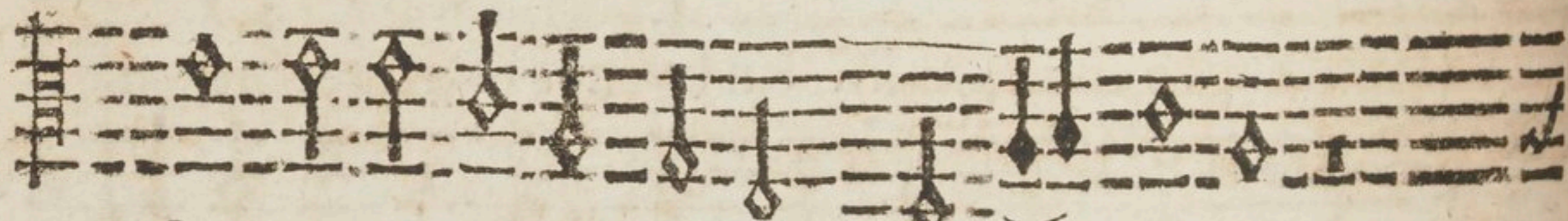
't Geluck der godloosen moet schouwen aen :



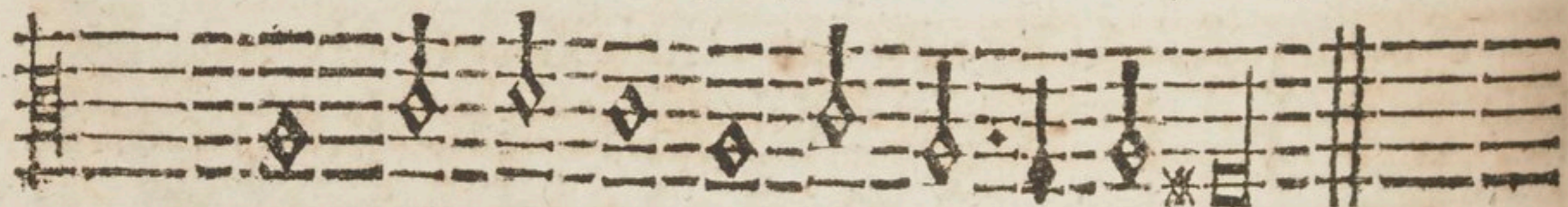
Den korten voorspoet die hen Godt wil ge- ven



Misgunt hen niet, want sy seer haest vergaen ;




Sy moeten als dat hoy op 't velt verdwijnen ;

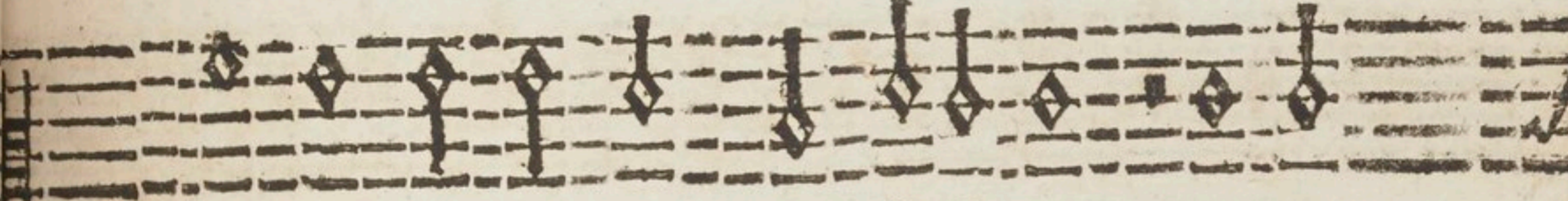


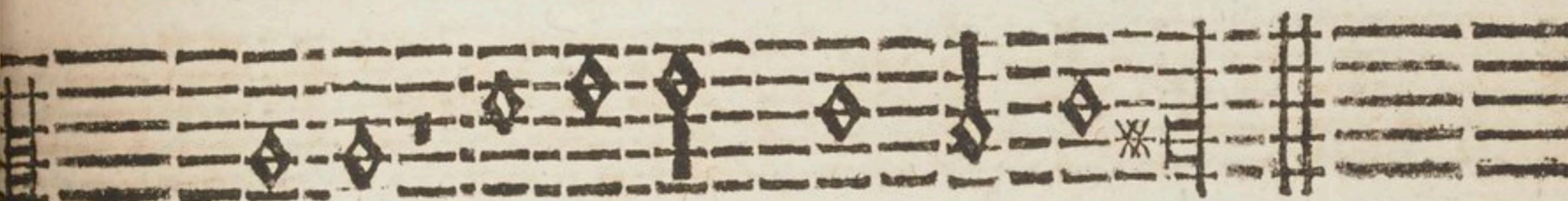
En oock gelijk dat gras verdorren saen.

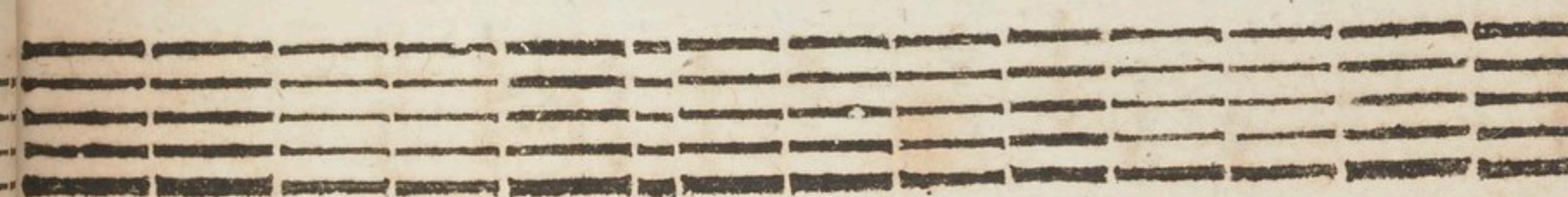
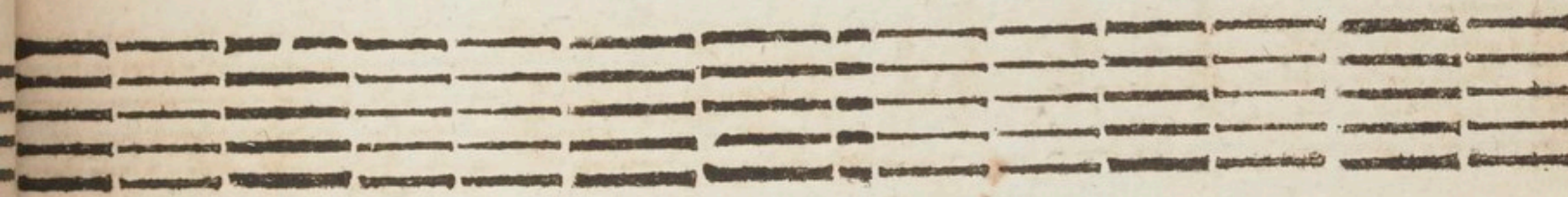


**W**    
 It in uwen toorn gestadigh, Heer ge-

   
 nadigh, My doch straffen niet soo seer ;

   
 De hitt' uwes toorns wilt kee- ren Van my,

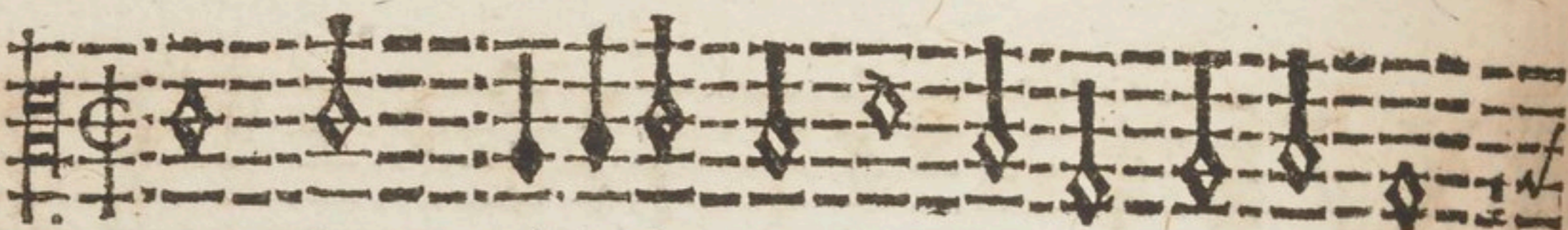
   
 Heere, Die nu gaer swack ben en teer.

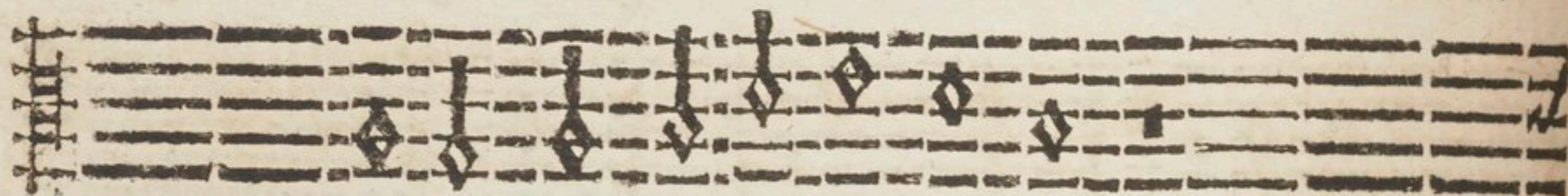




Contra-Tenor.

PSALM XXXIX.

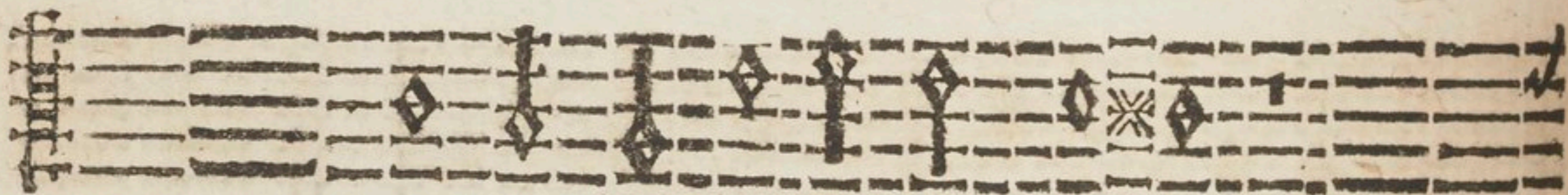
**I**   
Ick sprack, Ick woude (zijnde wel bedacht)



Op al mijn wegen nemen acht,



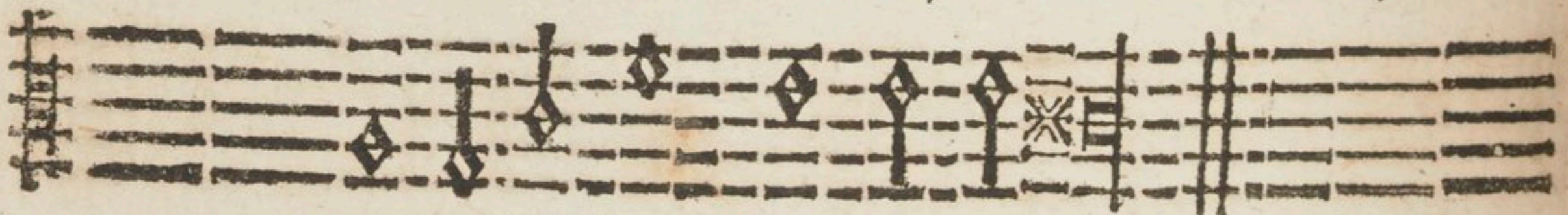
Dat ick met spreken niet misdeed' onvry,



Soo lang' de boose staen voor my :

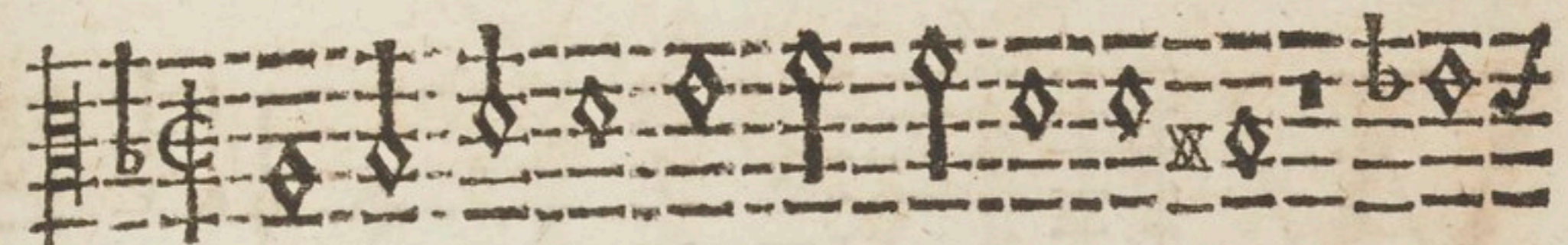


Al soud' ick moeten mijnen mondaltijt

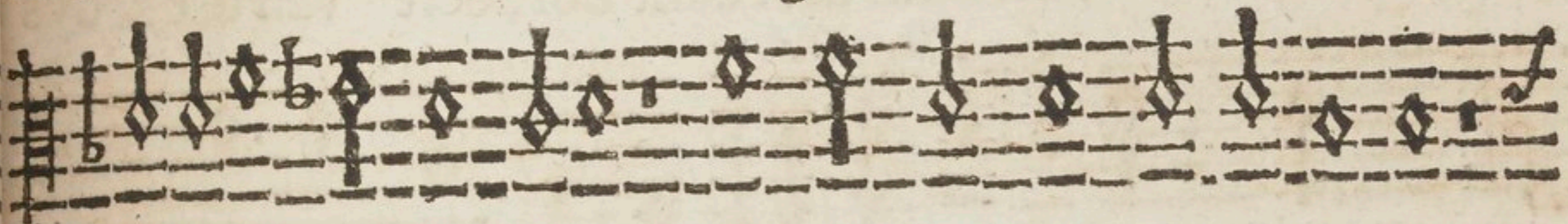


Met eenen toom houden bevrijdt.



**N** 

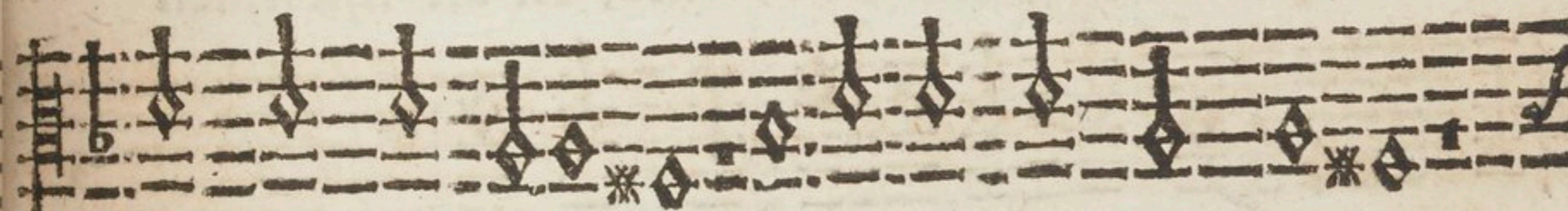
A dat ick langen tijd hebbe verwacht Den



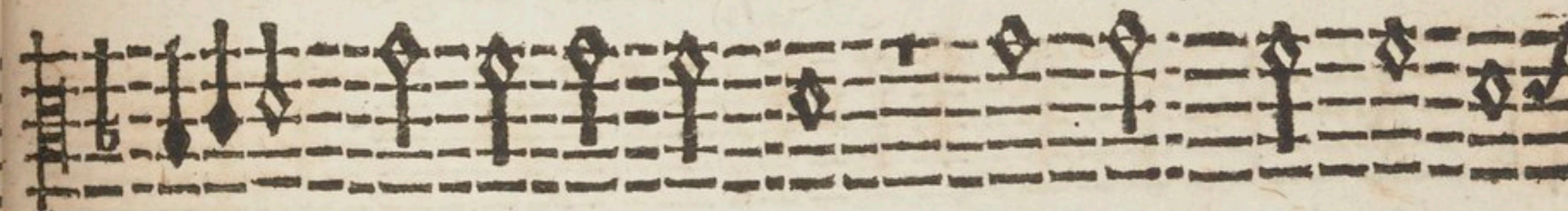
wille Gods in mijn elent, So heeft hy hem tot my gewent,



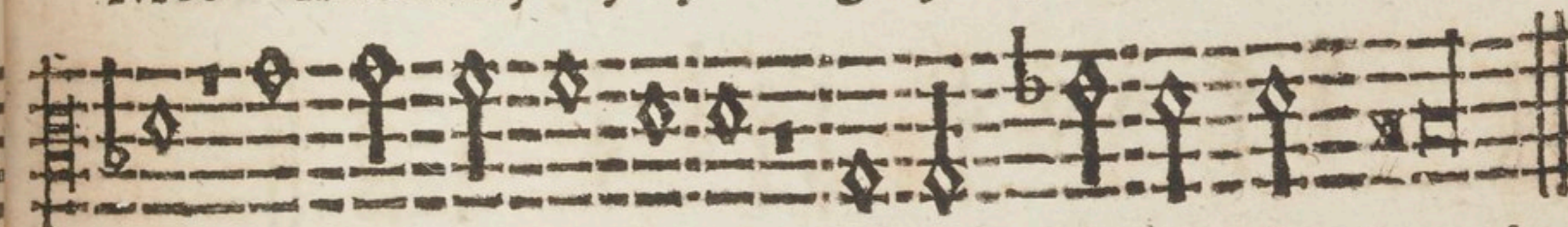
En heeft ver- hoort in den noodt mijne klacht. Uyt



den slijck seer onreyne, En een afgront niet kleyne,

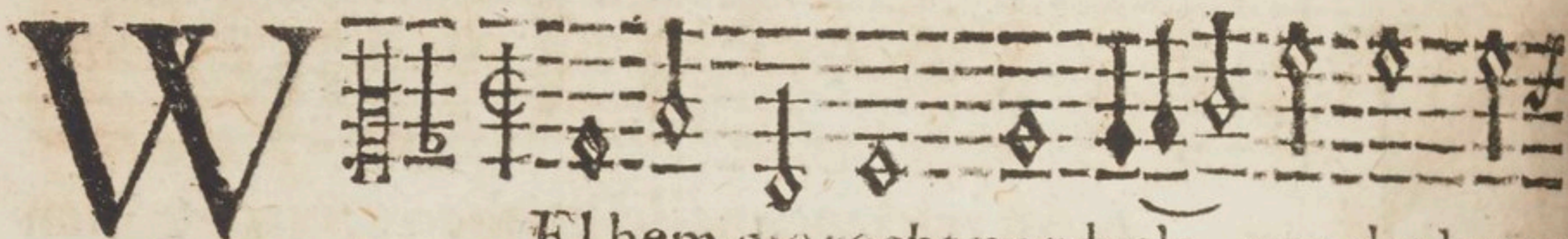


Met kracht hy my uyt toogh ; Hy heeft mijn voeten



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

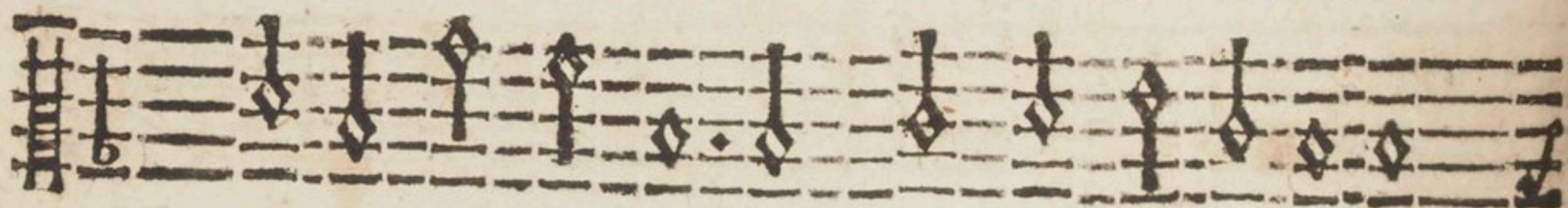




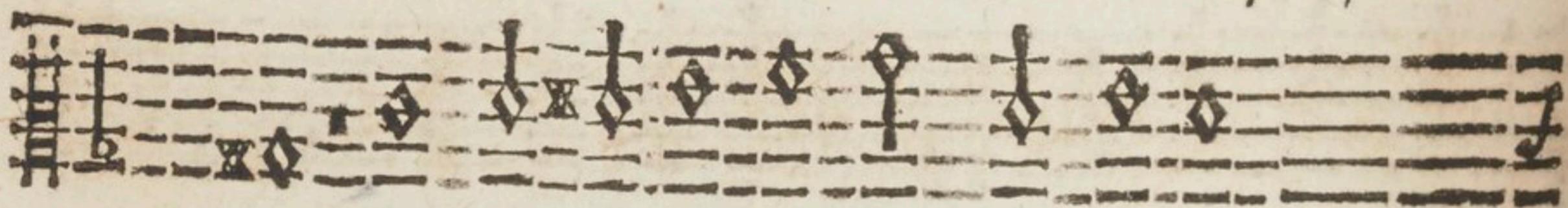
El hem die recht oordeelt van dat kruys



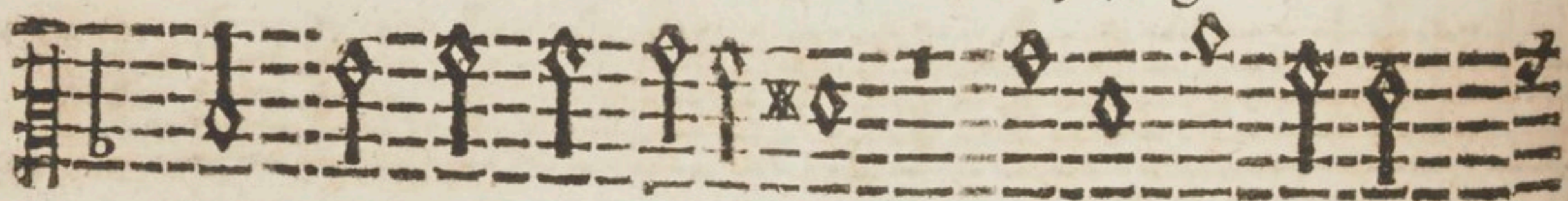
groot Des armen in den noot : Godt sal dien



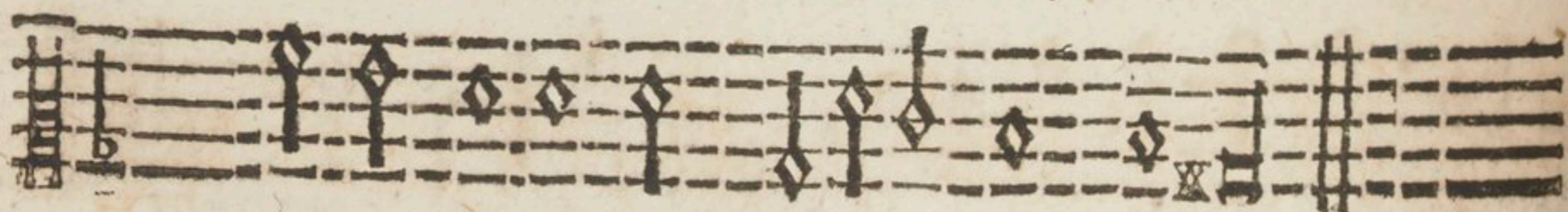
lieflick vertroosten voorwaer, In all' sijn lijdern



swaer, En hem laten zijn wel fraey en ge-

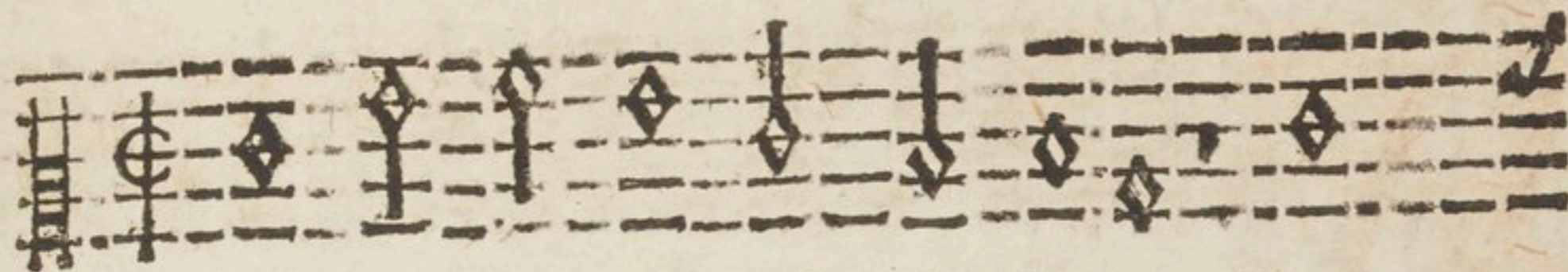


font, Ja bloeijen t'aller stont : Hy sal hem na den

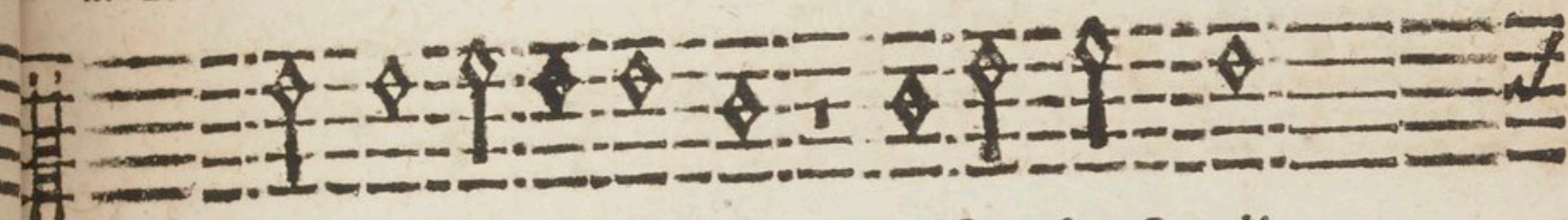


wil der boosen niet Verlaten in't verdriet.





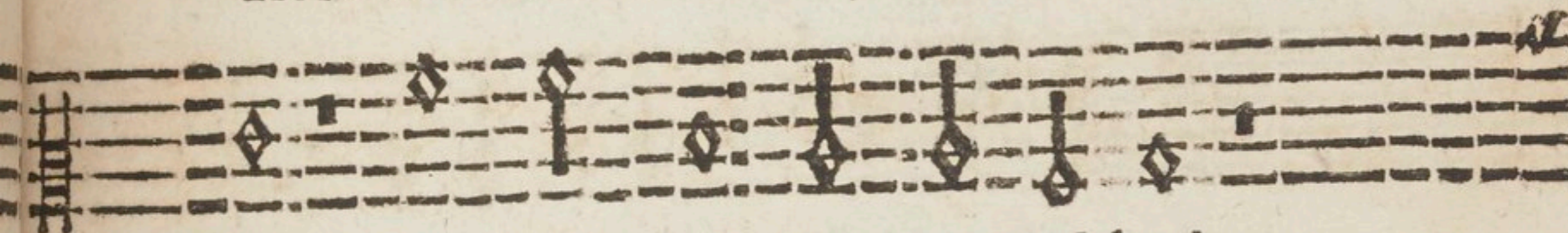
Als een hert gejaeght, ô Heere, Dat



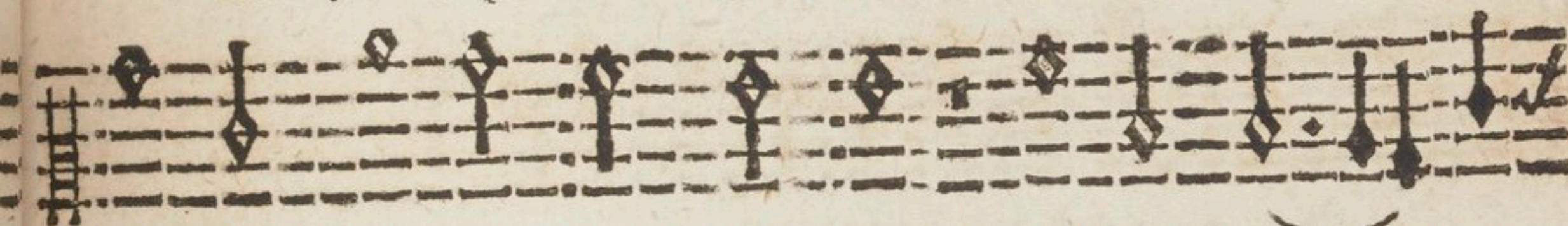
versche water begeert ; Alsoo dorst mijn



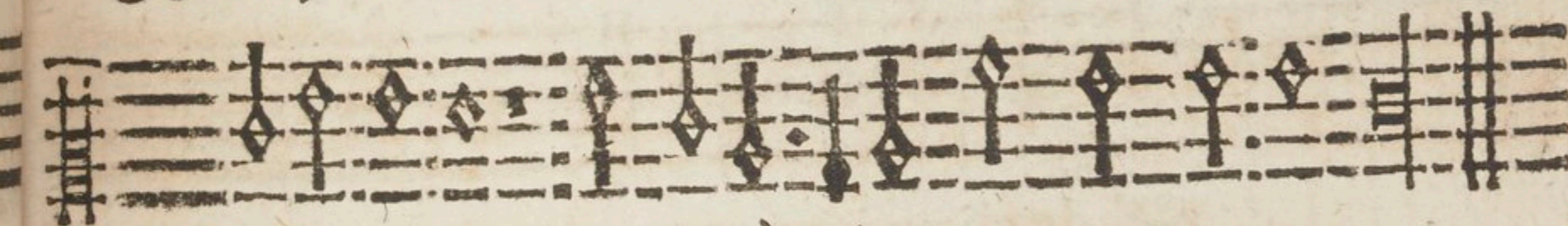
ziel oock seere Na u mijn Godt hoogh ge-



eert, En spreeckt by haer met geklagh,



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

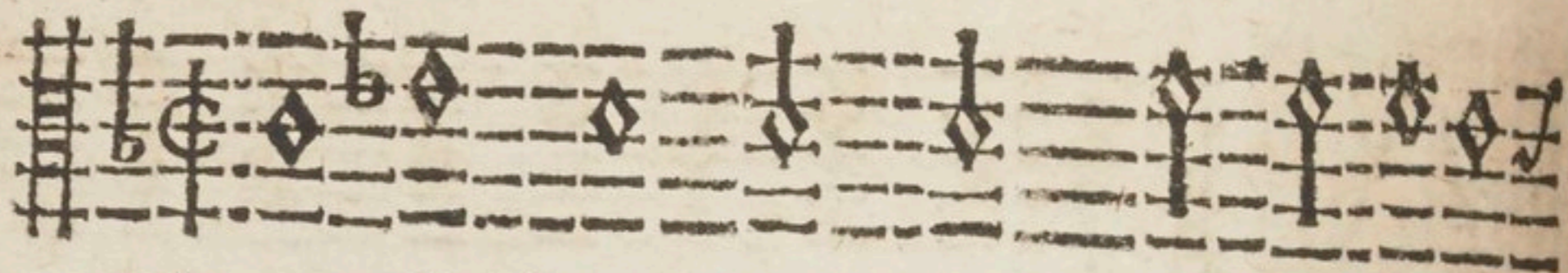


u sal wesen, En sien u aenschijn gepresen?

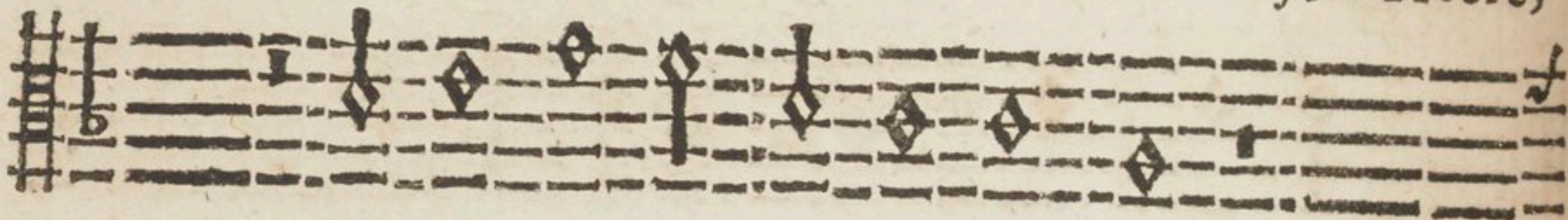


Contra-Tenor.

PSALM XLIII.



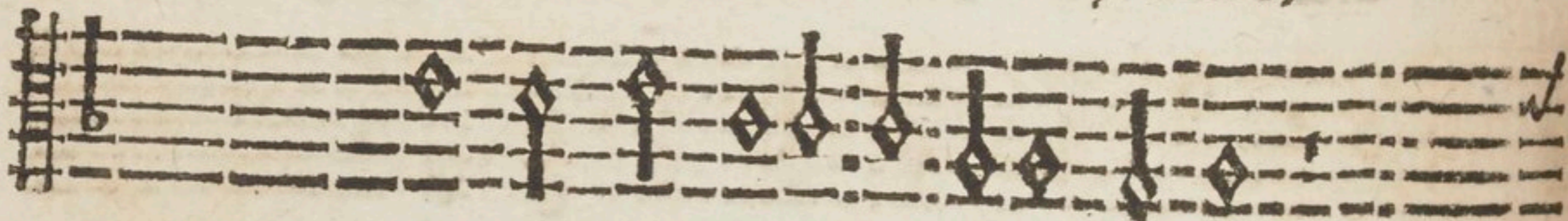
Eemt mijn saeck aen, wreeckt my, ô Heere,



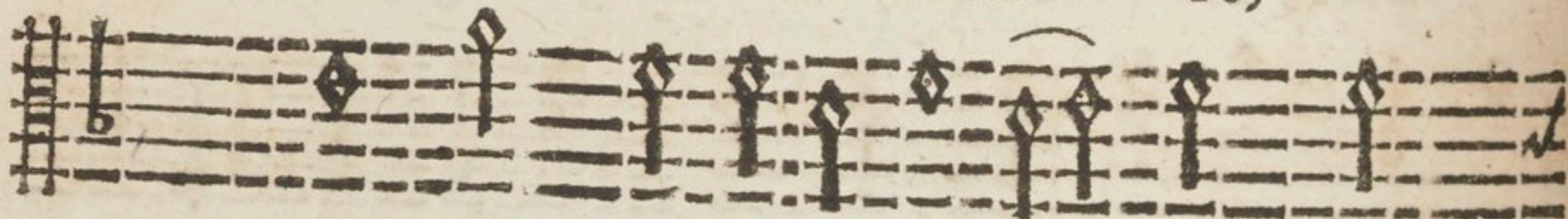
Na uw' groote goetheyt vermaert:



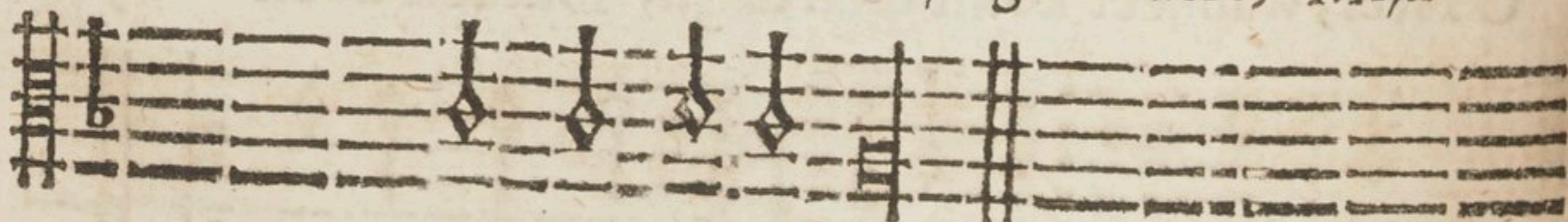
Van hen die valsch en wreet zijn seere,



Ja oock vol listen en oneere,

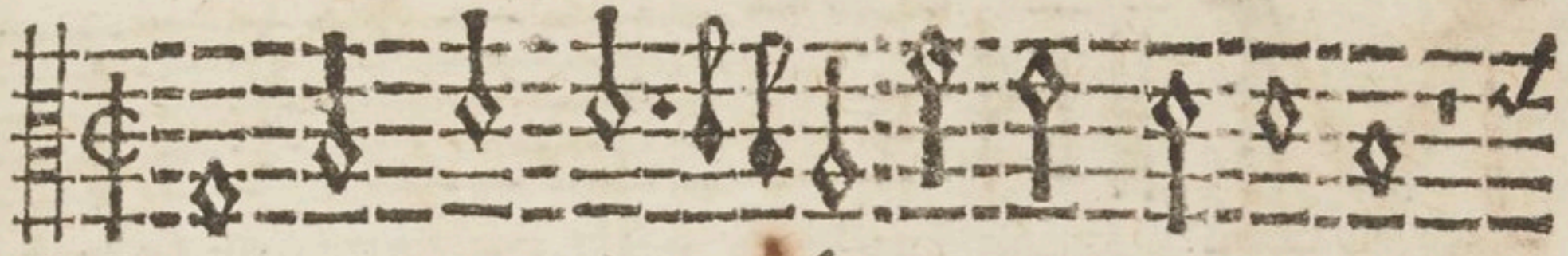


Die gantsch boosselick zijn geaert, Mijn

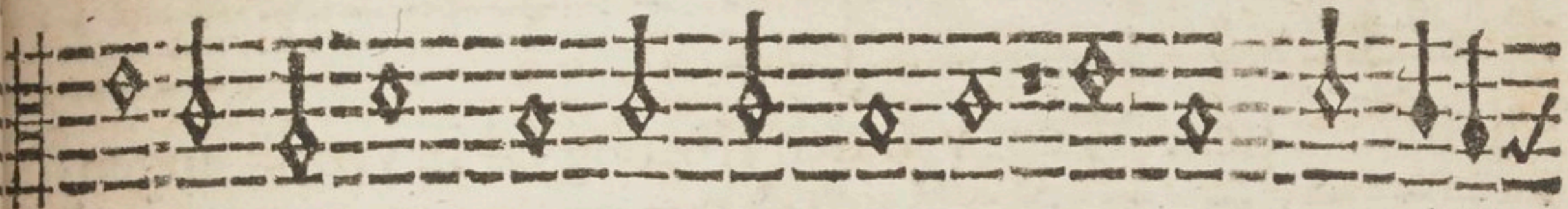


ziel doch nu bewaert.

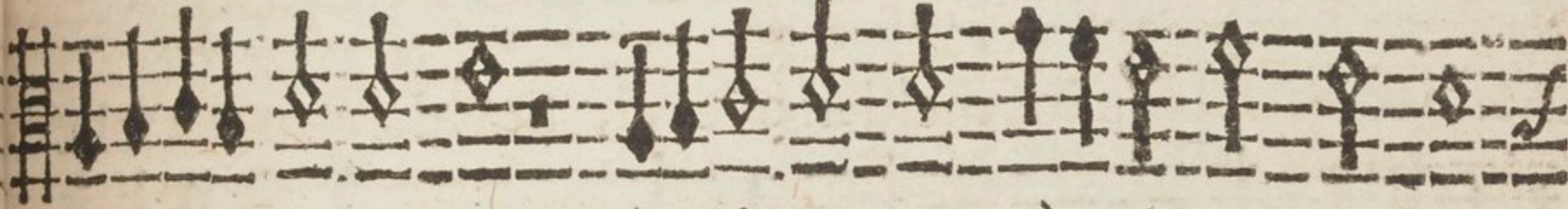




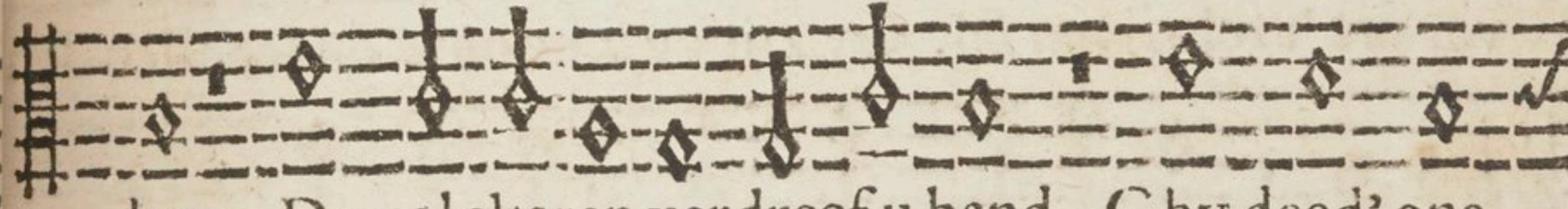
Eer, uw' wonder wercken verkoren



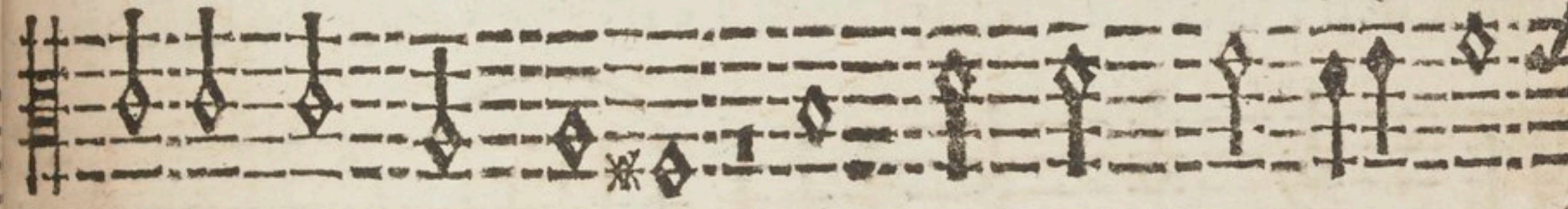
Hebben wy dickwils met onf' ooren Gehoort van onf'



voor- vaders goet, Die gy voortijds deed' en noch



doet. De volckeren verdreef u hand, Ghy deed' ons

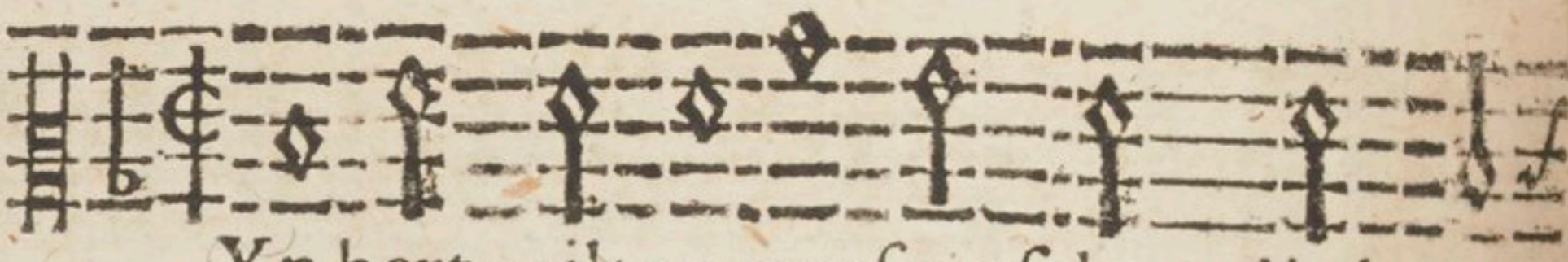


vaders in't lant groeijen, De Heyd'nen dreeft ghy uyt

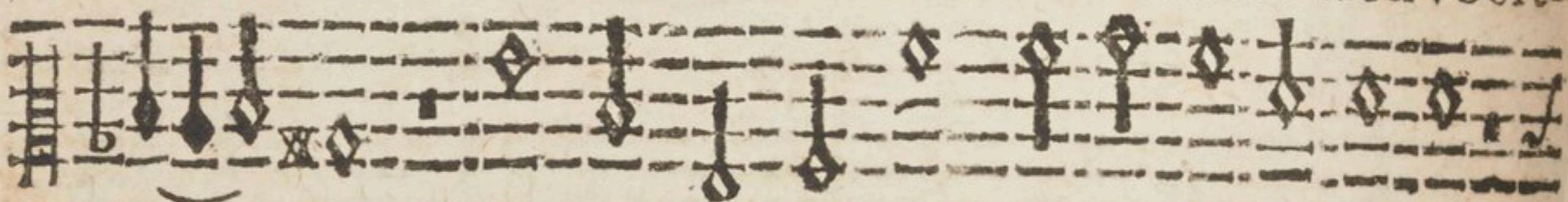


dat land, En deed' onf' kind'ren daer in bloeijen.

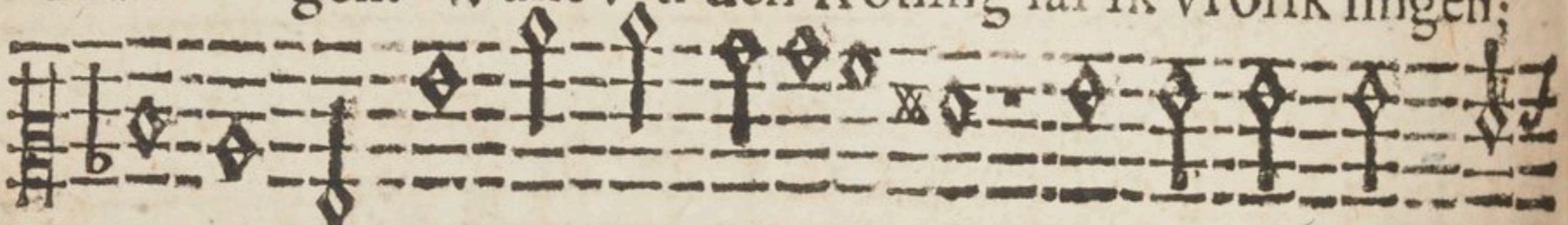


**M** 

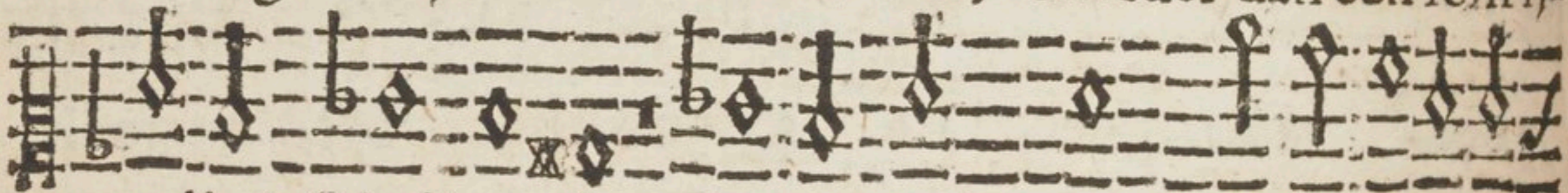
Yn hert wilt nu een feer schoon lied voort-



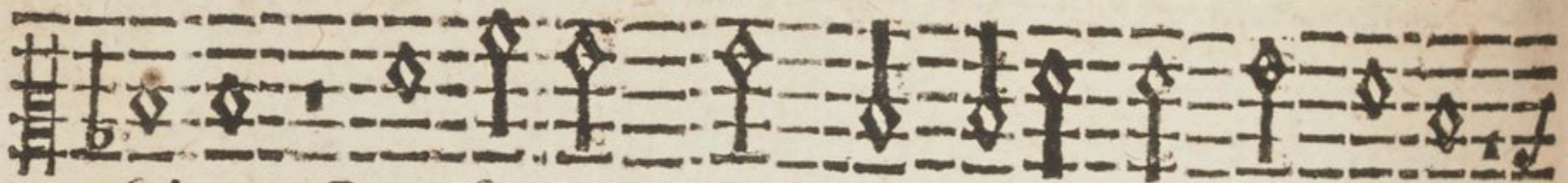
brin- gen. Want van den Koning sal ik vrolik singen;



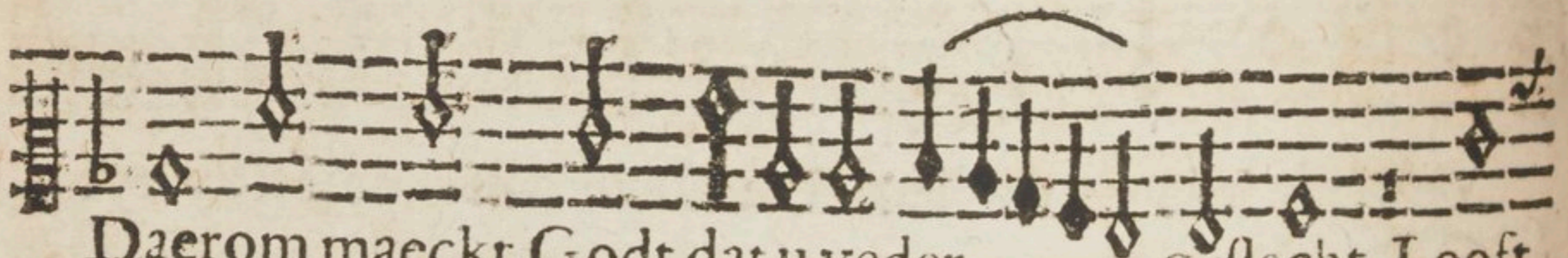
Mijn tong' tal sijn lof melden over al, Snelder dan een schrij-



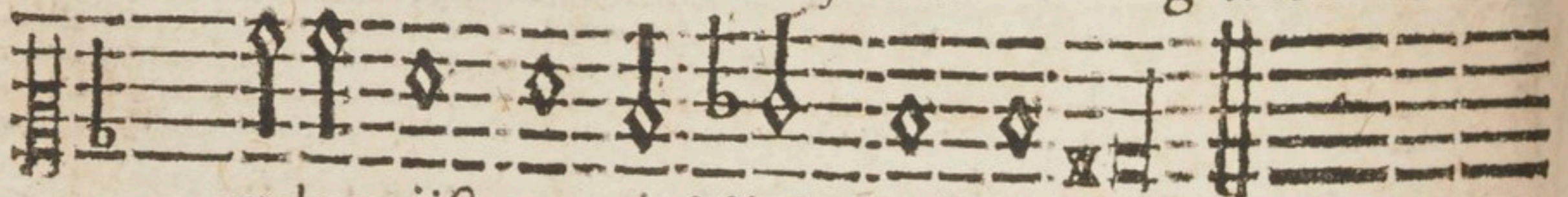
ver die 't schrijven sal. Gy zijt de schoonst' onder allen den



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

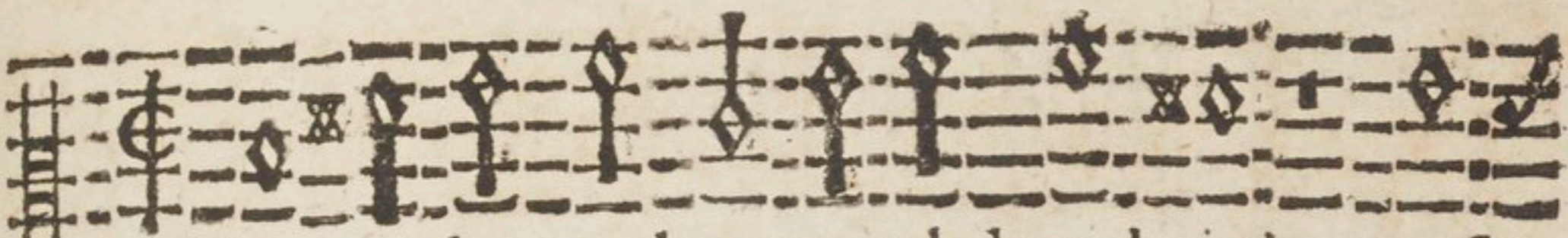


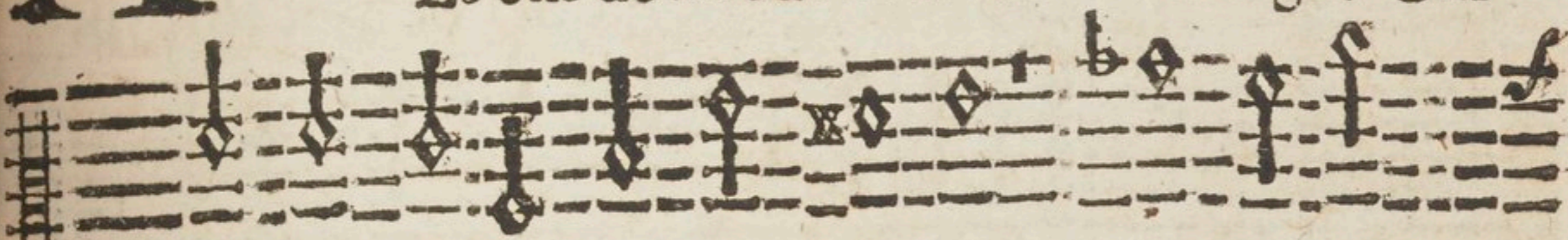
Daerom maect Godt dat u yeder geslacht Looft



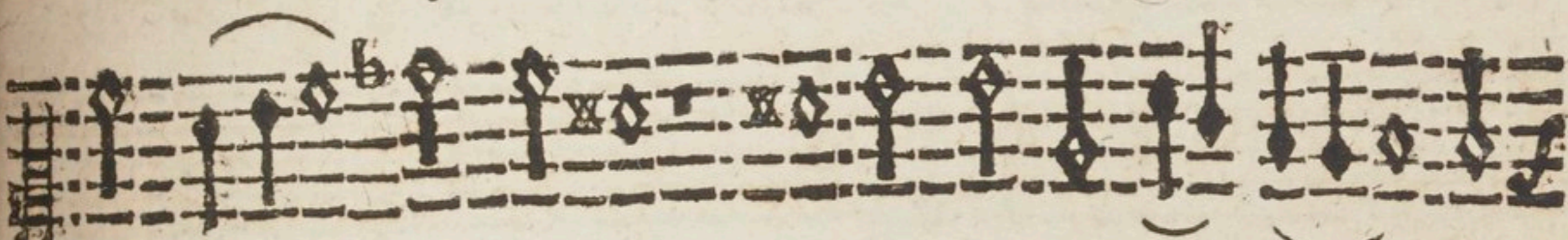
ende prijst eeuwiglick dagh en nacht.



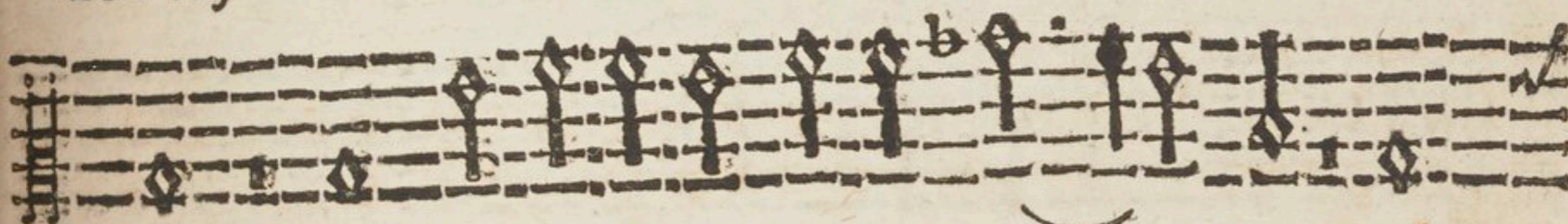
**A**    
 Ls ons de noodt overvalt krachtigh, Onf'



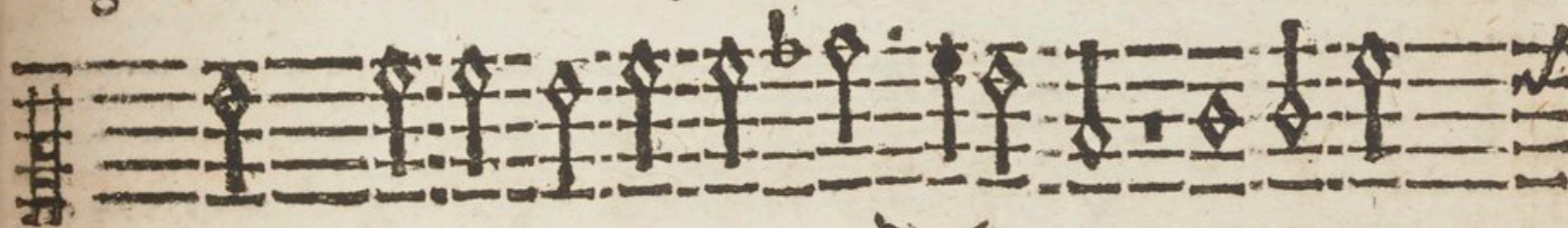
borcht en heyl is Godt almachtigh: Sulcx bevin-



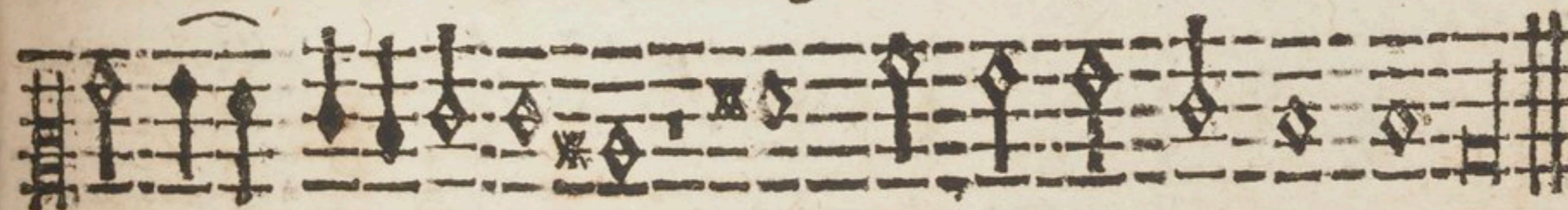
den wy in den noot, En hebben in hem troost seer



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

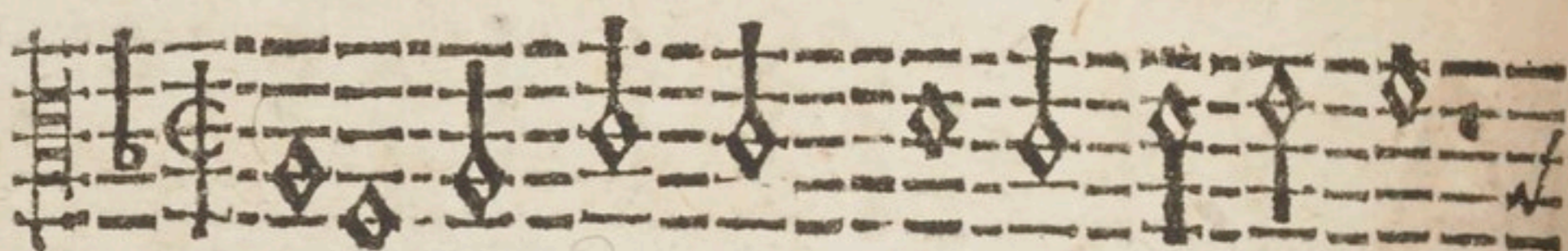
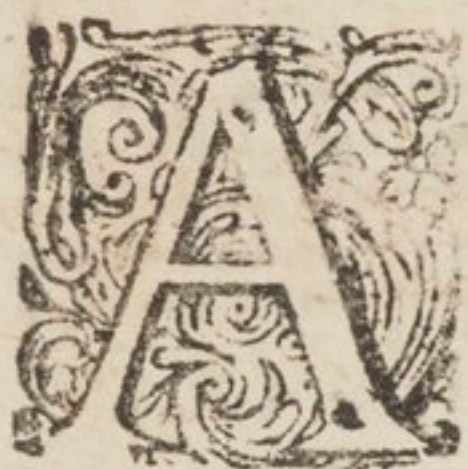


waer 't dat de werelt vergin- ge, En de ber-

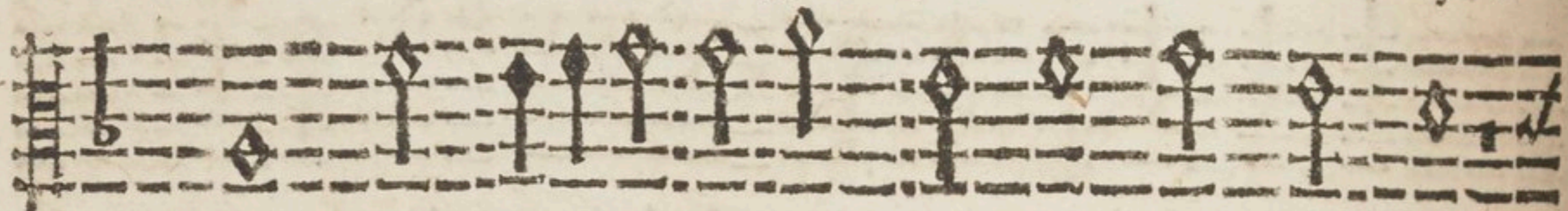


gen hen wier- pen snel. In 't midden der zee diep en fel:





Lle volck gemeyn, Sla de handen reyn,



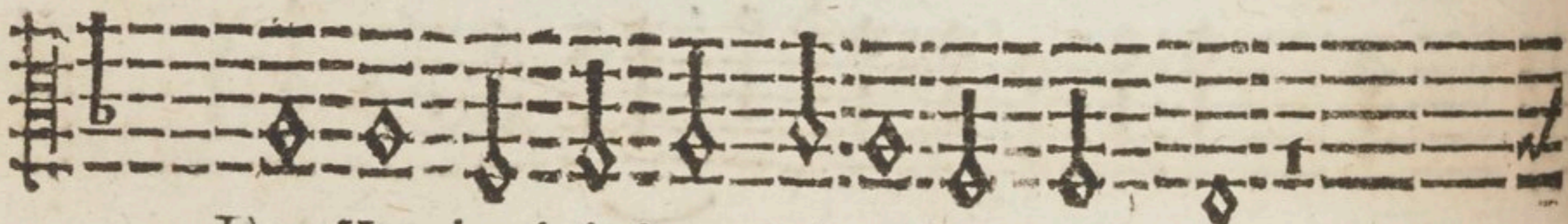
Met vreughde te saem, En met sangh bequaem,



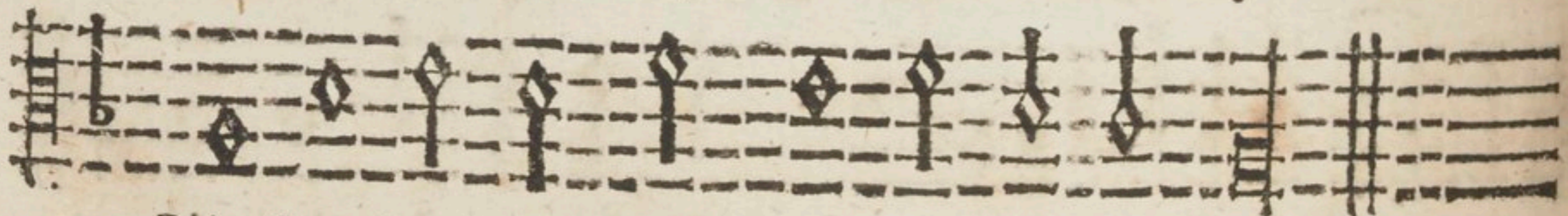
Prijft Godts name goet, Met hert en gemoet :



Want hy is de Heer, Dien wy vreesen seer :

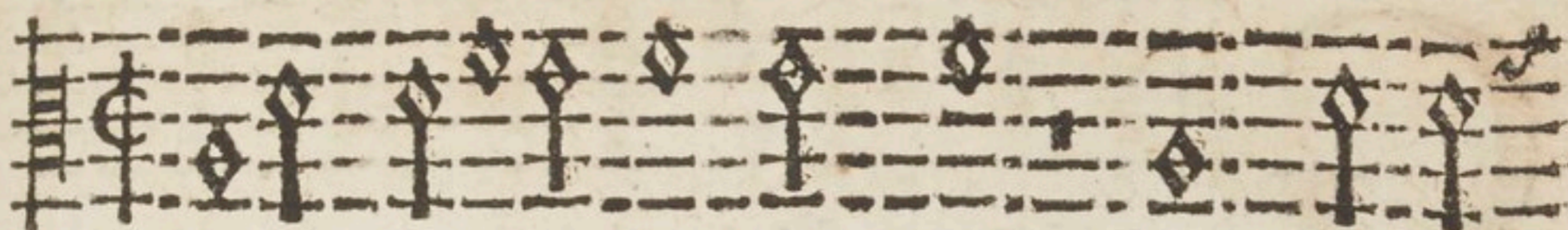


Een Koningh is hy, Die alfins toont vry

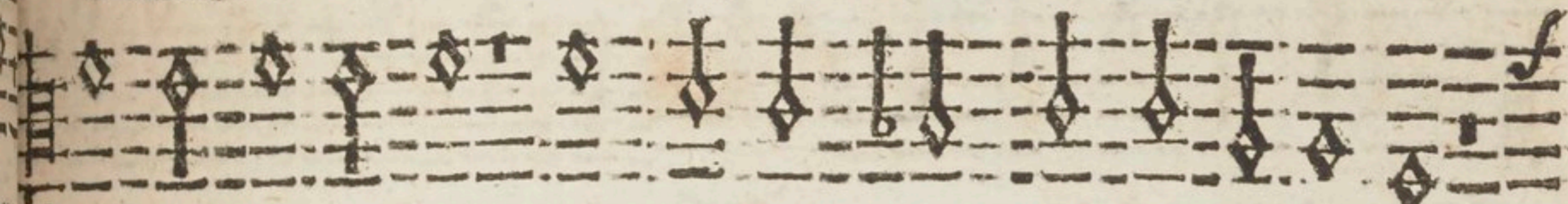


Sijn seer stercke kracht, En sijn groote macht.

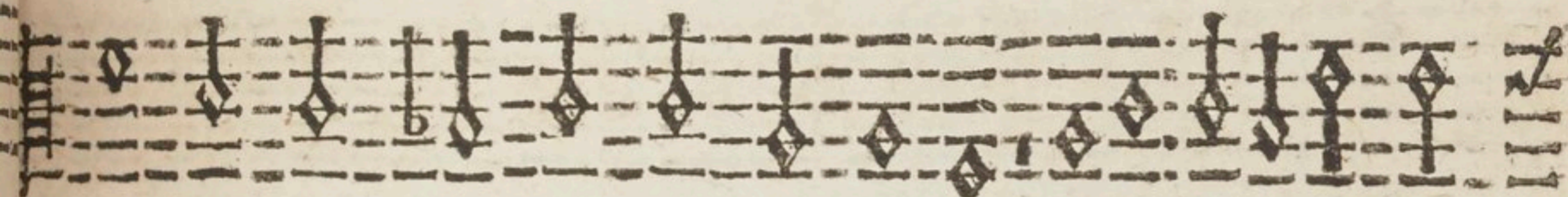




N de heylige stad voorwaer, Die God hem



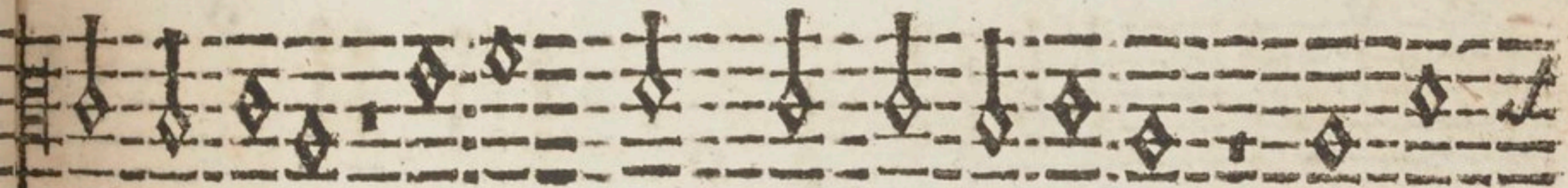
verkieft openbaer, Is 't dat hy steeds ons wil bewijfen,



Sijn heerlickheyt niet om volprijsen, Zion gelegen in 't



Noort, Heeft onse Godt van nu voort Hem geheyli-

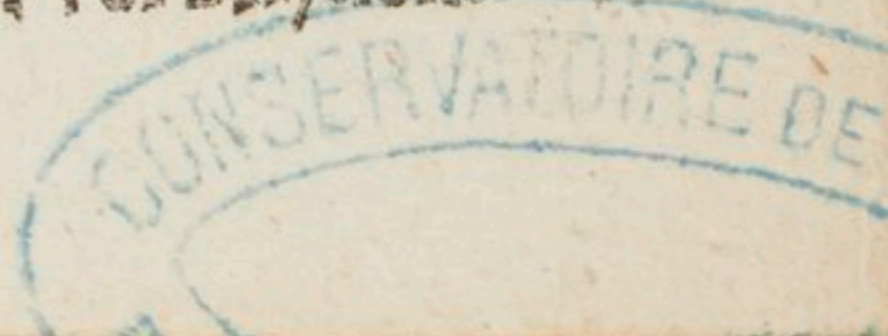


get al voren, In een schoon lant uytverkoren; Daer in

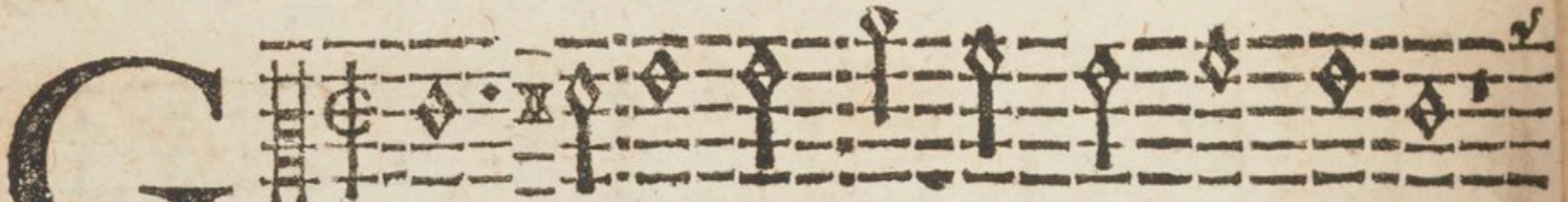


alleen t' allen tijden Moet hem dat aerdrijk verblijden.

D

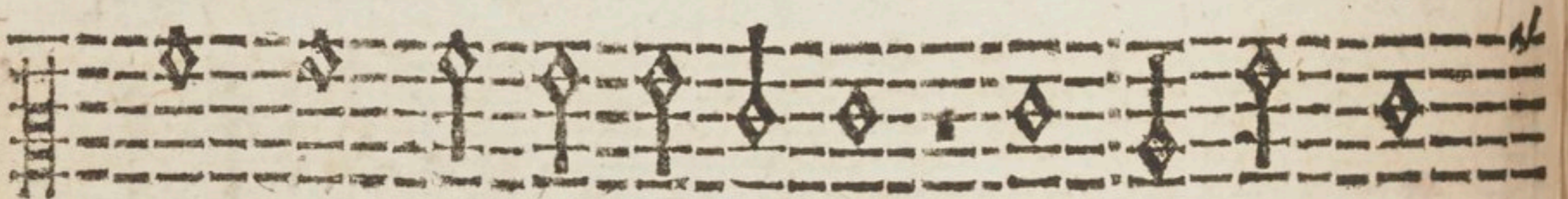




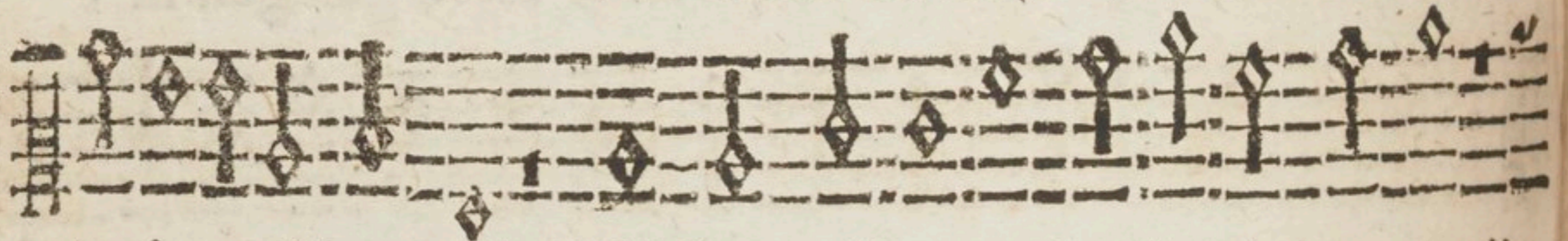
**G**  Y menschen al, hoort, en wilt doch verstaen:



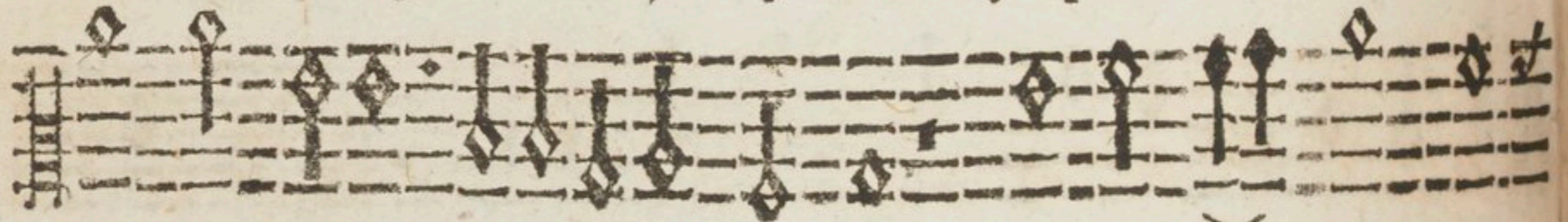
Ghy volcken al, komt en treet hier voor aen, Gy gemeen



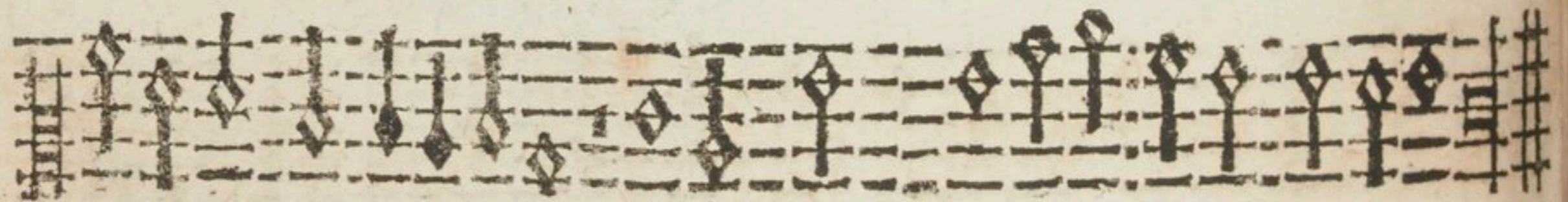
volck, oock die als heeren leeft, Rijck, arm, en kranck,



u tot hoorē begeeft, Wijsheyt sal u uytsprekē de mont mijn,

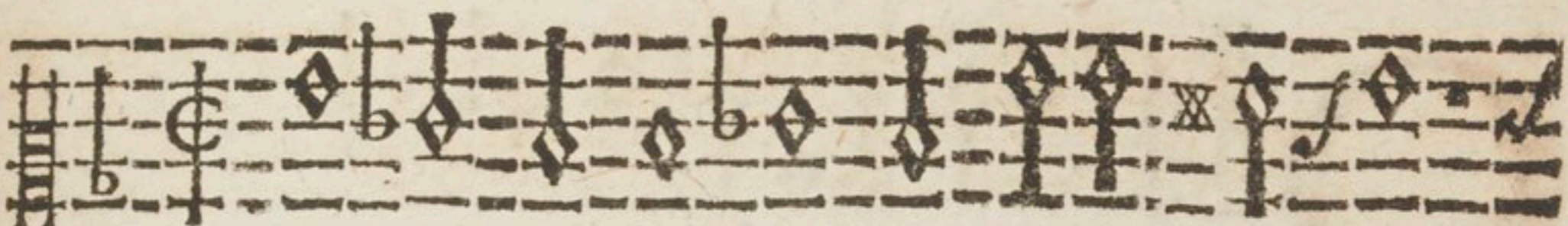


En van verstandige reden vol zijn. Goede spreucken hoor



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

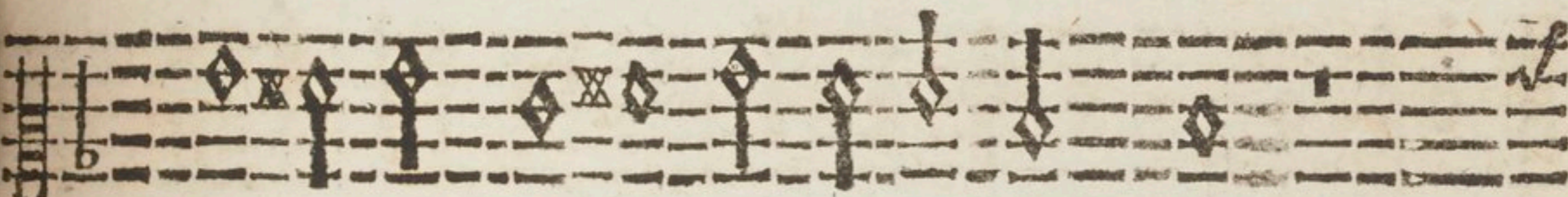


**G** 

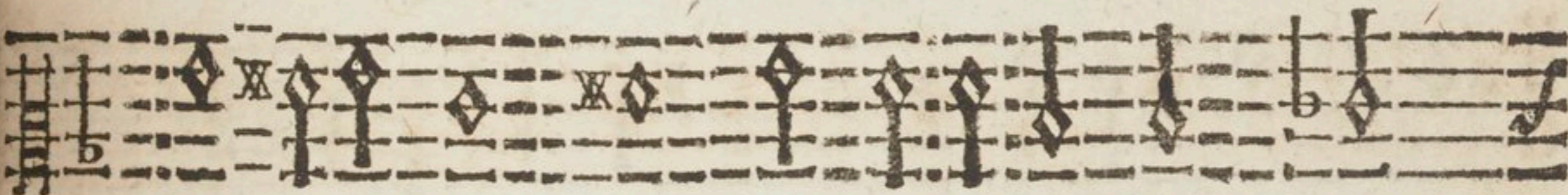
Odt, die der goden Heer is, spreken sal,



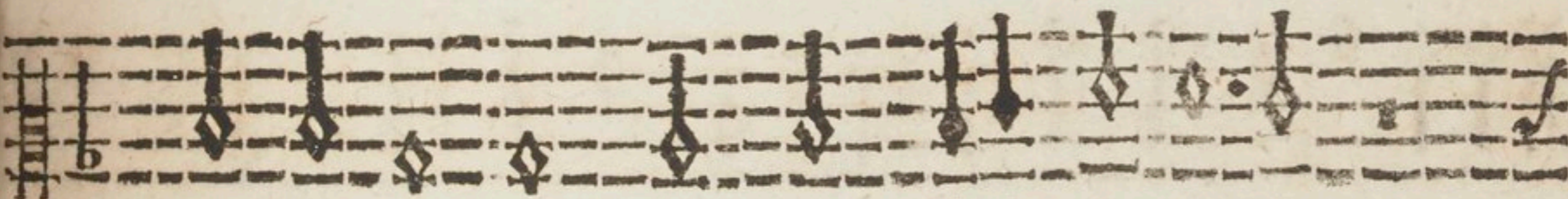
Ent' samen roepen dat gantsch aerdtische dal,



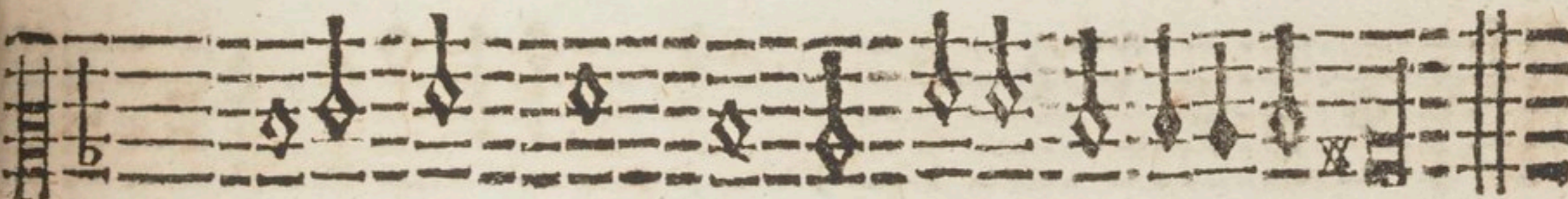
Van den opgangh tot den nedergangh breedt.



Uyt Zion komt Godt, die daer is bekleedt Met



heerlickheyt, en schoonheyt hoogh gepresen.

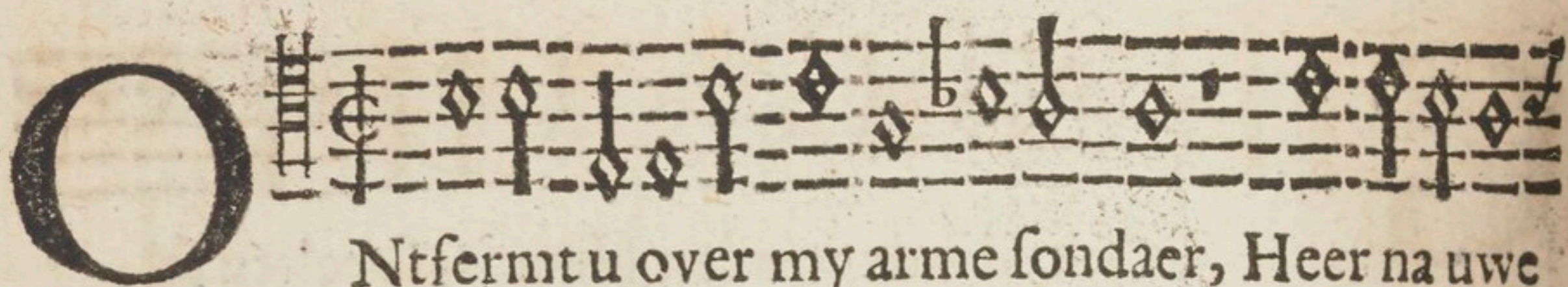


Onse Godt komt, die niet stille sal we- sen :

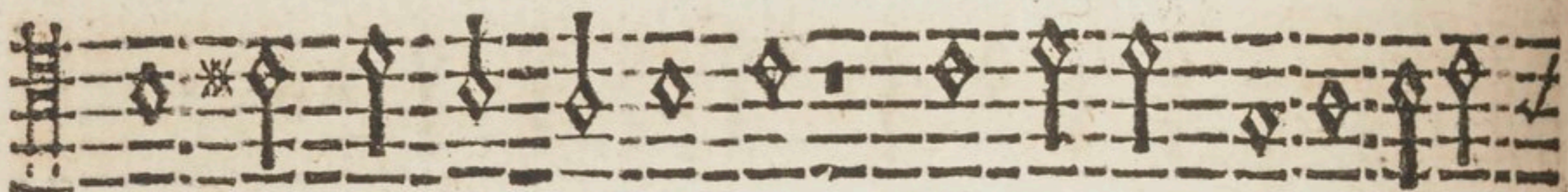


Contra-Tenor.

PSALM LI.



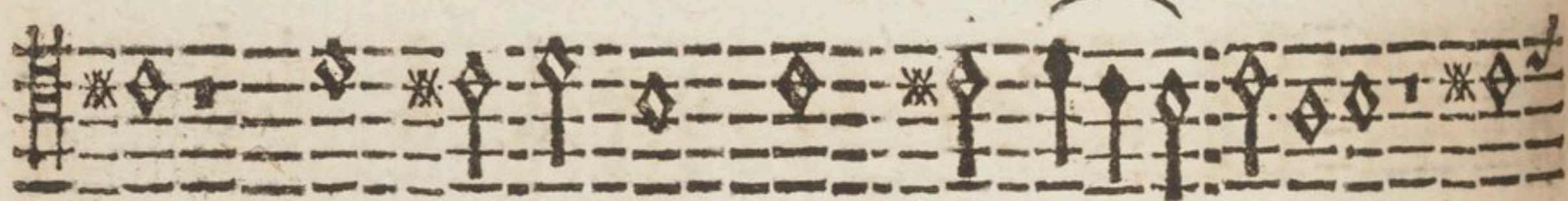
**O**ntfermt u over my arme fondaer, Heer na uwe



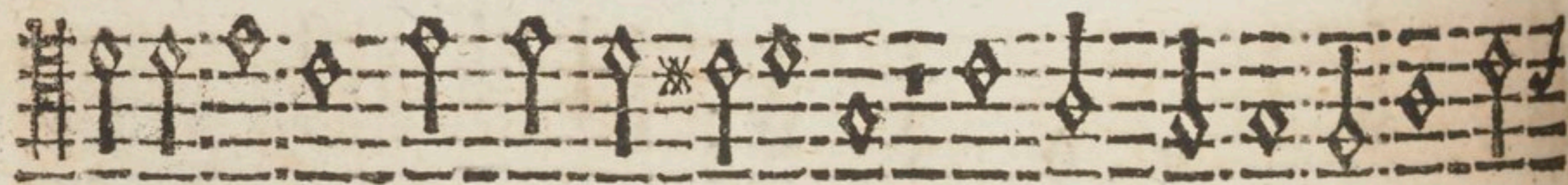
goetheyt niet om volprijfen; Wilt my ditmael u gena-




de bewijfen, En vergeeft my mijn fonden groot en



swaer. Wascht my, ô God, maeckt my fuy- ver en klaer Van

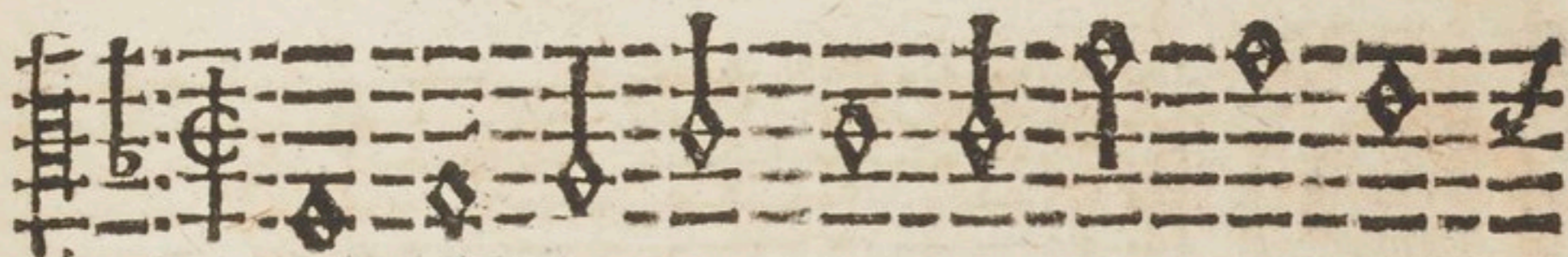


mijn leelicke stinckende misdaden, Die my voor u onreyn ma-



ken voor-waer; Reynigt my door 't water uwer genaden.





Egt ghy Tyran, waer op ghy bouwet



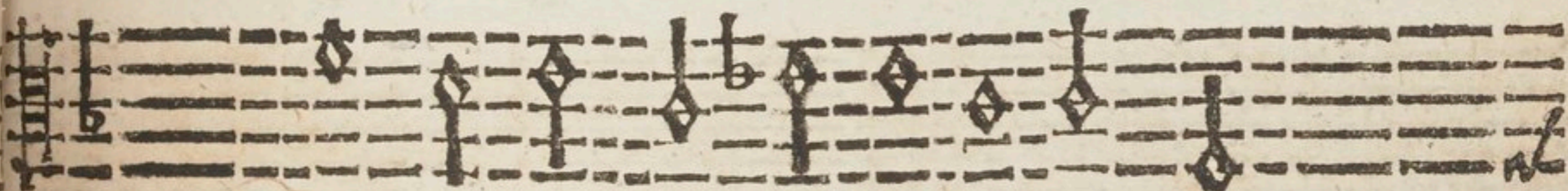
Met geweld en boofheyt?



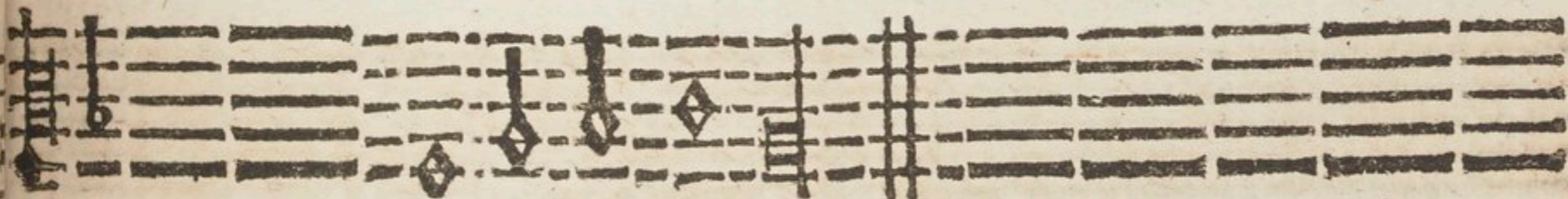
Hoe staet ghy foo, ende betrouwet



Op uw' onge- recht'heyt?

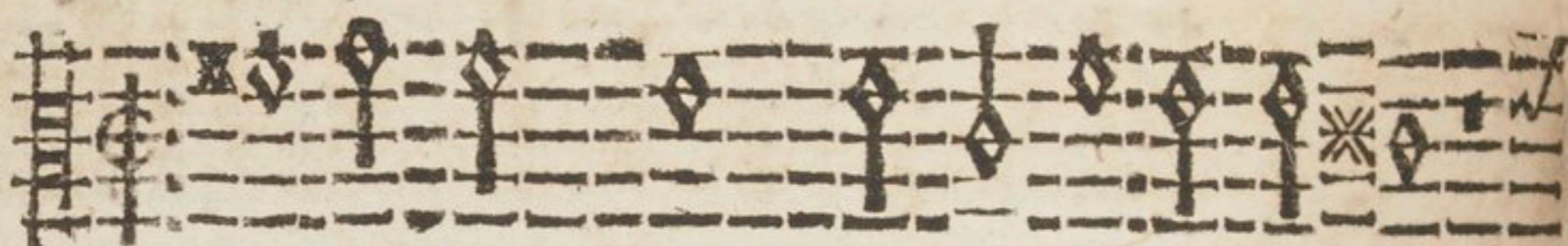


Nochtans is Godts bystandigheyt Ons



dagelicks bereyt.





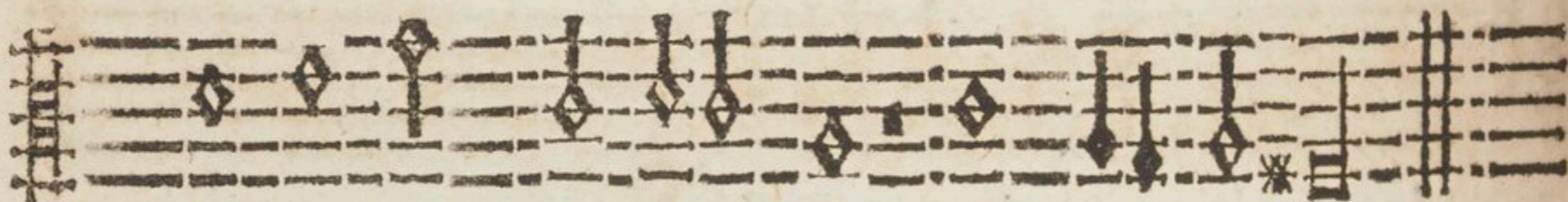
E dwaes die spreeckt in sijn herte seer quaet,



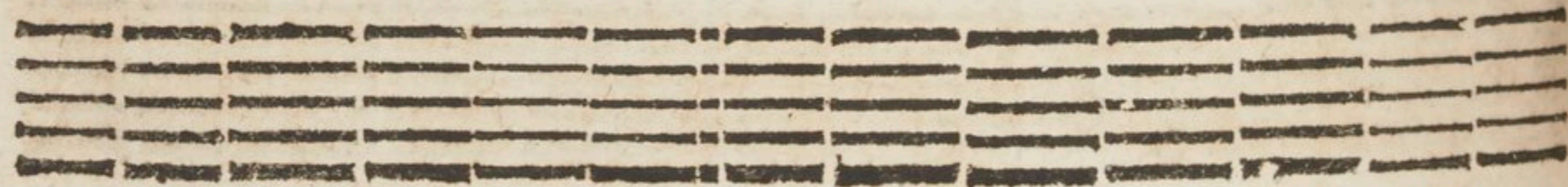
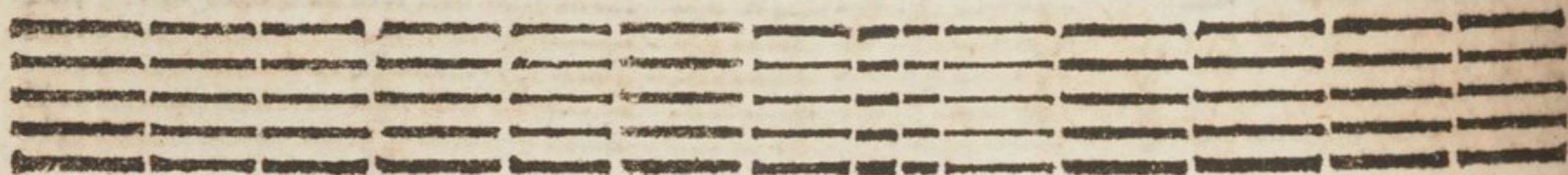
Daer is geen Godt, en hy verwoeft mit sdesen Sijn



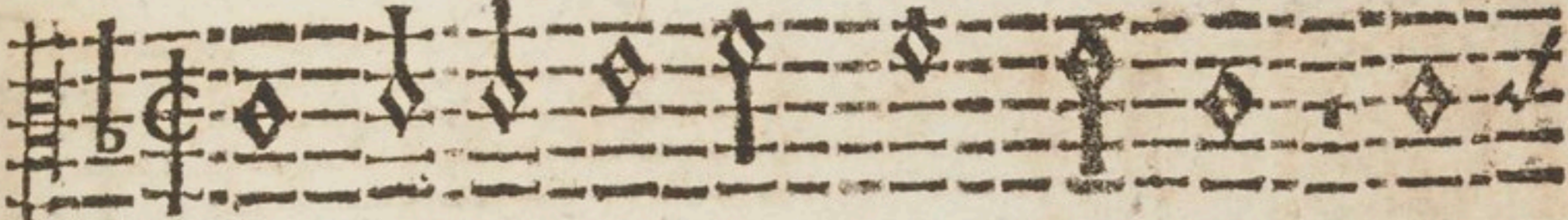
leven gantsch door sijn grouwelick wesen, Daer is niet



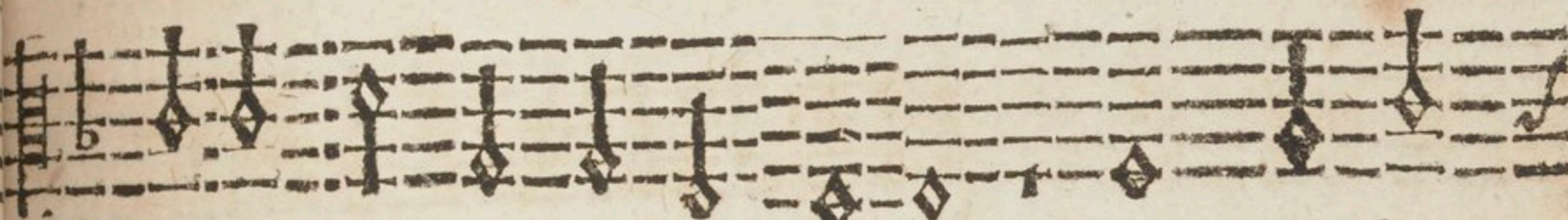
een die met woort, ofte daet Wat goets begaet.



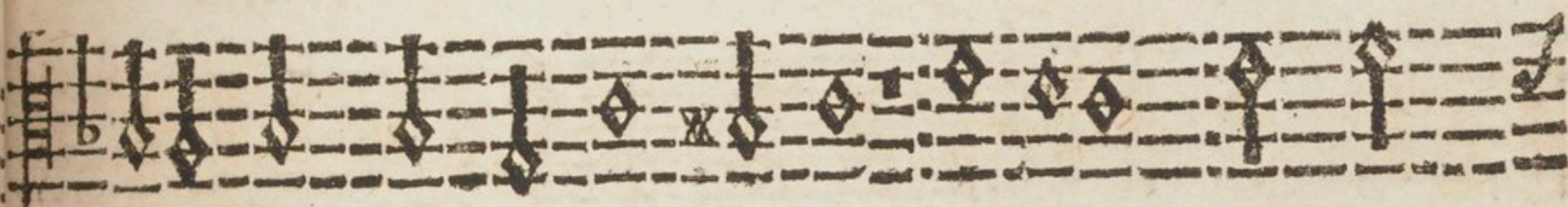


**O** 

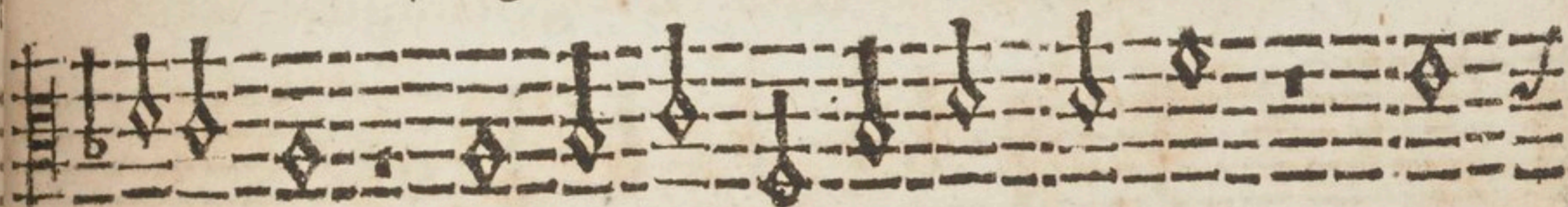
Ch Heer almachtig, helpt doch my, Door



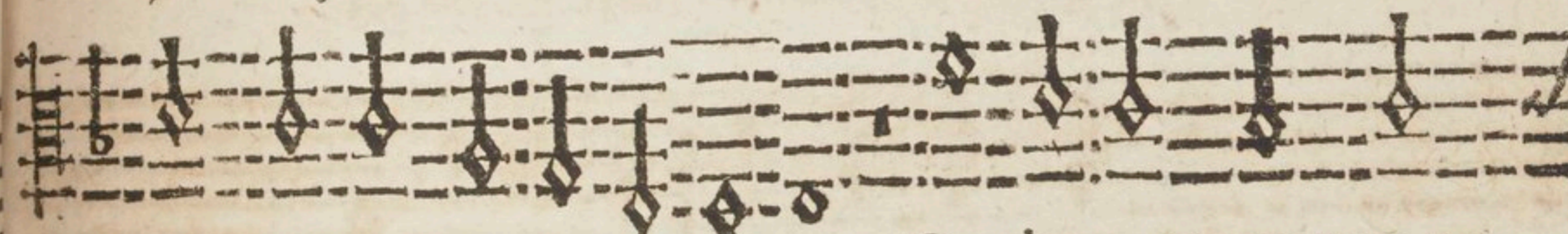
uwen naem en sterckte krachtig, Neemt mijn saeck



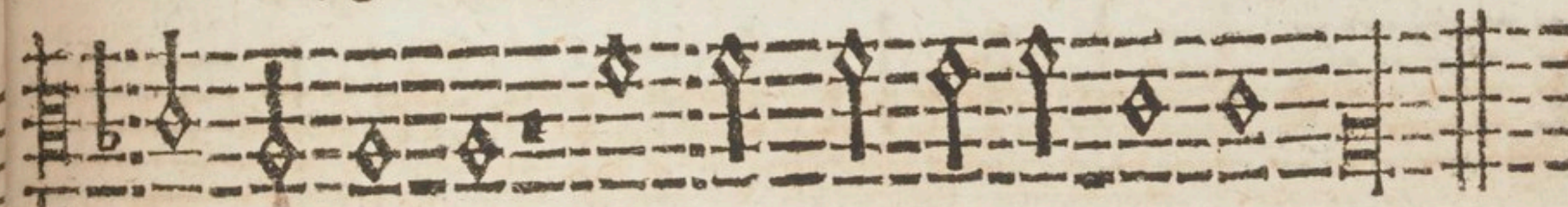
aen, weest mijns gedach-      tig, Laet uwe macht ver-



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

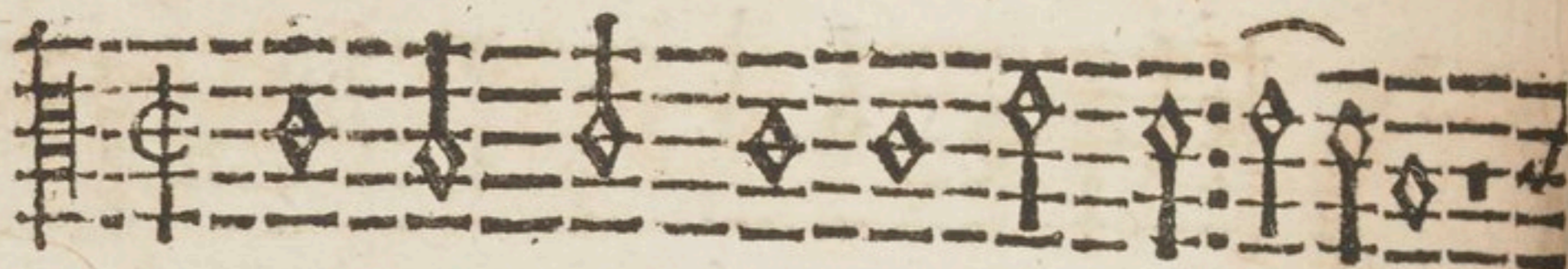


Heer, neygen tot my u ooren, Op dat gy meugt goe-



dighlick hooren De woorden die ick brenge voort.

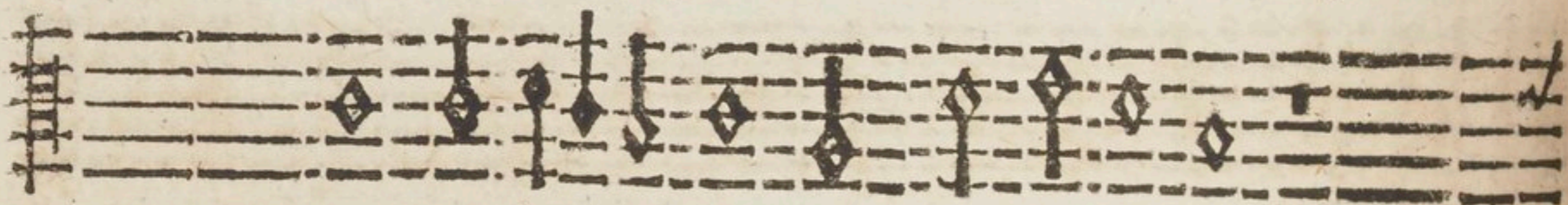




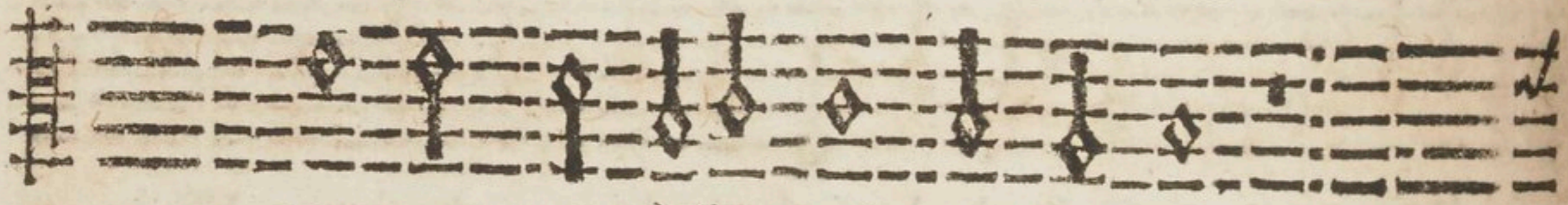
Heer, wilt mijn gebedt verhoo-ren :



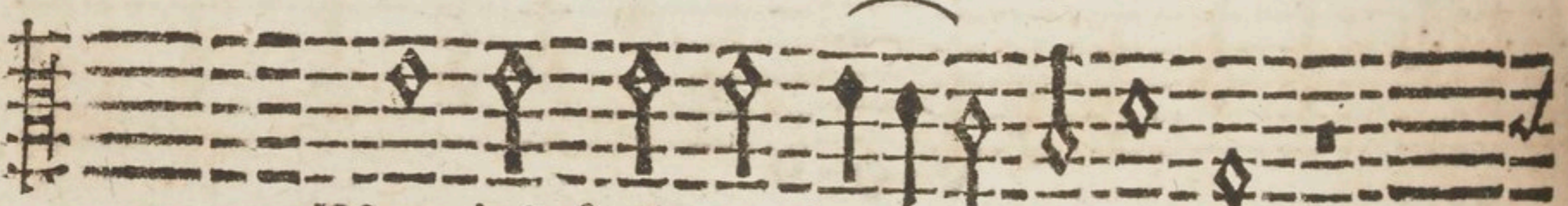
Keert niet van mijn smecken uw' oo- ren,



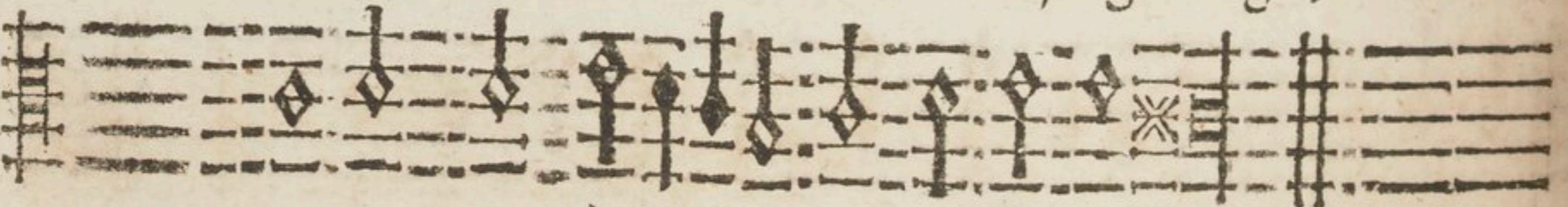
Dat ick u, ô Godt, doe gestadigh.



Siet my doch aen, hoort mijn gewagh :



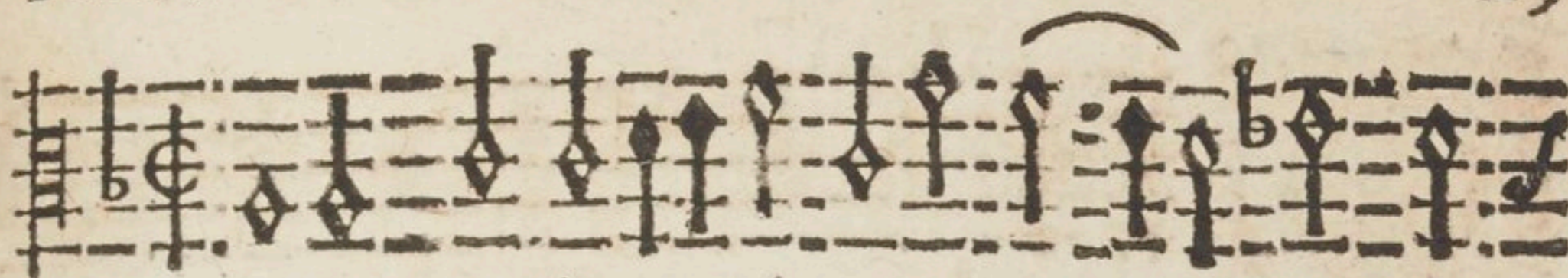
Want ick sucht en doe mijn geklagh,



Tot u schrey ick weest my genadigh.



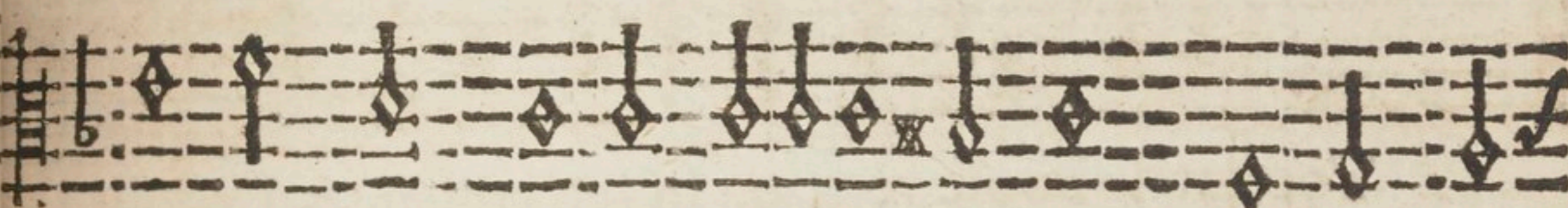
O



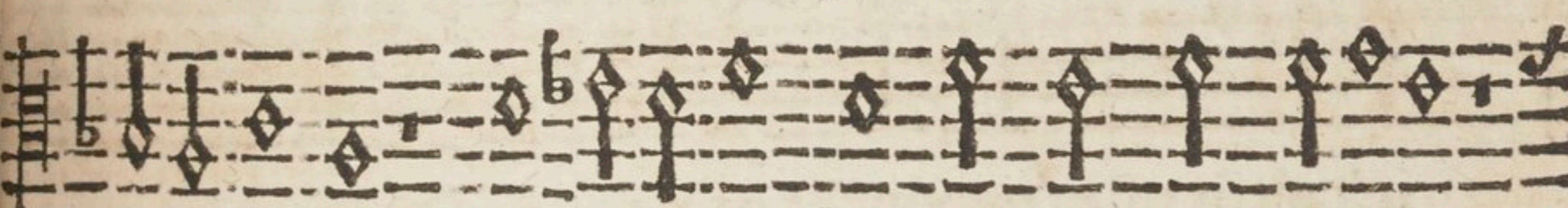
Ntfermt u mijns, die nu be- nauwt ben



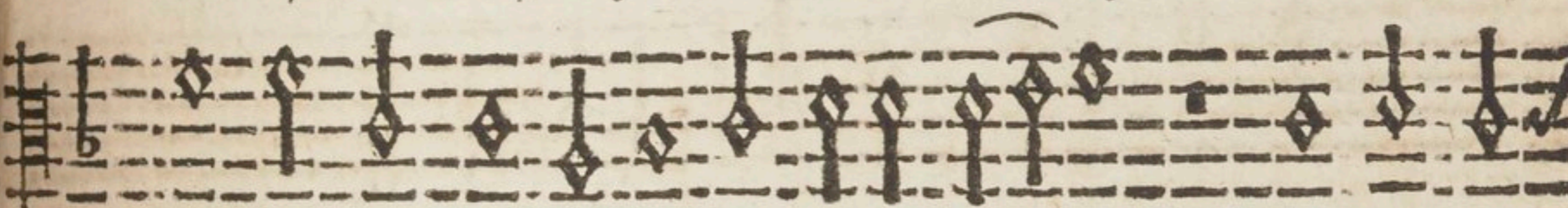
seer: Want ick ben schier half verslonden, ja meer,



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



wil bestrijden. Mijn vyanden schenden my met verblijden,

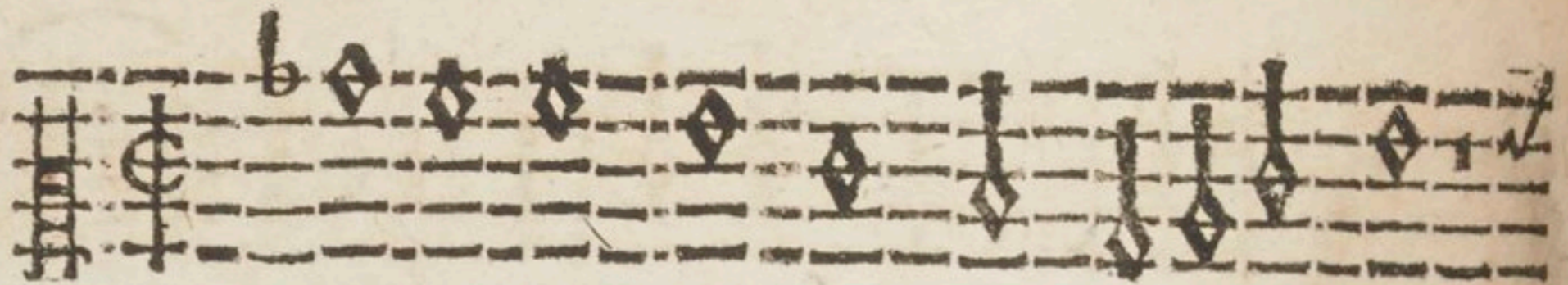


Veel zijn daer my tegen aen allen zij-den: Maer als my,

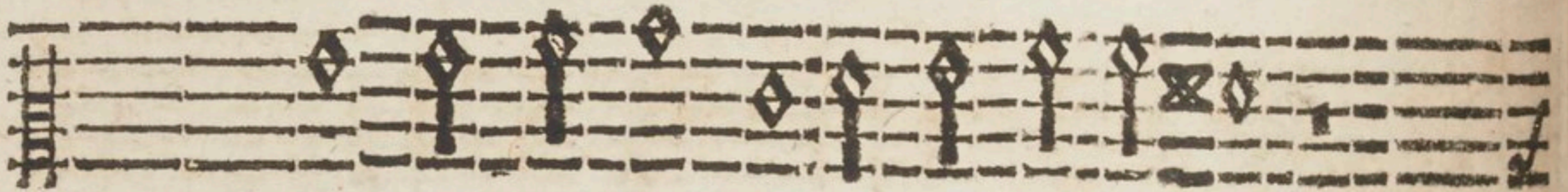


Heer, vreesse quelt in mijn lij- den, Tot u sal ik dan gaen.





Ontfermt u Heer, ontfermt u over my ;



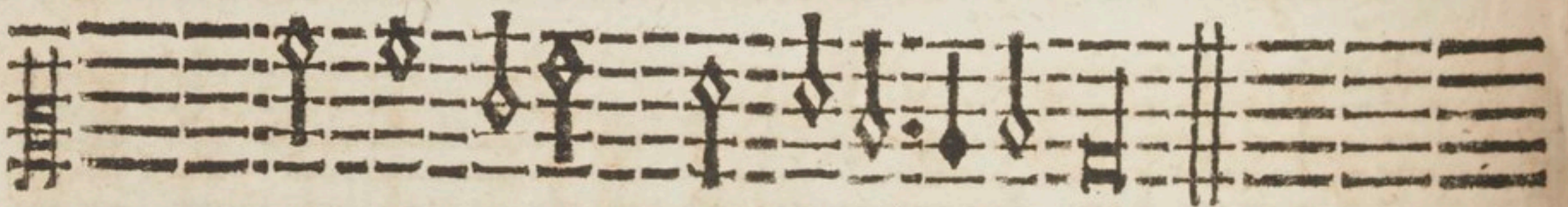
Want ick betrouw op u met herten bly :



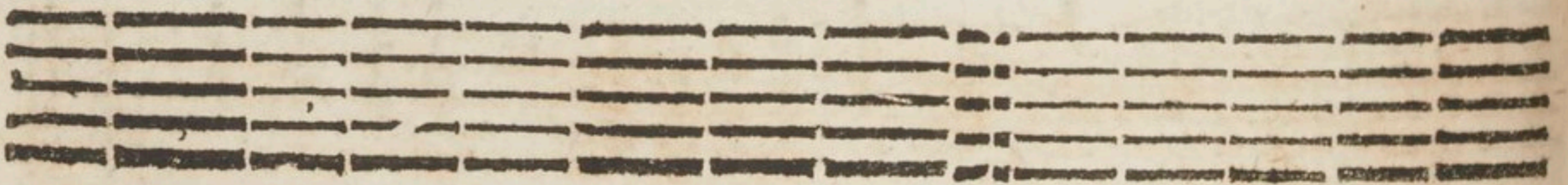
Tot dat de boose vergaen fullen wesen, Sal



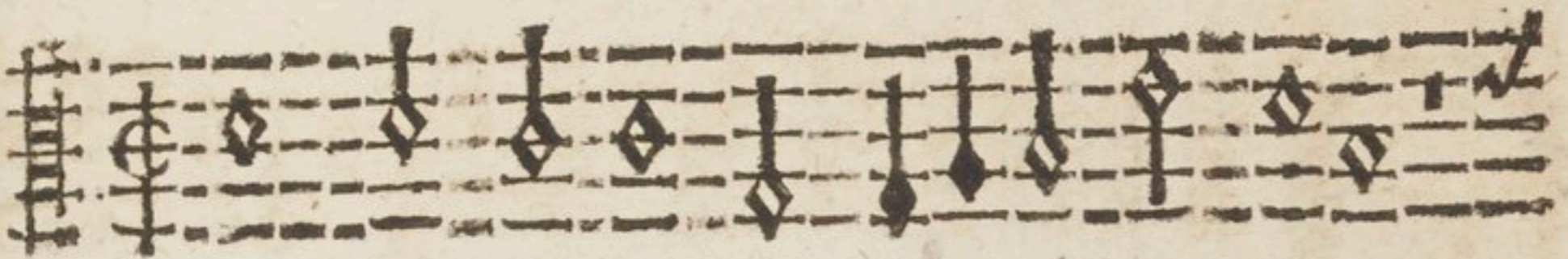
ick altijd mijn toevlucht nemen vry Onder u-



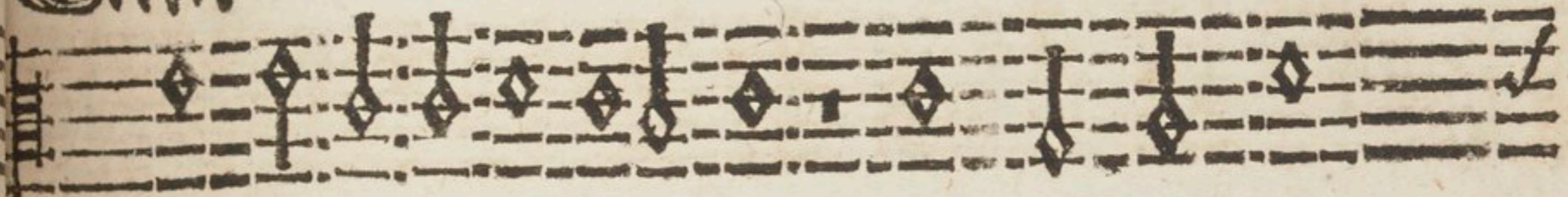
we vleugelen, Heer gepre- sen :



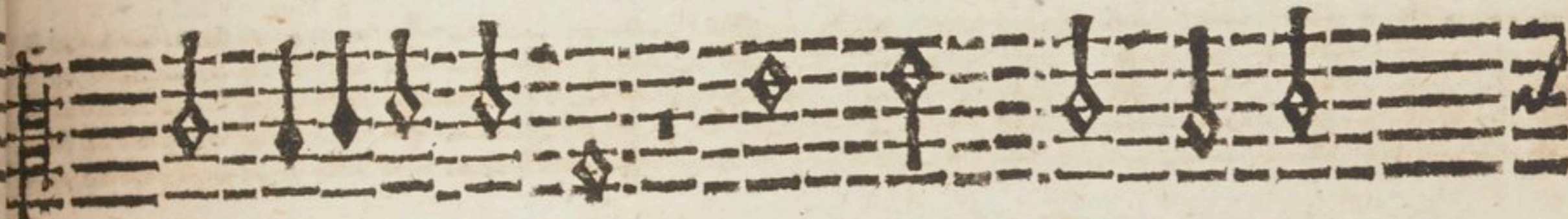




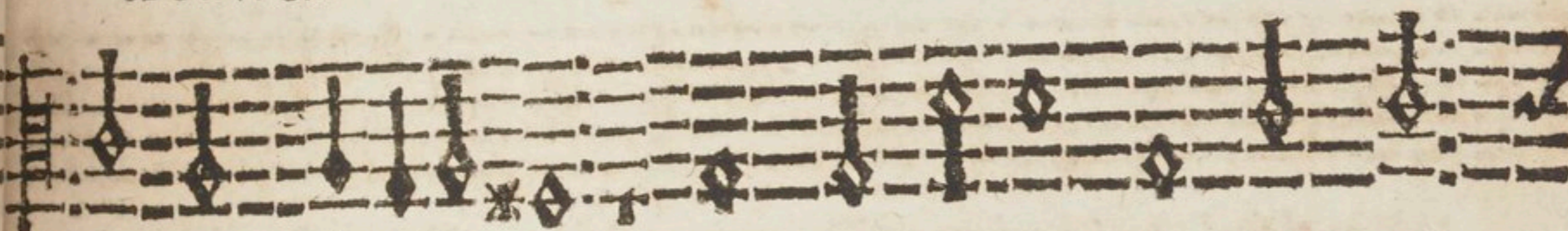
Hy Raetsheeren laet my doch hooren,



Die my tegen zijt allegaer, Seght my eens ter



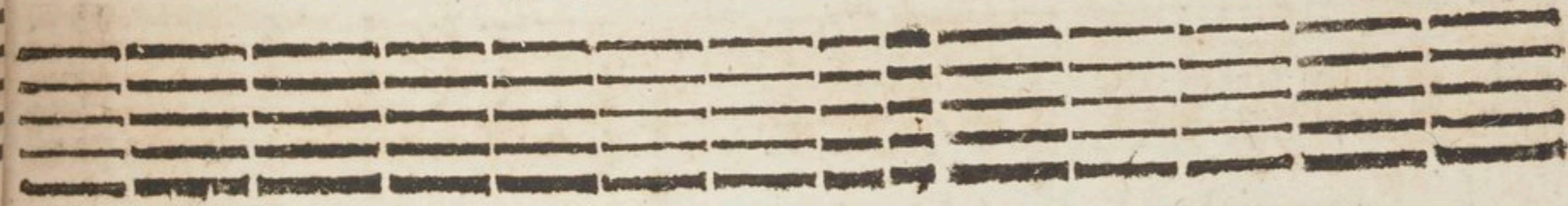
trouwen voorwaer, Is 't oock recht dat ghy



u neemt vo- ren? Segt ghy Adams kind'ren wel



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





O 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 vrijden, Die niet dan

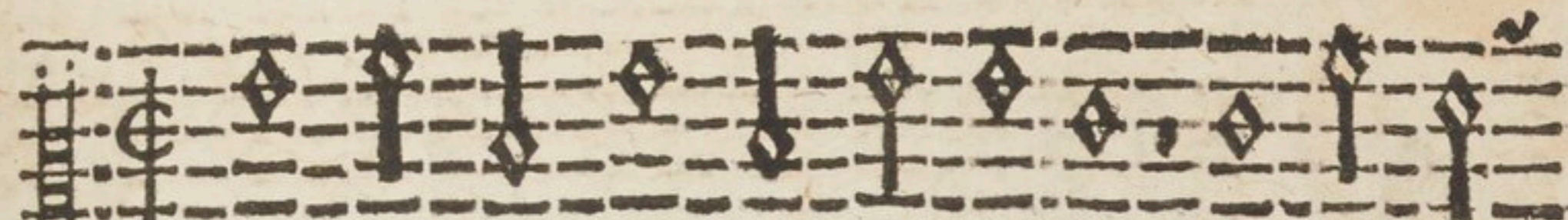
quaet soeckt t'allen tijden : Van den bloedigen

handen fel Deles bloethonts ver-

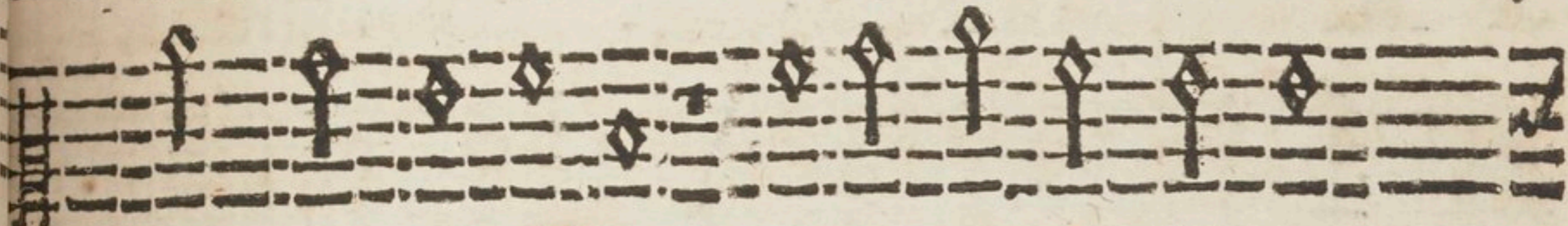
lost my snel.

lost my snel.

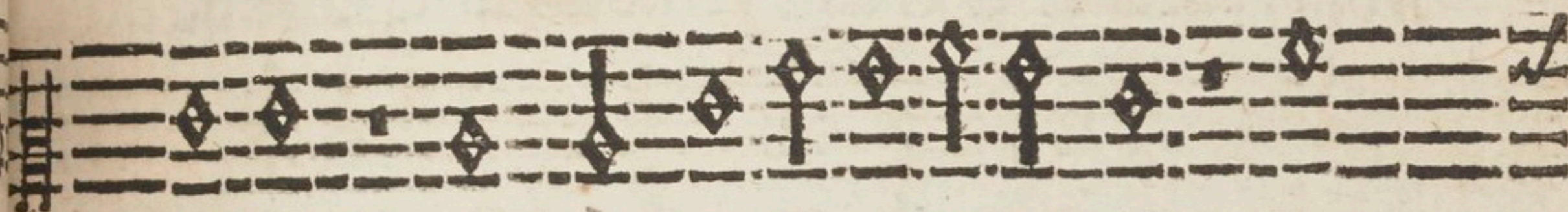


**H** 

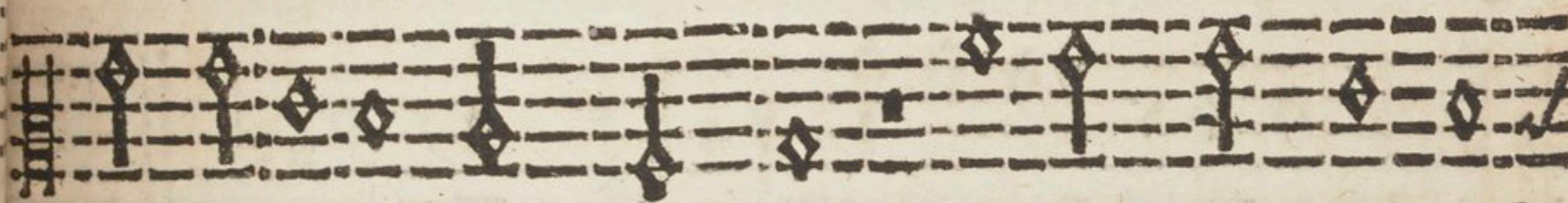
Eer, die ons hebt verstootten al, En verstroyt



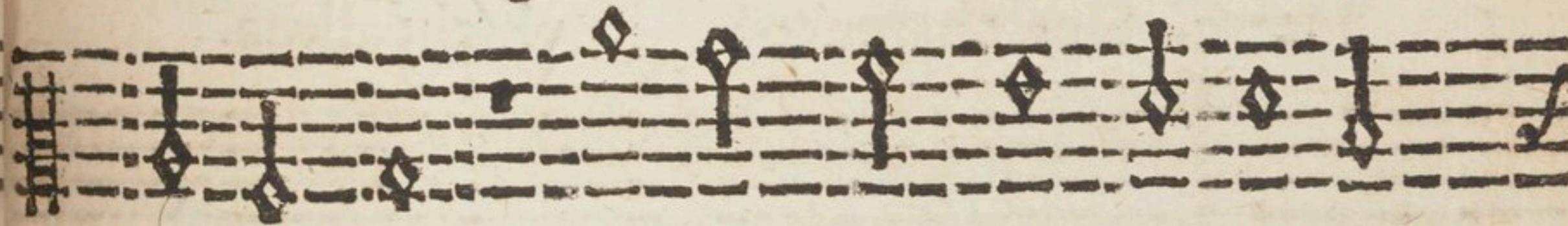
in 't kruys en misval, Die op ons toornigh ge-



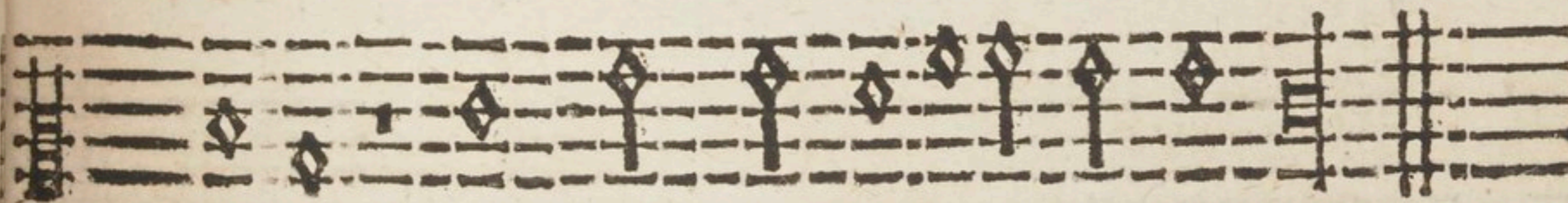
weest zigt, Troost ons wederom nu ter tijt. Ghy



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



met der macht, Wilt haer schaed' en breucken ge-



nesen : Want gantsch vervallen is haer wesen.



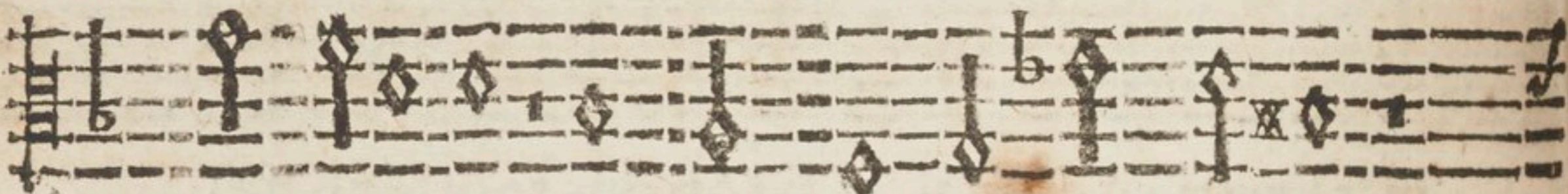
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM LXI.

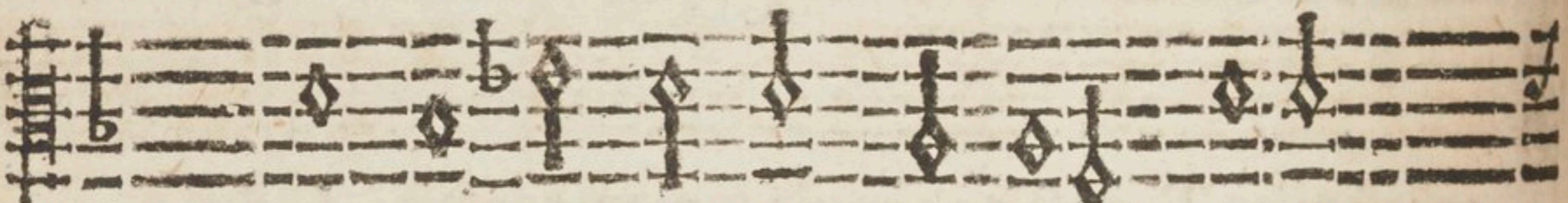
**A**



Ls ick roep, ver- staet mijn reden,



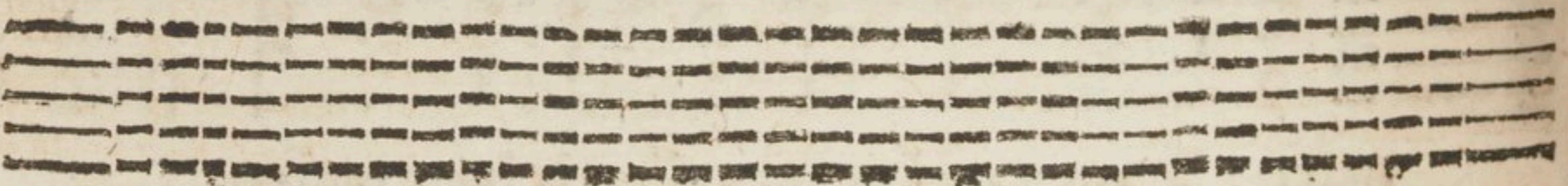
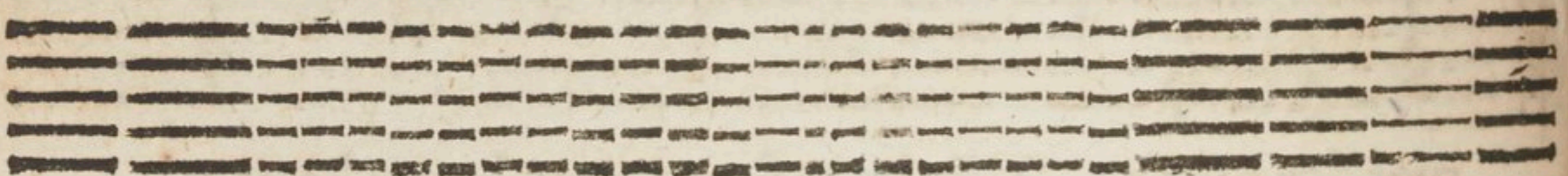
Mijn gebeden, O Godt, verhoort in 't gemeen.



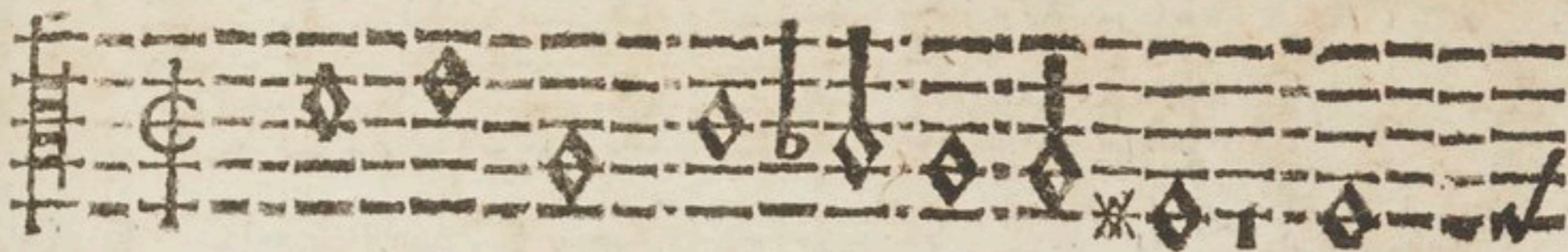
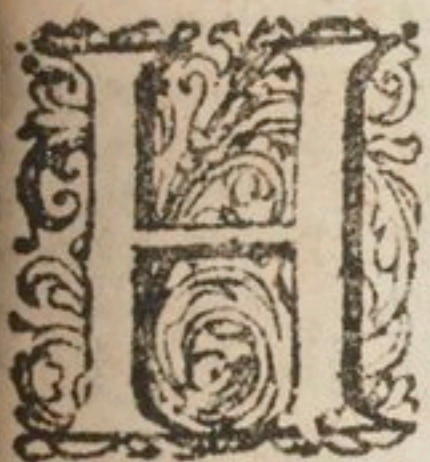
Mijn ziel met angst beswaert seere, Tot u,



Heere, Heeft haren toe- vlucht alleen.



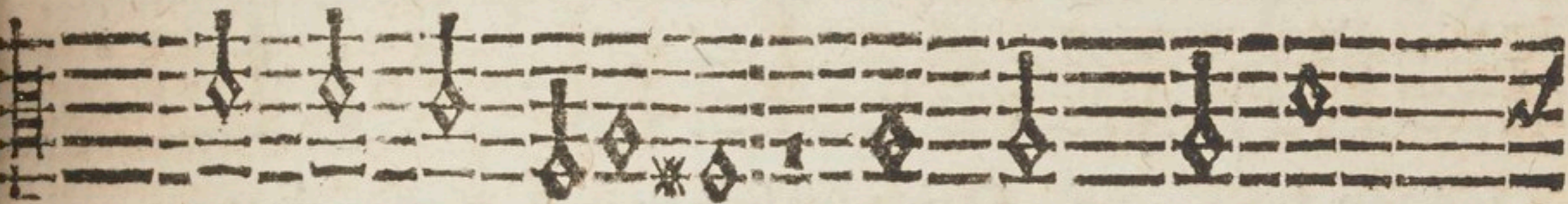




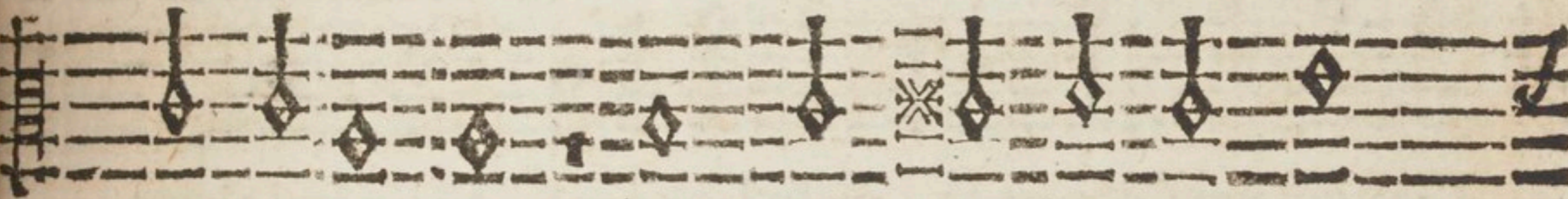
Oe seer dat mijn ziel is gequelt, In



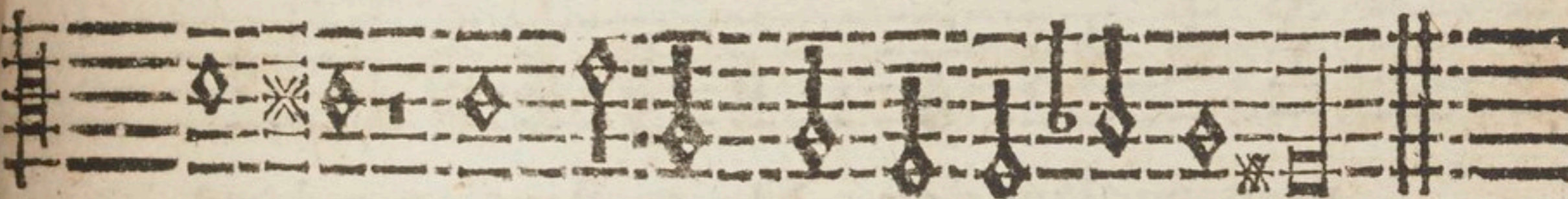
Godt werdt sy gerust gestelt : Want hy is



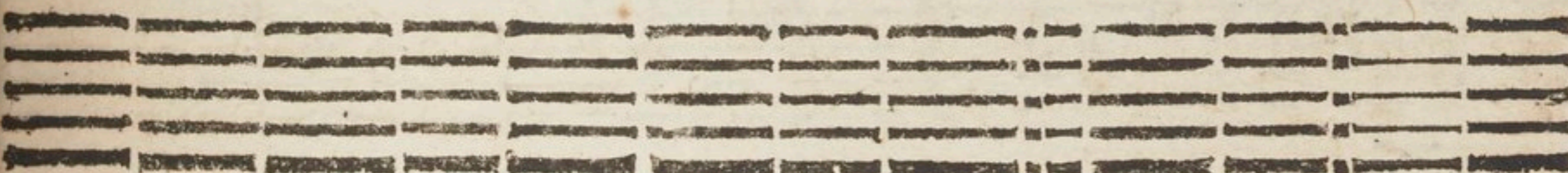
mijn toevlucht alleene, Mijn troost, mijn by-



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



yal groot Seer wel bewaert, en anders geene.

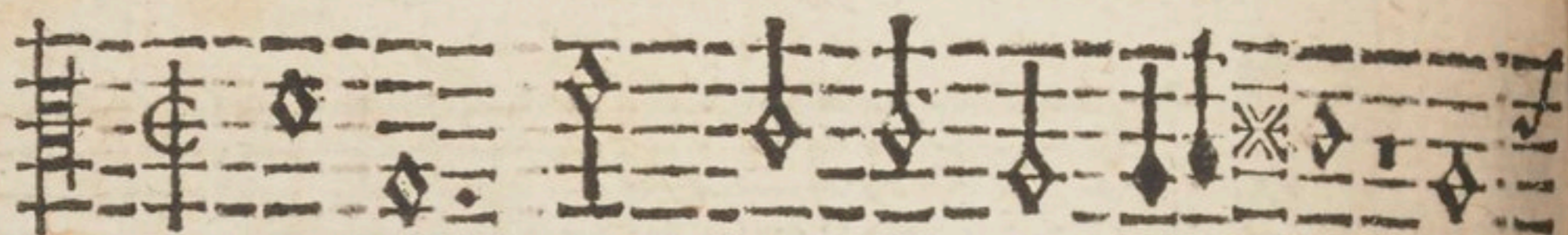




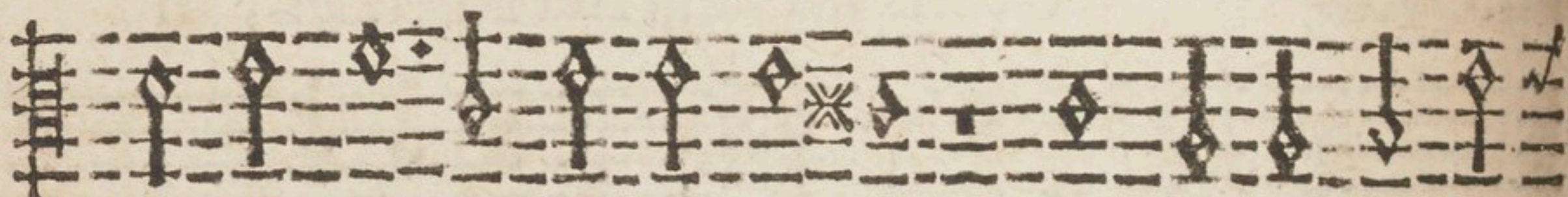
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM LXIII.

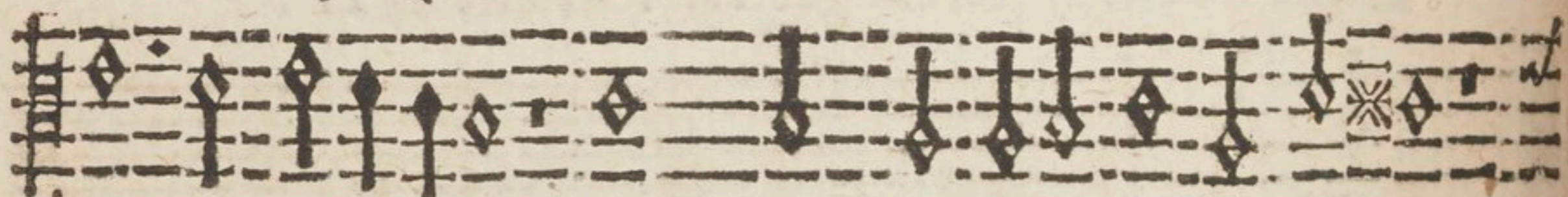
O



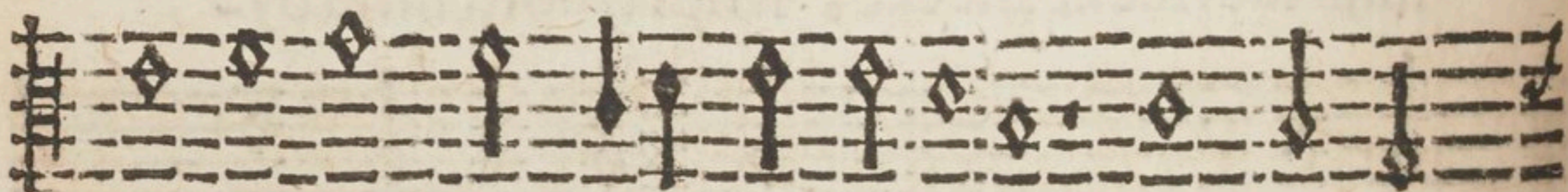
Godt, geen Godt heb ick dan u, Van



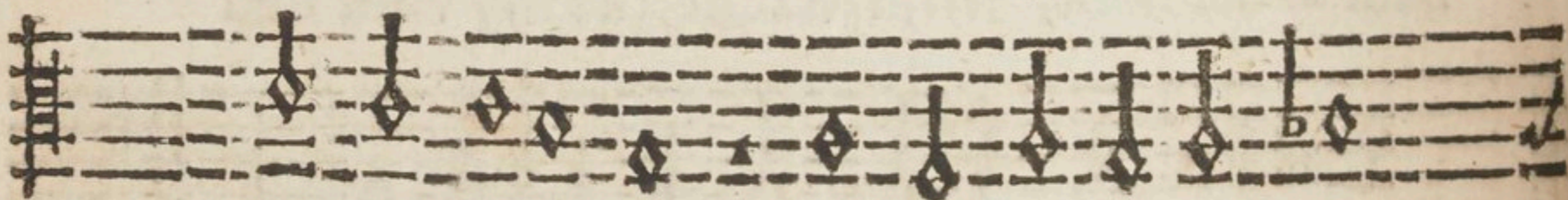
's morgens aen bid ick u, Hee- re, Mijn ziel verlangt na



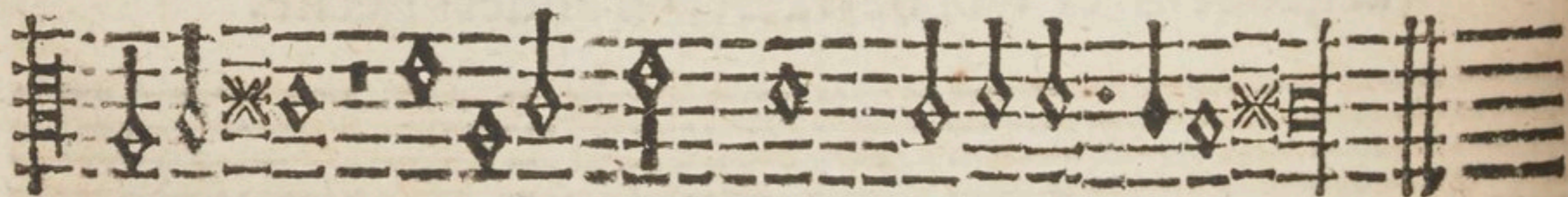
u gaer see- re, Die gantsch in my versmeltet nu;



Geheel verdroogt is mijn lichame, Mijn krachten

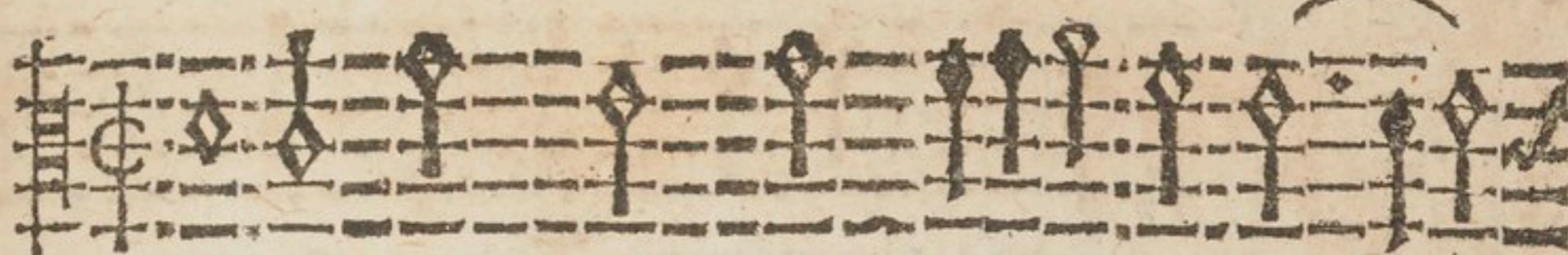


vergaen al gelijk, My dorftet als een dorr'

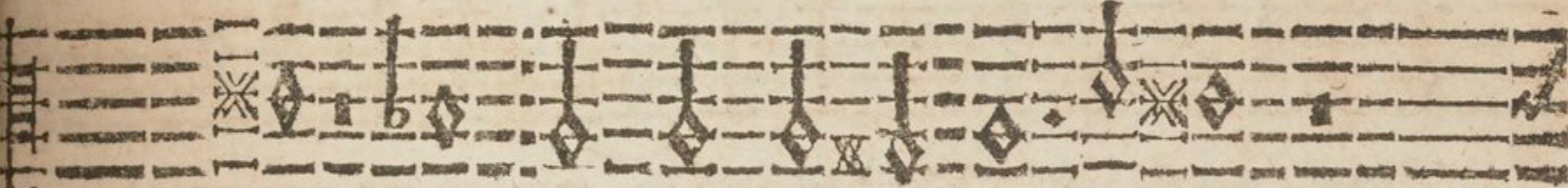


aerdtrijck Na u in dees' plaets onbequa- me:

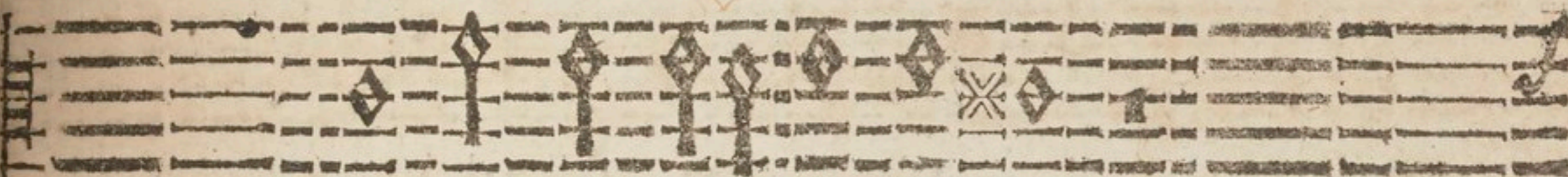




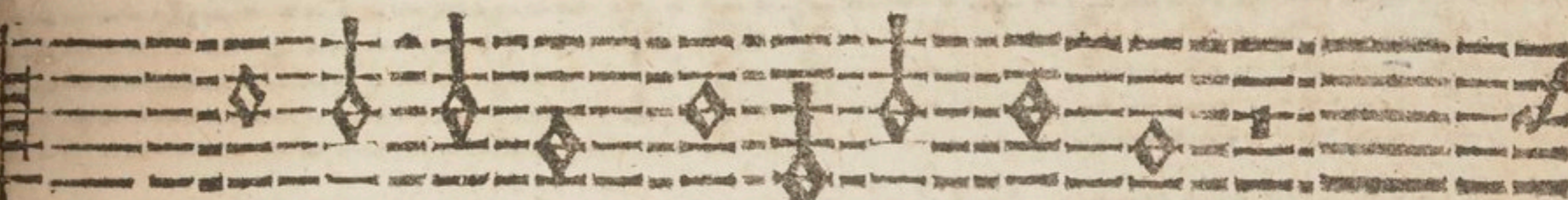
Als ick roep, Heer, hoort mijn stem klach-



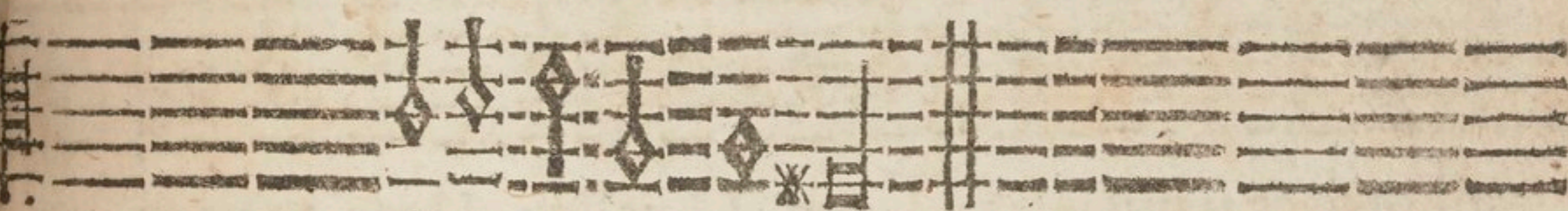
tigh, En helpt my dan uyt mijn gequel;



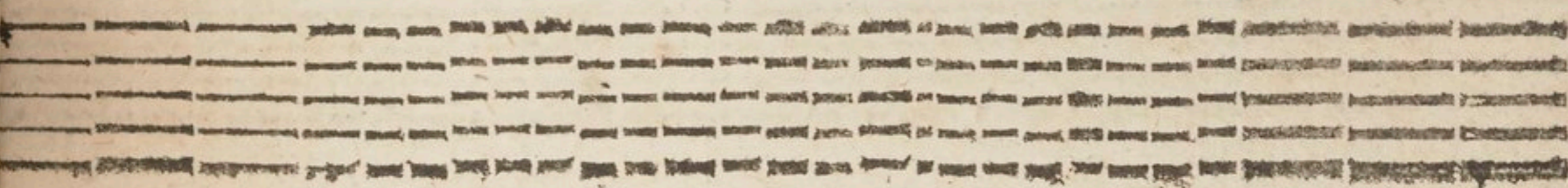
Op dat mijn vyanden seer fel



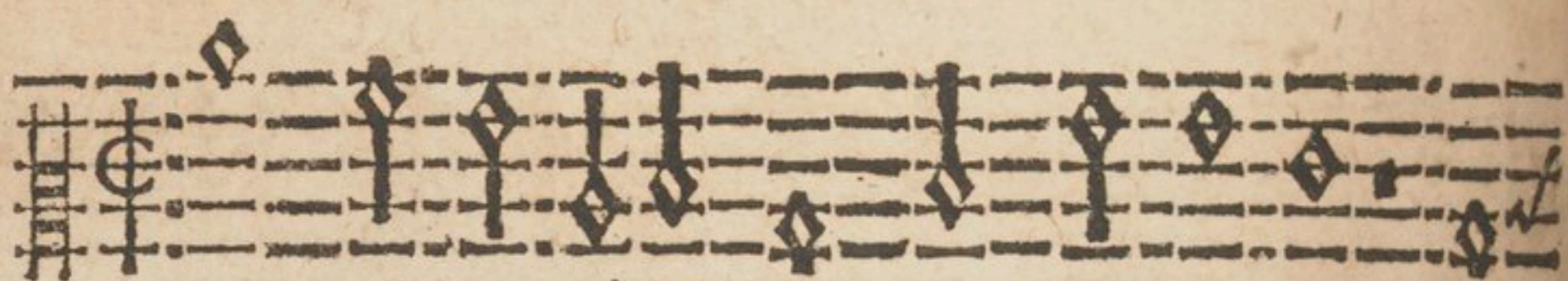
My niet dooden, want sy zijn krachtigh,



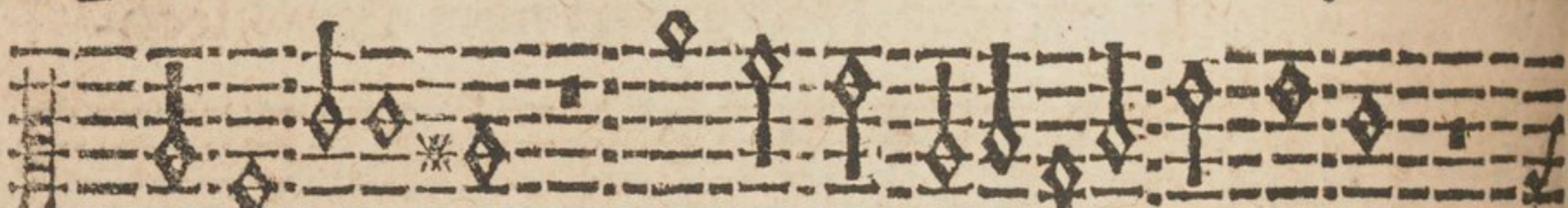
O Heer almachtigh.



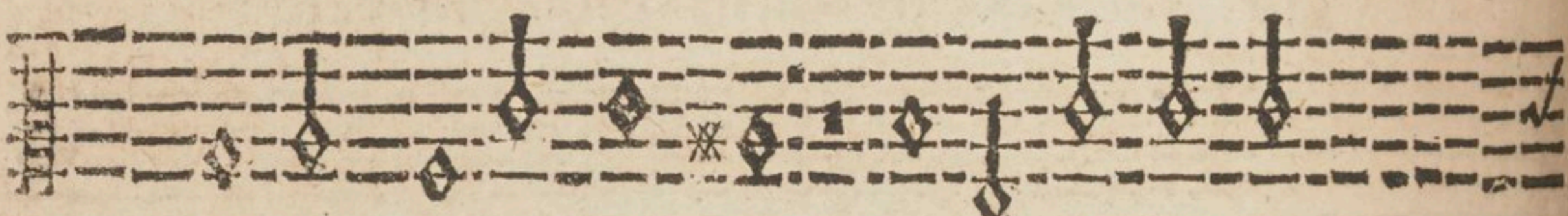




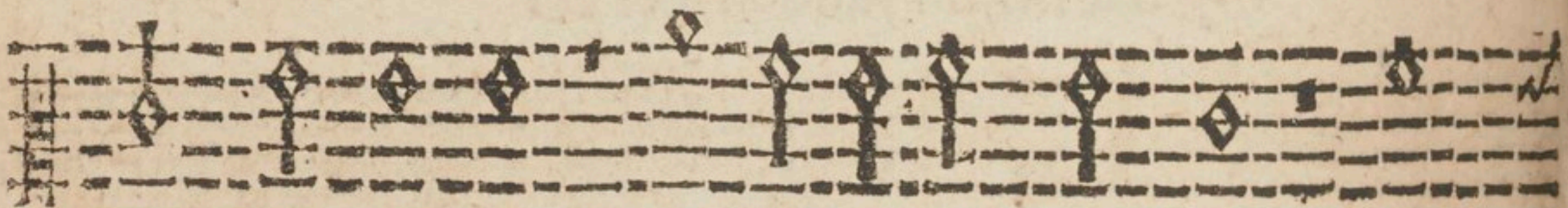
En looft u, Heer, met stemmen reyne, Tot



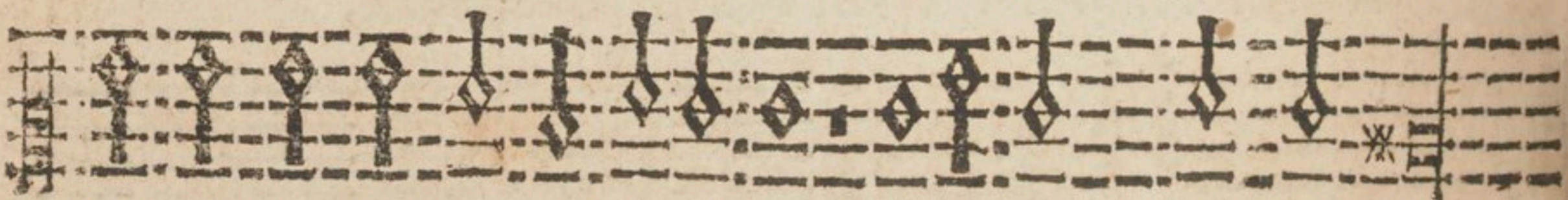
Zion openbaer ; De beloofde gaven gemeyne



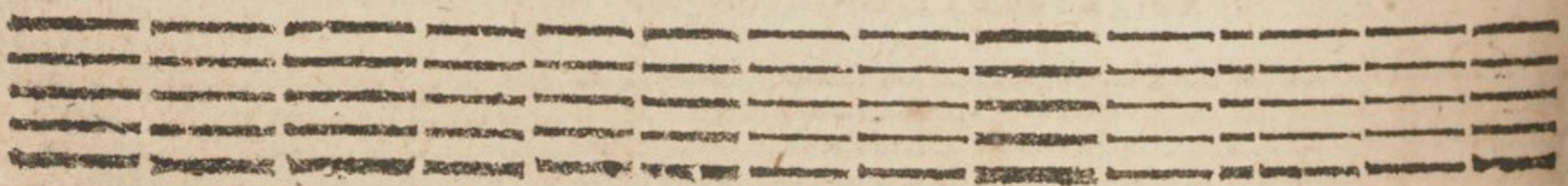
Betaelt men u oock daer, En dewijl dat ghy



daer wilt hooren 't Gebedt uwes volcx goet ; Soo



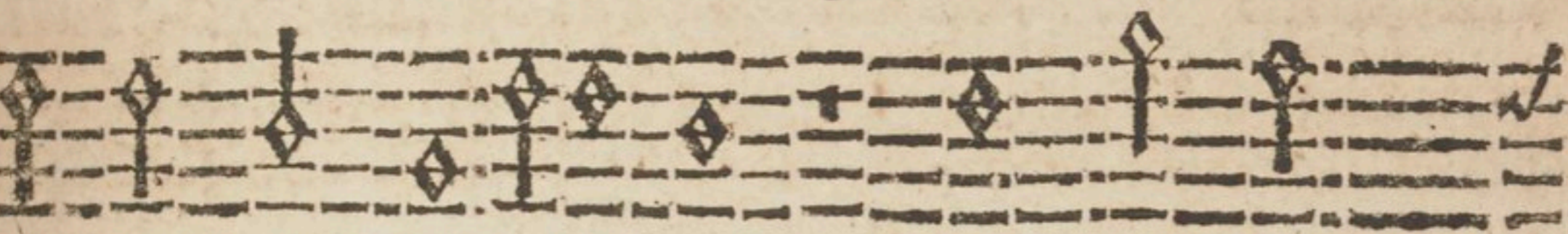
sullen daer u uytverko- ren U vallen, Heer, te voet.



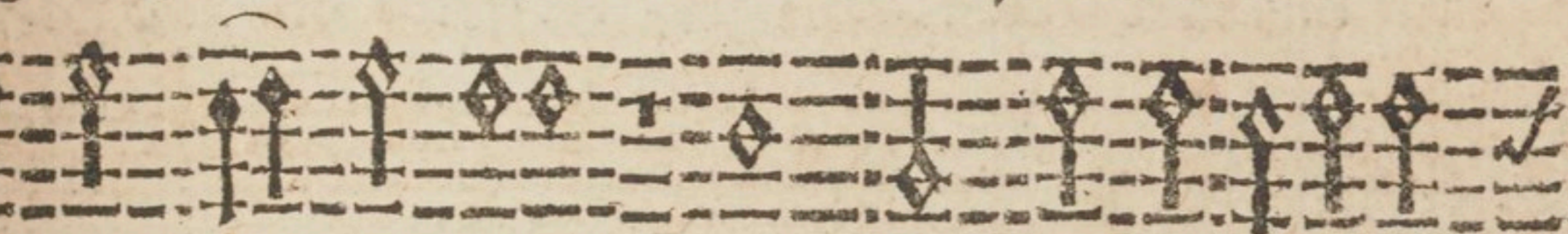


**S** 


Ingt den Heer in den gantschen lan- de, Met



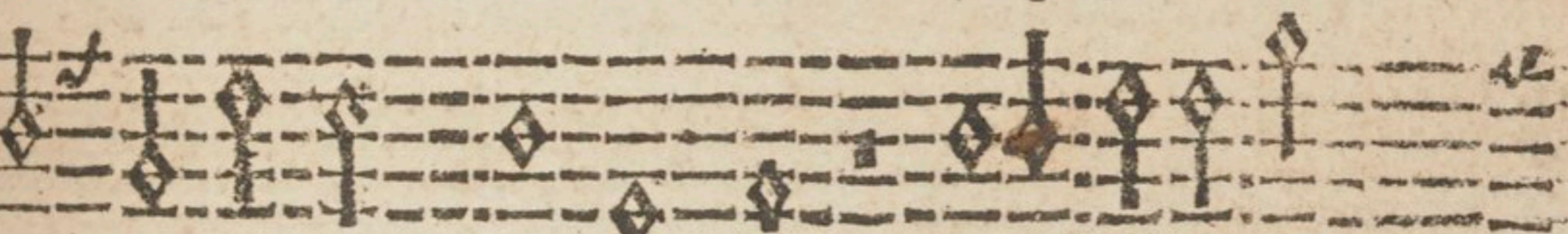
gesangh looft nu sijnen naem : Prijft hem met



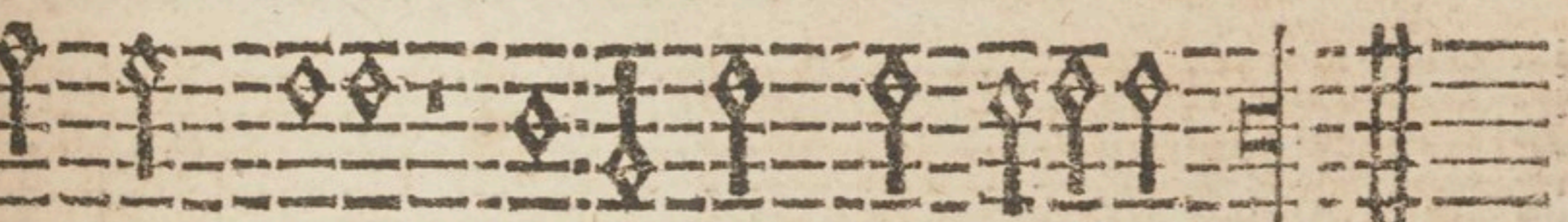
mond en met verstande, Roemt sijn goetheyt alle te



saem, Spreeckt, hoe wonderlick zijt ghy, Heere,



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



beschaemt seere, Bidden om vreed' alle gemeyn,

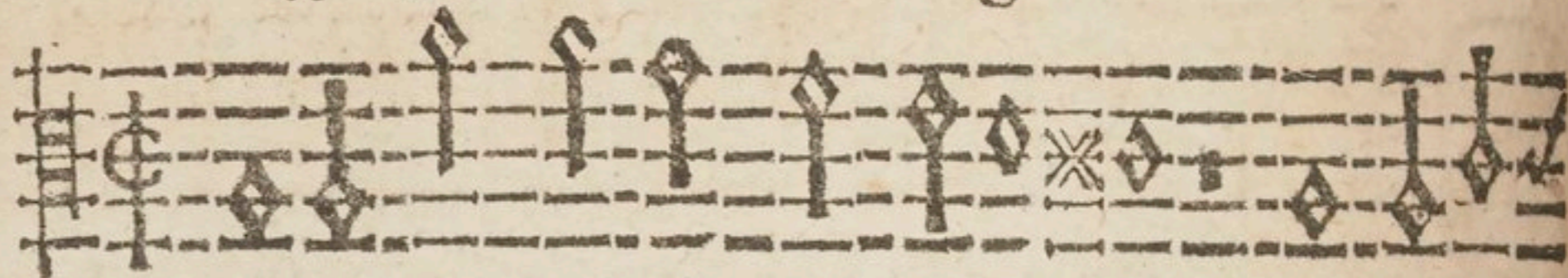


Contra-Tenor.

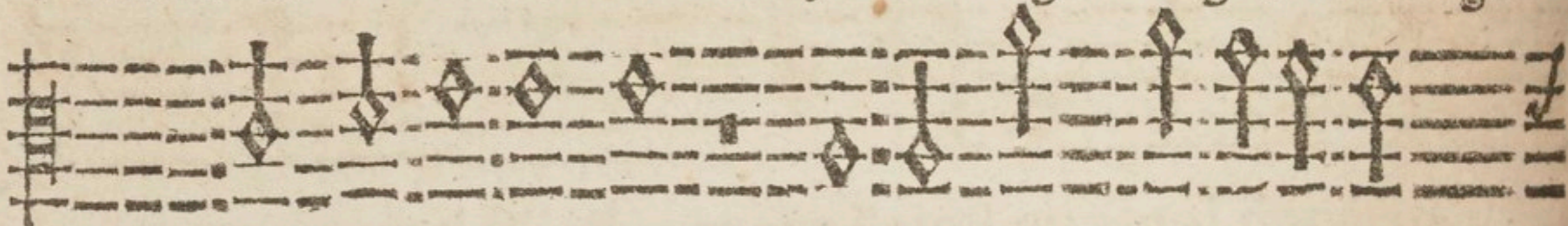
PSALM LXVII.

a 5.

Wijse 33. een octave hoger.



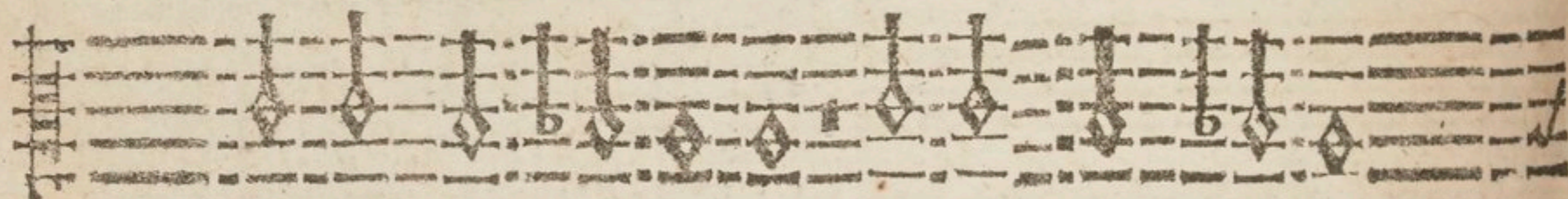
Nse Godt zy ons nu genadigh, En zegen



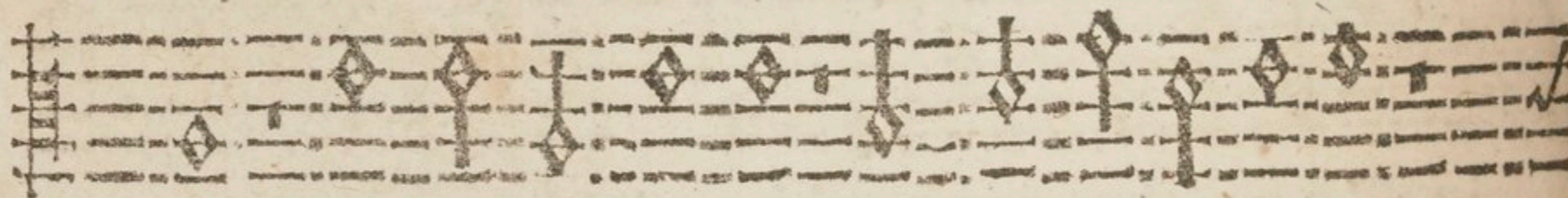
ous met overvloet; Hy verlicht' ons alle ge-



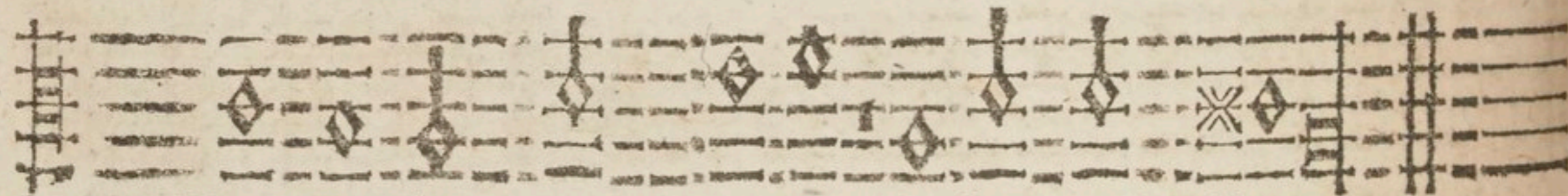
stadigh Met sijn aenschijn lieflick en soet;



Op dat ons sijn wegen Bekent recht van de-

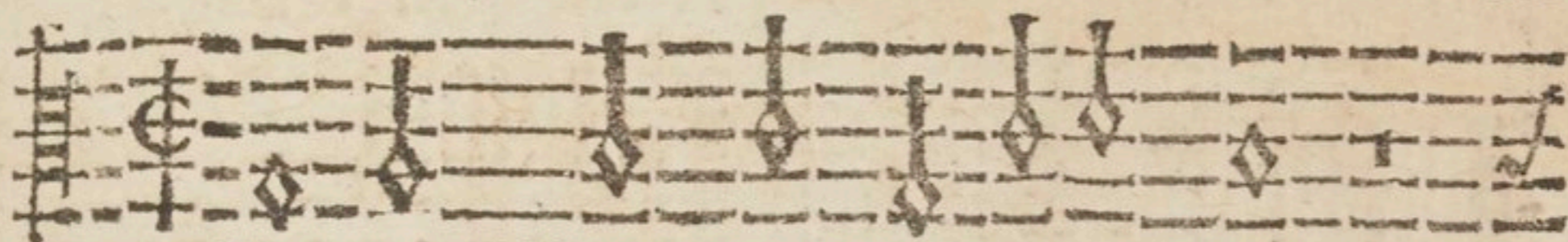


gen Werden, en met een De Heydenen leeren,

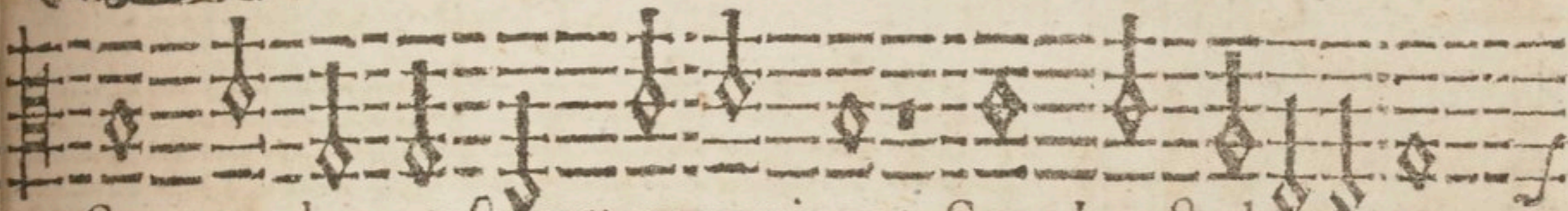


Hen tot den wegh keeren Onses heyls alleen.

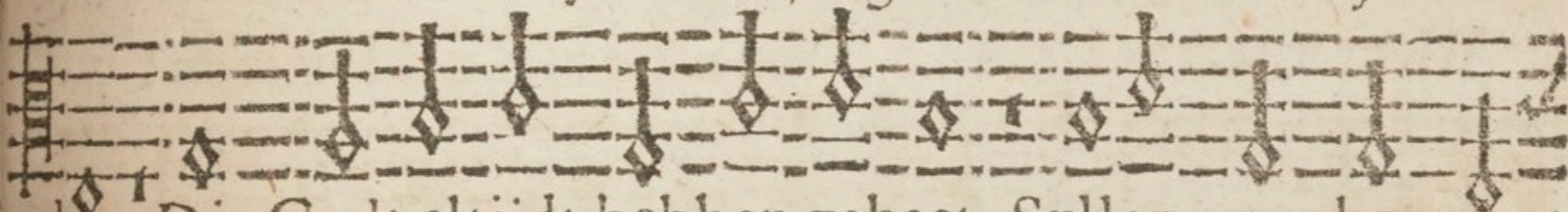




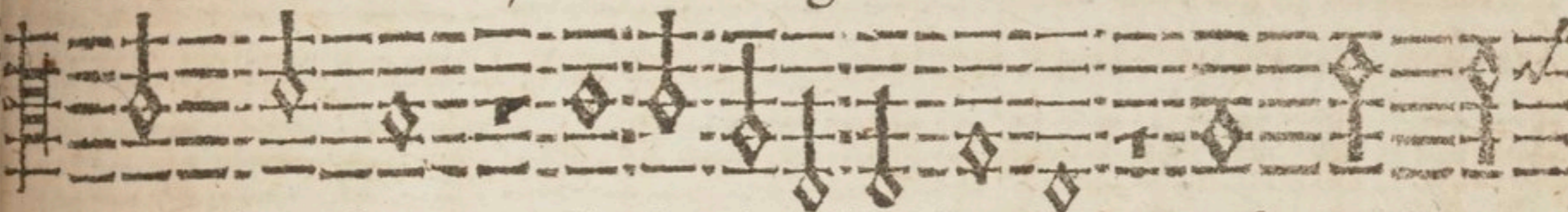
Taet op, Heer, toont u onvertfaeght,



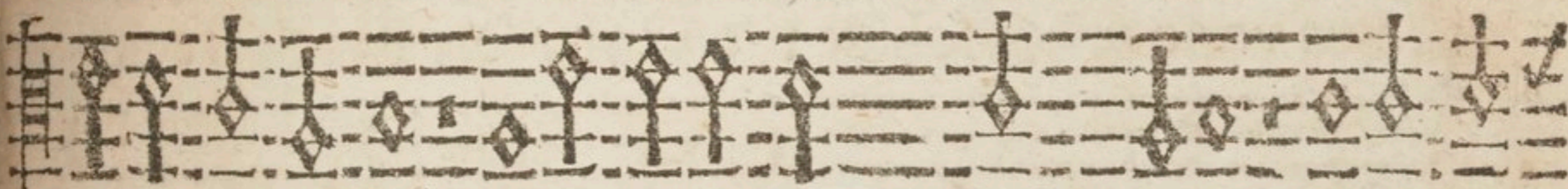
Soo werden verfluoyt en verjaegt Seer haest al u vyand-



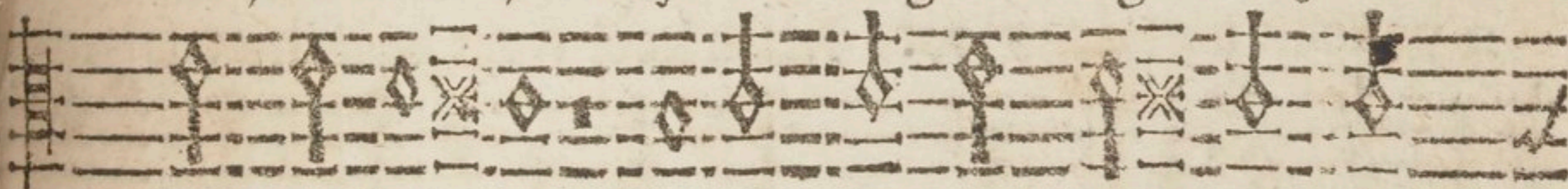
den: Die Godt altijdt hebben gehaet, Sullen voor hem niet



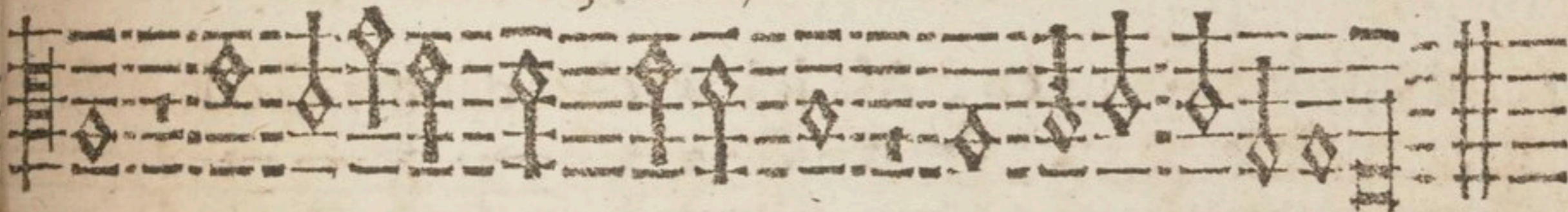
schand' en smaet Vlieden in allen landen. Onf' God met



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



doen verswinden; Gelyck dat was smelt voor dat



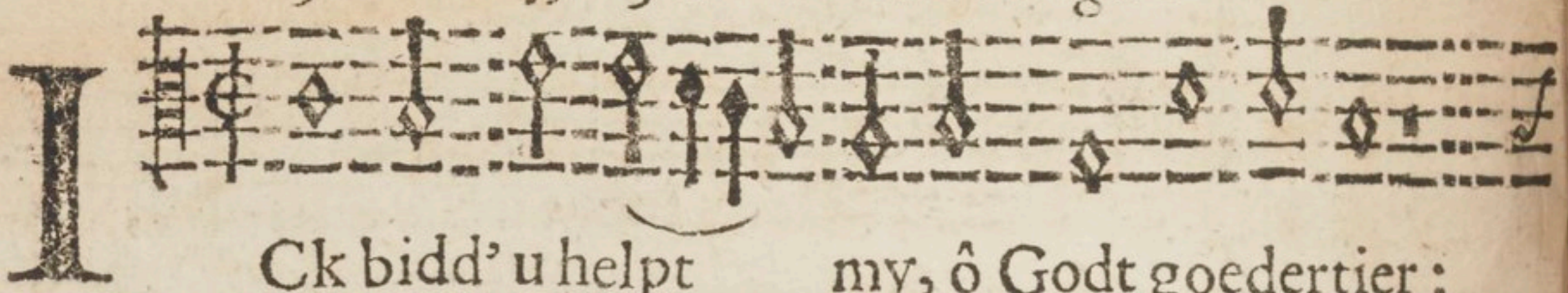
vyer, Sal hy allen godloosen hier Verteeren en verslinden.



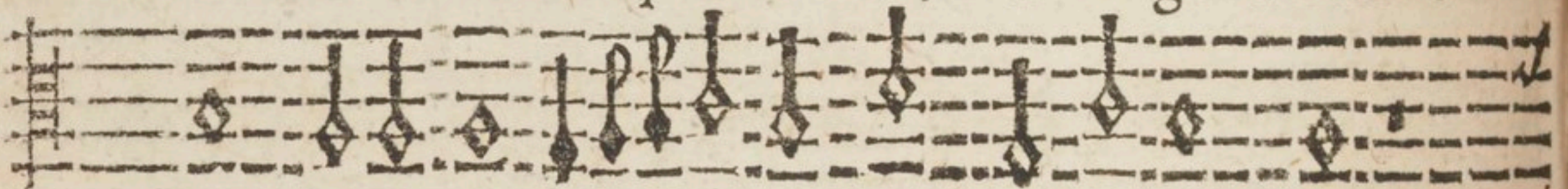
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM LXIX.

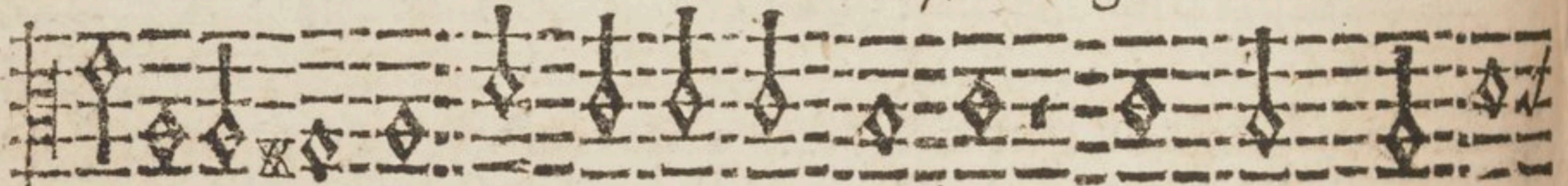
a 5. Wijse 51. een octave hoger.



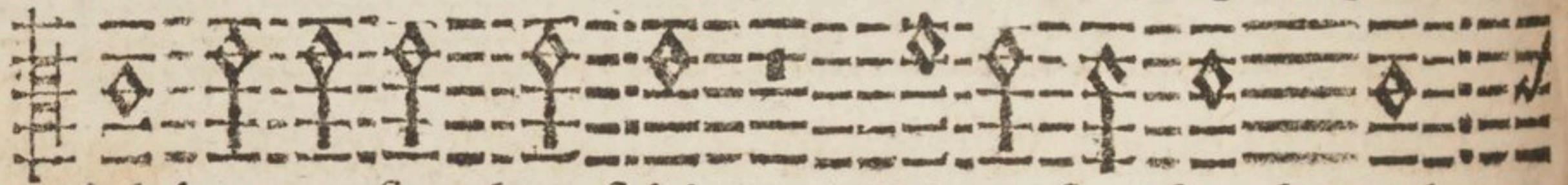
I Ck bidd' u helpt my, ô Godt goedertier :



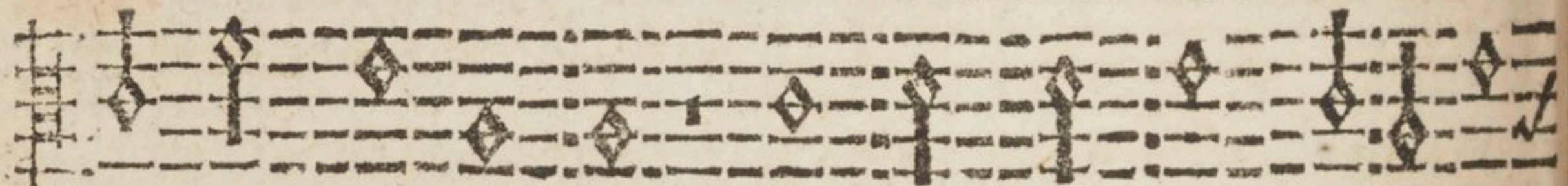
Want 't water is tot aen mijn ziel geklommen :



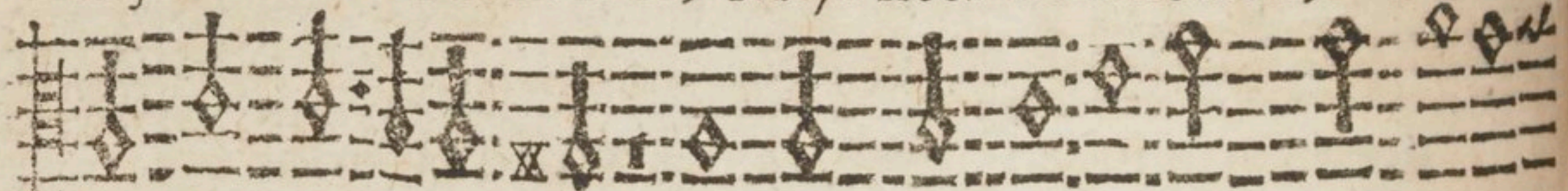
In den onreynen slijk ben ik gekomen, Daer geen gront is,



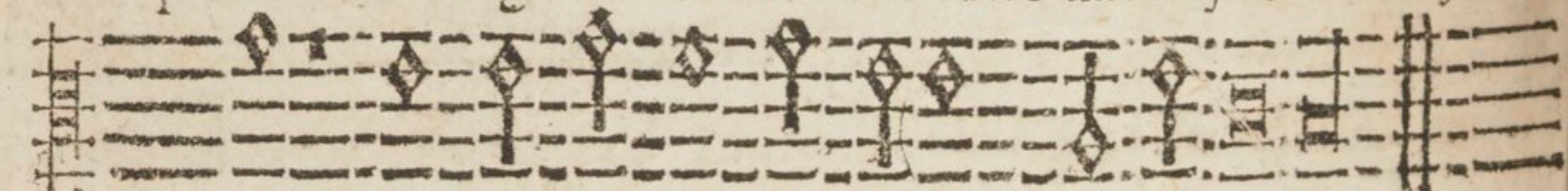
ick ben versoncken schier : 't Water seer sterck treckt



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



roepen droo- gen : Als ick wachte dat my Godt bystant



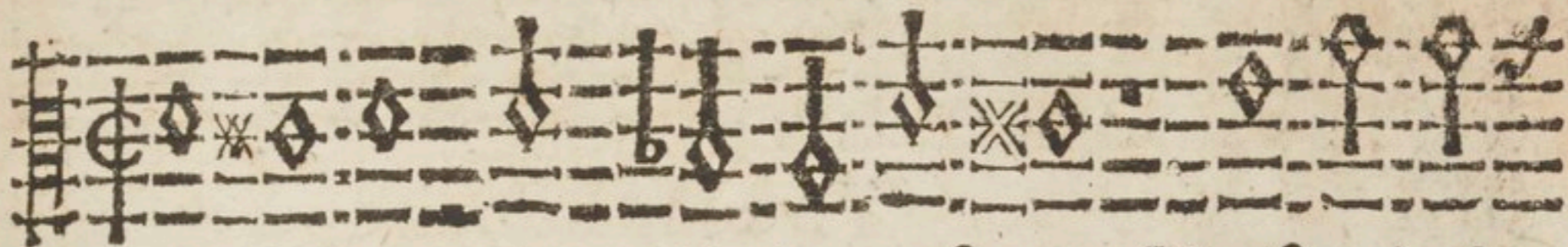
doet, Vergaen is my dat gesicht mijner oogen.



a 5.

Wijse 17.

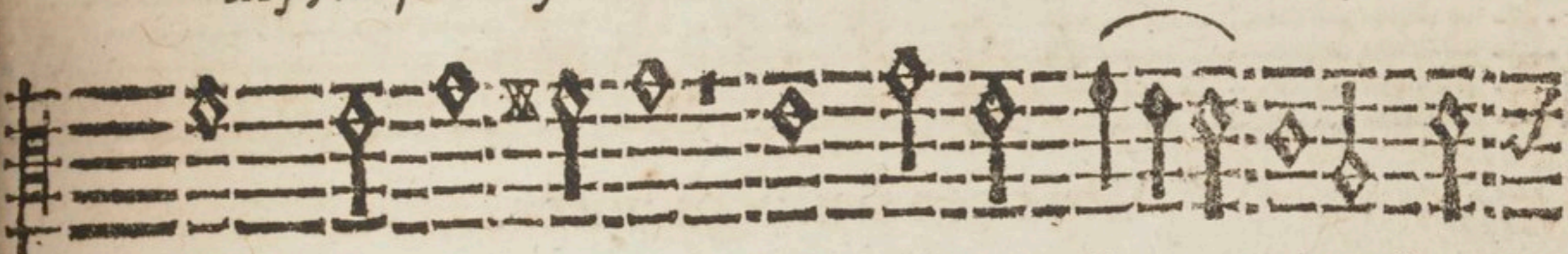
O



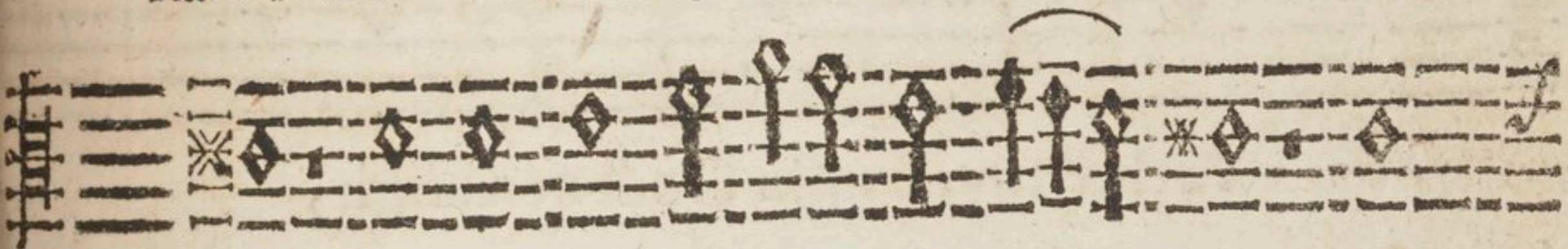
Godt, op wien mijn hope staet, Haest u, helpt



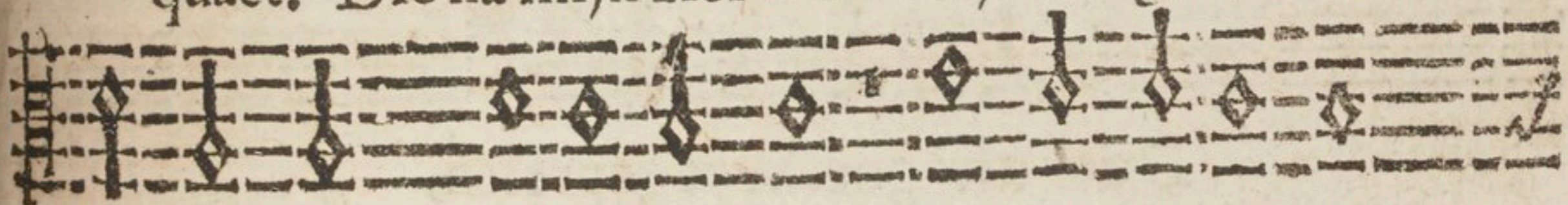
my, vrijdt my van schanden : Tot mijnen by-



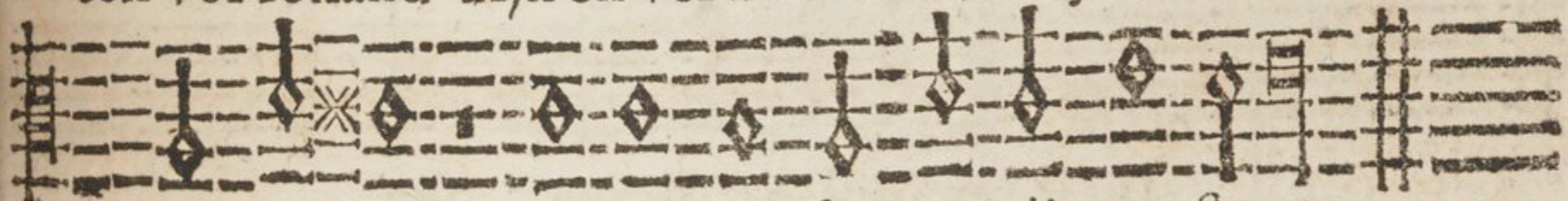
stant streckt u handen, Verdoet al mijn vyanden



quaet. Die na mijn ziel listelick ja- gen, Moe-

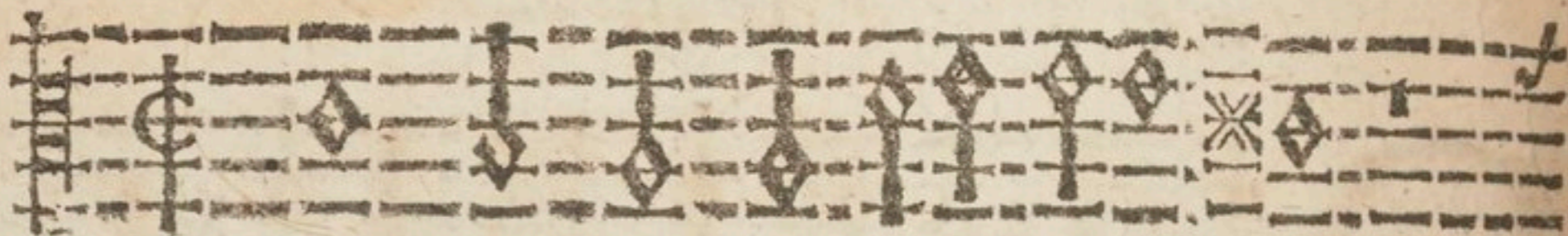


ten vol schand' zijn en verdriet : Die my willen bren-

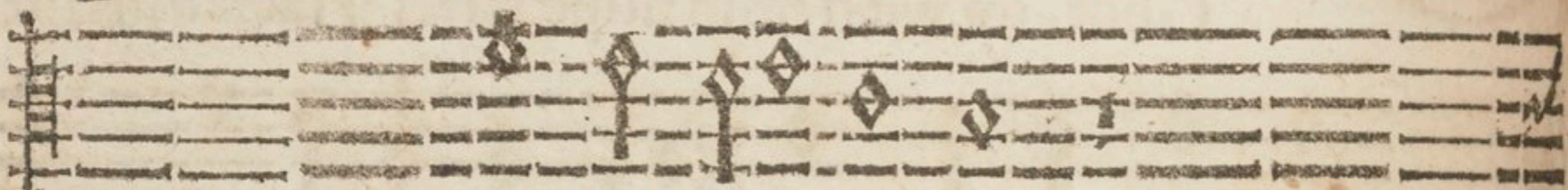


gent tot niet, Moeten vlieden, en zijn verflagen.

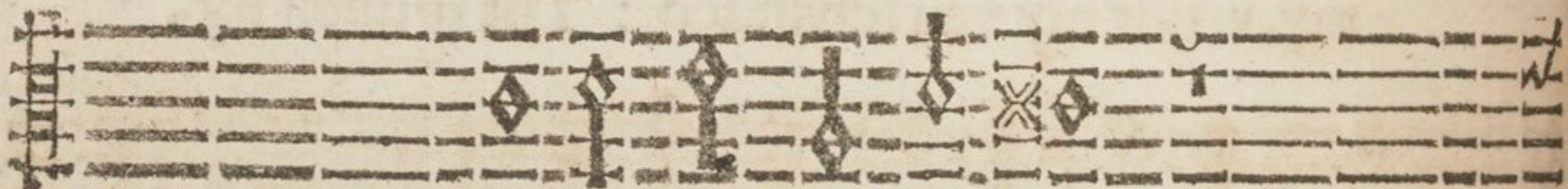




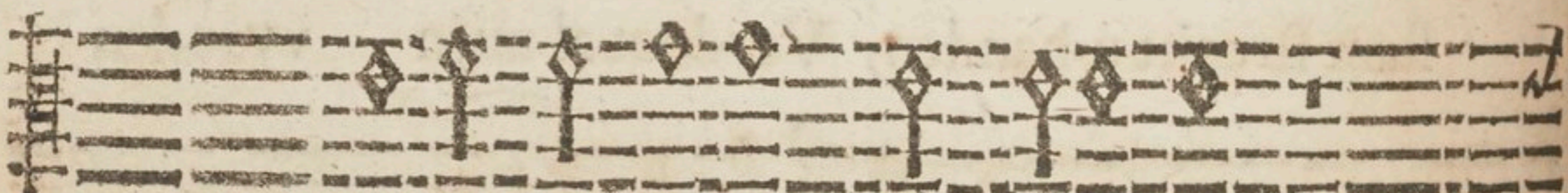
Yn hoop stelick op u gestadigh :



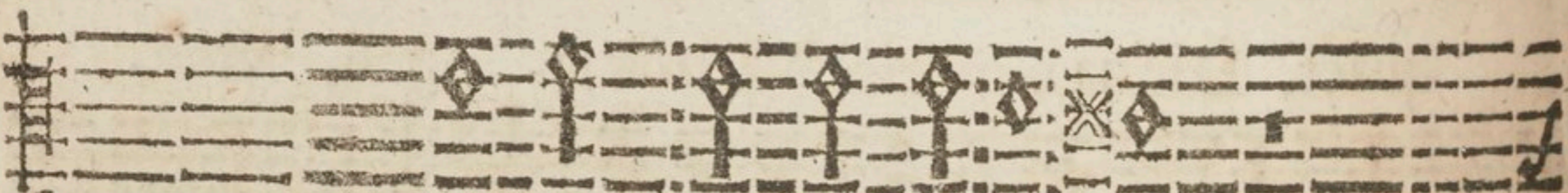
Wilt my bewaren Heer ,



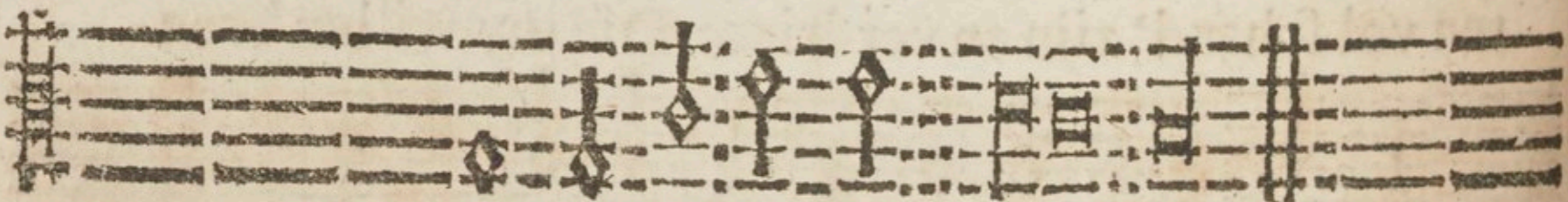
Voor een eeuwigh oneer.



Verloft my, ô mijn Godt genadigh ,



Door uw' goetheyt gepresen,

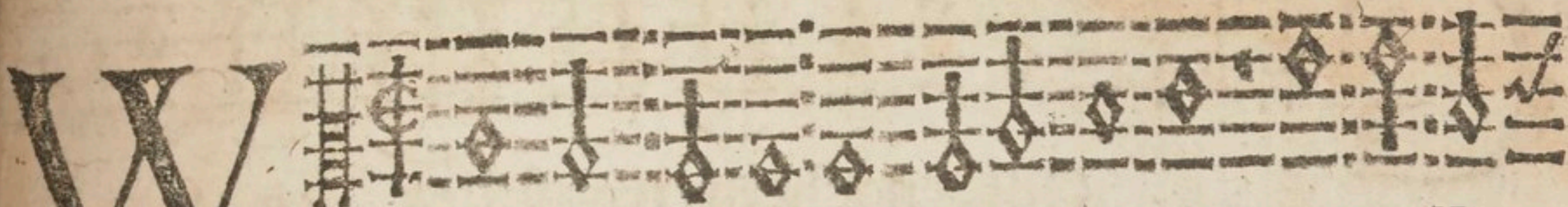


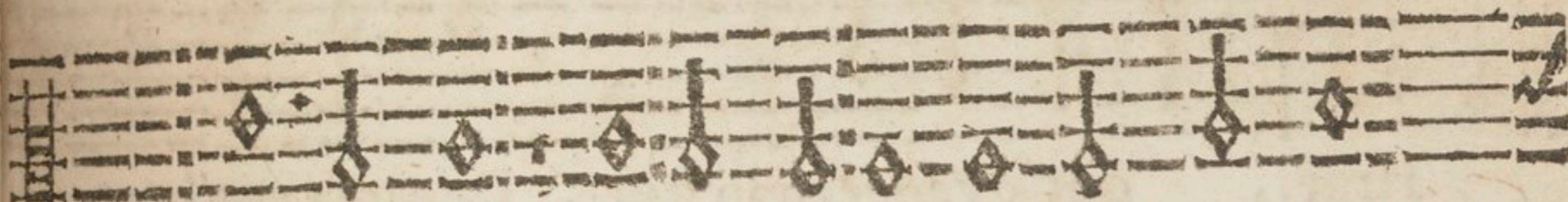
Wilt my bystandigh we- sen.

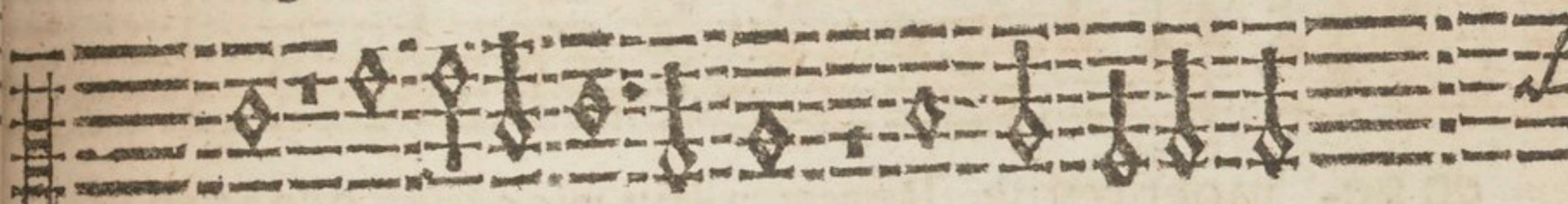


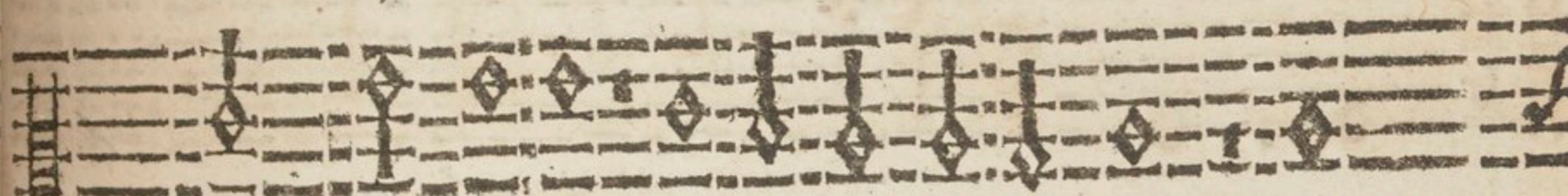
a 5.

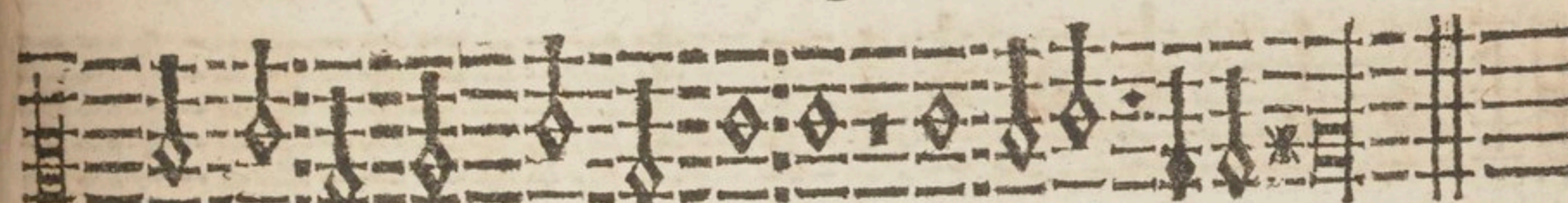
Wijse 65. een octave hoger.

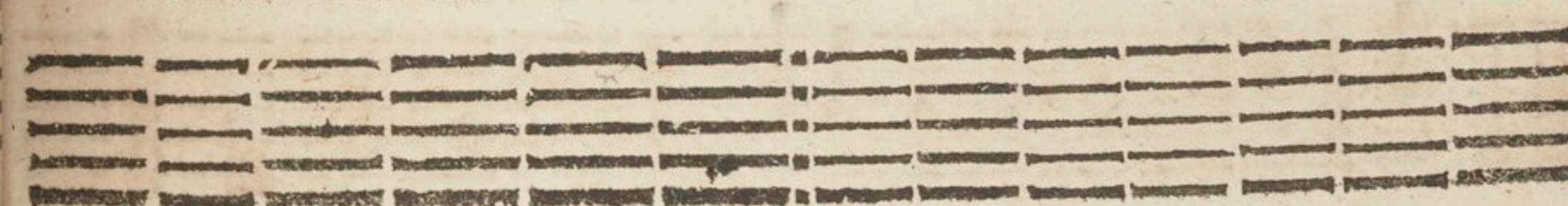
**W**    
 Ilt doch u gericht overgeven Uwen Ko-

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

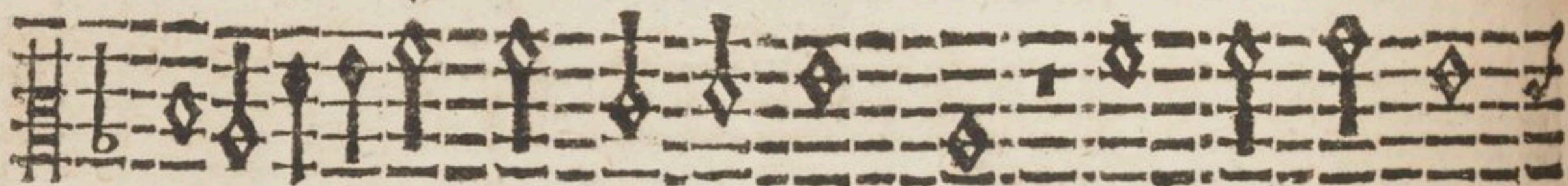
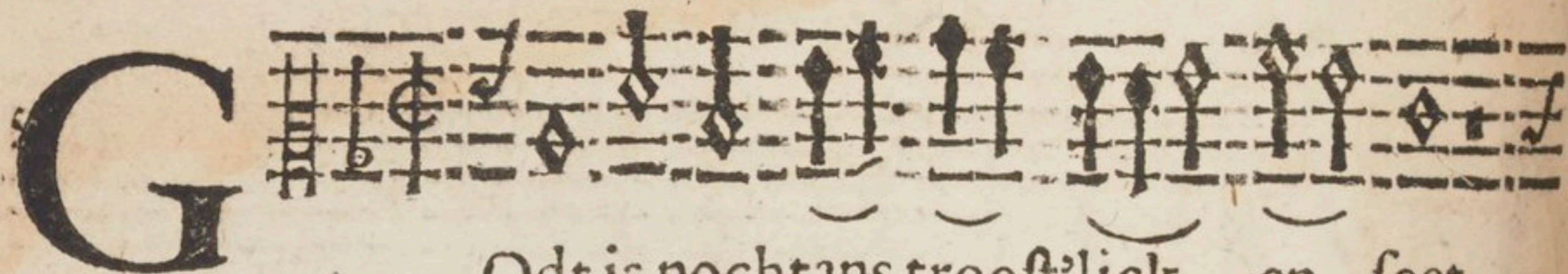
   
 ven Sijnen sone met eer, Op dat hy al uw'

   
 volck voortrede In der gerechtigheyt, En

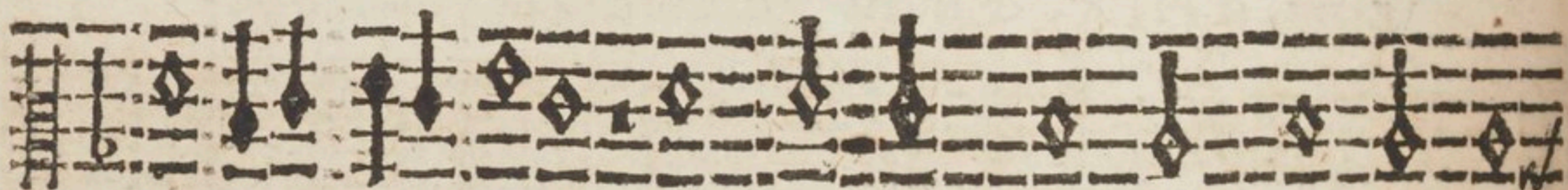
   
 d'arme bescherme met vrede, In aller billigheyt.



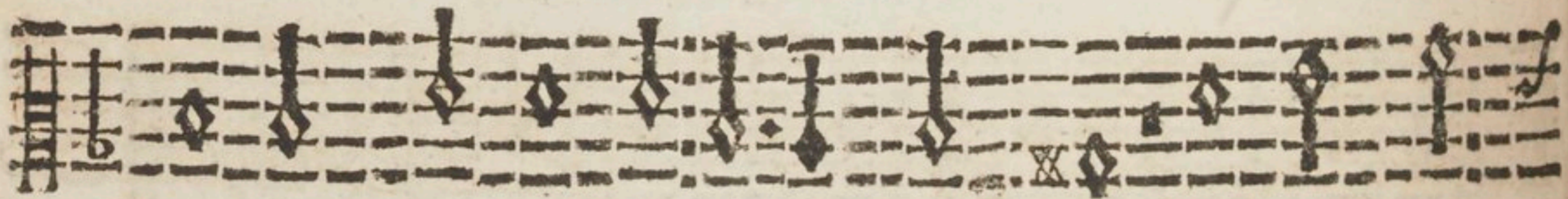




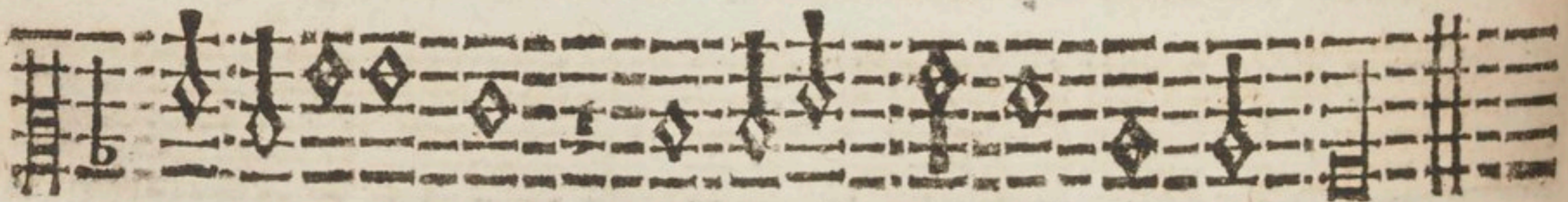
en ge- moet reyne Bewaert sijn woorden groot en kley-



Gestruyckelt uyt mijnen wegh hier ; Ick lagh by-

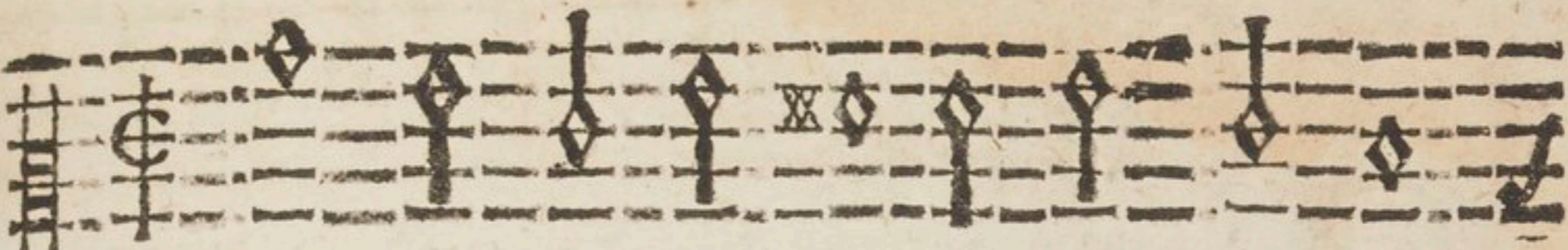


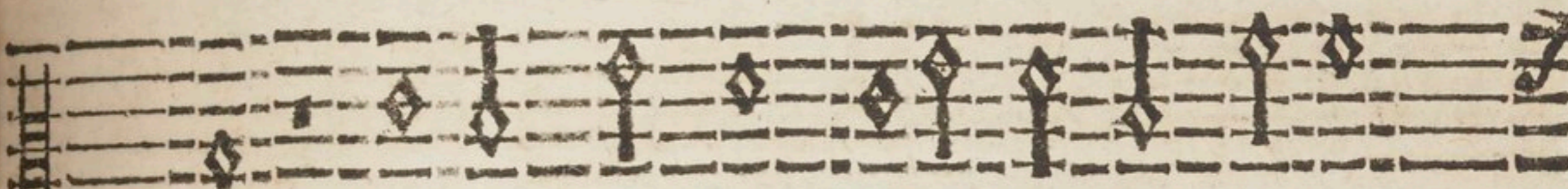
na gevallen plat, Geweken uyt den rechten padt.




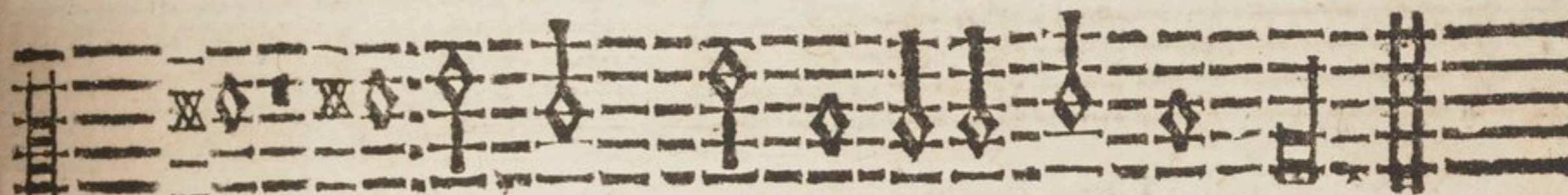
na gevallen plat, Geweken uyt den rechten padt.

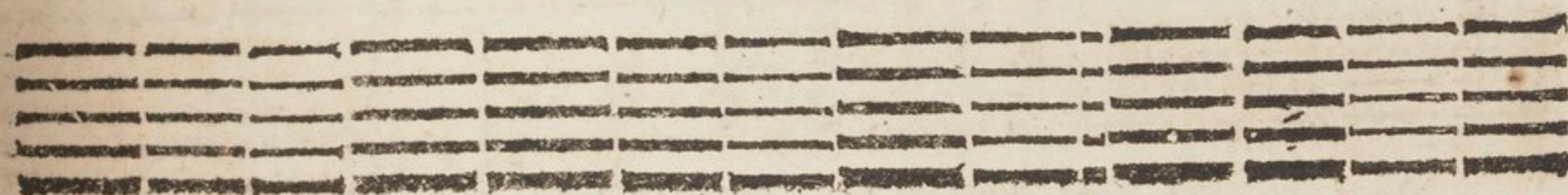
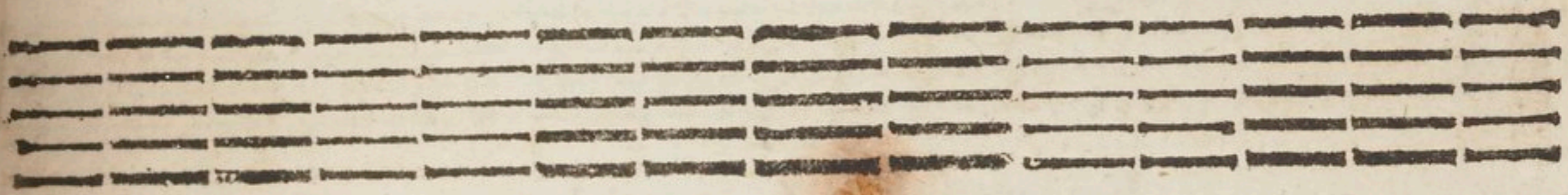


**H**  Oe komt dat ghy ons verstroyt, ô Godt

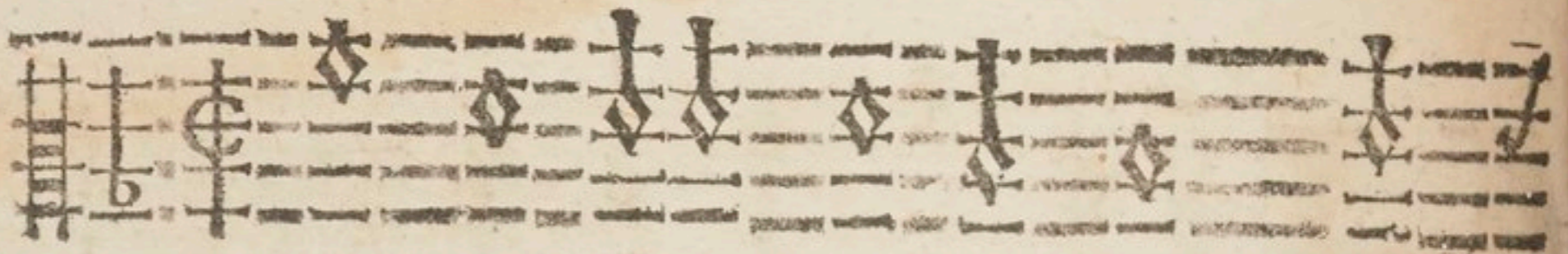
 mijn? Dat uw<sup>o</sup> gramschap over ons seer ontste-

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

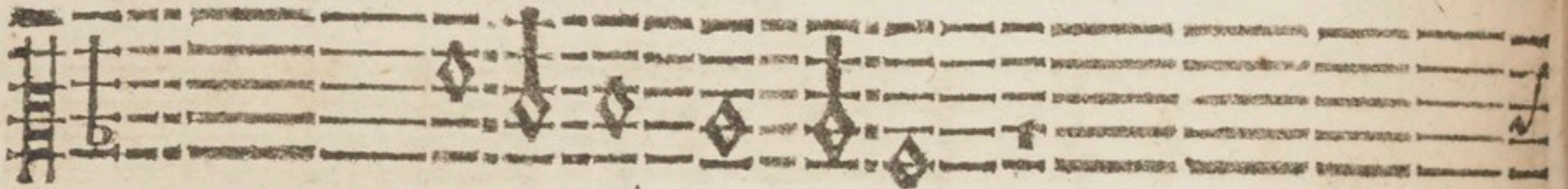
 ken, Die wy doch schapen uwer weyden zijn?





W 

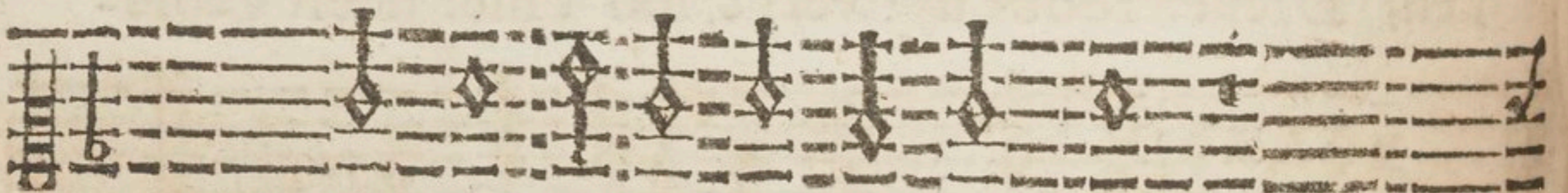
Y dancken u Godt en Heer, Wy



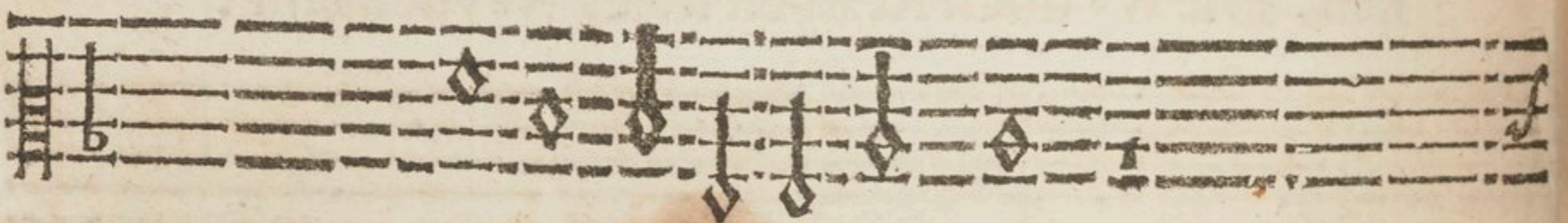
prijfen u wercken al ;



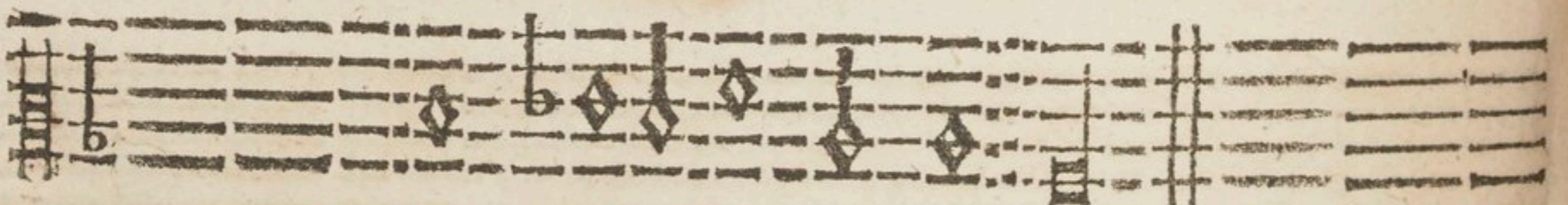
Want de roem uwes Naems



sal Ons by zijn langes soo meer,



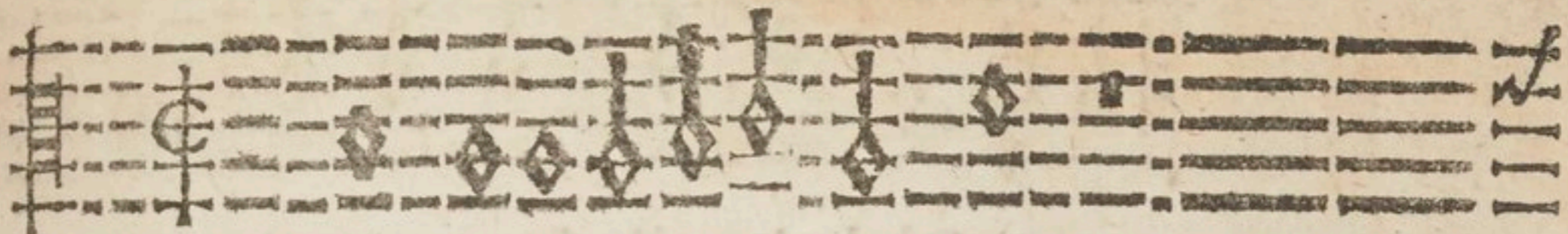
En wy sullen fingen klaer



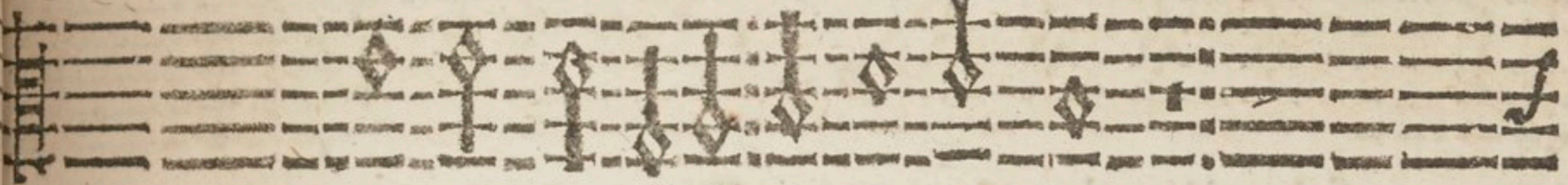
Uw' daden seer wonderbaer.



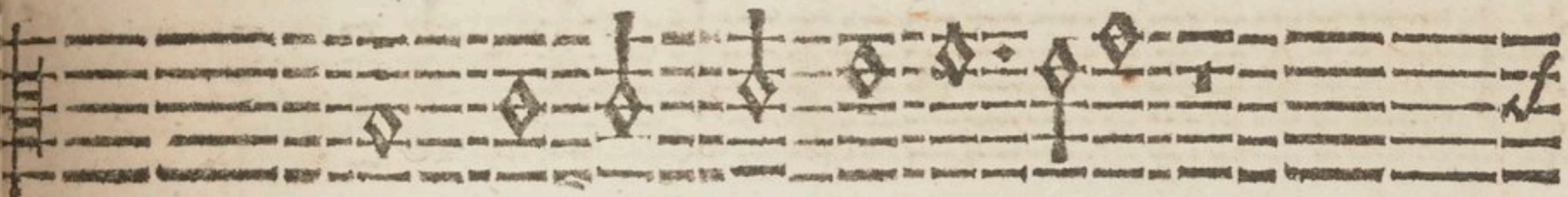
G



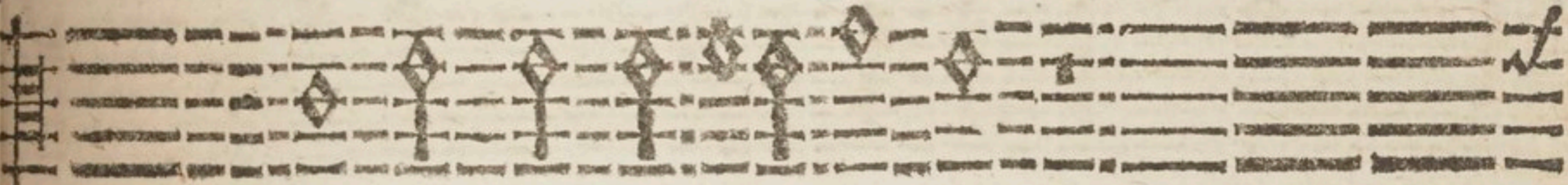
Odt is in Judea feer wel



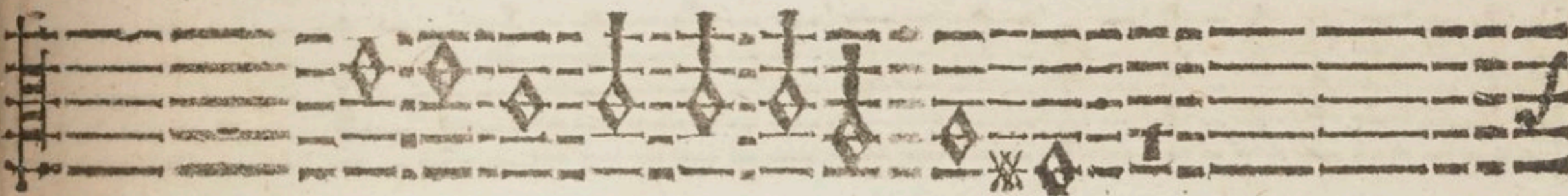
Bekent, en o- ver al vermaert :



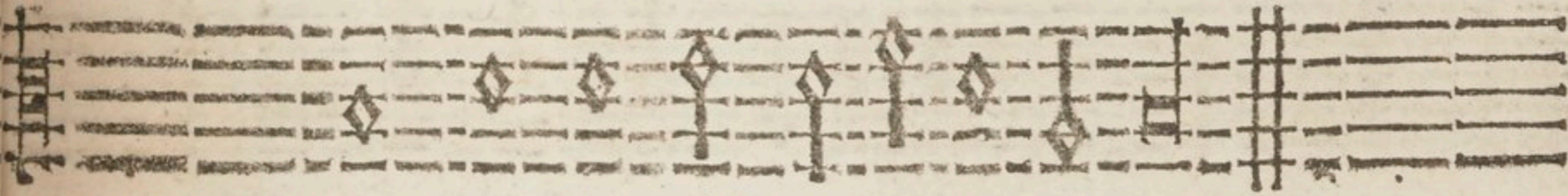
Sijn naem en kracht in Is- raël



Zijn geroemt en geopenbaert :

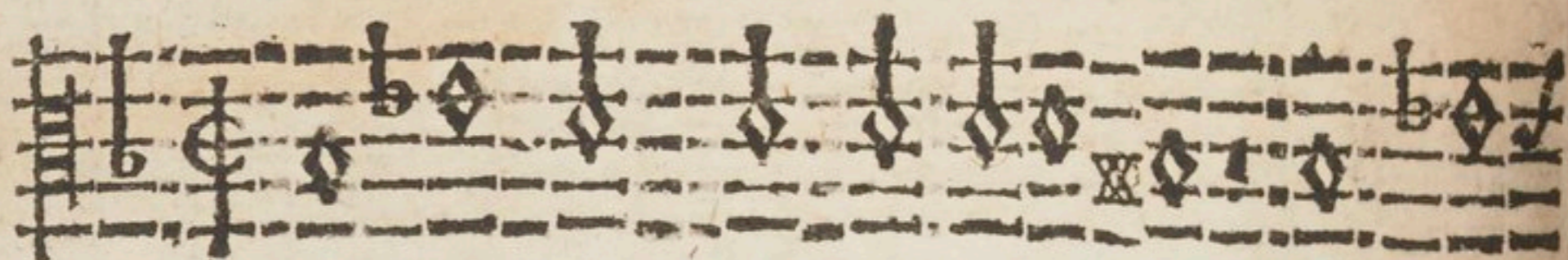


In Salem en tot Zion schoone

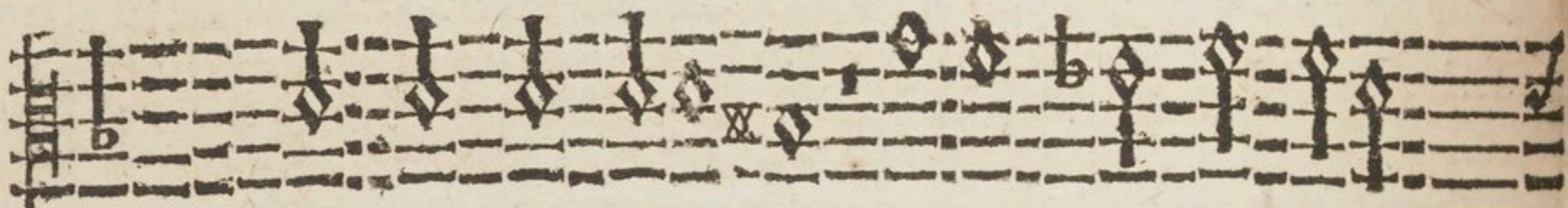


Staet dat huys sijn van sijner woone.

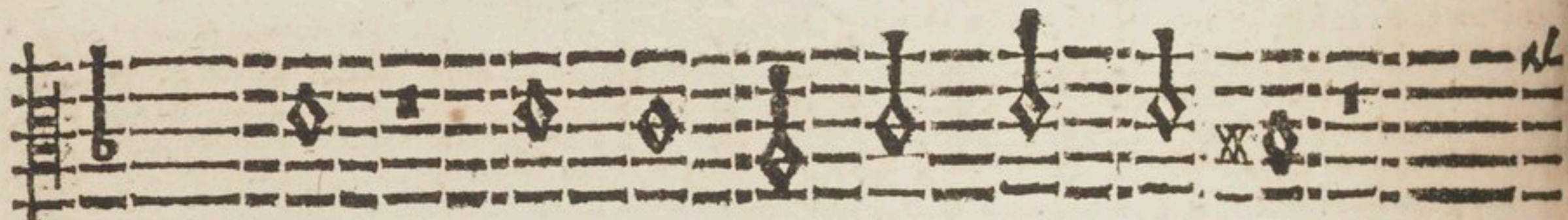




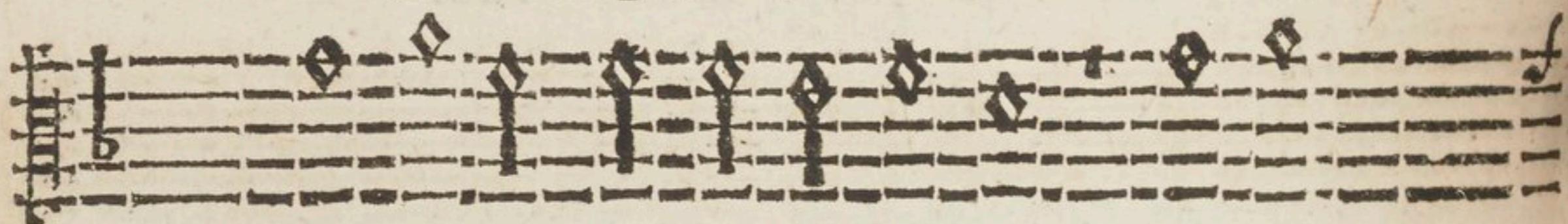
Ick heb mijn stem opgeheven, En mijn



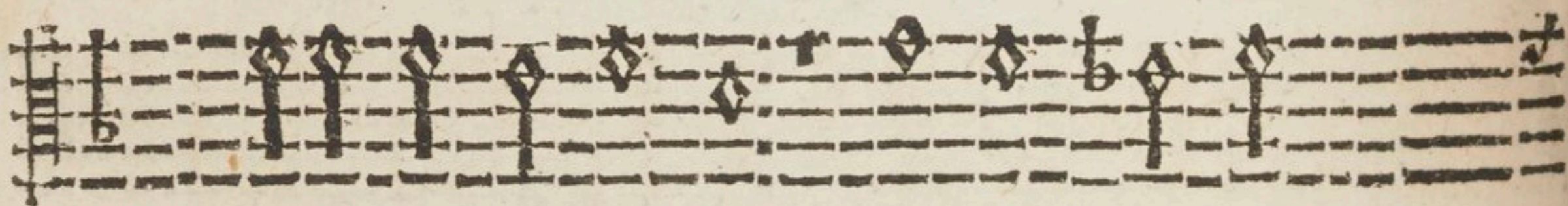
schreijen daer beneven Tot u, Heer, en [na u



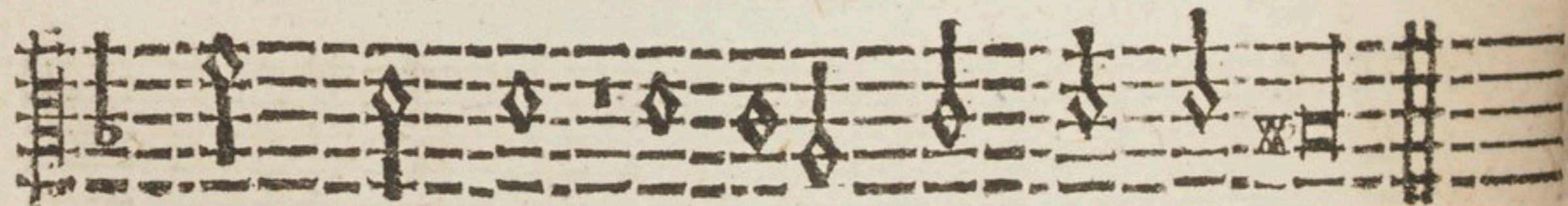
woort] Hebt ghy my voormael's verhoort:



In mijnen noot en benouwen, Stont op



u al mijn betrouwen: Ick heb mijn han-



den, Heer goet, Tot u gestreckt met ootmoet:

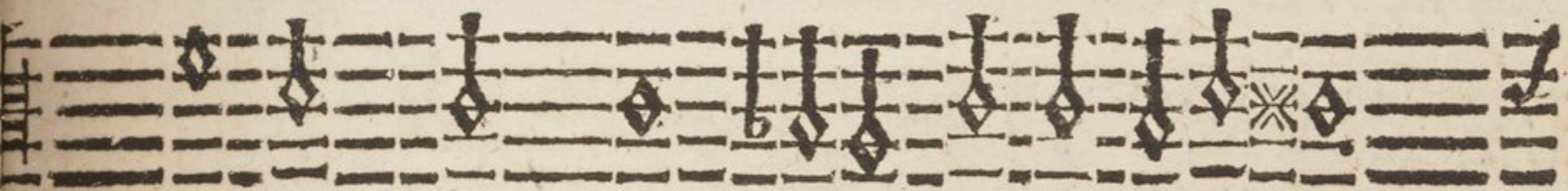




Mijn volck wilt mijn leering nu aenhoo-



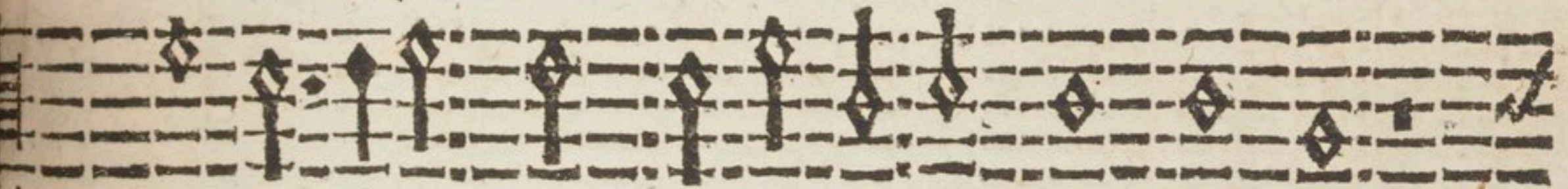
ren ; Neyght u verstant, wilt open doen u ooren,



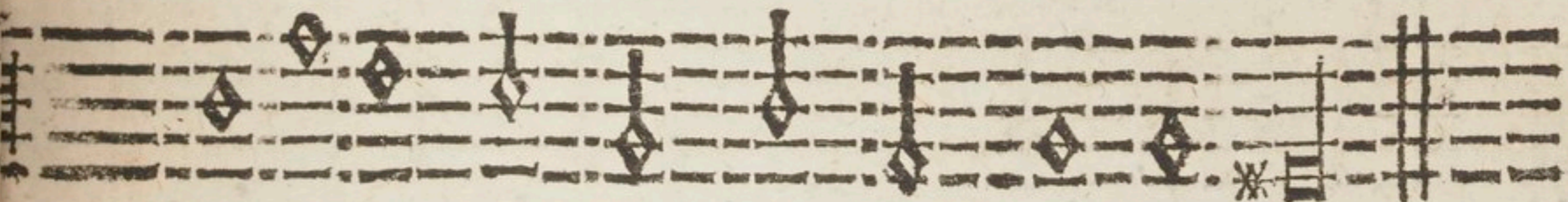
Verneemt mijns monts schoon en heerlicke re-



den ; Van my werden Godes wercken beleden,



Van zijn groot-daden wil ick doen vermaen,

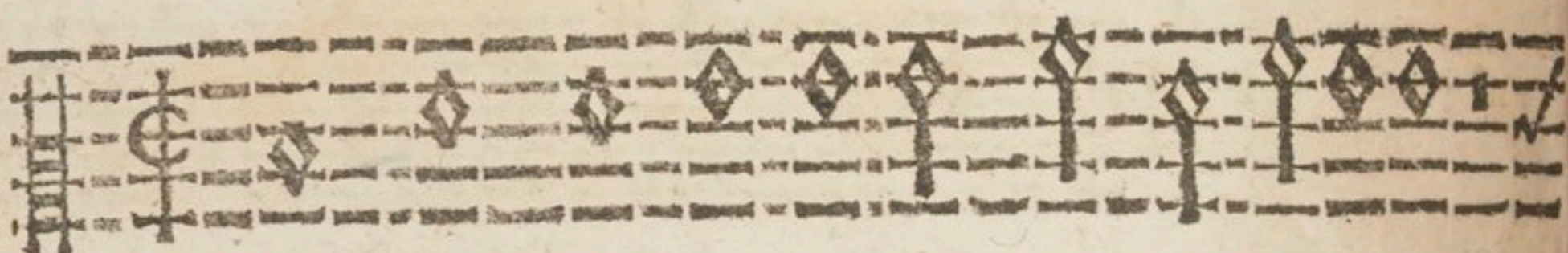


Die onse Godt hier voormaels heeft gedaen.

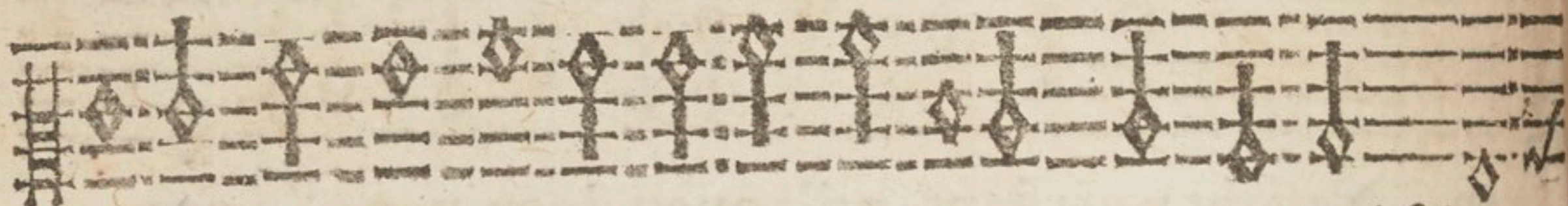


Contra-Tenor.

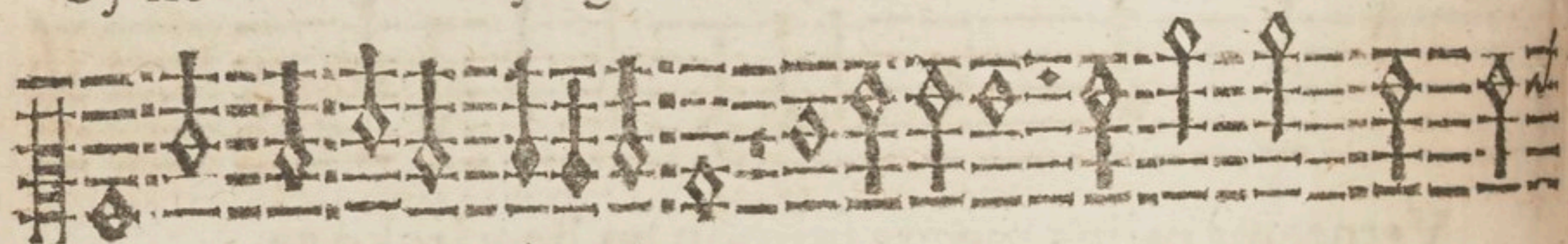
PSALM LXXIX.



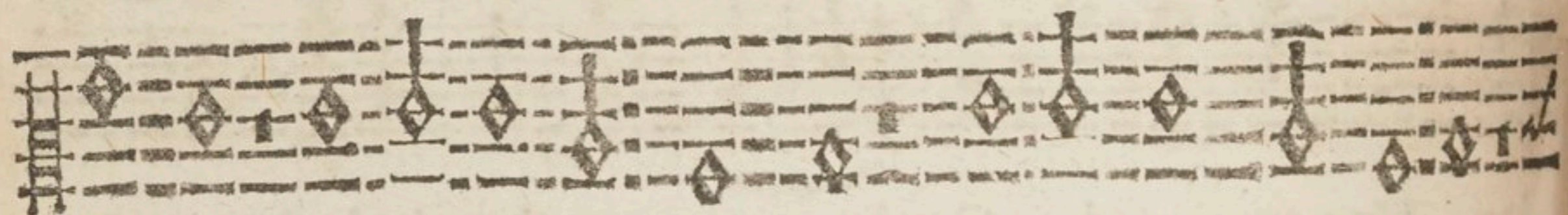
E Heyd'nen zijn in uw' erfdeel gevallen,



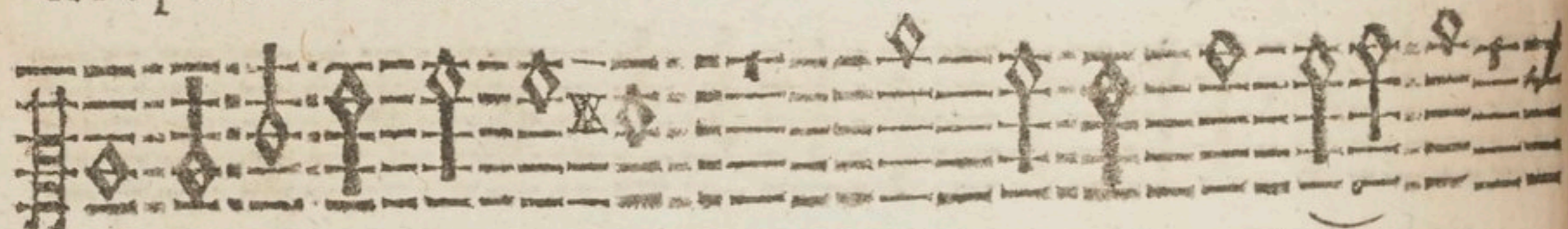
Sy hebben ontheyligt onder hen allen Den tempel schoon,



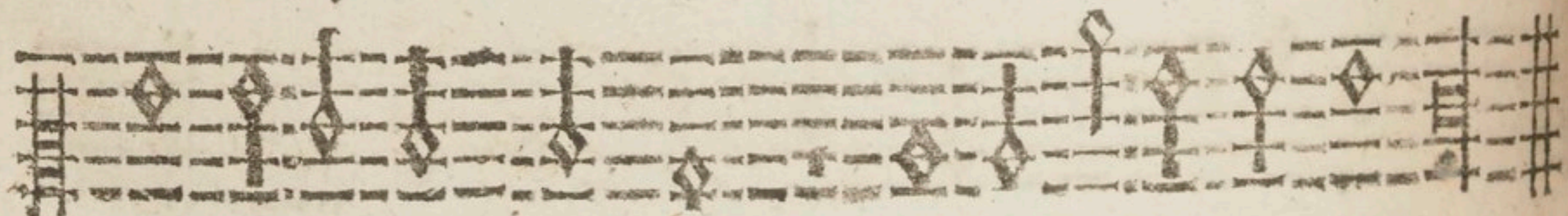
en daer toe afgeloo- pen Jerufalem, ja gemaekt tot steen-



hoopen. De lichamen daer naer, Uwer knechten eerbaer,

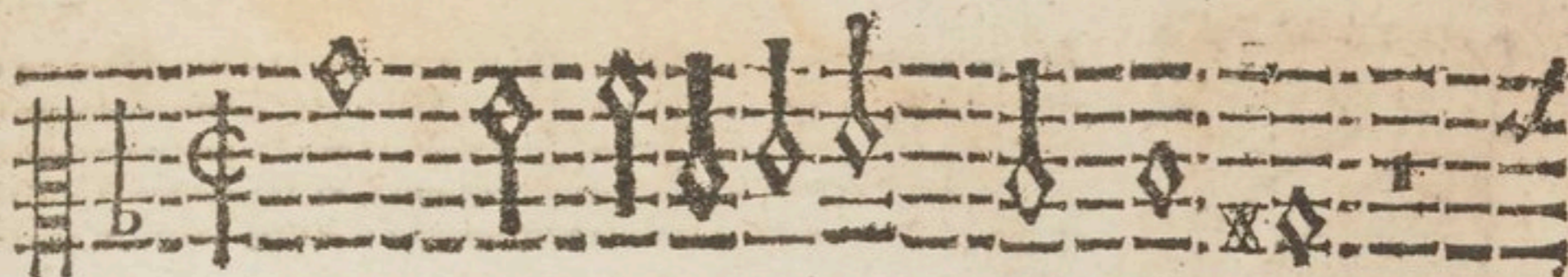


Den raven sy voorstelden; 't Vleesch uwer knechten goet,

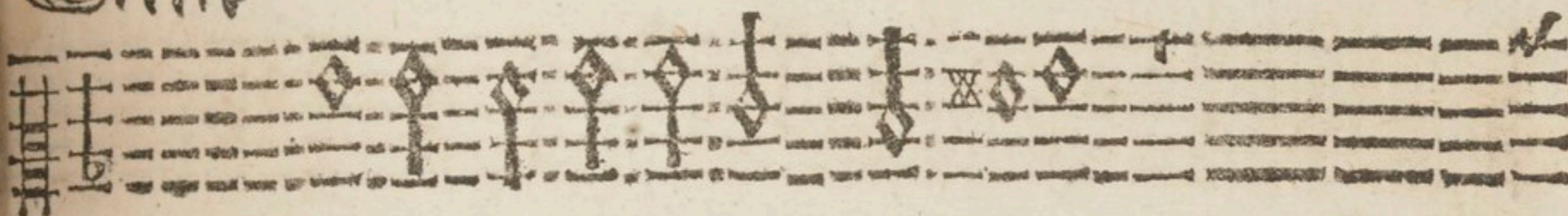


wierpense met hooghmoet Den dieren op den velden,

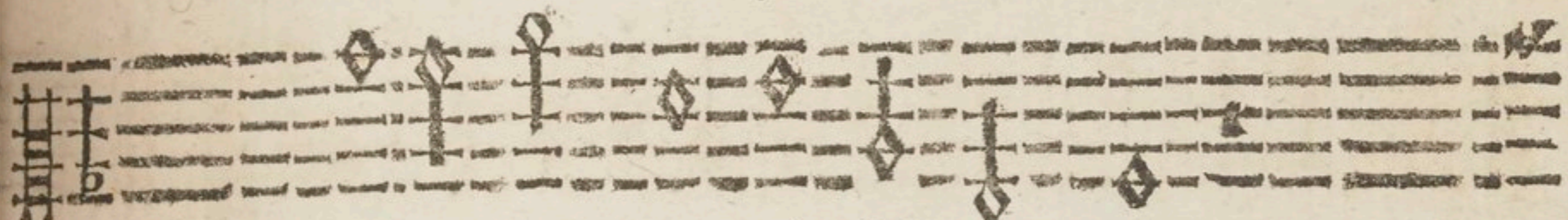




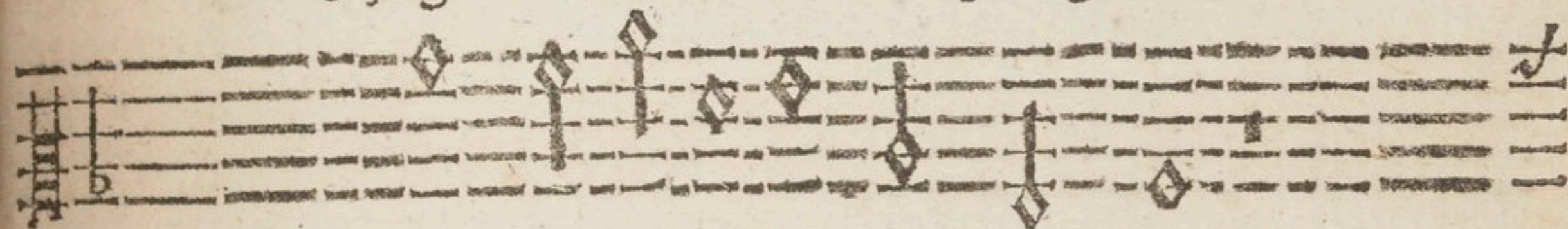
Hy Herder Israëls, wilt hooren,



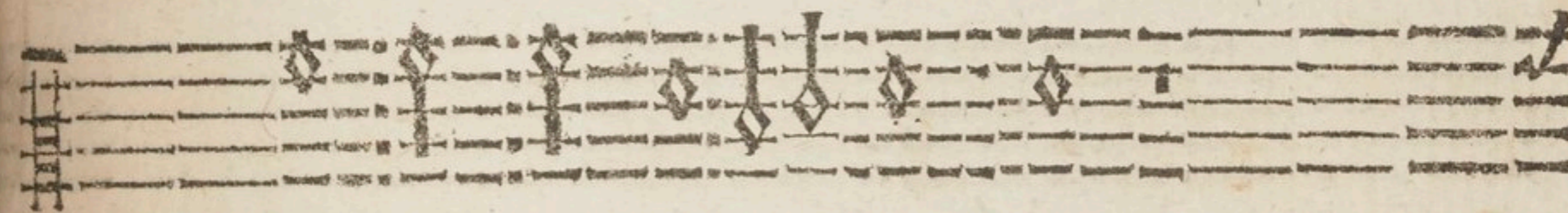
Die de kudde Josephs verkoren,



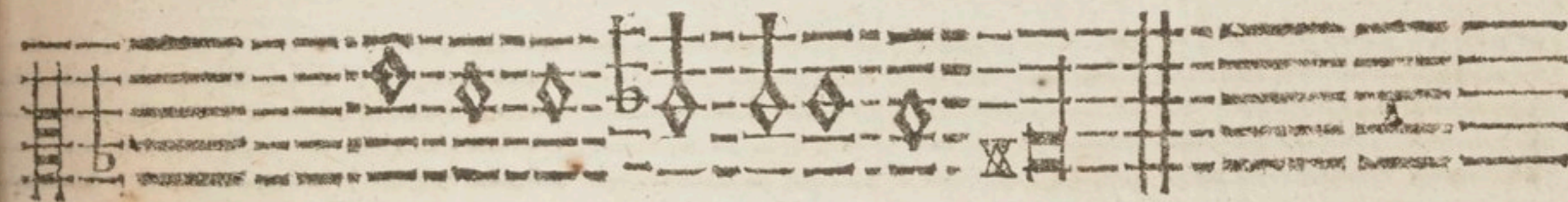
Uytgevoert hebt als schapen goet,



Toont ons u lieflick aenschijn soet,

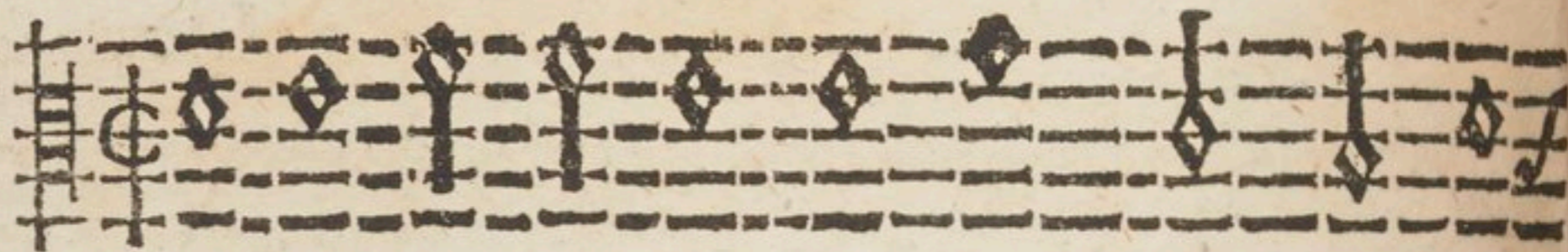


Ghy die hoogh sit in uwen Throon

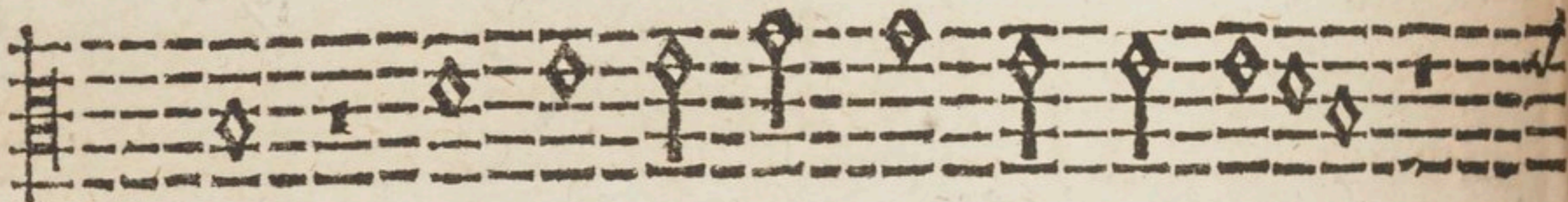


Boven den Cherubinen schoon.

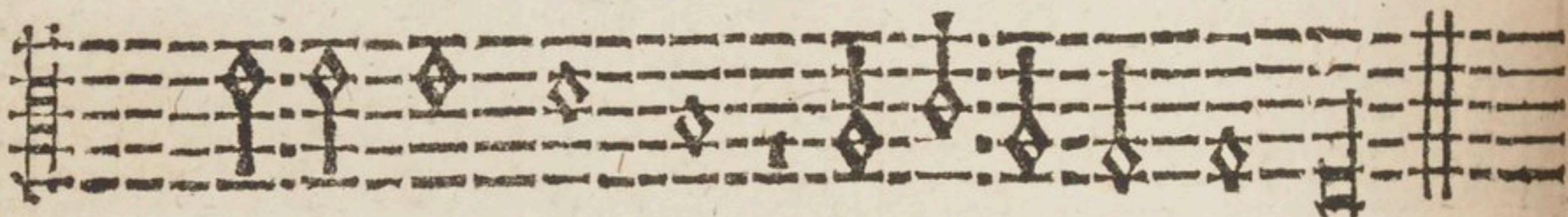




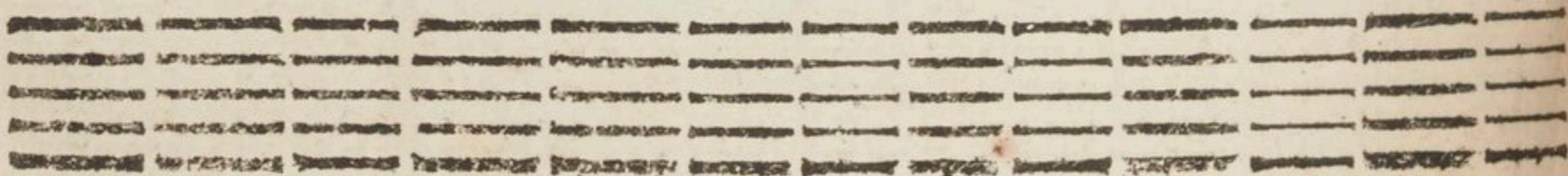
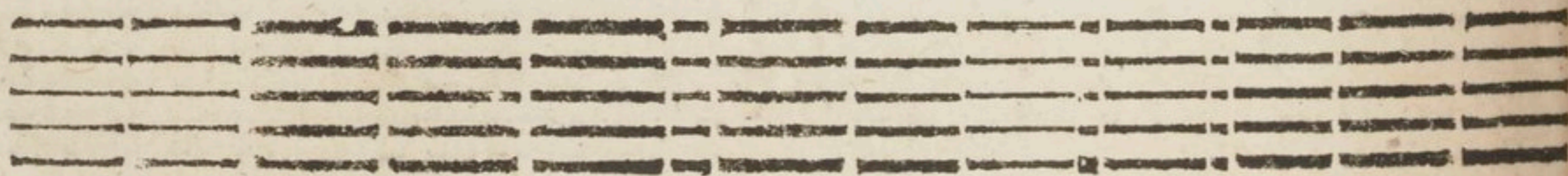
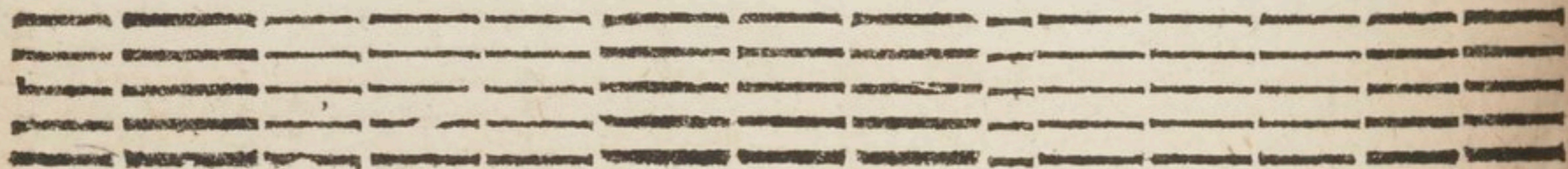
Ingt den Heere bly, Die onf' sterckt is krach-



tigh : Verheugt u oock vry In Godt Israël,




Bewijst hem met spel Prijs en eer aendachtigh.



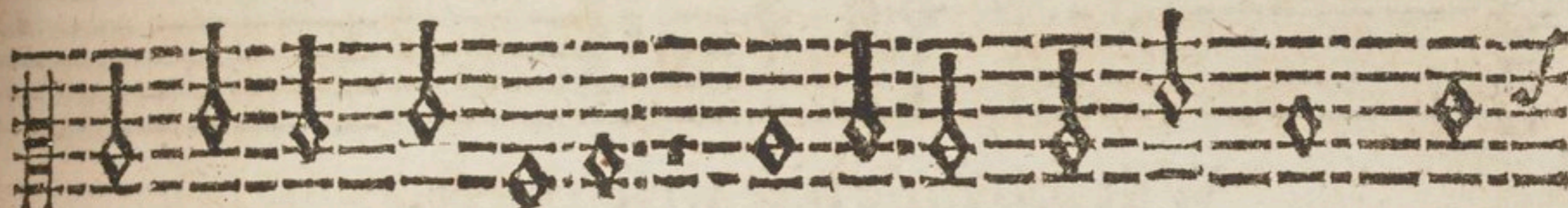


a 5.

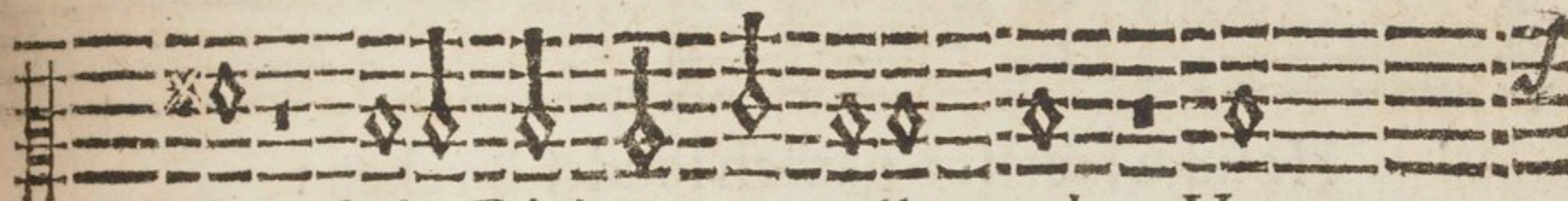
Wijse 46. een octave hoger.

**G** 

Odt is in de vyerschaer geseten Der Richtere-



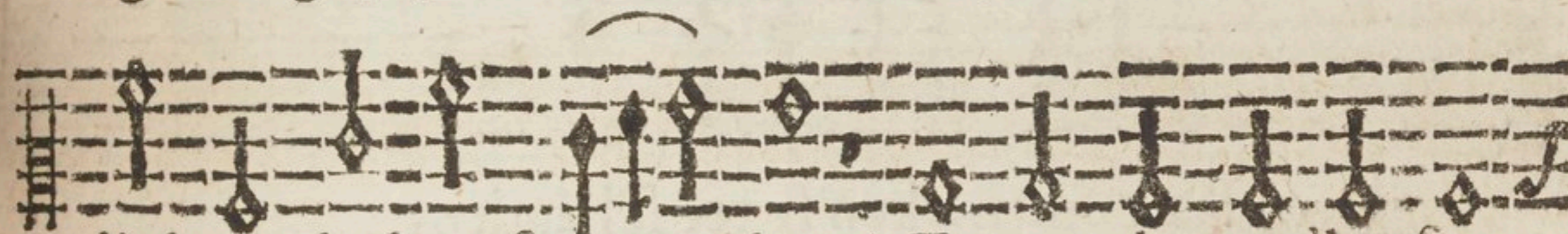
ren seer stout vermeten : Onder den Prinçen hoogh ge-



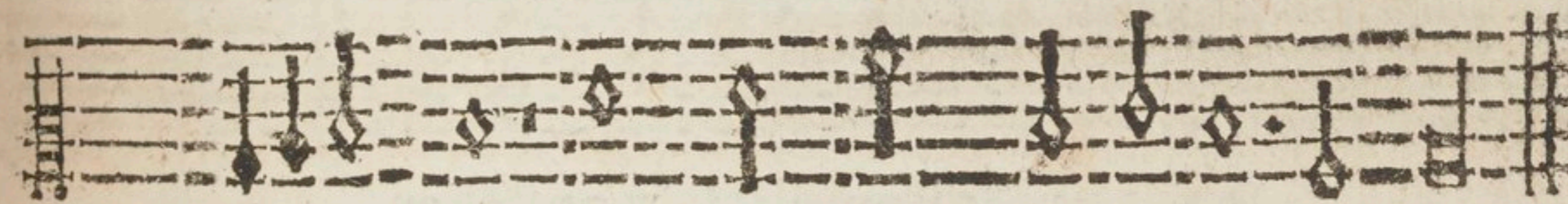
acht Is hy Richter met volle macht. Hoe



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

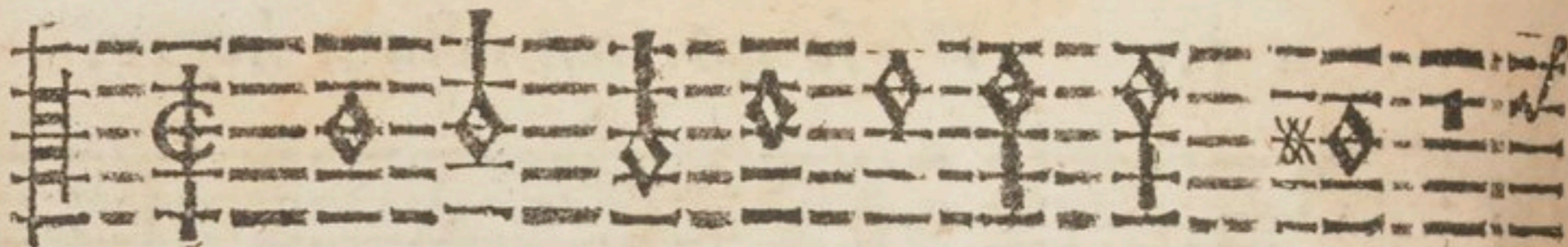


digh oordeel uytspre- ken? En met den godloosen

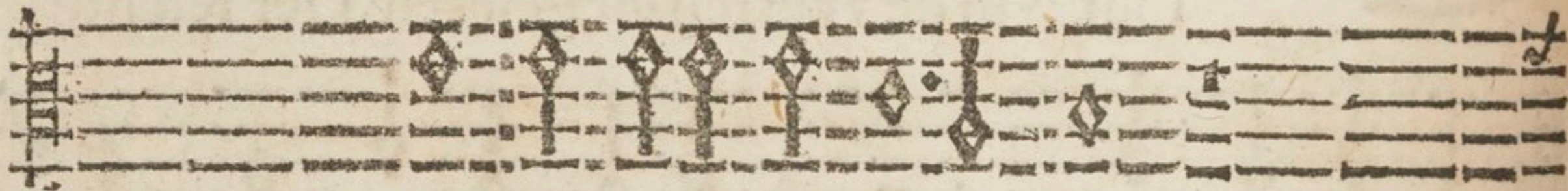


mitl- dien Soo schand'lick door de vingers sien?

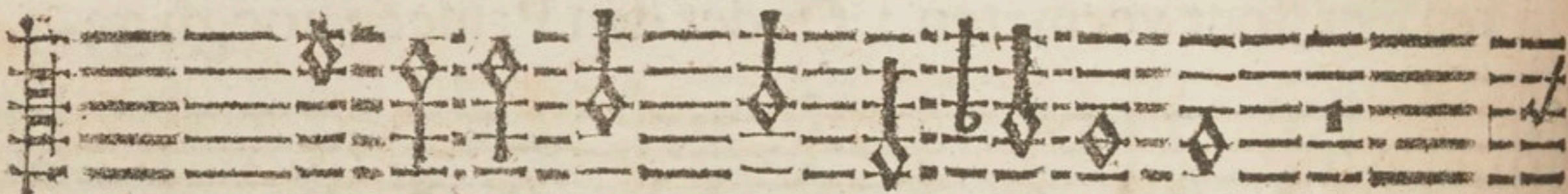




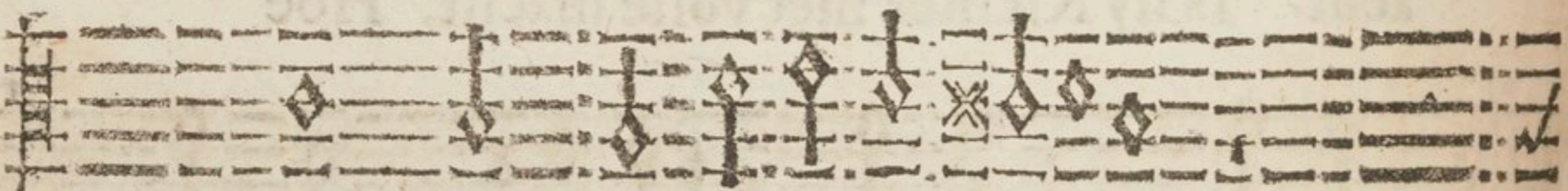
Ilt doch niet langer swijgen, Heer,



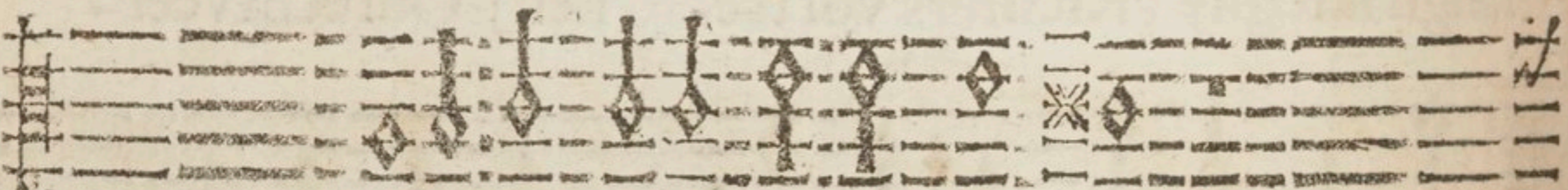
Wilt soo stille niet wesen meer,



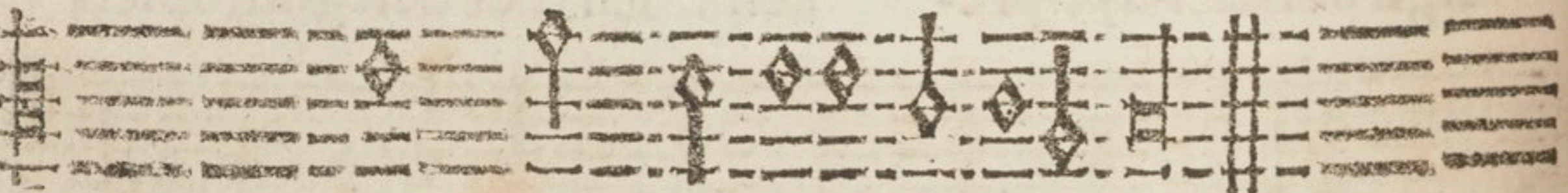
Houd u niet soo gansch sonder spreken :



Want t'faem woeden al uw' vyanden,



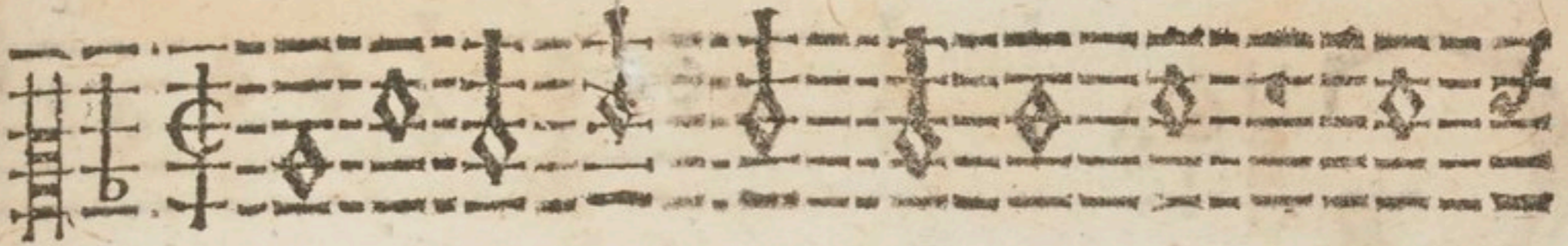
Rafende maken sy ter schanden,



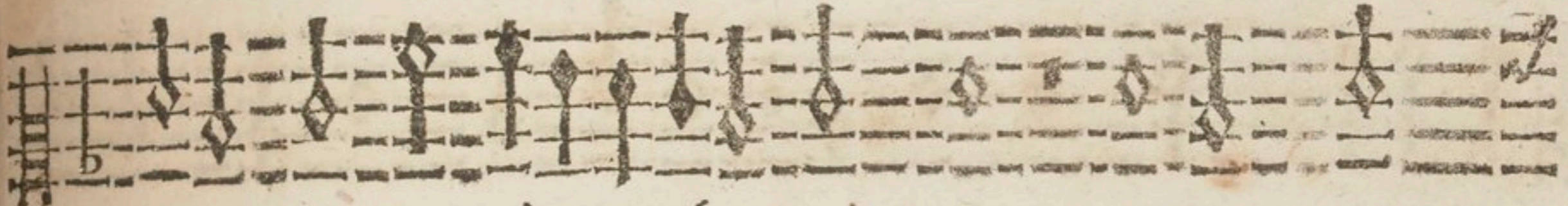
En't hoeft stoutelick sy opsteken.



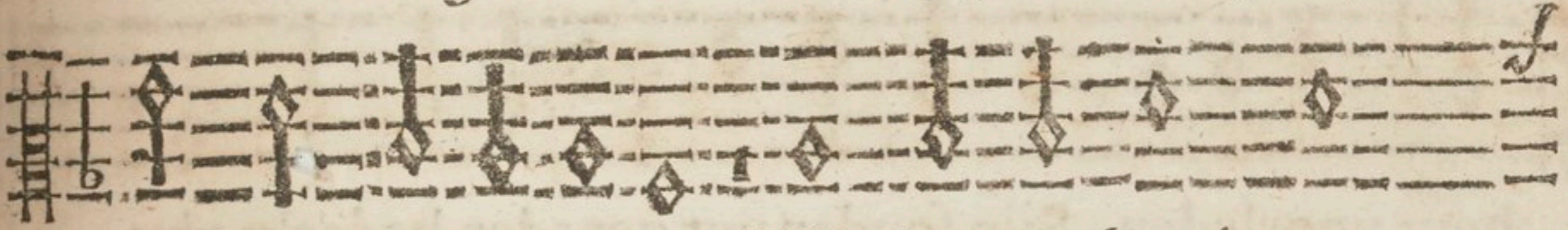
**H**



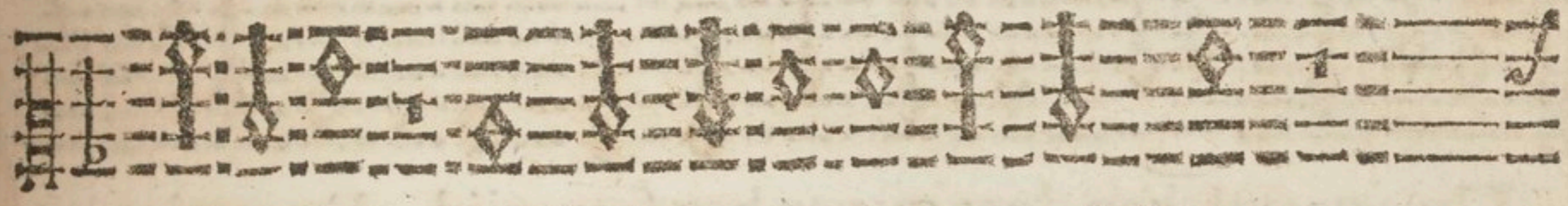
Oe lieflick, ô Heer, [en hoe reyn] Zijn



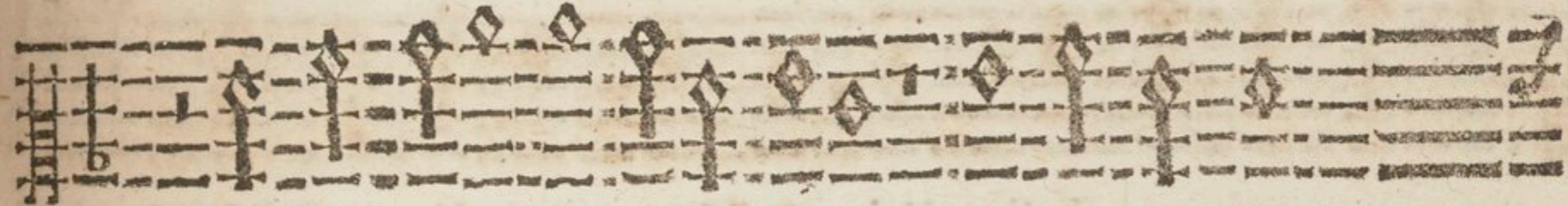
uwe wooningen niet kleyn! Lustigh zijns



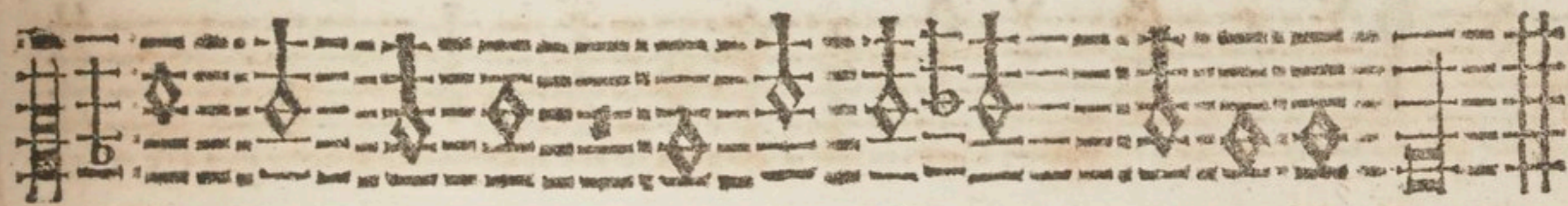
en schoon boven mate. Mijn hert verlaught met



allen seer, En sucht na uwen tempel, Heer,

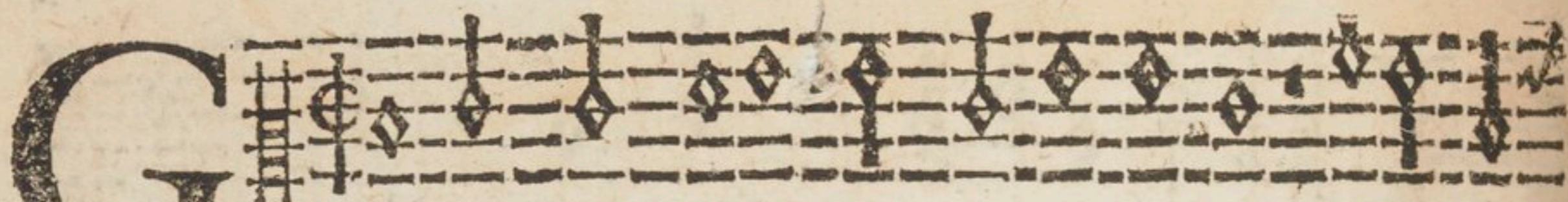


Mijn ziel en lijf in desen state Zijn in den wa-

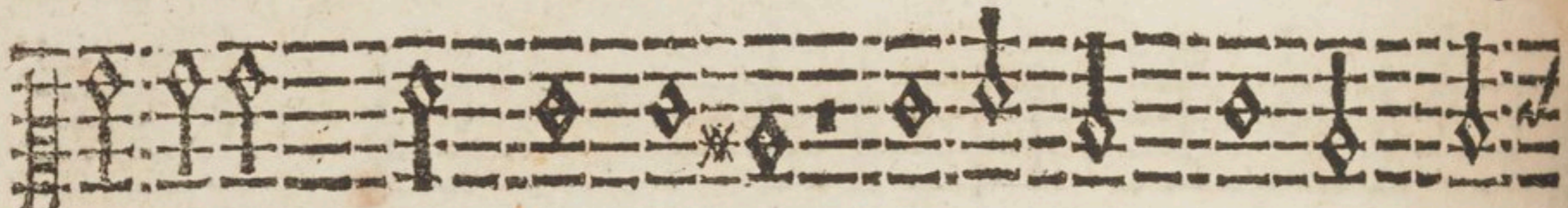


ren Godt verblijdt, En seer verheught tot deser tijdt.

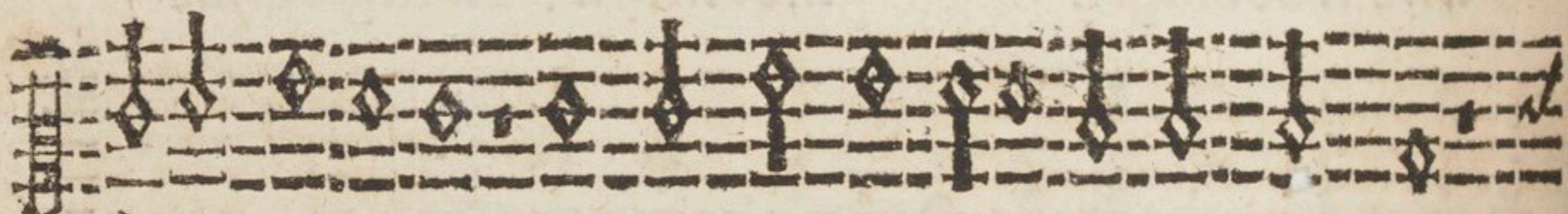


**G** 

Y zigt, Heer, met u volck nu te vreden, Jacobs ge-



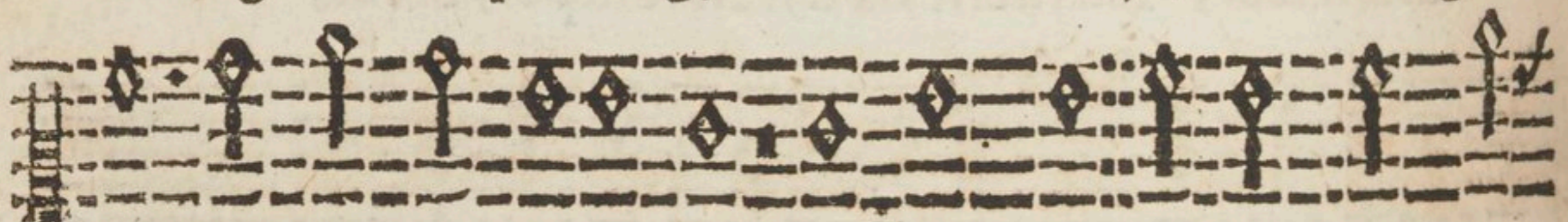
vangenen maectt gy oock vry, En vergeeft des volcx boof-



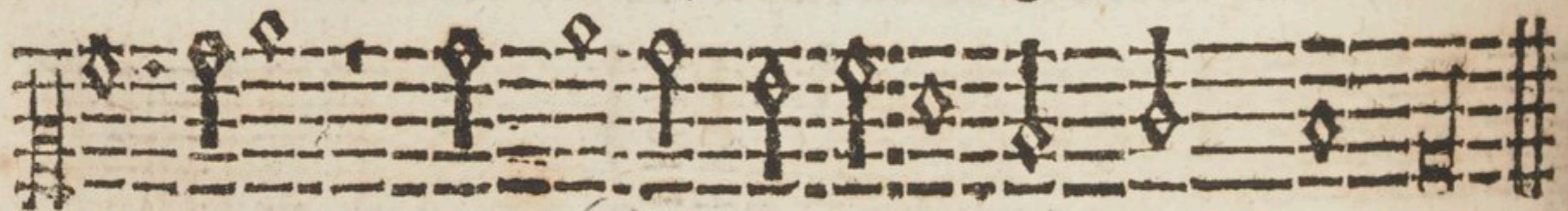
heyt voorleden ; Sijn sonden uyt genaden bedeckt ghy



Uwe gramschap doet gy van hen seer wijd, En matigt



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



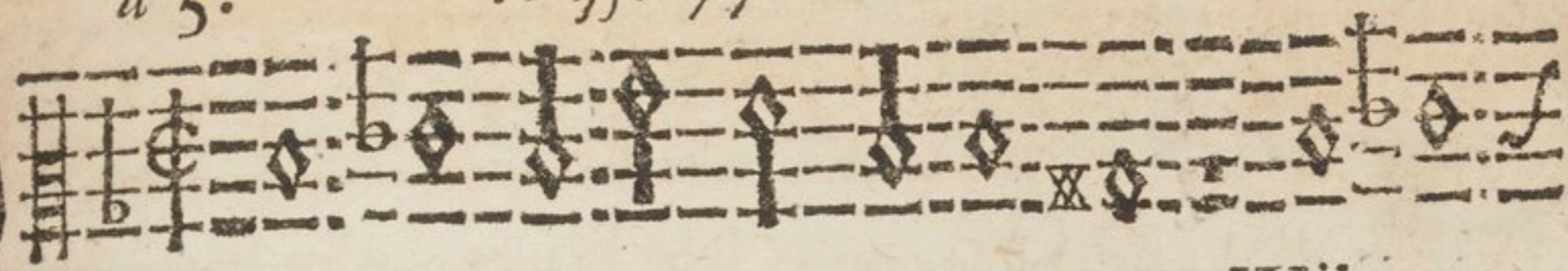
zigt alleyn, Helpt ons op, stilt uwe gramschap niet kleyn.



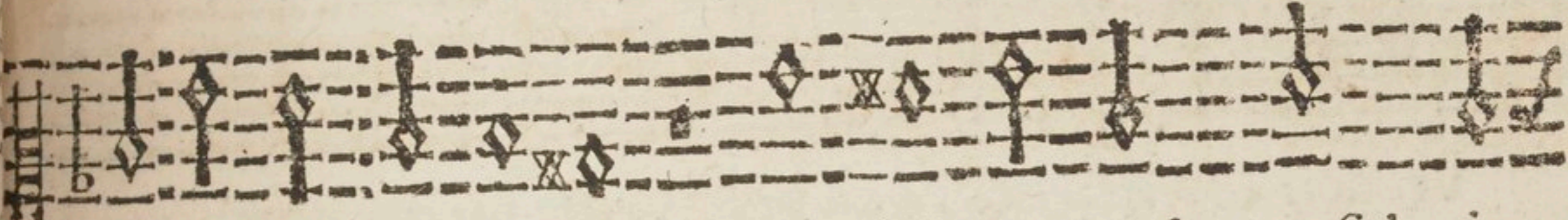
a 5.

Wijse 77.

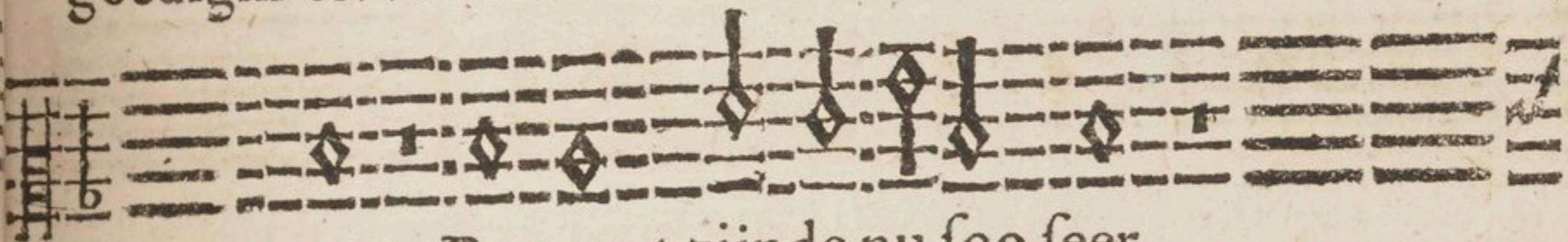
O



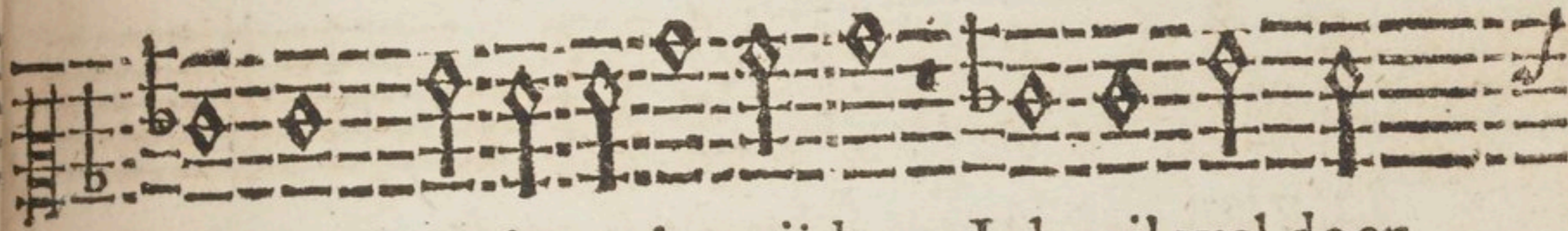
Heer, opent my uw' ooren, Wilt my



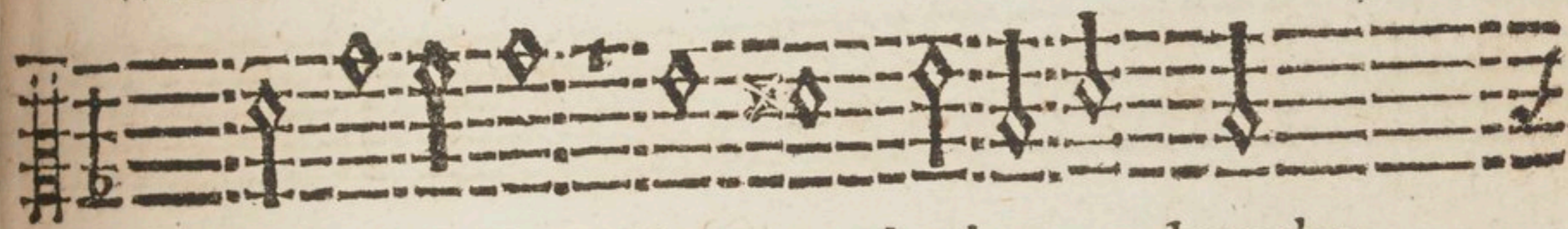
goedighlick verhooren, Want ick vermach gantsch niet



meer, Benauwt zijnde nu soo seer,



Wilt doch mijn leven bevrijden, Ick wil wel doen



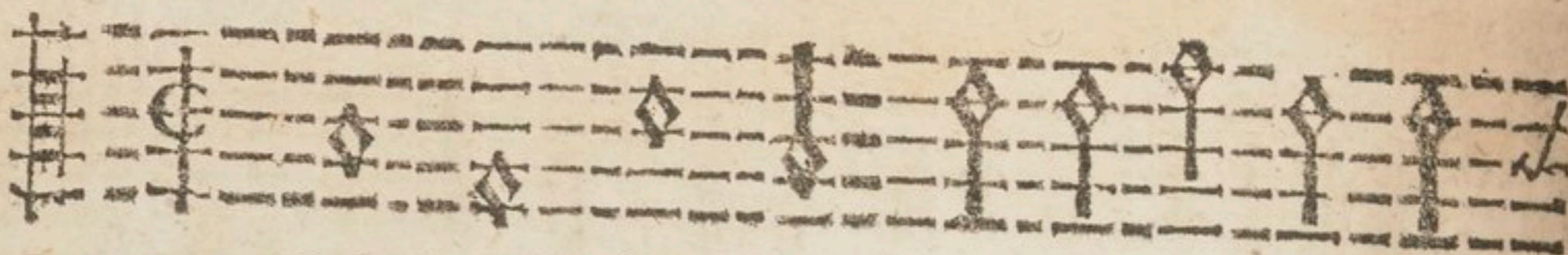
met verblijden, Bewaert doch uwen knecht



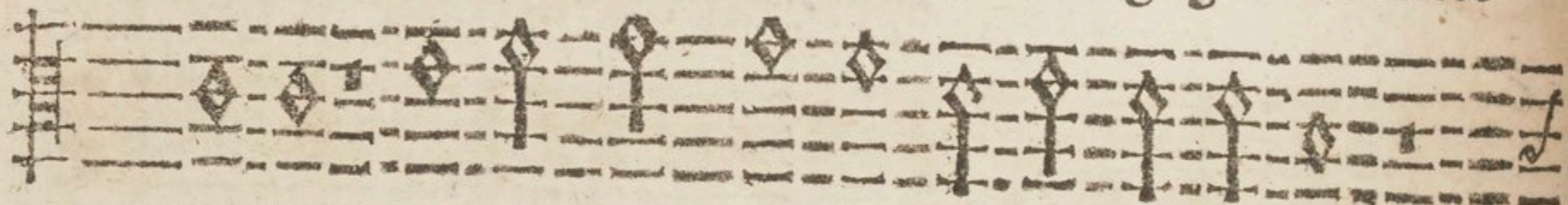
vroet, Die u vertrouwt, ô Heer goet.



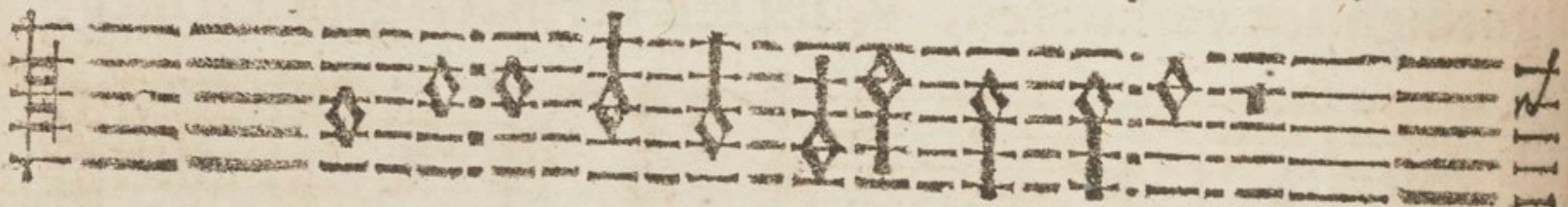
G



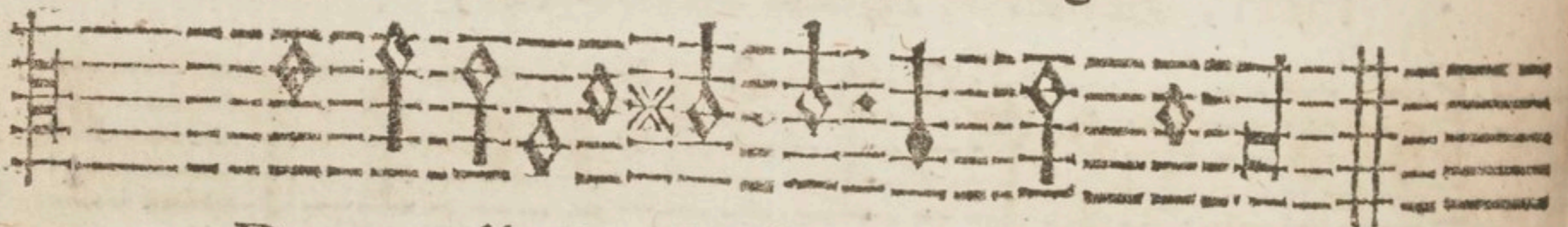
Odt heeft fijn Huys vast gegrondet met



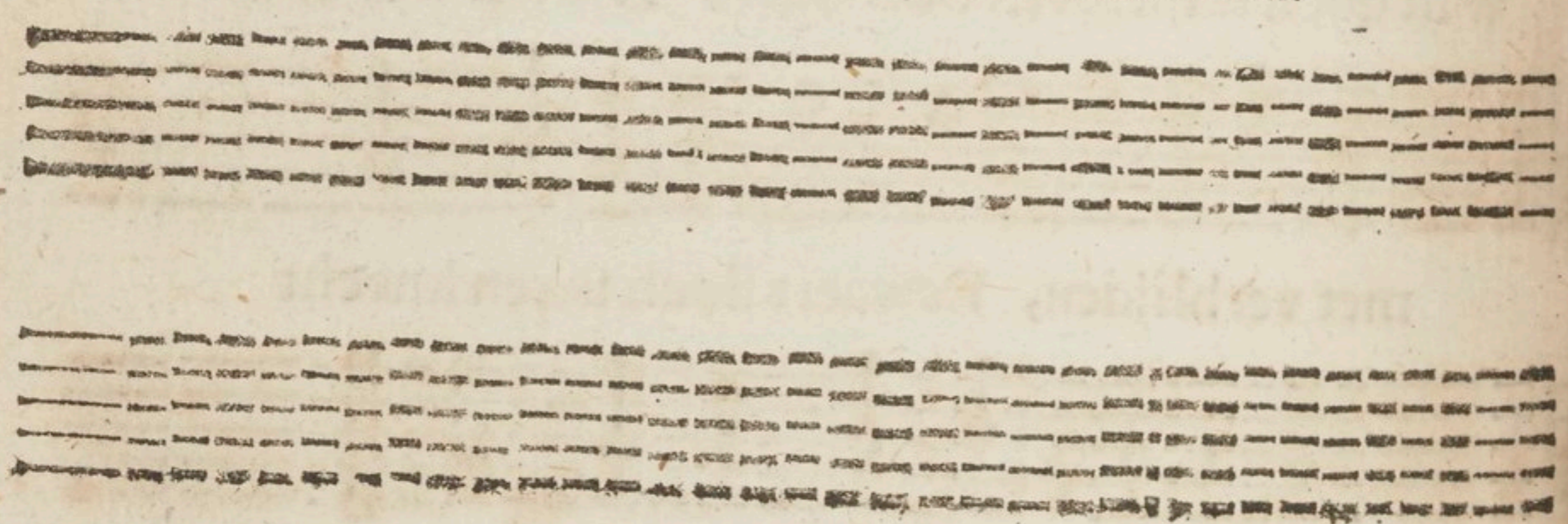
vreden Op den heyl'gen bergen die hy bemint,



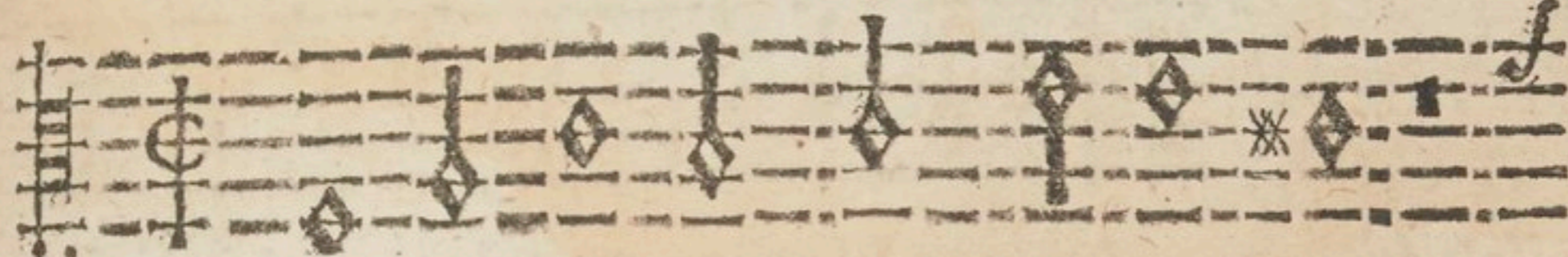
Tot Zions poorten is hy meer gesint



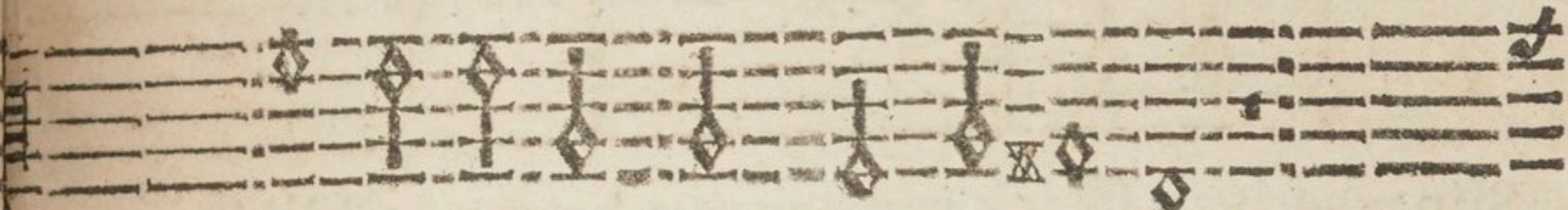
Dan tot alle Jacobs schoone woonsteden.



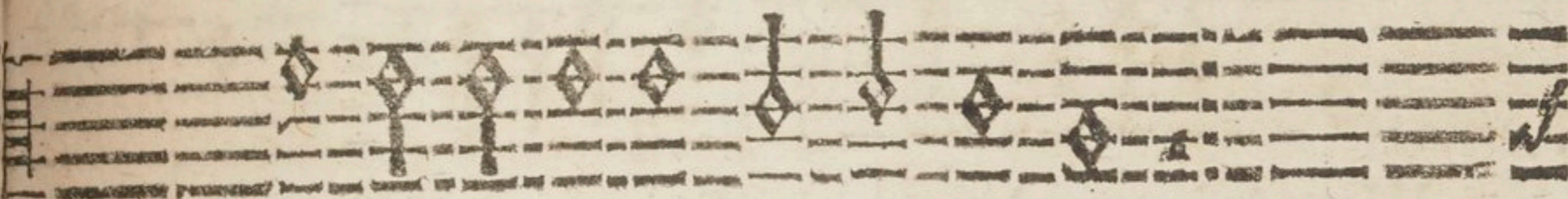




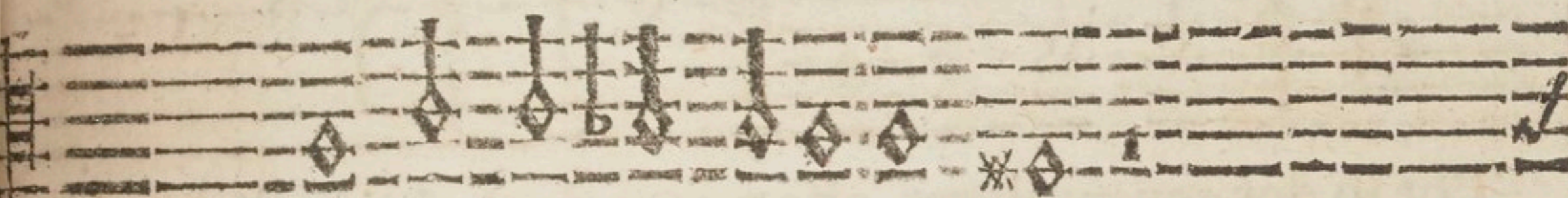
Eer, die my dus langh hebt behoedt :



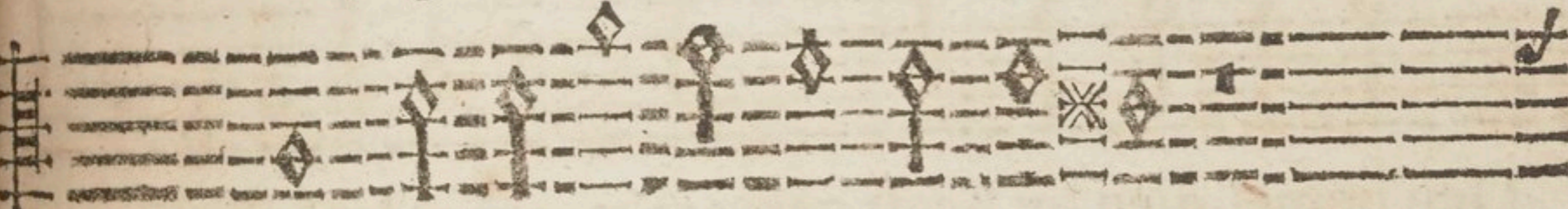
Ick roep altijdt met groot verlangen;



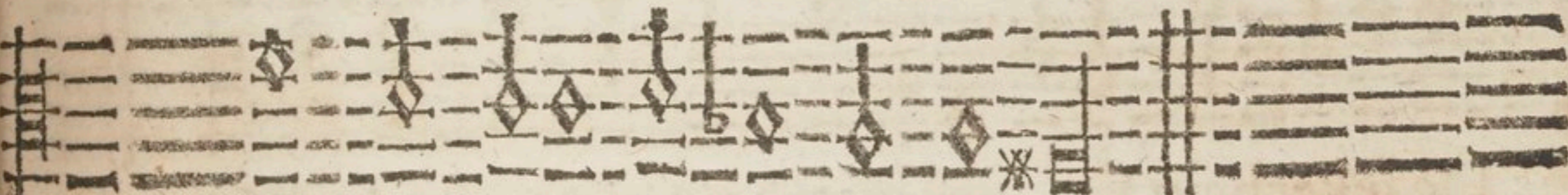
Laet tot u komen, wilt ontfangen



Mijn gebedt, uyt genaden goet :



Wilt vriendelick neygen uw' ooren,

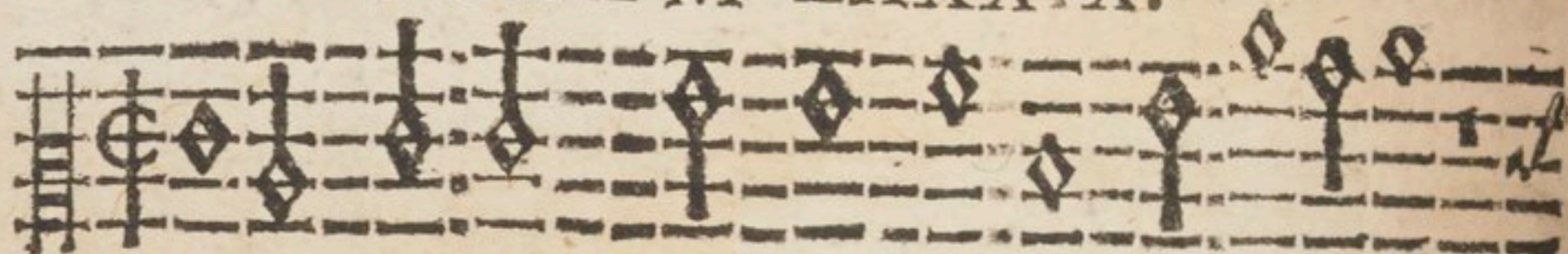


En mijn gestadigh klagen hooren.

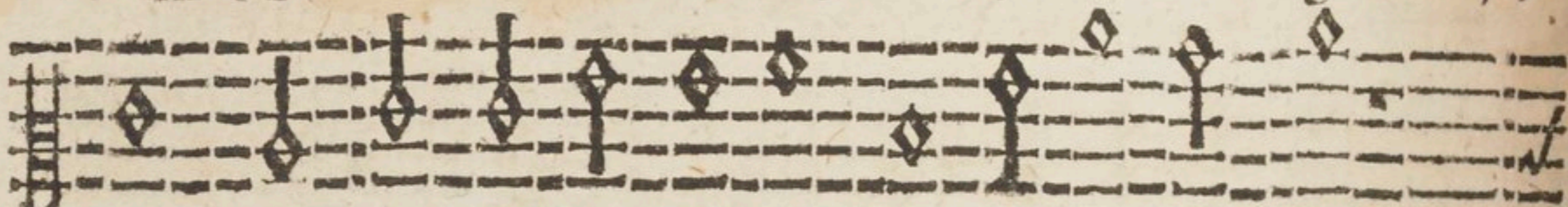


Contra-Tenor.

PSALM LXXXIX.



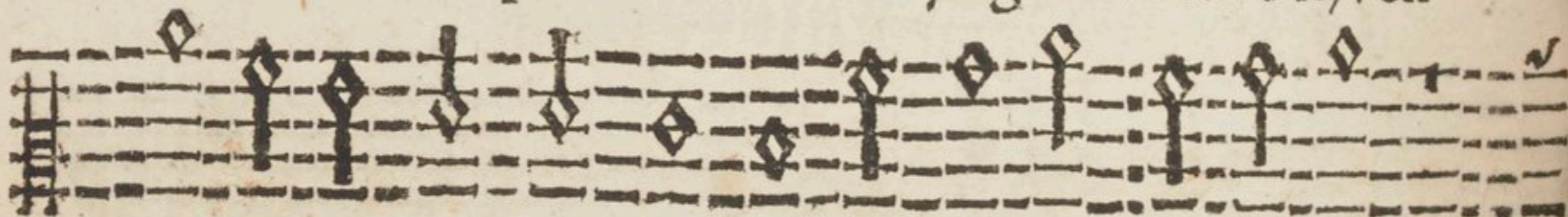
An des Heeren goetheyt sal ick singen altijt,



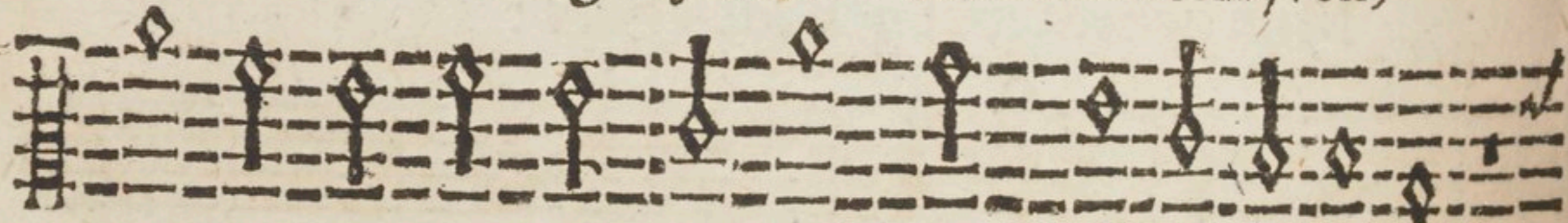
Sijn waerheyt sal ick roemen met herten verblijdt :



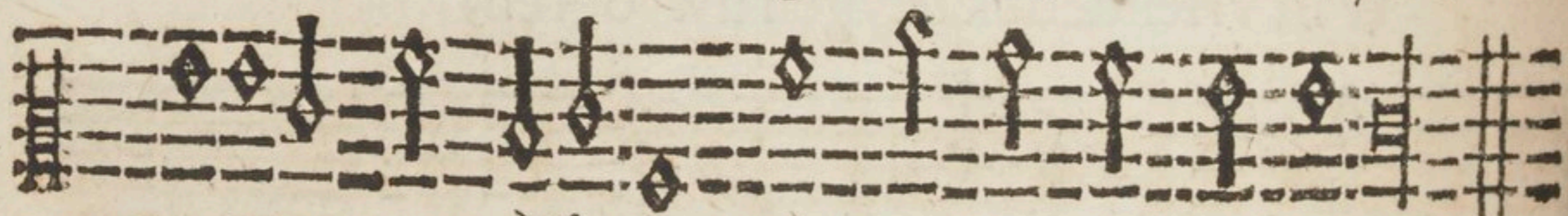
Want 't is openbaer, dat sijn genade sal blijven



Tot in der eeuwicheyt, alsoo men fiet beklijven,



Den hemel, dien hy heeft gemaect, om te bewijsen,



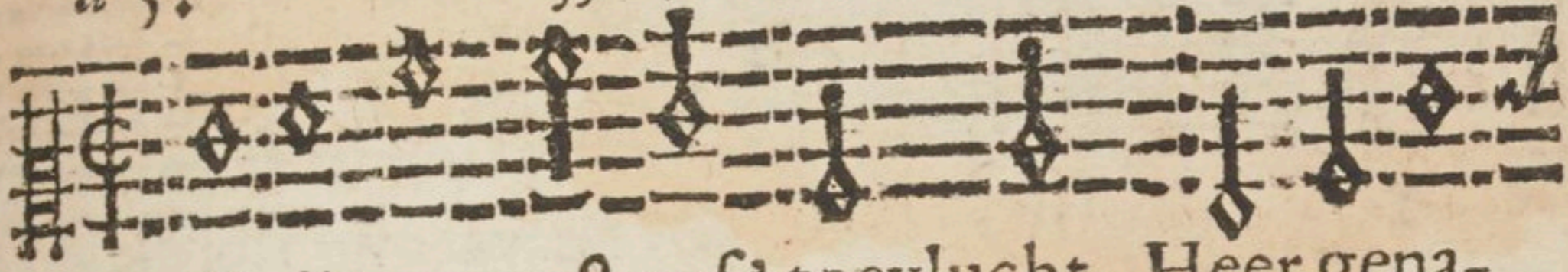
De sekerheyt sij- ner waerheyt niet om volprijsen.



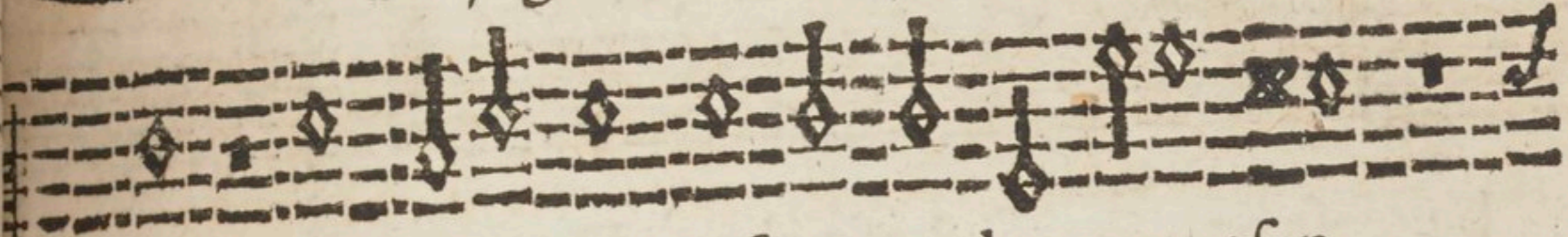
a 5.

Wijse 78.

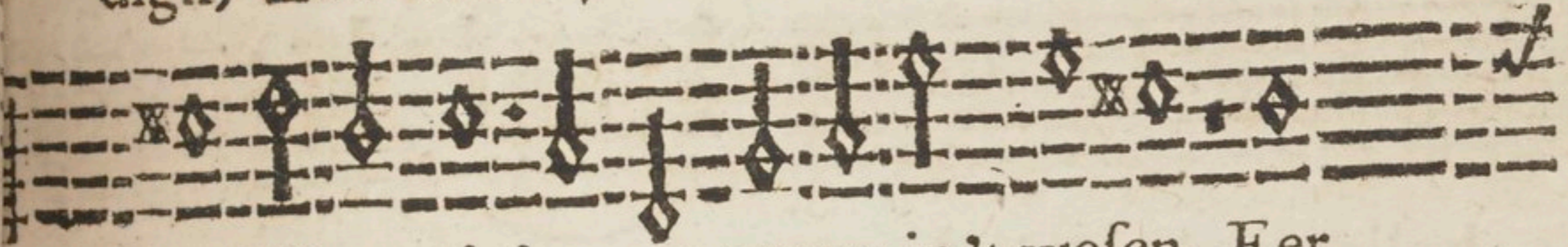
**G**



Y zijt geweest onf' toevlucht, Heer gena-



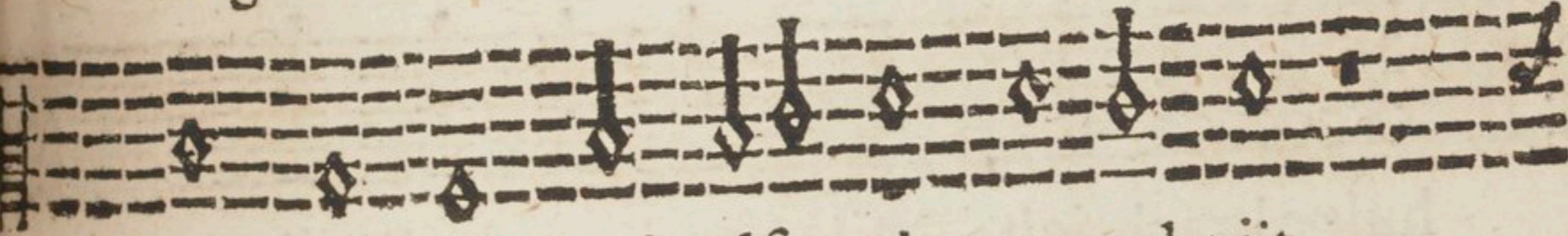
digh, En t' aller tijdt onf' toeverlaet gepresen,



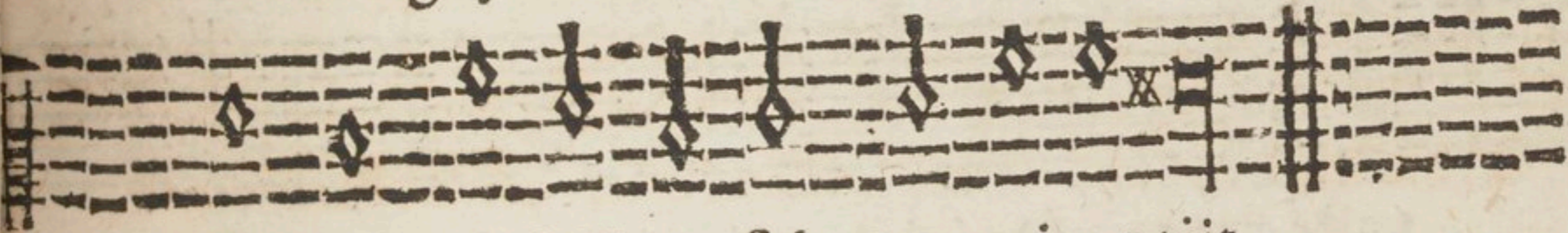
Ja selfs eer de bergen waren in 't wesen, Eer



dat gemaect werdt 't aerdtrijck ongestadigh,



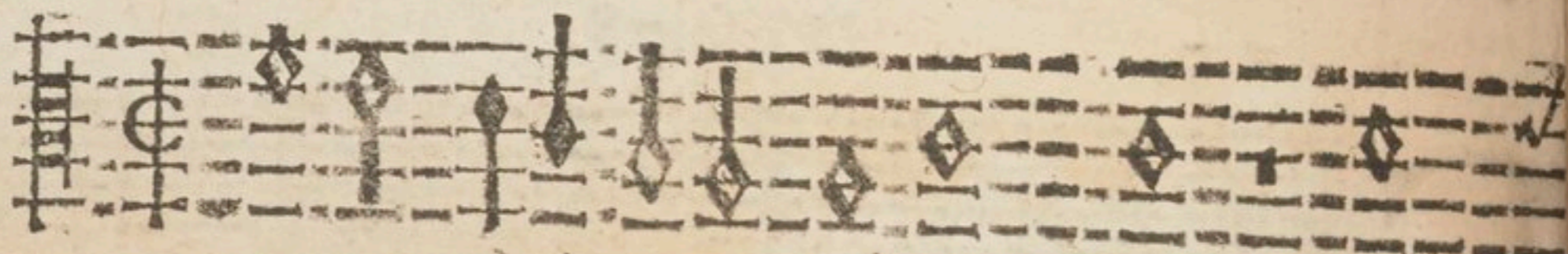
Soo waert ghy Godt, alsoo ghy nu oock zijt,



En voortoen blijven sult t' eeuwiger tijt.



**D**



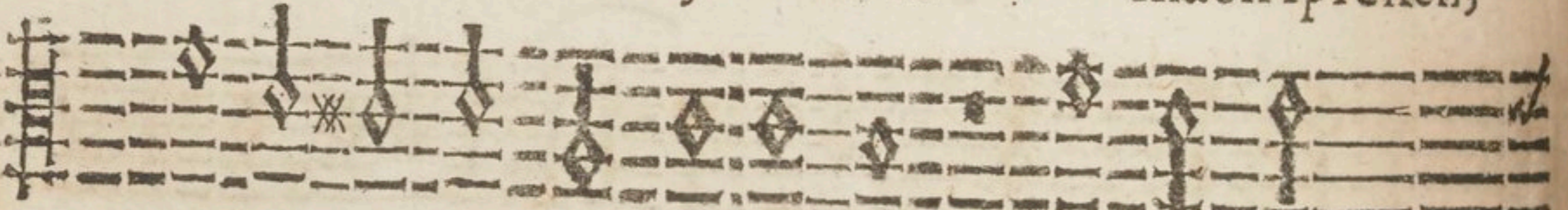
Ie in Go- des bewaring' sterck Hem



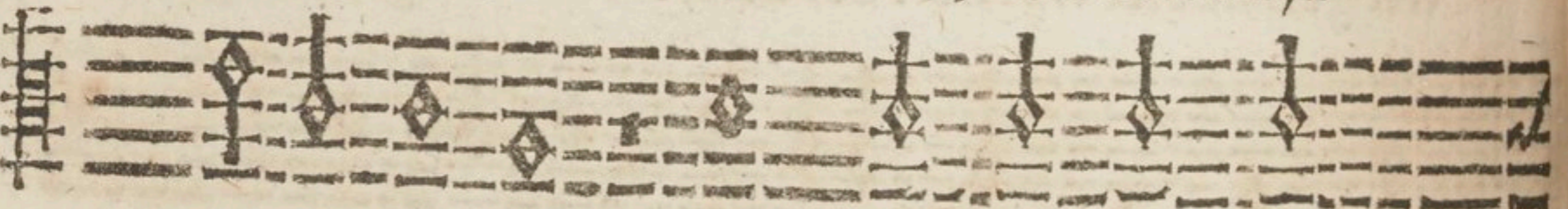
begeeft on- besweken, Die woont in een vast



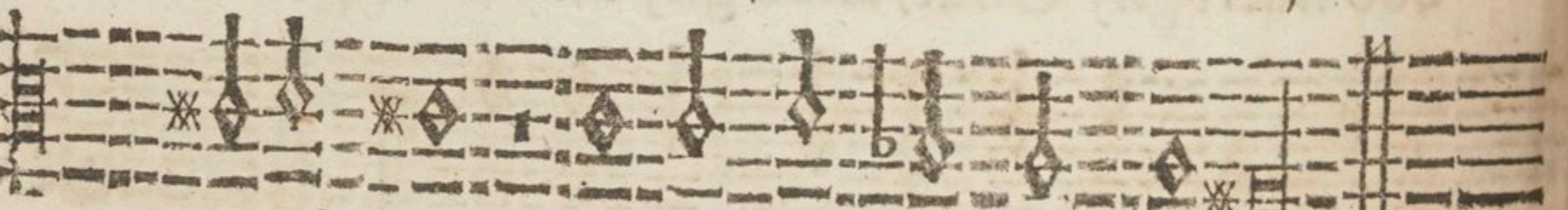
bollewerck, Dies hy seer wel mach spreken,



En seggen by hem t'aller stont, Godt is mijn



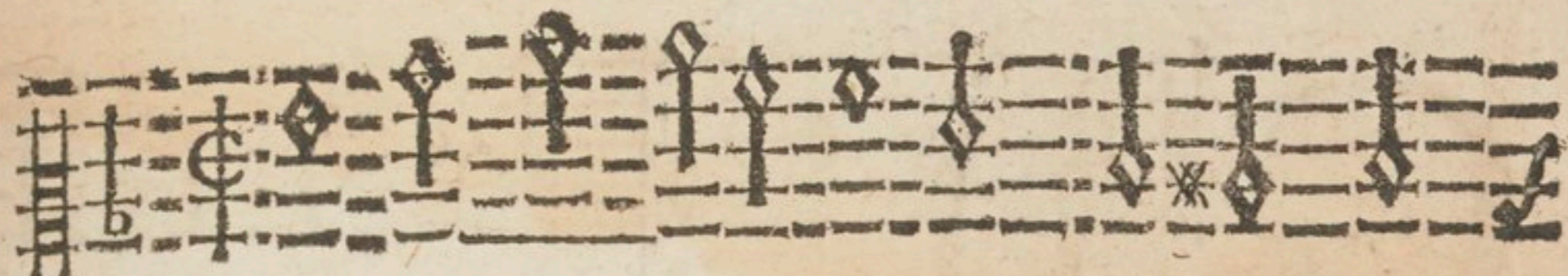
hulpe krachtigh, Mijn borcht en oock mijn



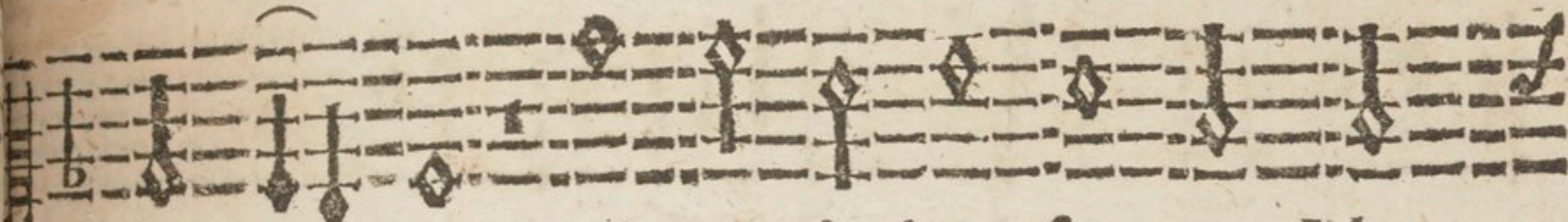
vasse gront, Daer ick op hoop eendrachtigh.



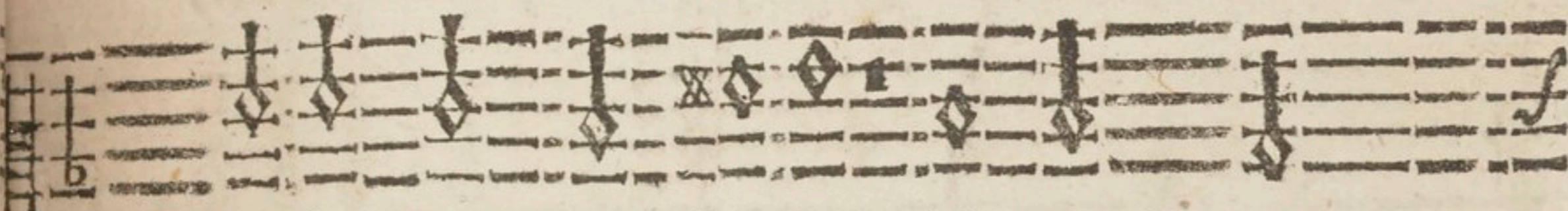
**H**



Et zijn heerlicke dingen Als men u



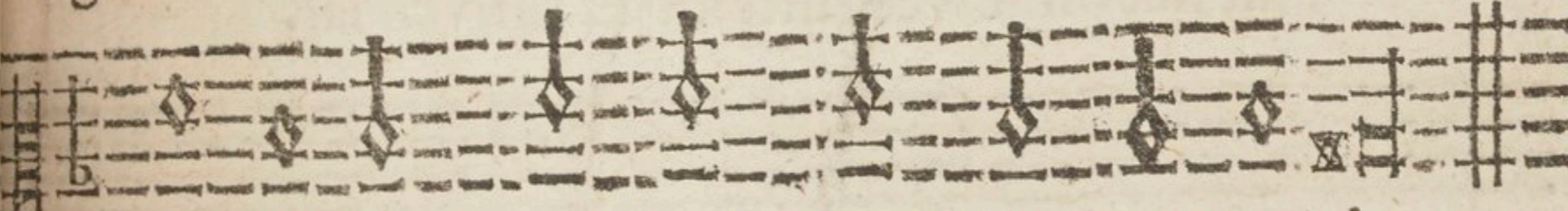
looft, ô Heer, Als men des hoogstens eer Met



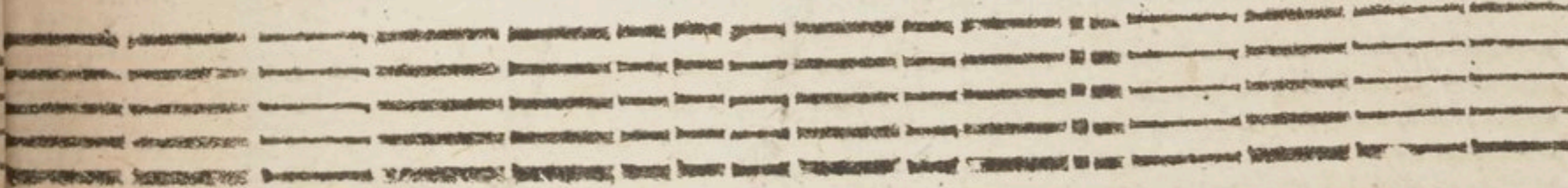
herten goet mach singen ; Als men 's mor-



gens verkondet Des Heeren goedigheyt, En sijn ge-



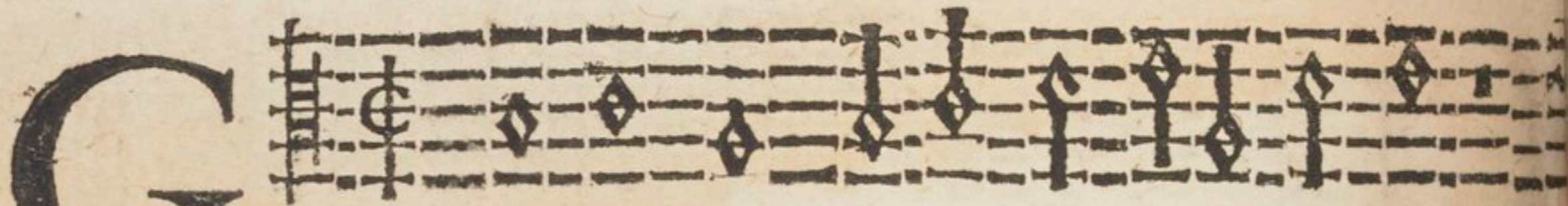
trouwigheyt Des nachts oock steeds vermondet.





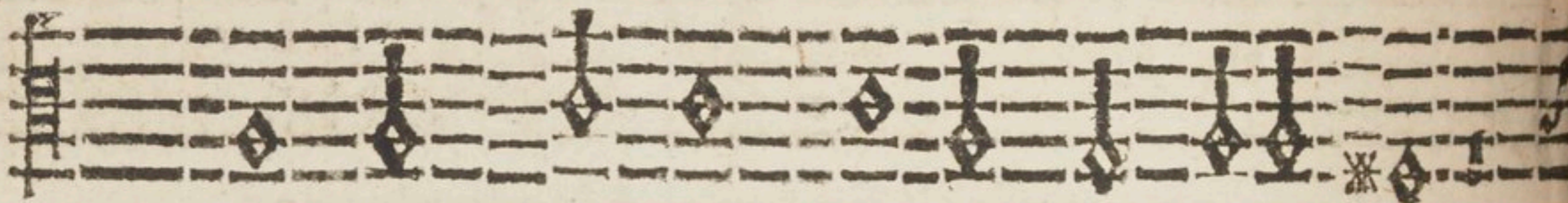
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM XCIII.

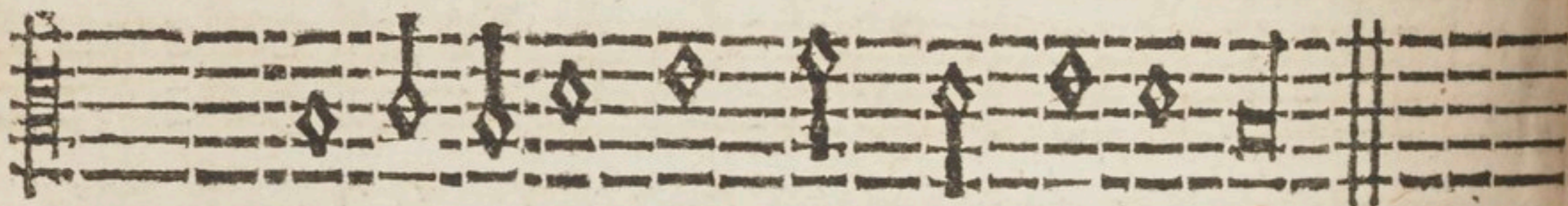
**G**   
Odt regeert, zijnde met eeren bekleet,



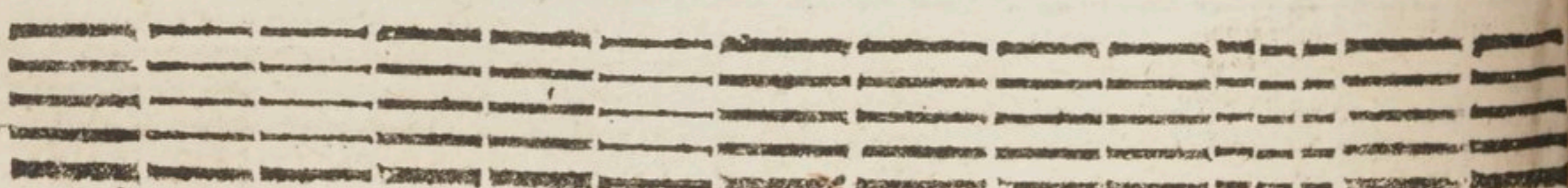
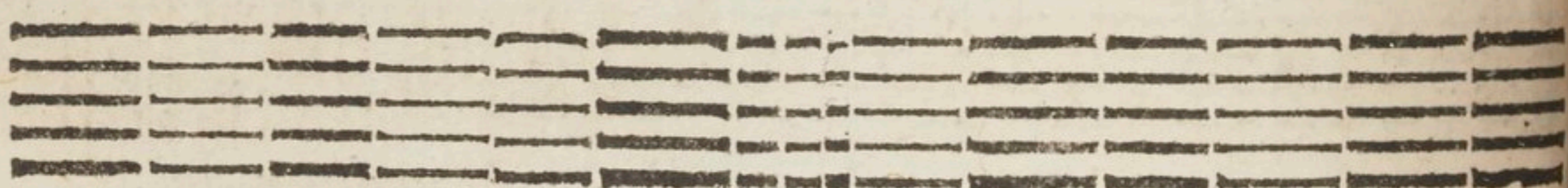
Hy is ver-  $\zeta$ iert met kracht wijt ende breed,



En heeft 't aerdtrijck vast gemaectt over al,

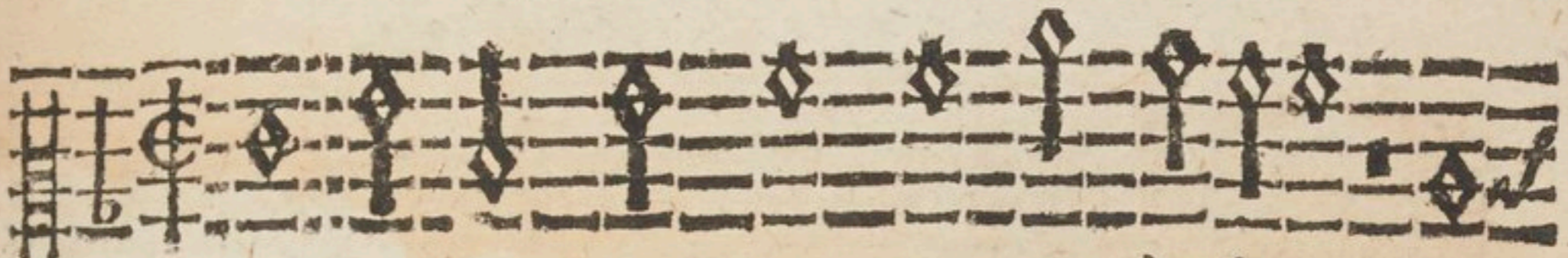


Dat het onbeweeghlick wel blijven sal.

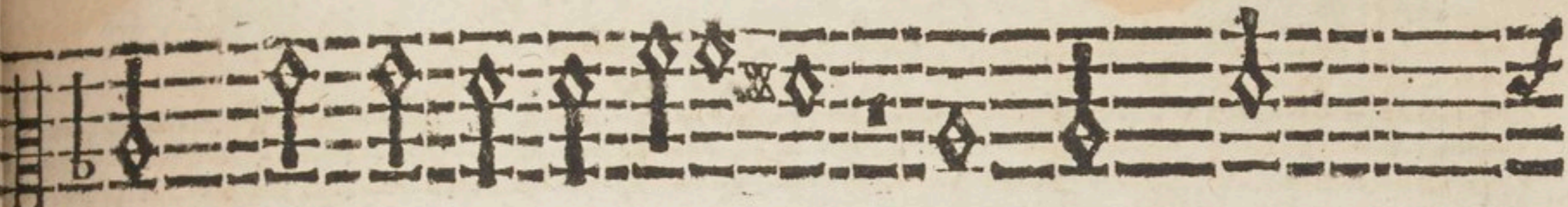




O



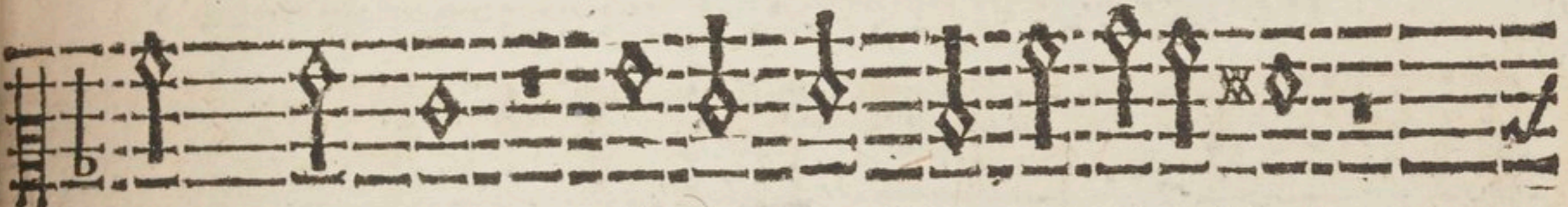
Godt, ghy die Godt zijt der wraken, En



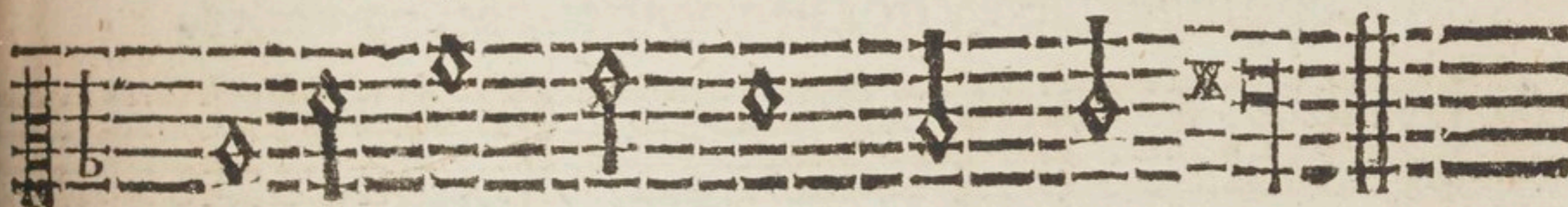
hard' straft all' onrechte saken, Verschijnt, toont



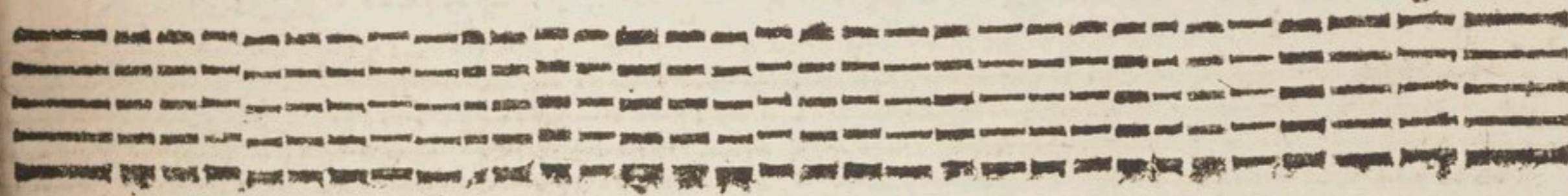
u in 't openbaer, Maeckt u op ghy die



richt 't aerdtrijck, Betaelt den stouten al gelijk,



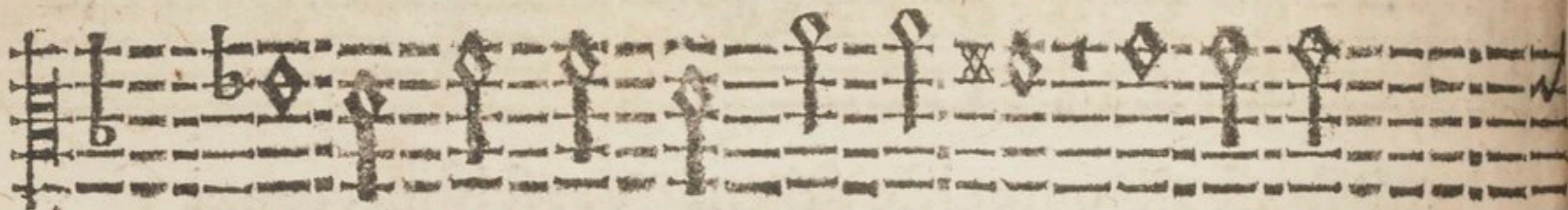
Na verdienst haers hooghmoets seer swaer.



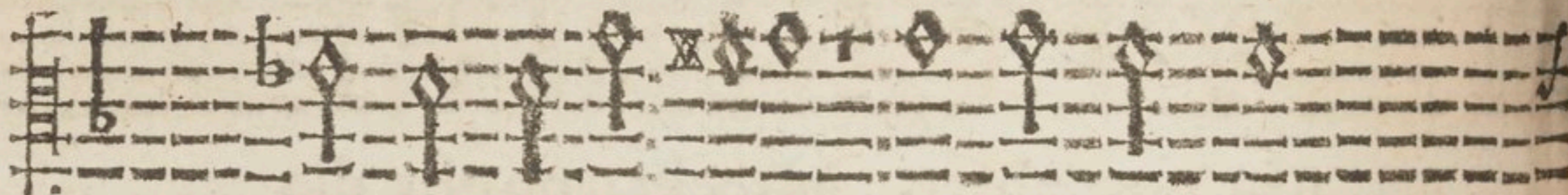




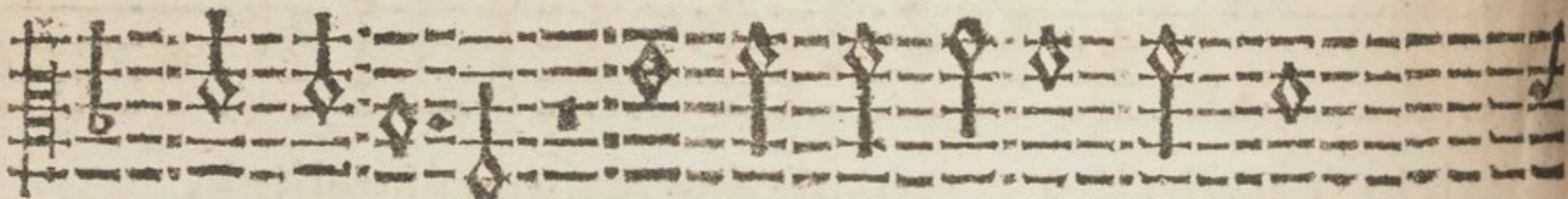
Omt laet ons blijd' zijn in den Heer,



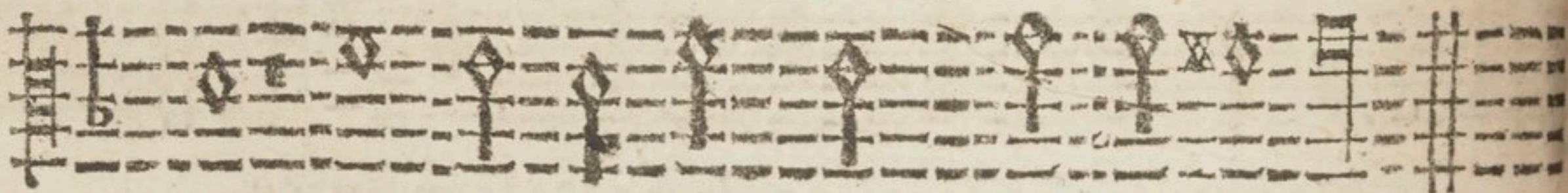
En met sang verbreyden sijn eer, Hy is onf'



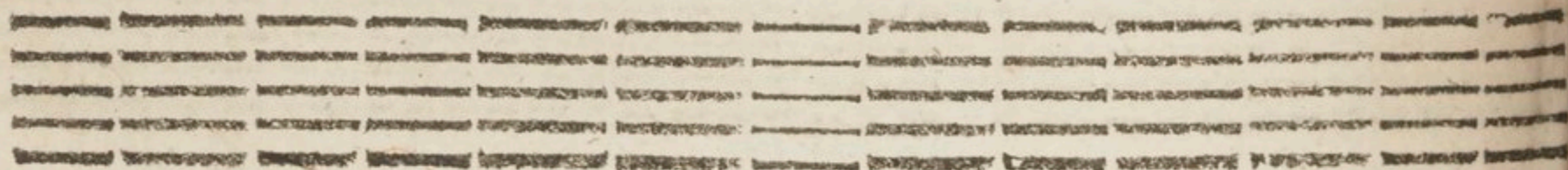
trooft en heyl alleyne, Laet ons met danck-



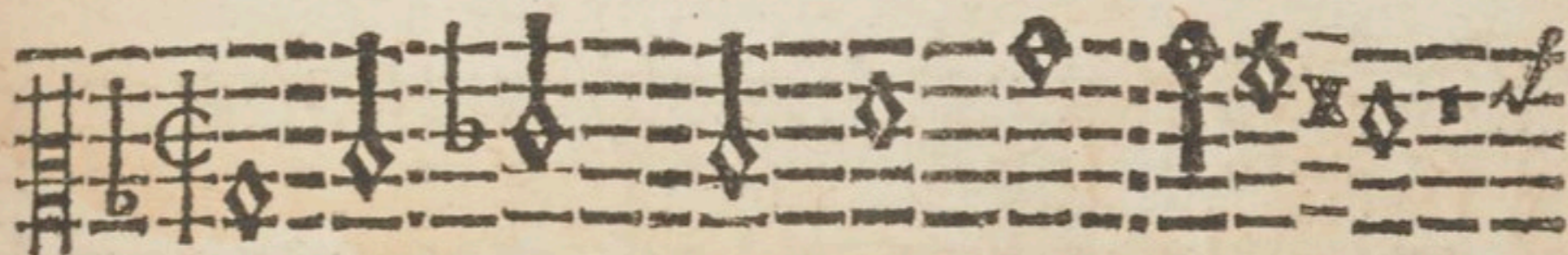
fegginge gaen Voor sijn aengesicht, en voort-



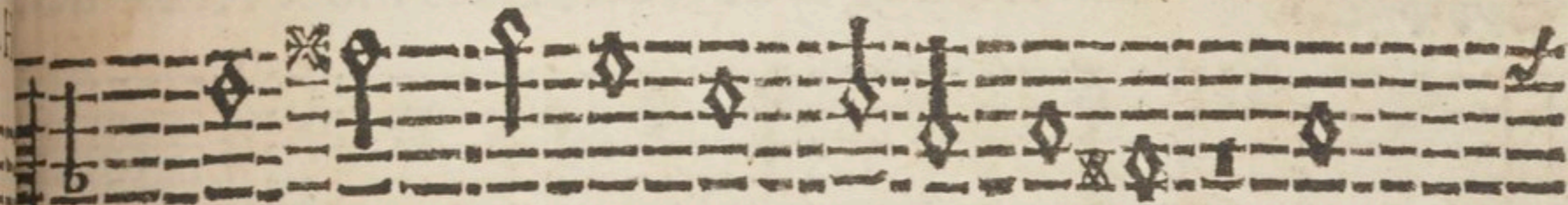
aen Hem singen met vreughd' psalmen reyne.



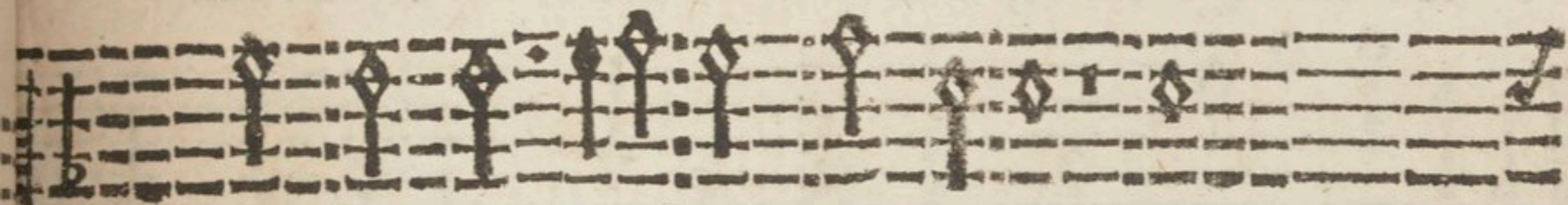




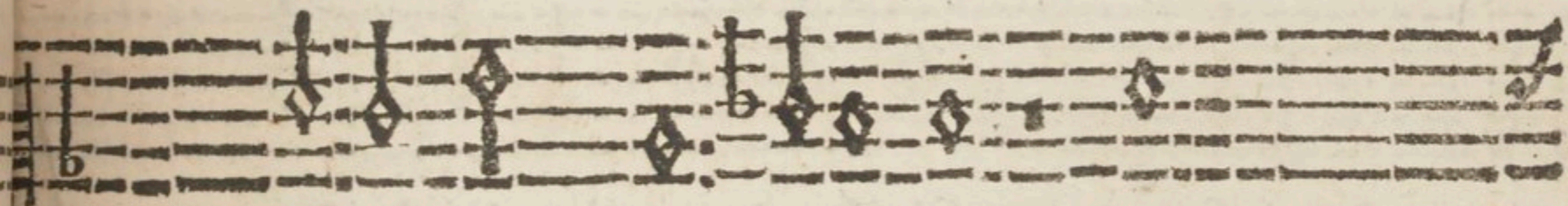
Inght een nieuw liedt den Heer gepresen,



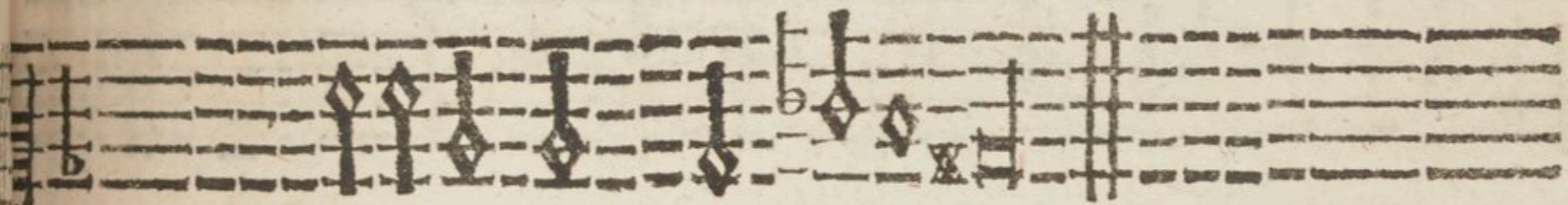
Singht ghy volcken, wilt vrolick wesen, Looft



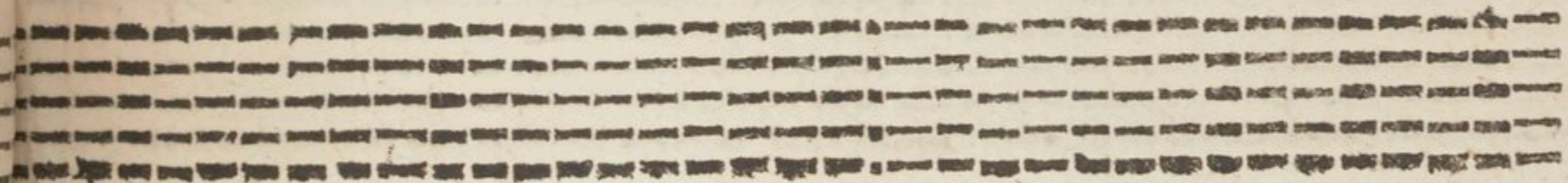
en prijft sij- nen Naem altijt, En



verkondight breet ende wijt Godts



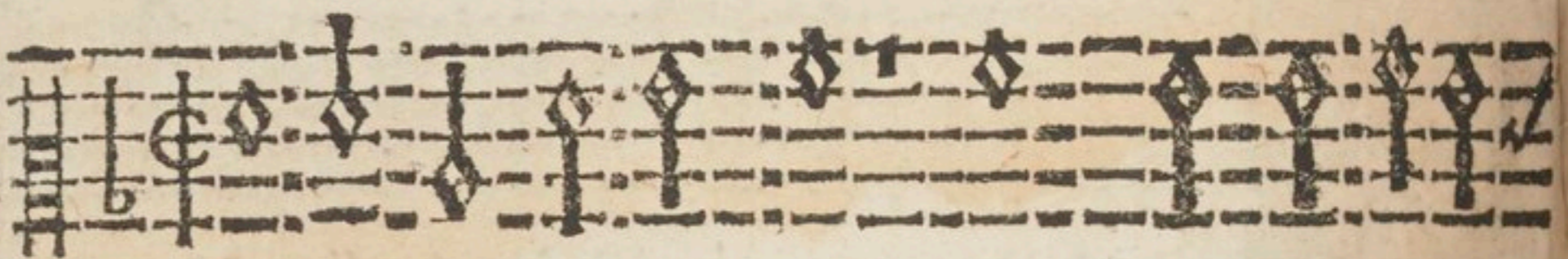
verlossingen groot mitsdesen.



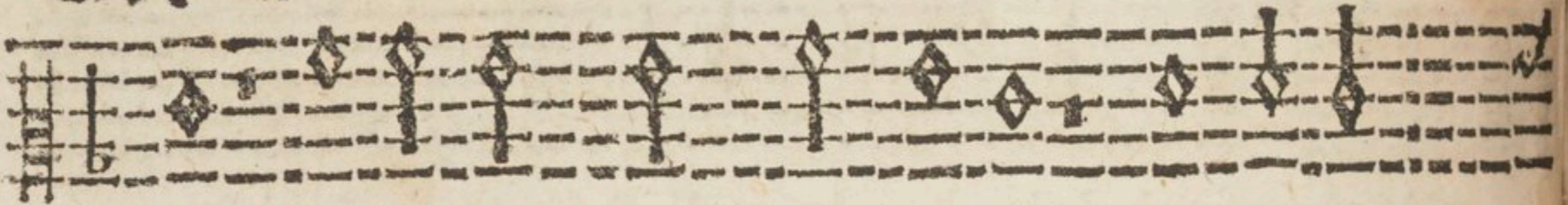


Contra-Tenor.

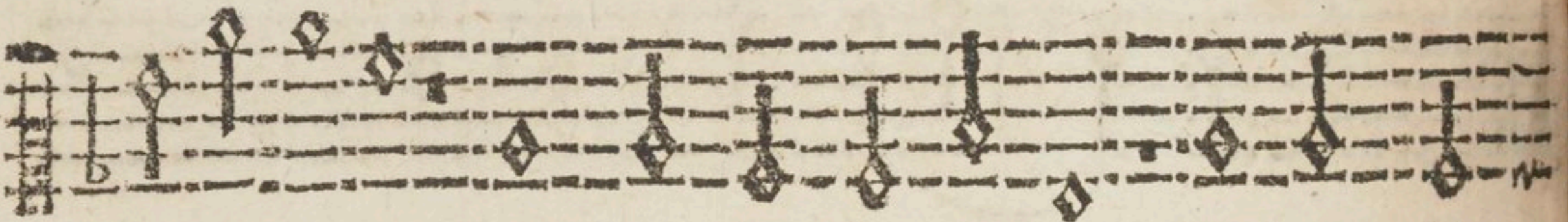
PSALM XCVII.



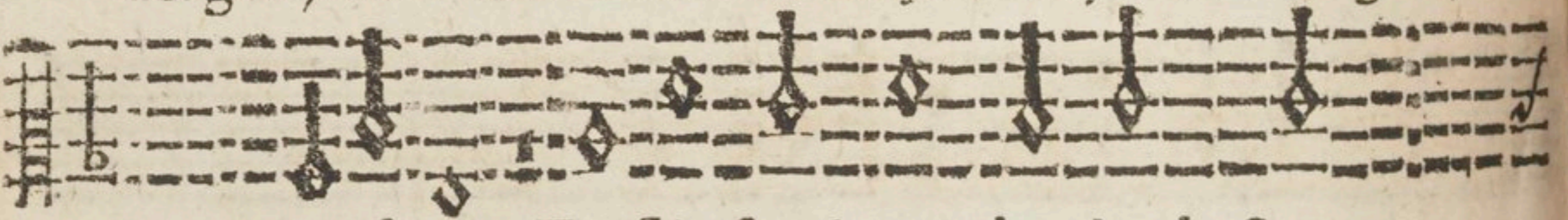
En Koning is de Heer, Dies moet verblijden



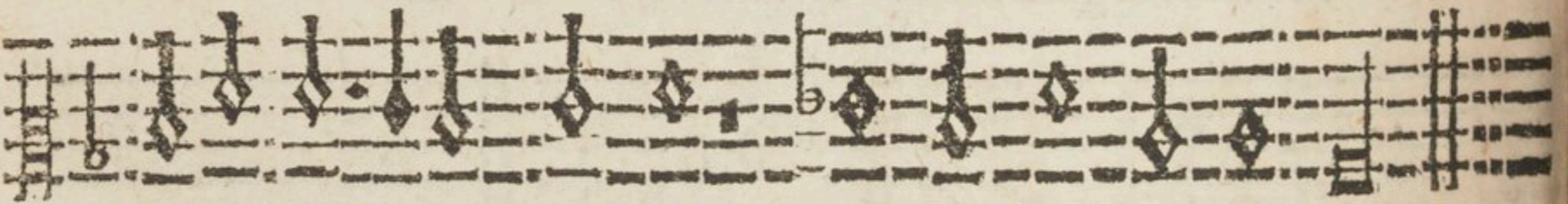
seer In hem dat gantsch aertrijcke, d' Eylanden



desgelijcke. Der wolcken duysterheyt Verbergt sijn

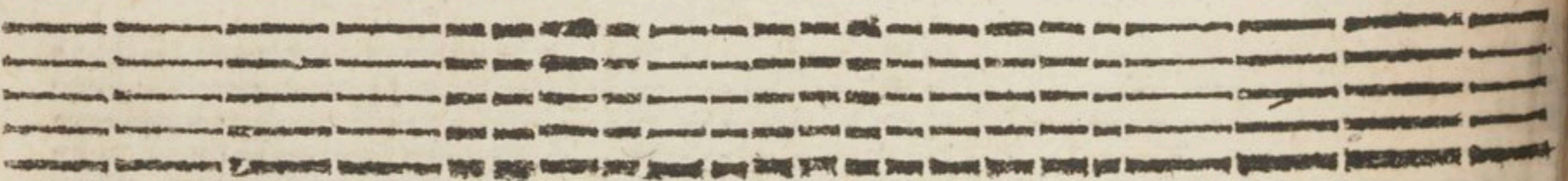


Majesteit, En sijn stoel met der daedt Seer



vastelick

bestaet, Door sijn gerechticheyt.





Wilt 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 geo-

penbaret, Daer door dat

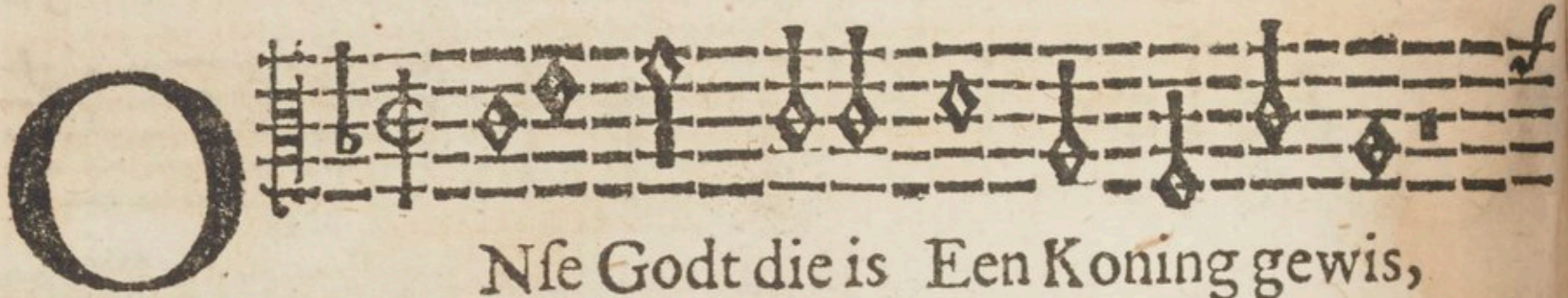
wy al zijn be- vrijdt, En sijn gerechtig-

heyt verklaret Den volckeren breedt ende wijdt.



Contra-Tenor.

PSALM XCIX.

**O** 

Nse Godt die is Een Koning gewis,



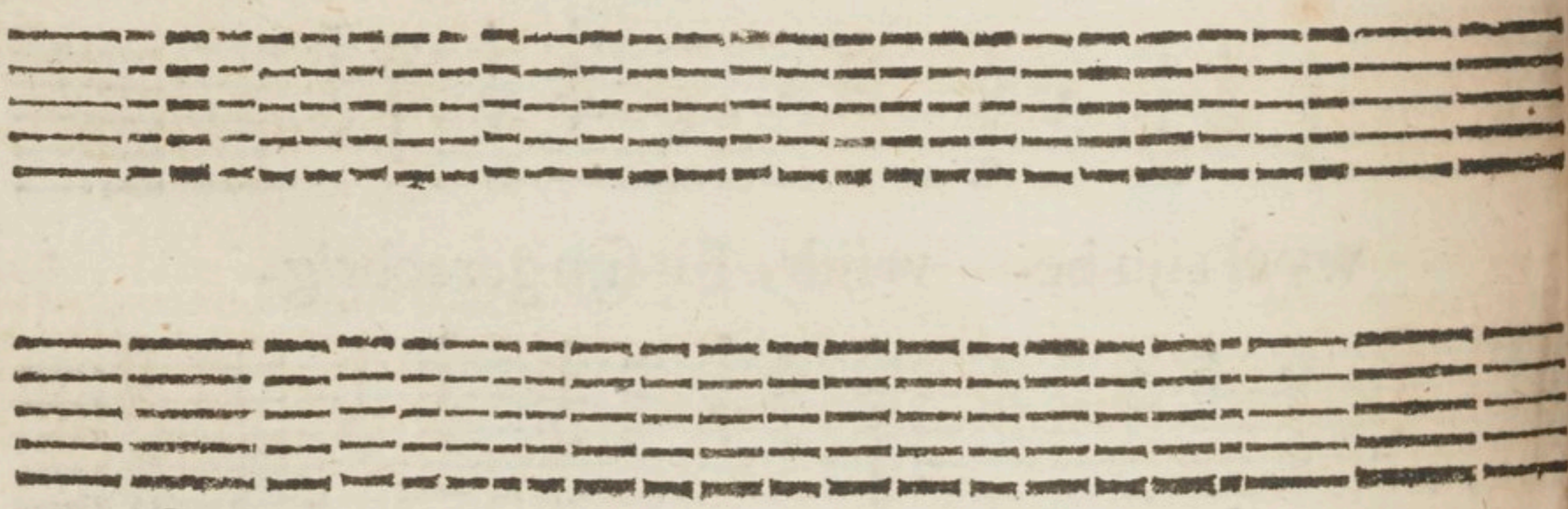
Daerom oock nu raest Dat volck gantsch verdwaest :



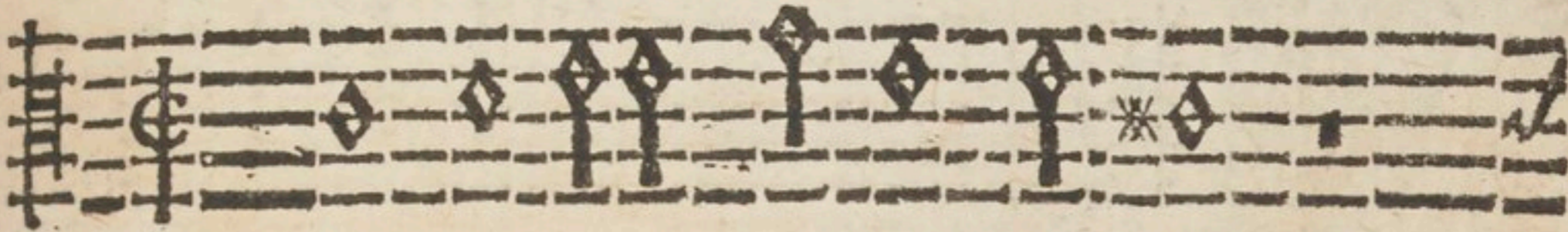
Op Cherubim voort Vaert Godt ongestoort,

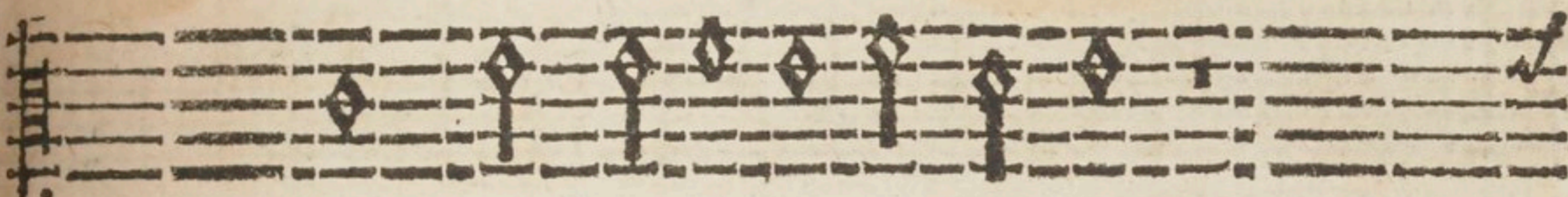


Dies moet dat gantsch aertrijck Hem vreesen al gelijk.





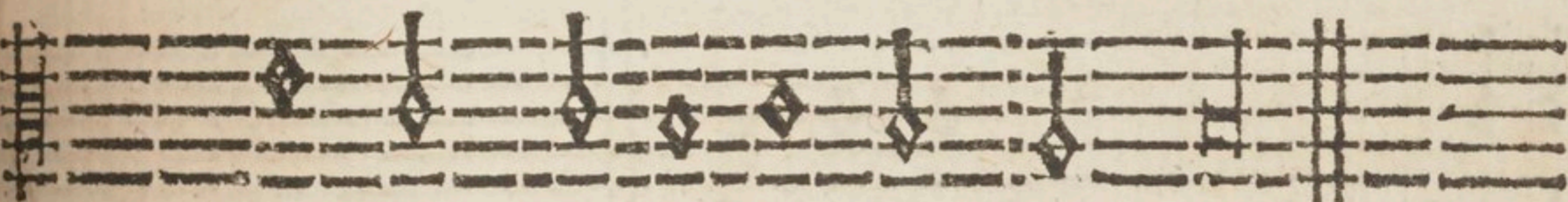
**G**  Y volckeren des aertrijcks al,



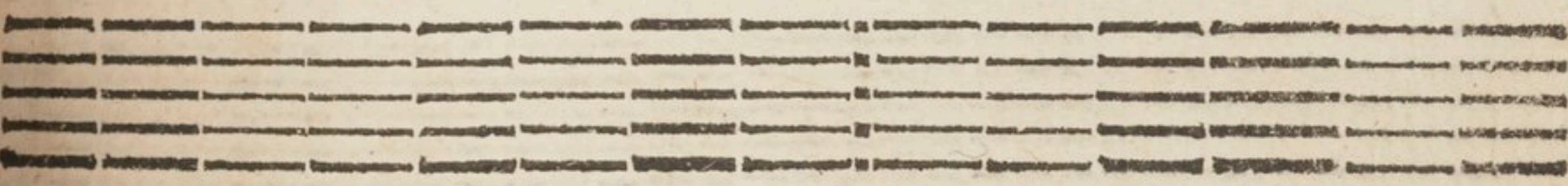
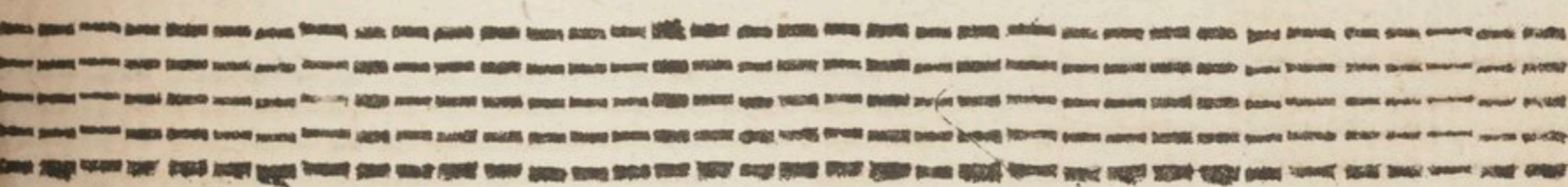
Singht den Heere met bly geschal,



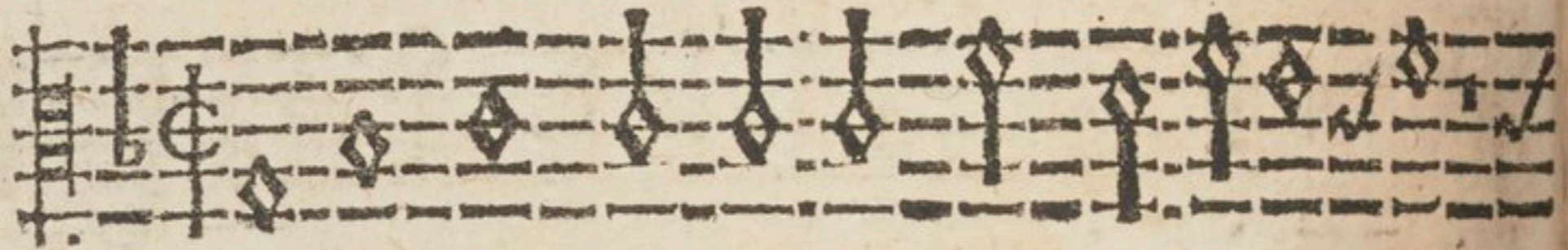
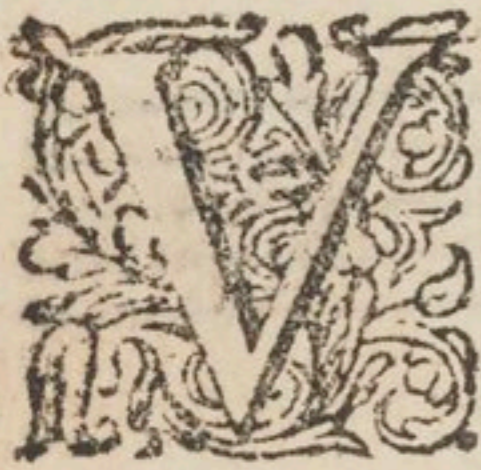
En dient hem met herten verheugt,



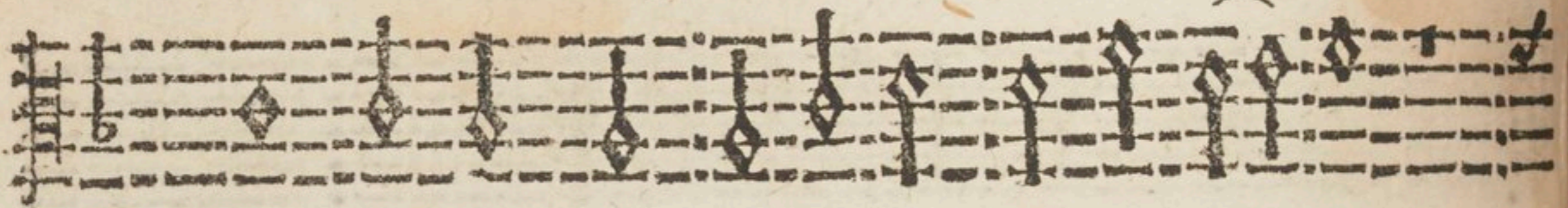
Verschijnt voor sijn aenschijn met vreugd.

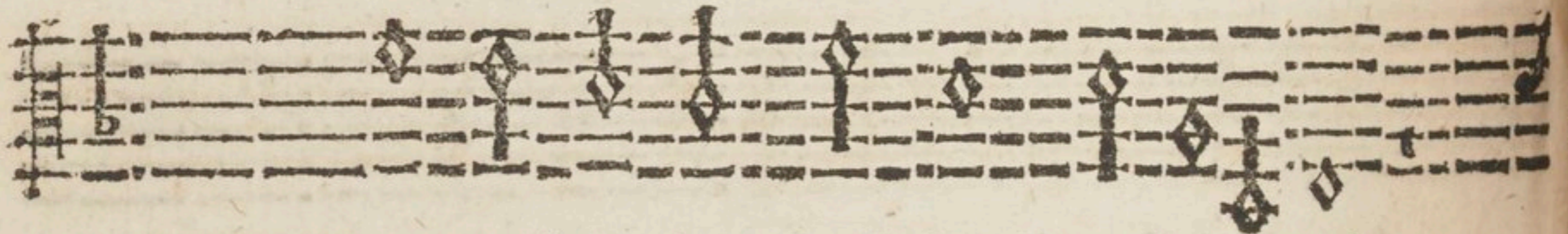




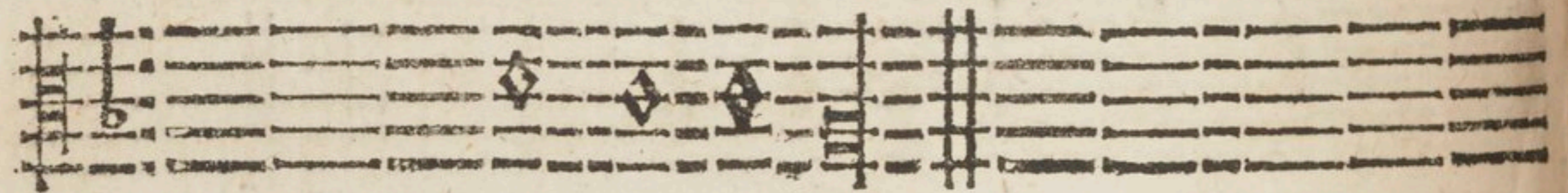
An Gods goetheyt en oordeel wil ik singen,



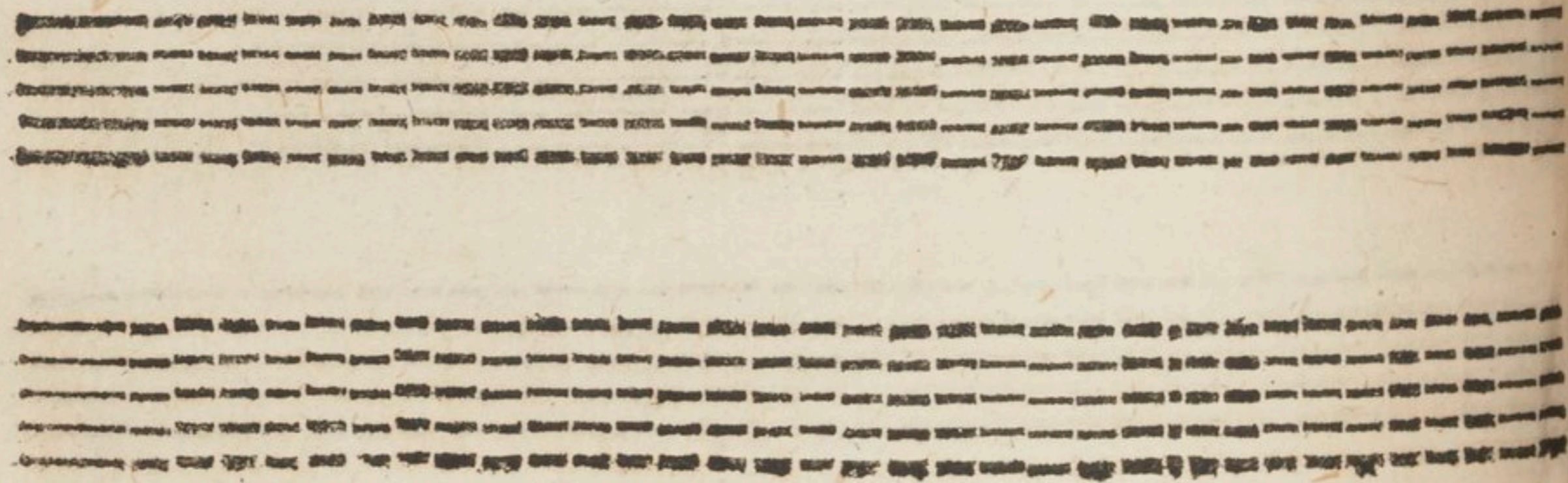
Ick wil hem schoone lofspalmen toebringen,



Daer med dat ick God den Heer boven al



Groot maken sal.





Wilt mijn gebed, Heer, verhooren, Laet


komen tot uwen ooren Mijn fuchten, en in den noot

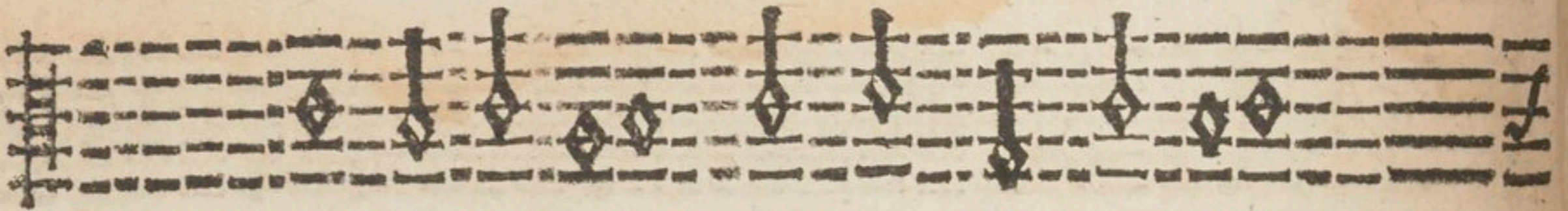
Verbergt u niet, hy is groot; In desen tijt der elenden

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

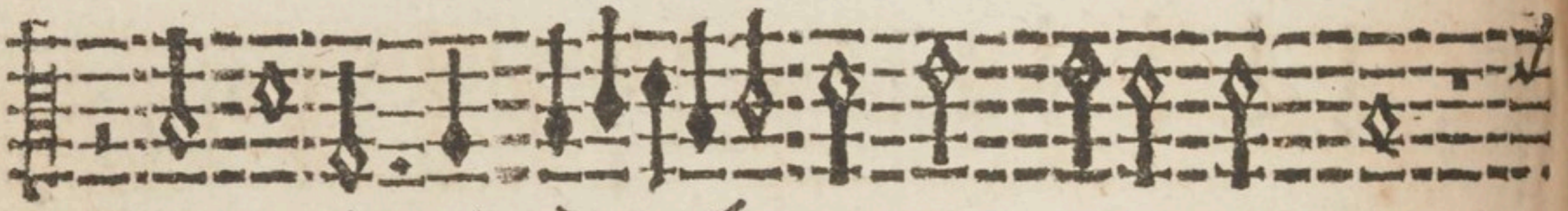
moe-digh, Verhoort my haest, ô Heer goedigh.



**M**  Yn ziele wilt den Heer met loffang prijfen,



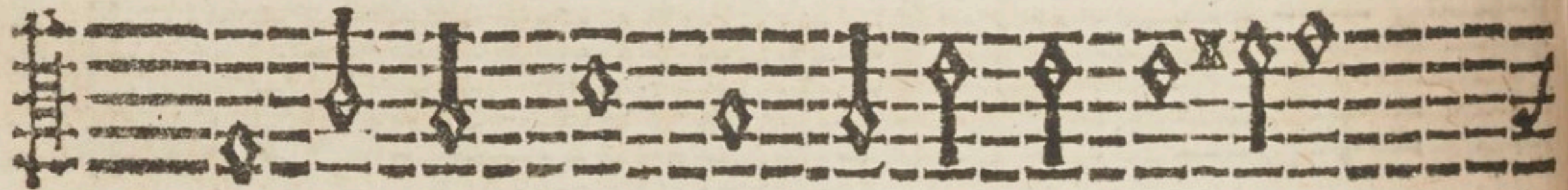
Al wat in my is moet hem eer' bewijfen,



En fijnen heyl<sup>2</sup>- gen naem loven met vliet :



Wilt hem prijfen en roe- men onbeladen,

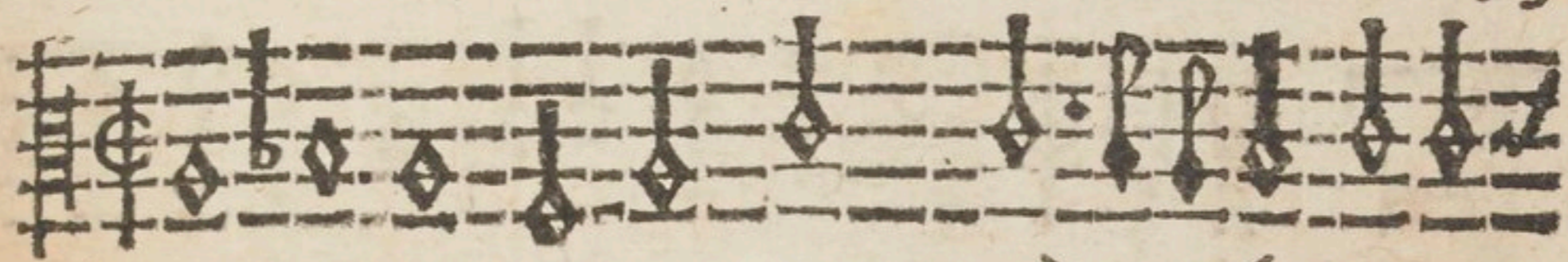



O ghy mijn ziel, looft des Heeren weldaden,

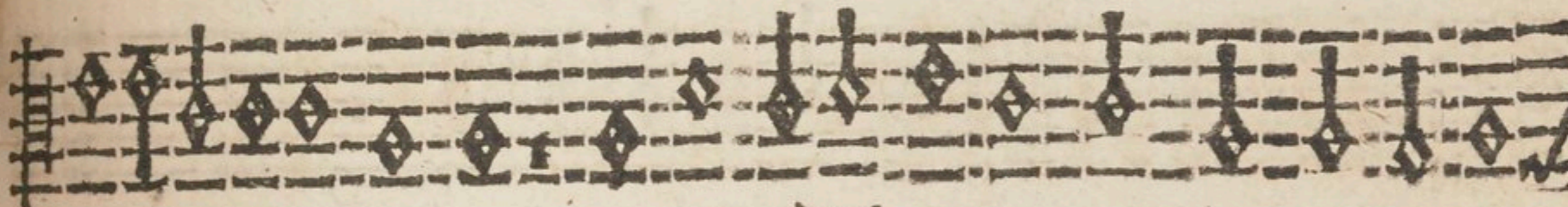



Die ghy ont- fan- gen hebt, vergeet die niet.

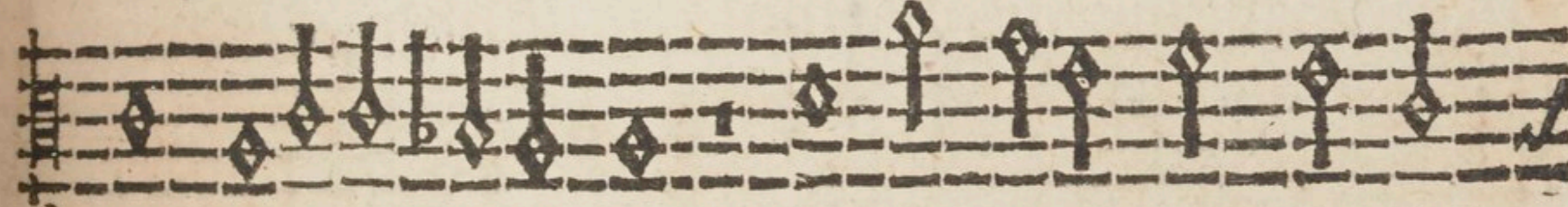


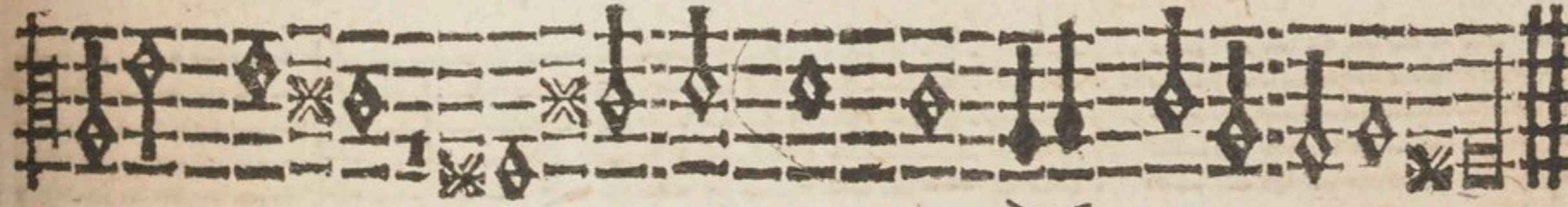
**W**  El aen mijn ziel, gy moet God prijsen

 seer. Och hoe groot en hoe heerlijk is nu Heer, Uwe goetheyt

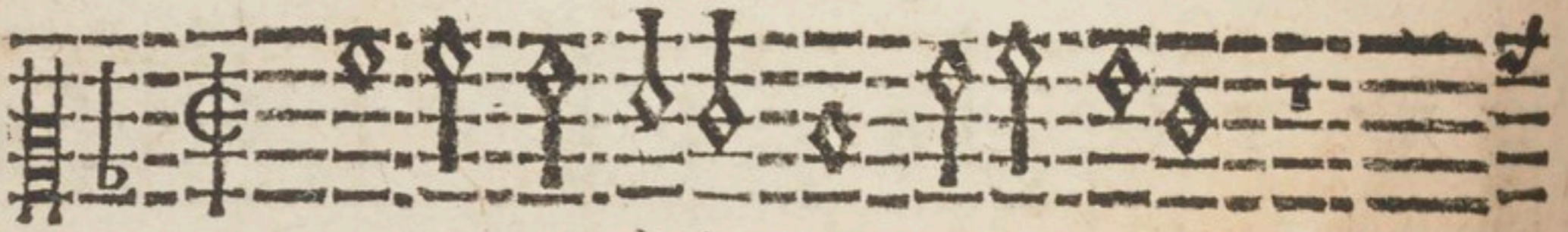
 over al uytgebreydet! Gy zijt met heerlijkheyt en eer' bekley-

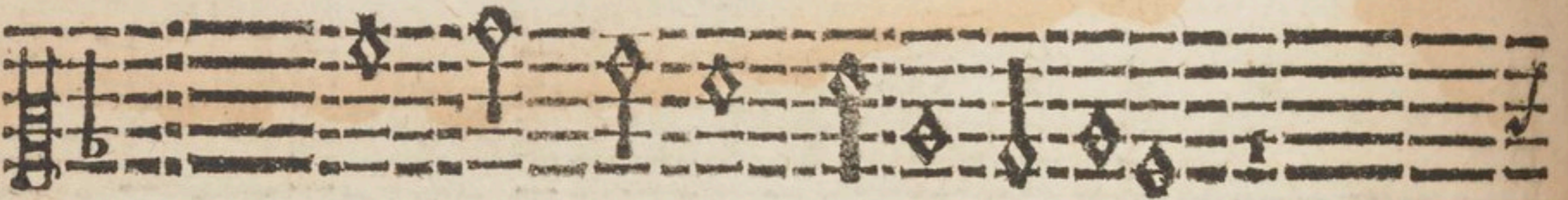
 det. Gy zijt met klaerheyt gantschelik bedekt, Als waer een

 kleet over u uytgestreckt, Tot een tente hebt ghy des

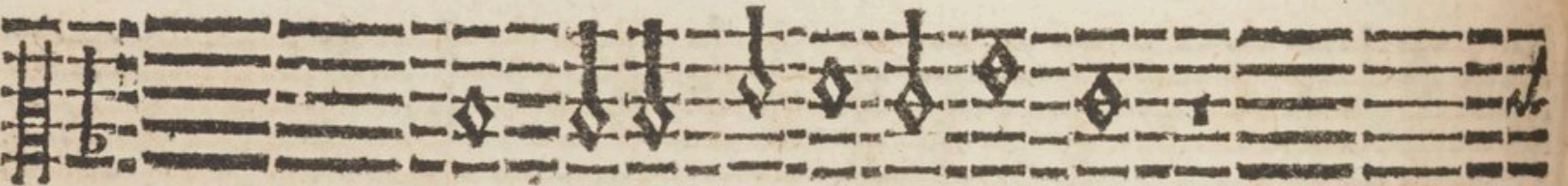
 hemels throone, Die gy uytspant als een gordijne schoone.



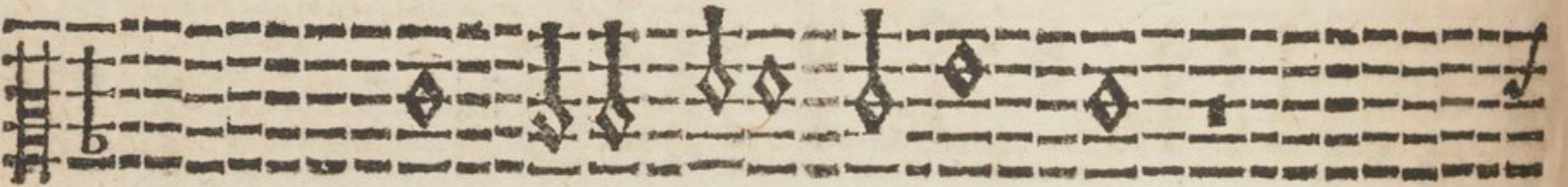
**E**  En yeder moet tot desen tijden



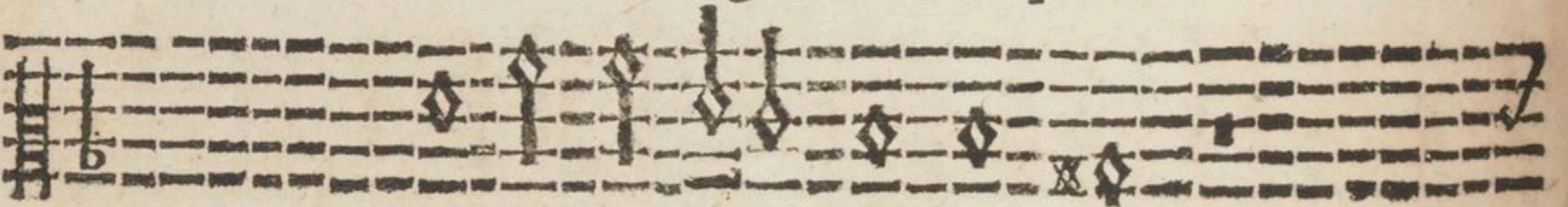
De hoogheyt des Heeren belijden,



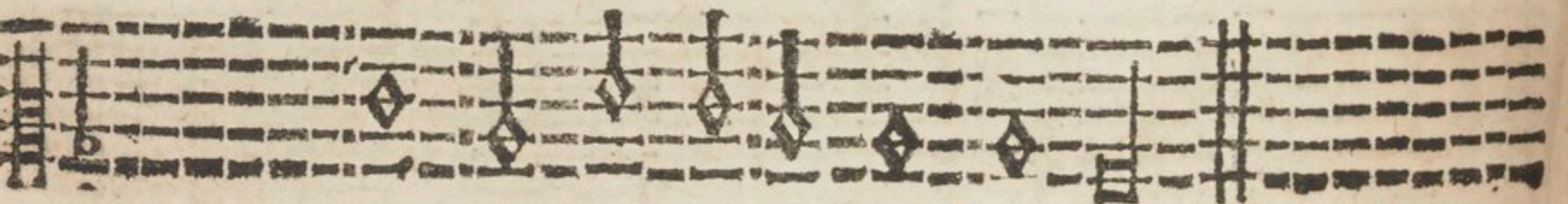
En prijfen sijnen name goet,



Elck verkondige met der spoet,



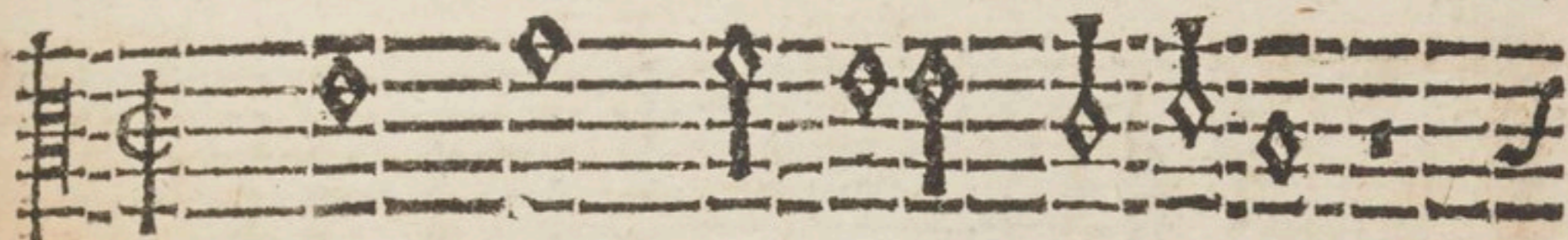
Allen volckeren nu voortaan,



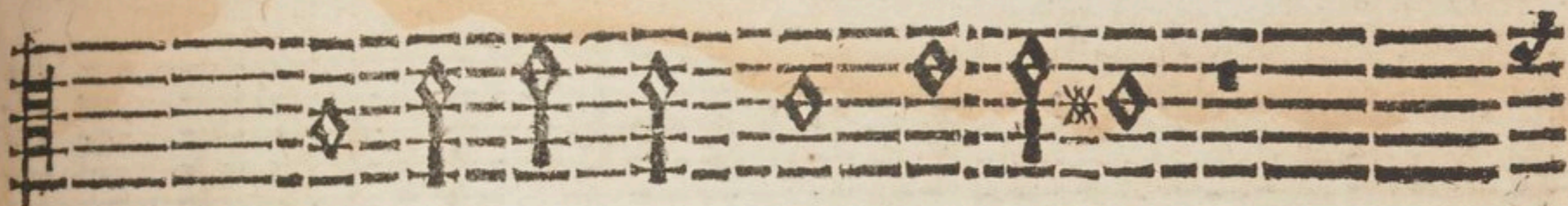
De wercken die hy heeft gedaen.



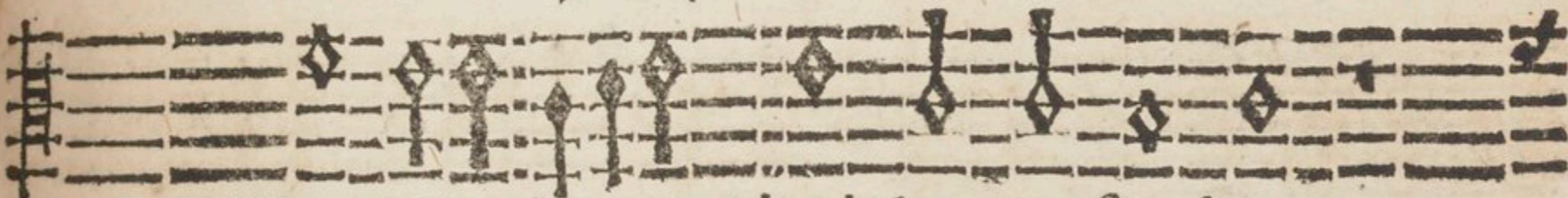
D



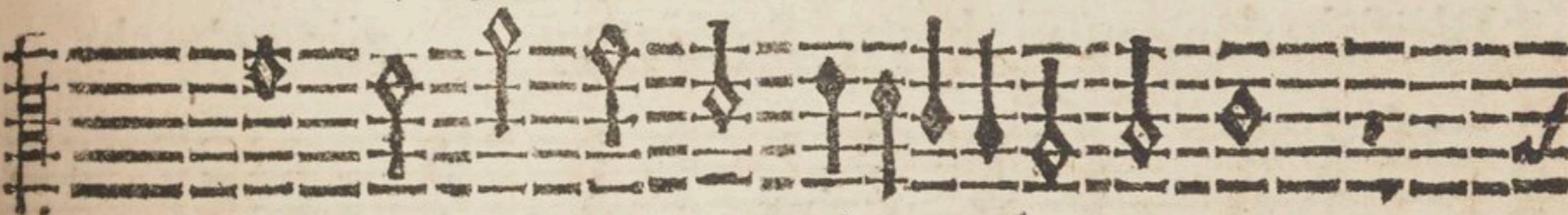
Anckt Godt, want hy is vriendelick,



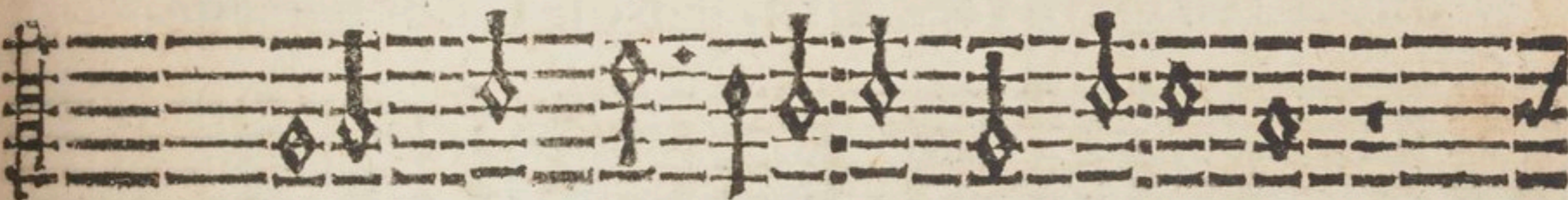
En sijn goetheyt duert eeuwichlick,



Waer is hy die doch kan uyt spreken



Des Heeren wonderwerc- ken al,

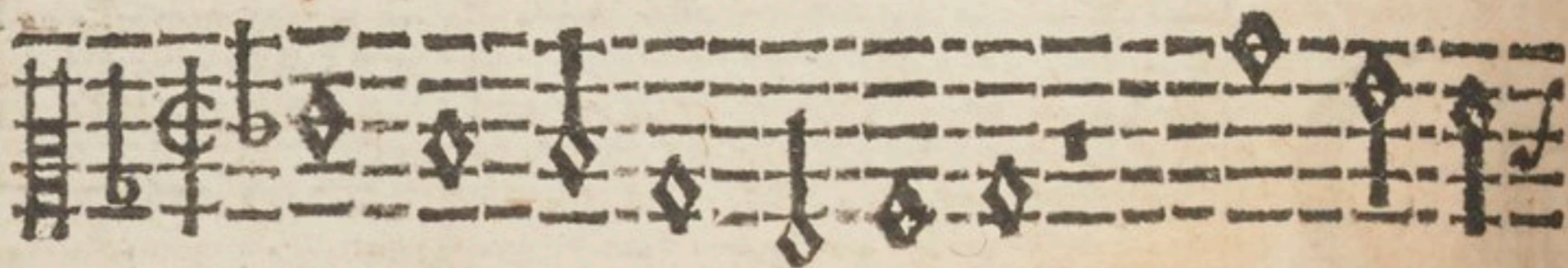


En sijn groot-da- den klaer gebleken,

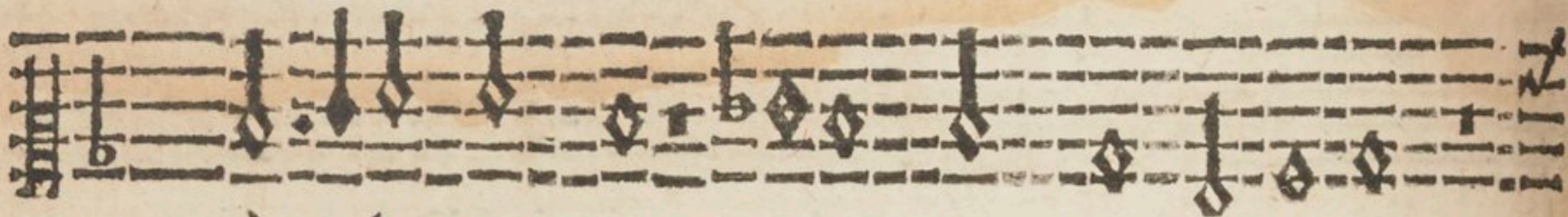


Genoeghsaem kunnen prijfen sal e

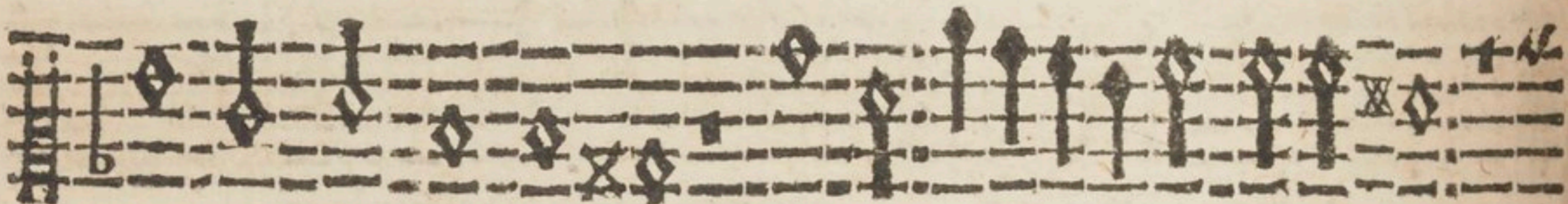




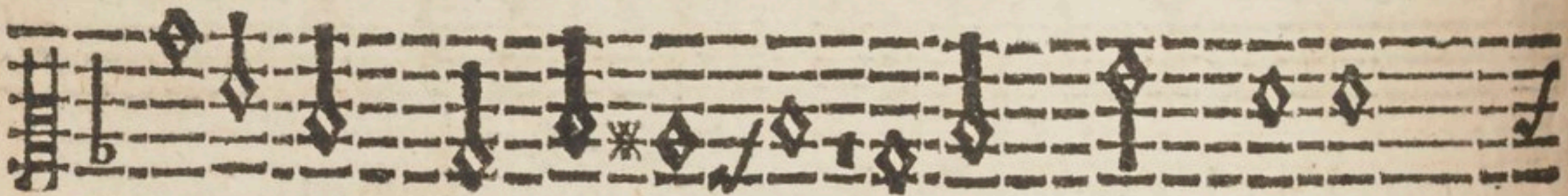
ilt Godt lofen eer' geven, Groot is zijn



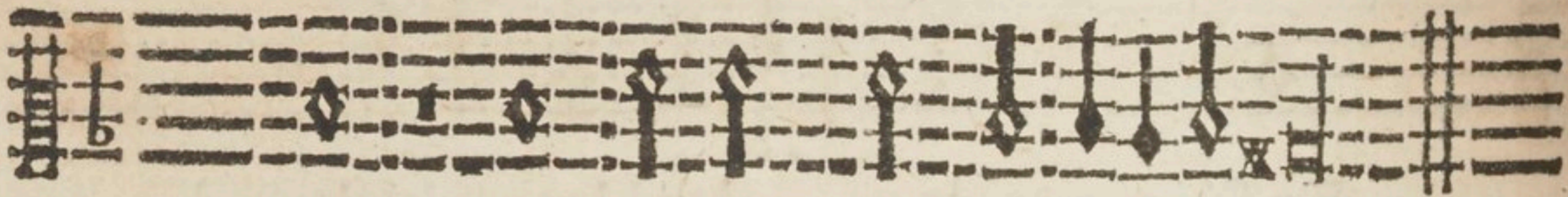
vriend' - lickheyt, En sijn goetheyt verheven



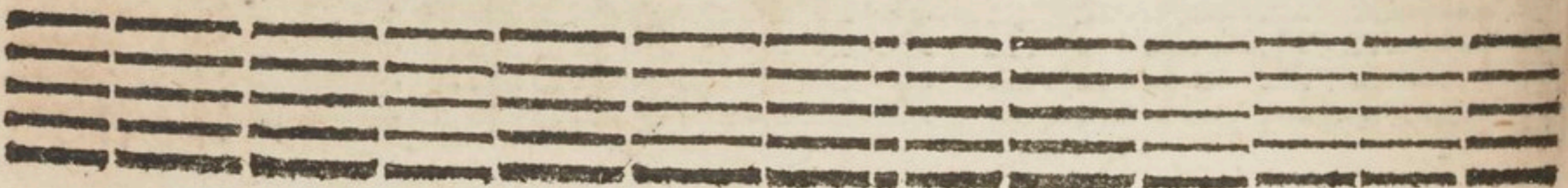
Blijft in der eeuwigheyt, Sy die vry zijn gekocht




Sullen sijn naem verklaren, En die Godt heeft ge-

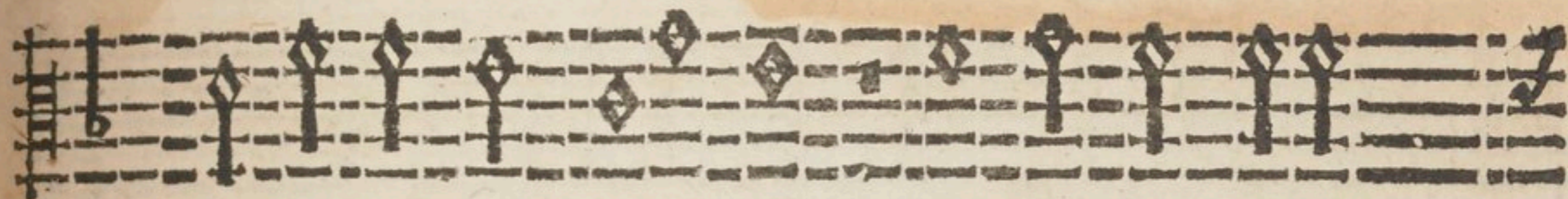


brocht Uyt angst en groot beswa- ren.

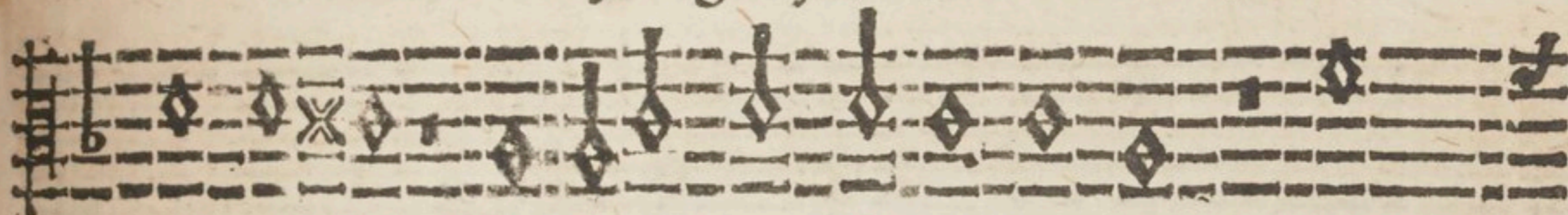




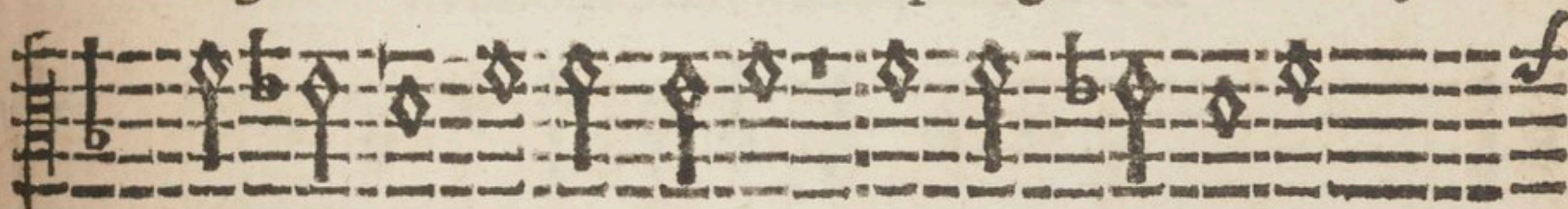
**M**  Yn hert is, ô Heer, recht bereyt, Met



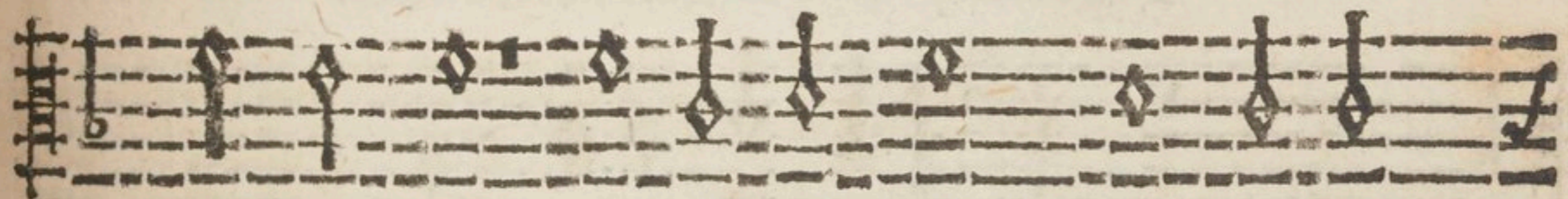
ernst ende met vyerigheyt, Om dichten, en u



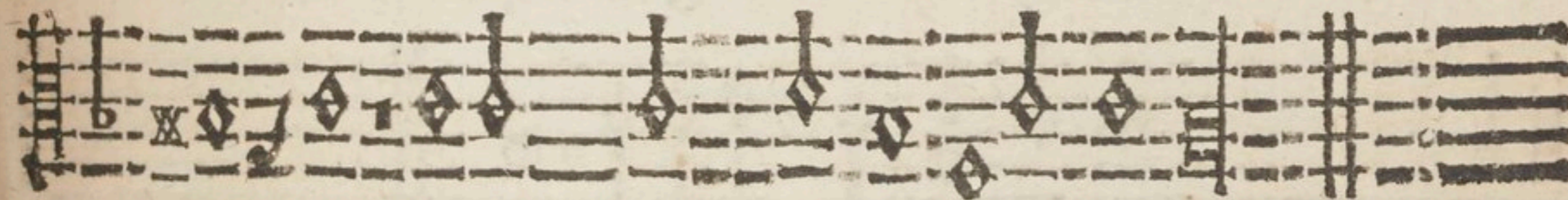
met gefanck Te loven met harpen geklanck. Ghy



mijn psalter ontwaket vry, En ghy mijn harpe



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



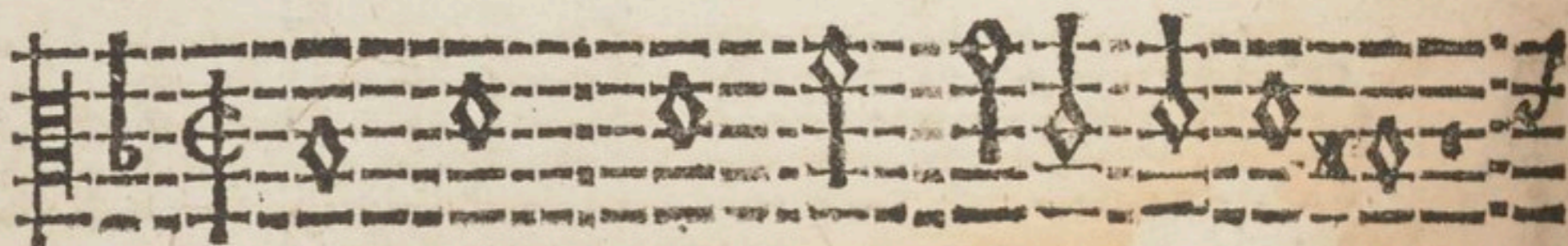
quame Wil ick vroegh prijsen sijnen name.



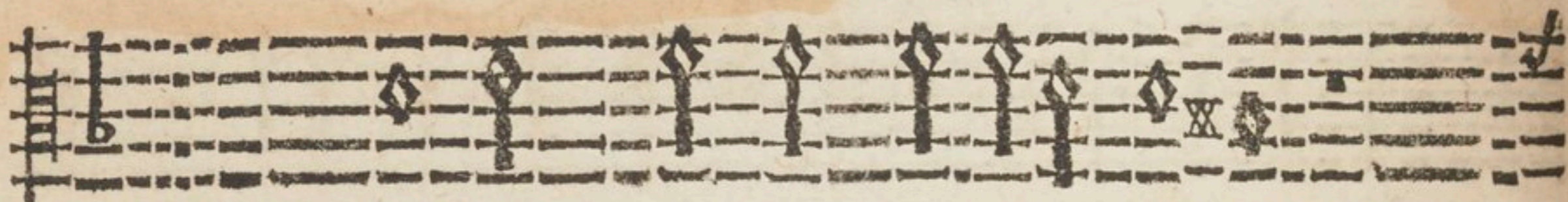
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM CIX.

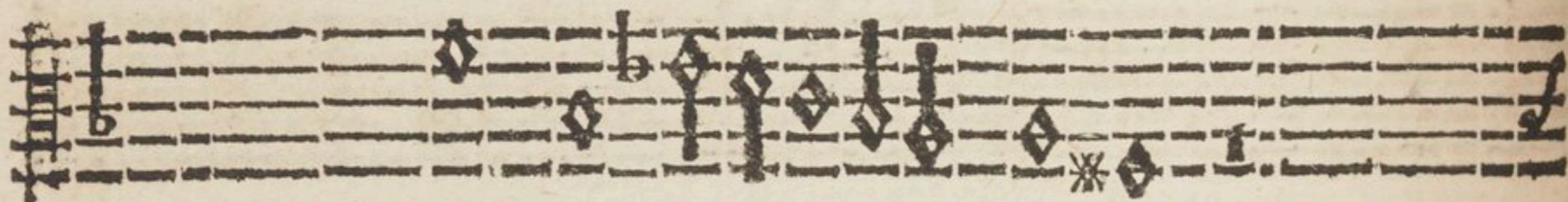
O



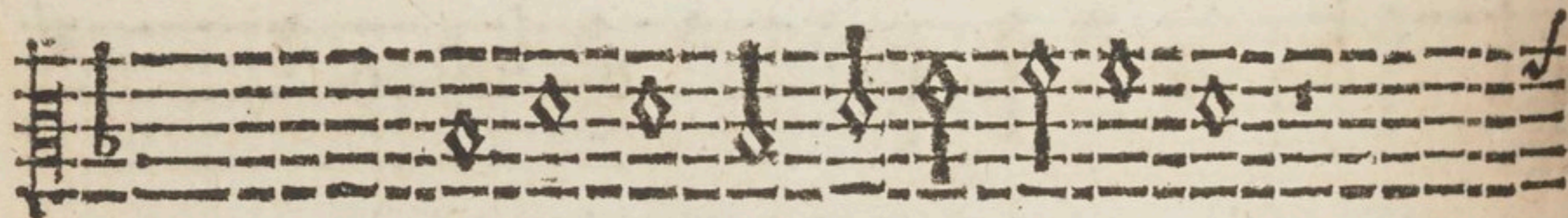
Heer, mijn roem en eer geprefen,



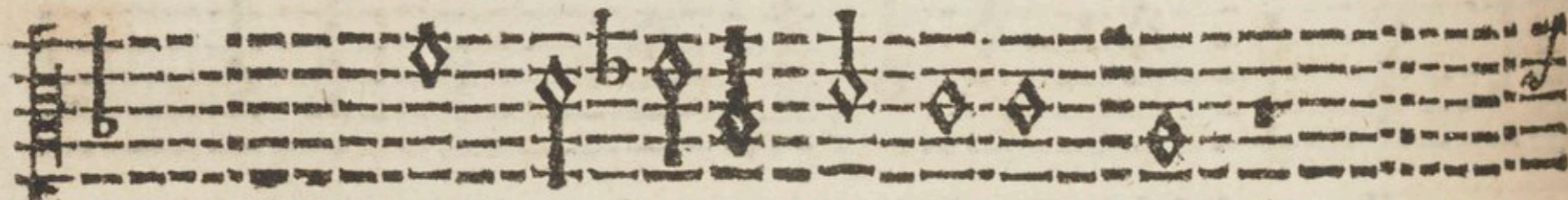
Wilt doch voortaan niet stille wesen.



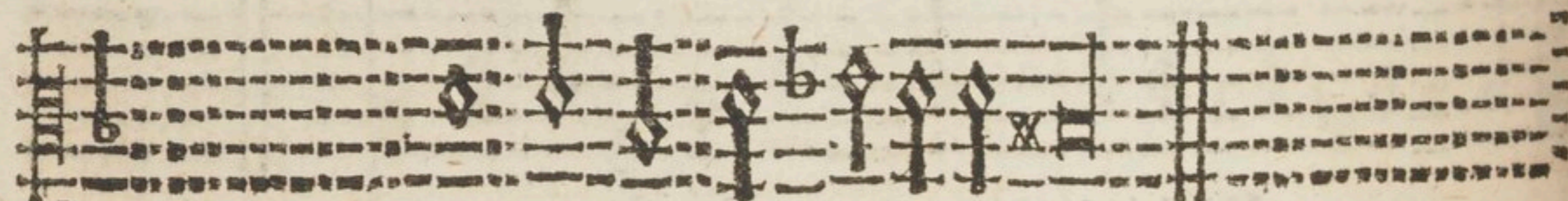
De boof' openen hare monden



Tegen my, en t'samen verkonden



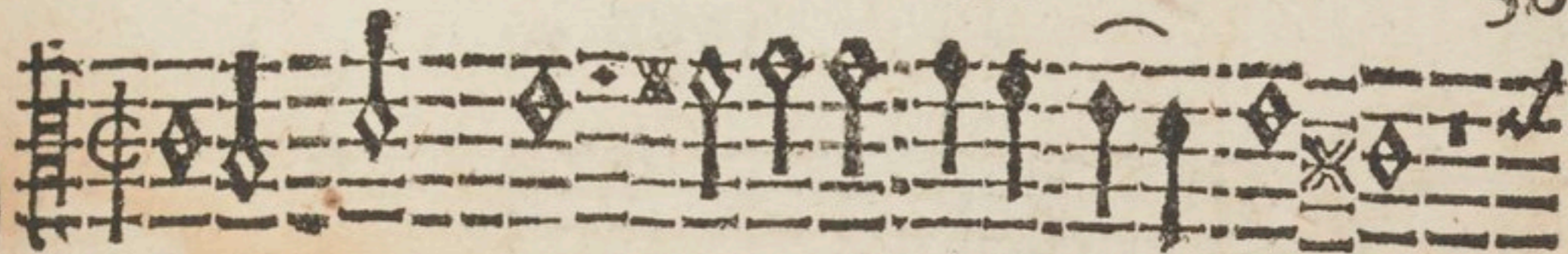
Valf heyt en veel leugenen quaet,



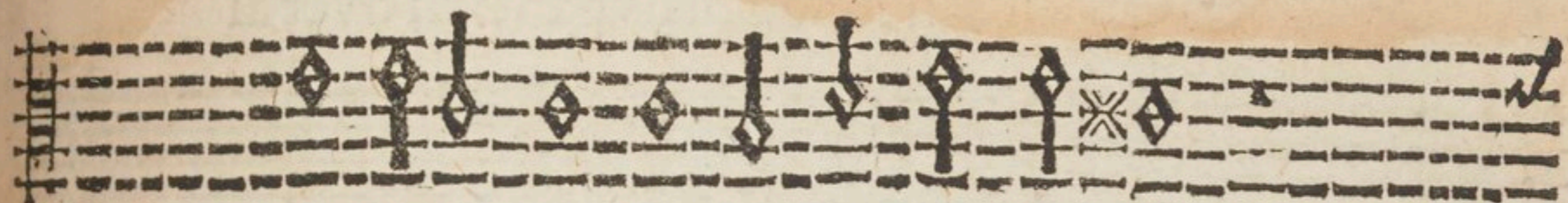
Met tongen erg en obstinaet..



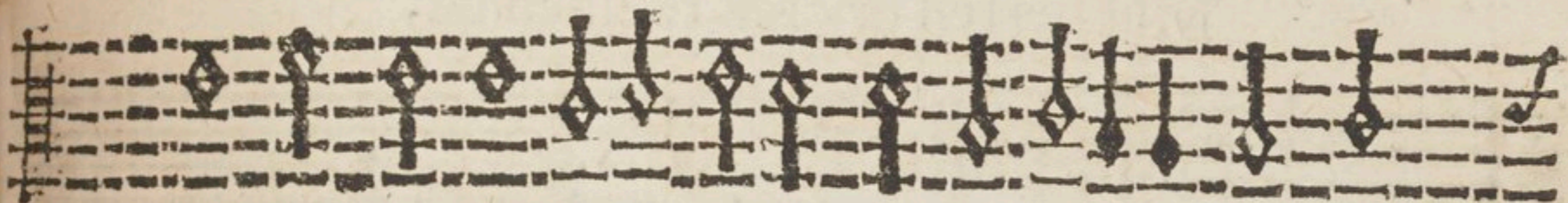
**D**



E Heer heeft gesproken tot mij- nen Heere,



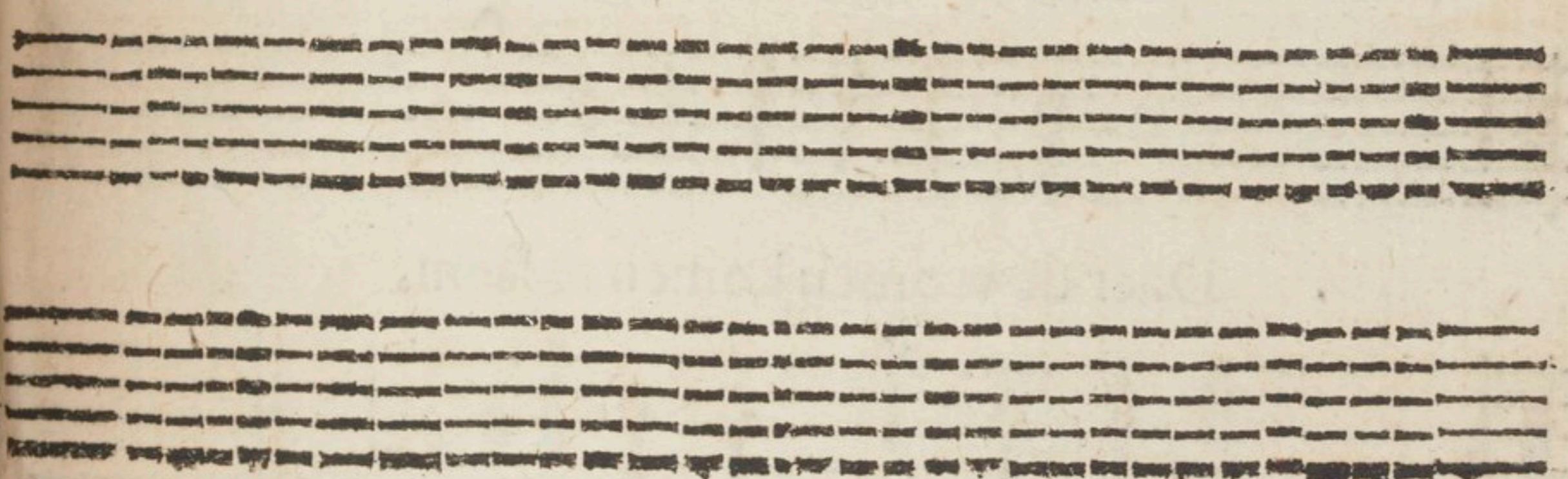
Set u nu fijn tot mijner rechter hant,



Tot dat ick uw' vy- anden met onee- re, Tot



eenen voetbanck maeck in 't gant- sche landt.





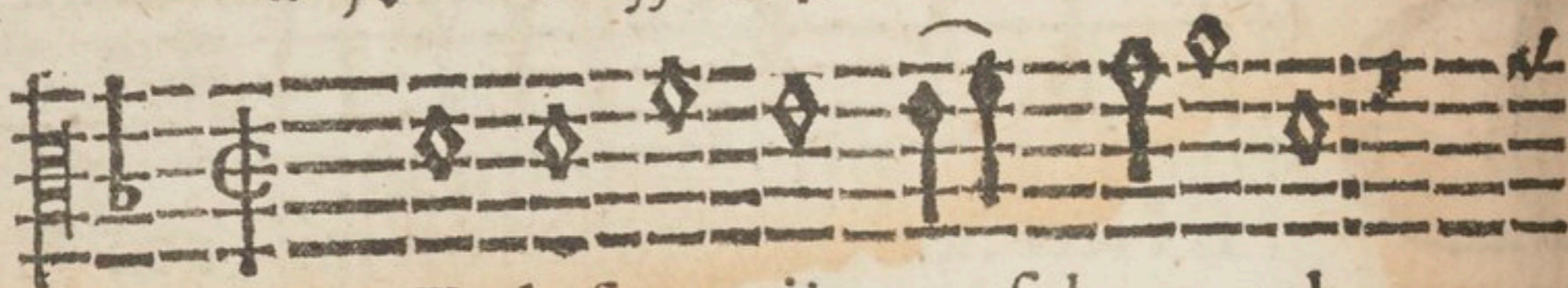
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM CXI.

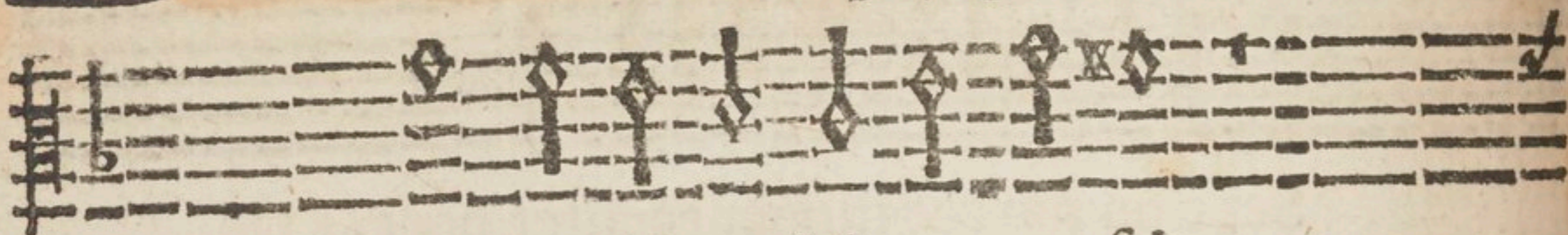
45.

Wijse 24.

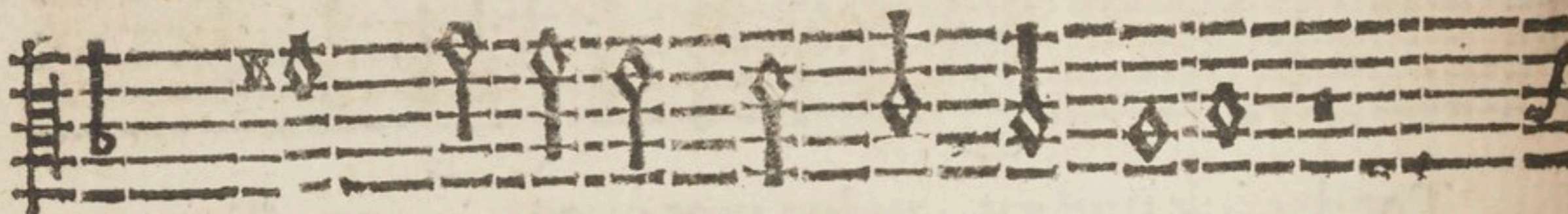
**D**



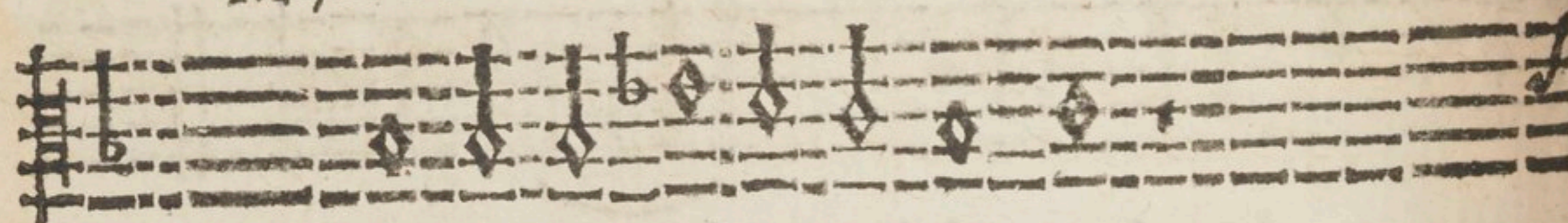
En lof en prijs gantsch over al



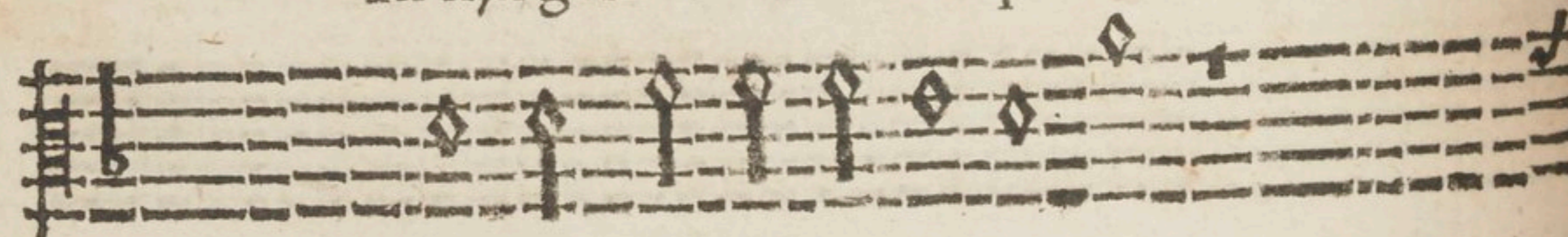
Met herten vry ick roemen sal,



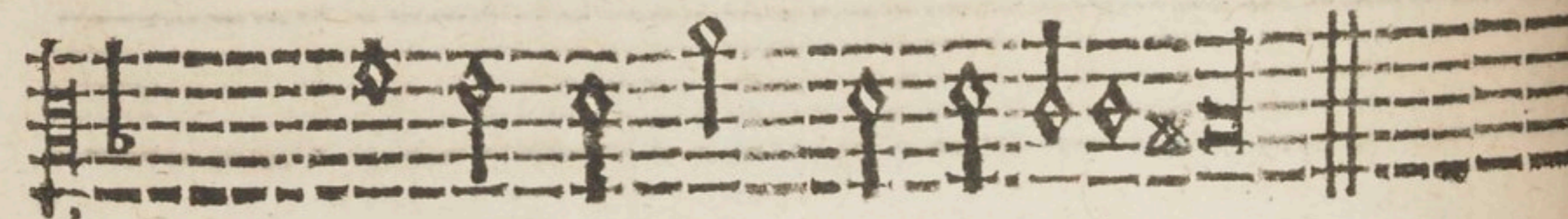
Mijns Heeren en Godts van hier boven,



In sijn gemeente seer bequaem,



Daer de vromen komen te saem,



Salick den Heer dancken en loven.



W

El hem, die altijd is begeven

Tot Godts vrees' in alle sijn leven,

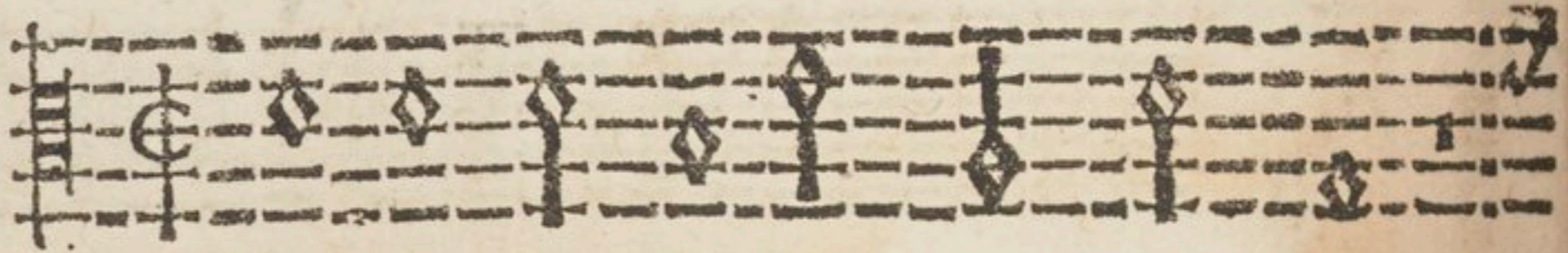
Die lust tot sijn woort heeft verkregen,

Sijn zaet sal seer geweldigh we- sen:

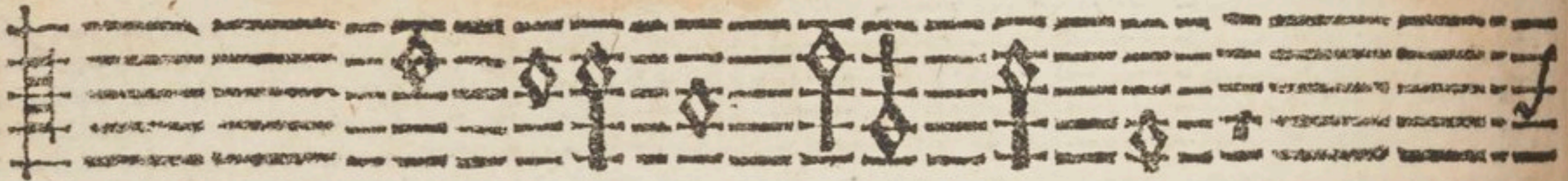
Door Godts genade hoogh gepresen,

Verkrijgen de Vrome den ze- gen.

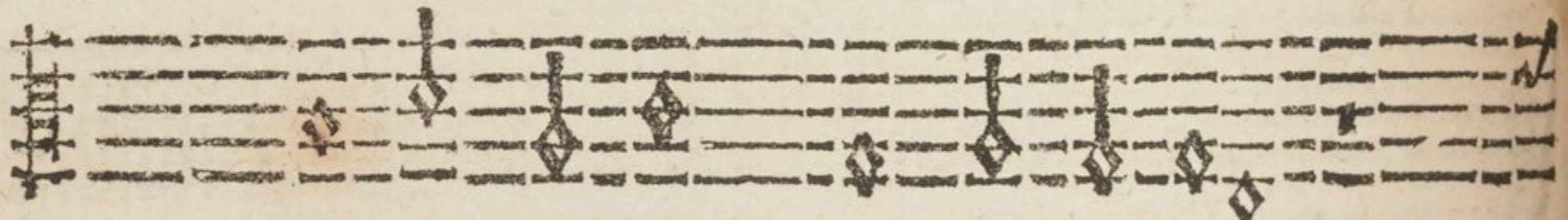




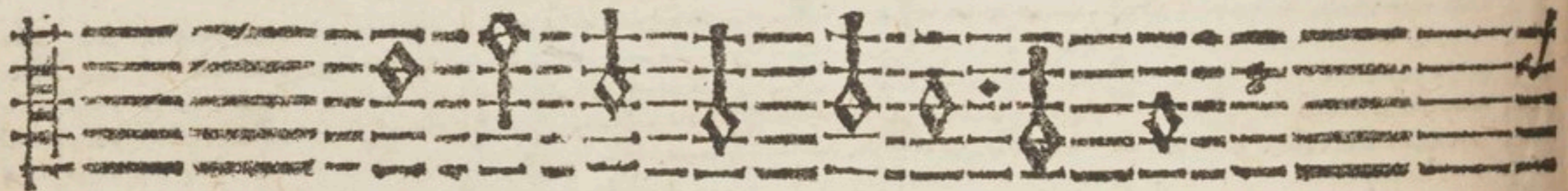
Y kind'ren die den Heer dient vry,



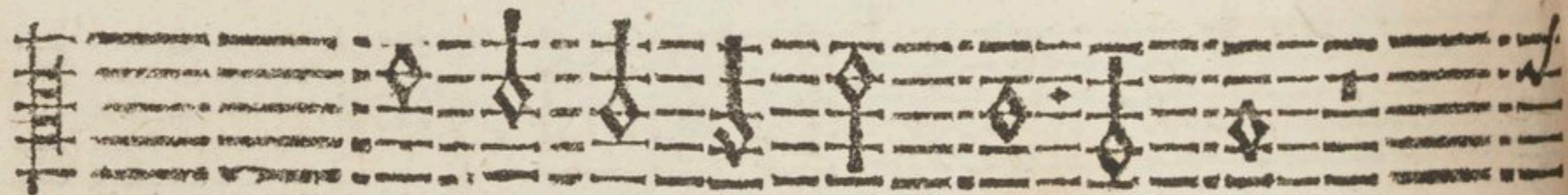
Looft ende prijft ſijnen naem bly.



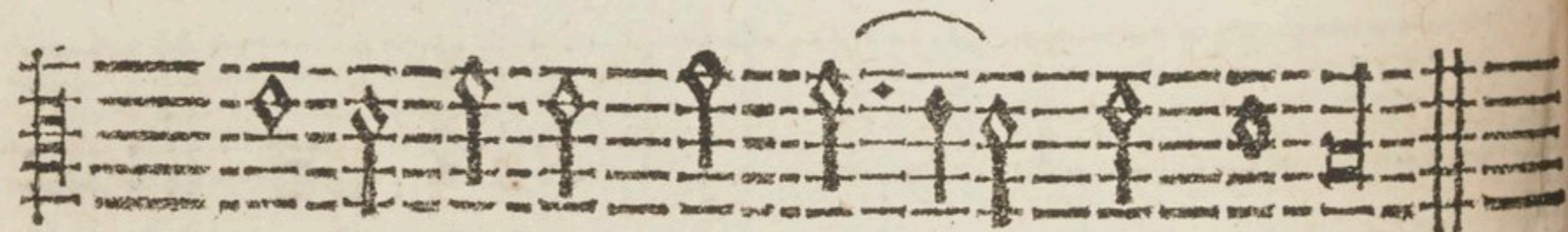
Laet de hoogheyt Godts zijn geprefen,



Laet ſeer heerlick nu zijn verklaert,



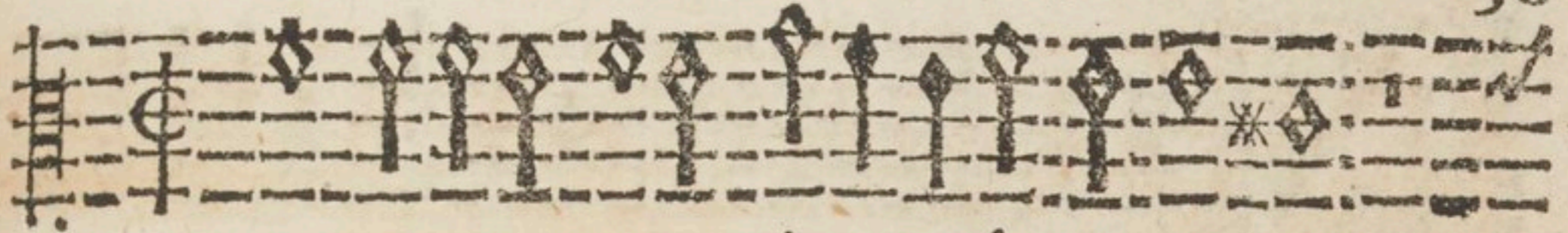
Des Heeren naem ſeer wijdt vermaert,



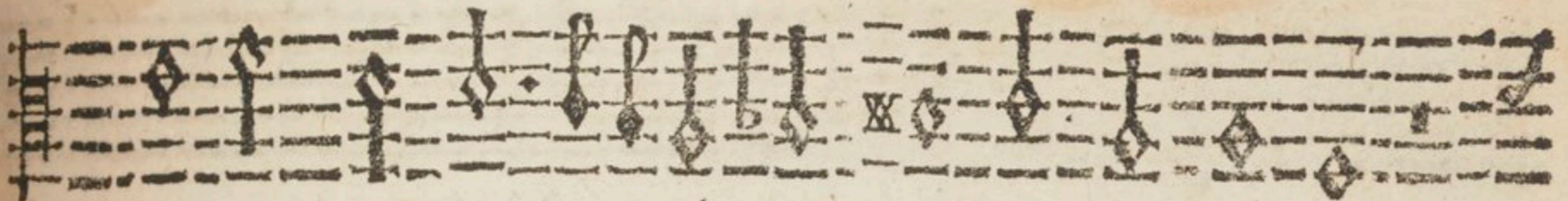
En eeuwiglick voort ver-      hoogt wefen.



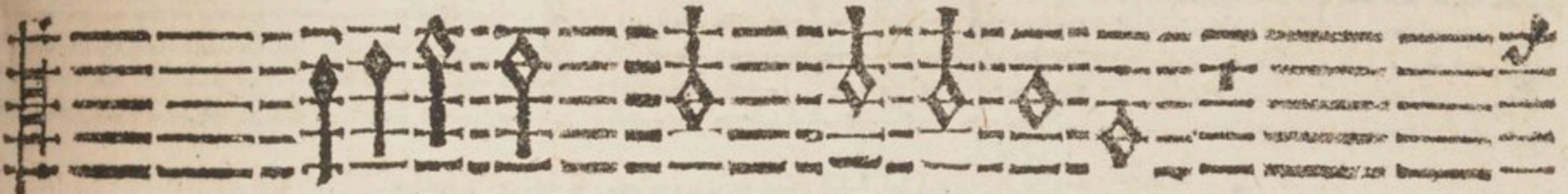
D



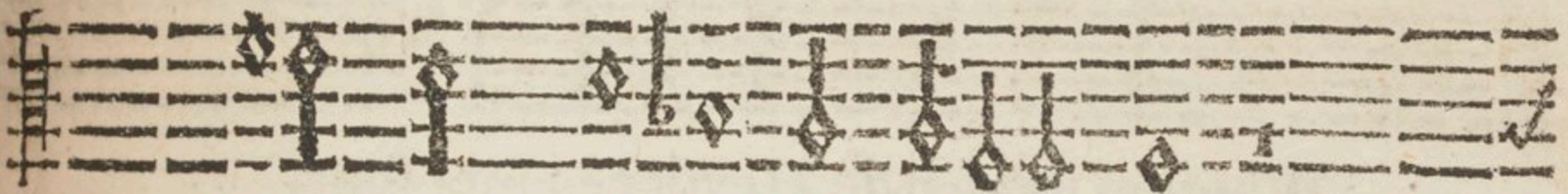
Oe Israël Egypten- lant verliet,



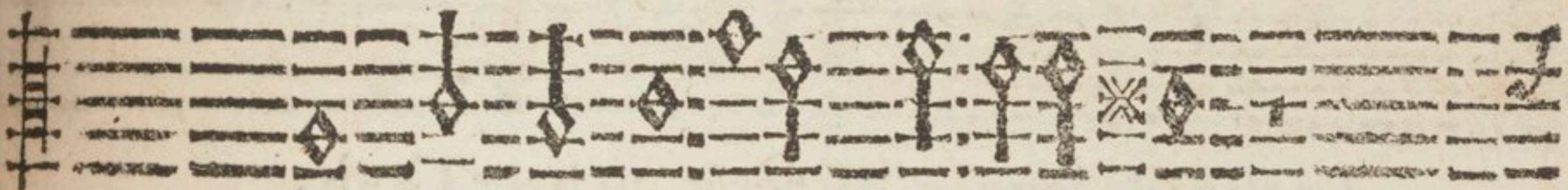
En als 't huys Ja- cobs gantschelick afschiet,



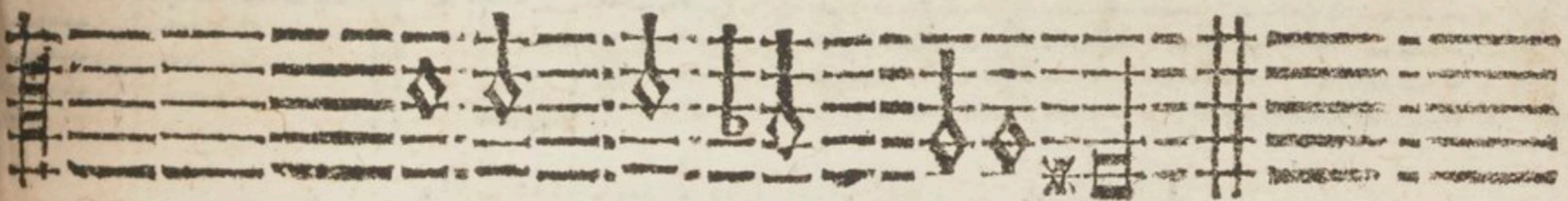
Van 't vreemt volck, en sijn wesen,



Juda wert Godts heylig' eere seer klaer,



En Godt wert Israëls Heer openbaer,

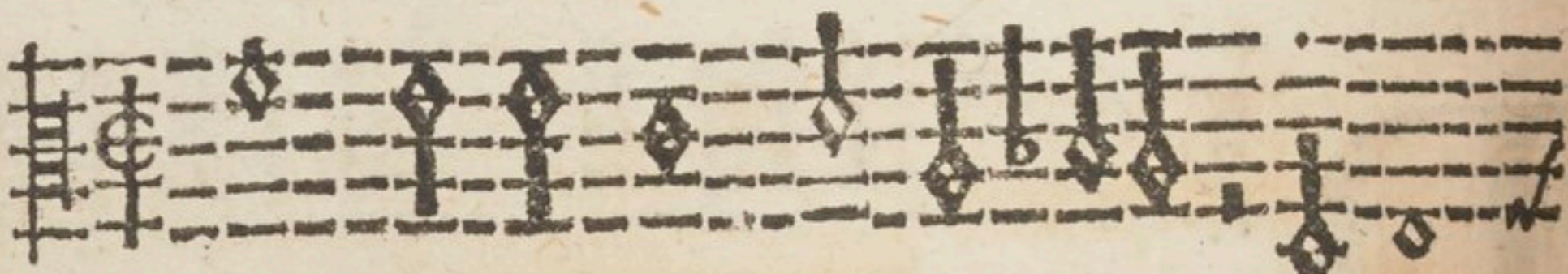
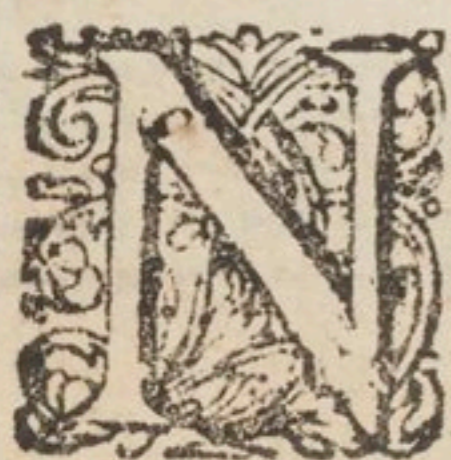


Ja een Heer hoogh gepresen.

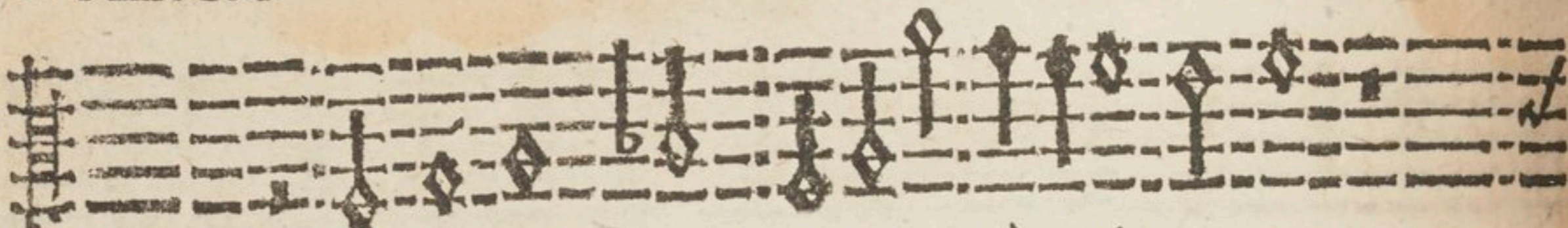


Contra-Tenor.

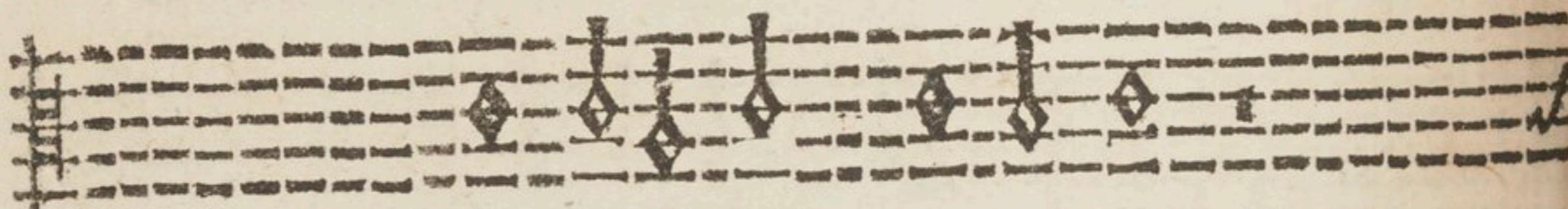
PSALM CXV.



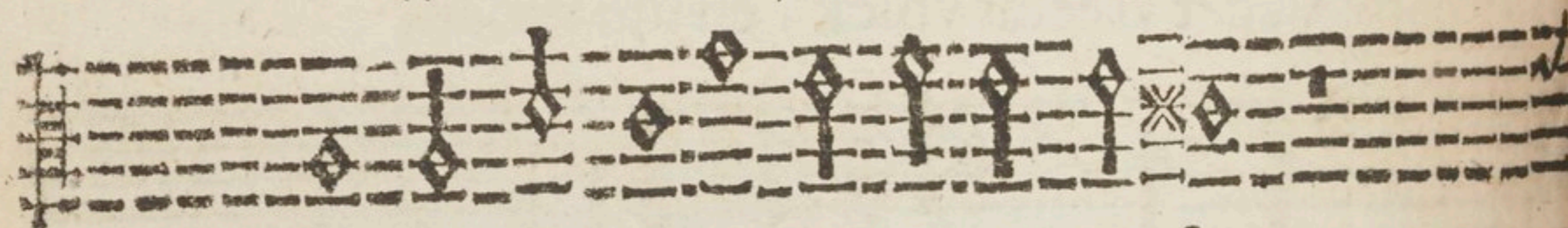
Iet ons, niet ons maer u behoort, ô Heer,



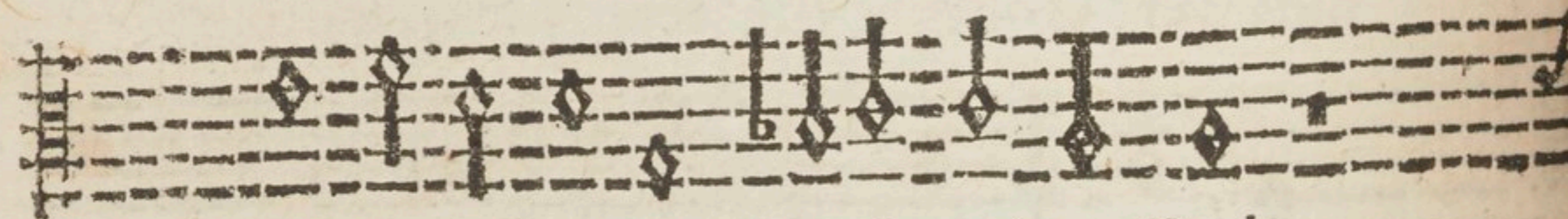
Om uwes woorts wille alleen de eer,



't Welck is en blijft waerachtigh.



Waerom souden de Heydenen met spot,

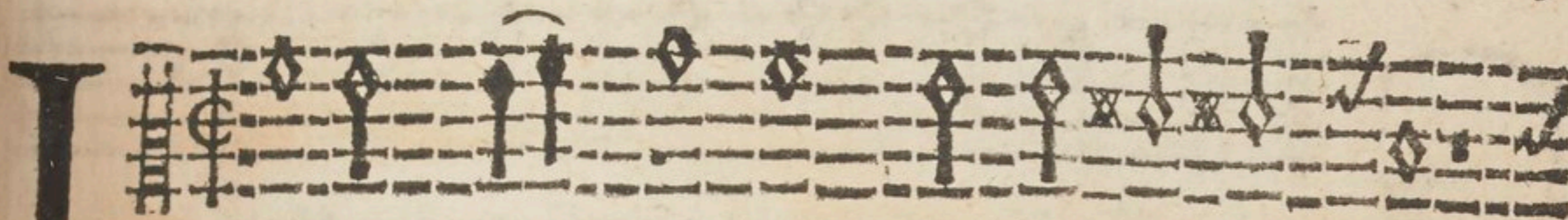


Lachende seggen, Waer is nu haer Godt,

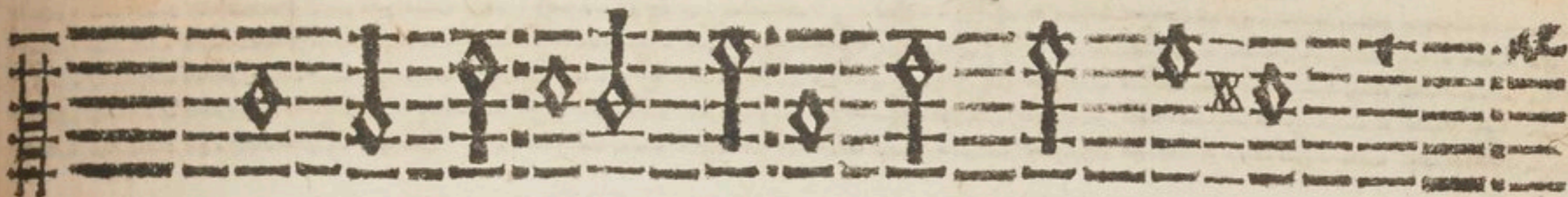


Dien sy aenroepen klachtigh.

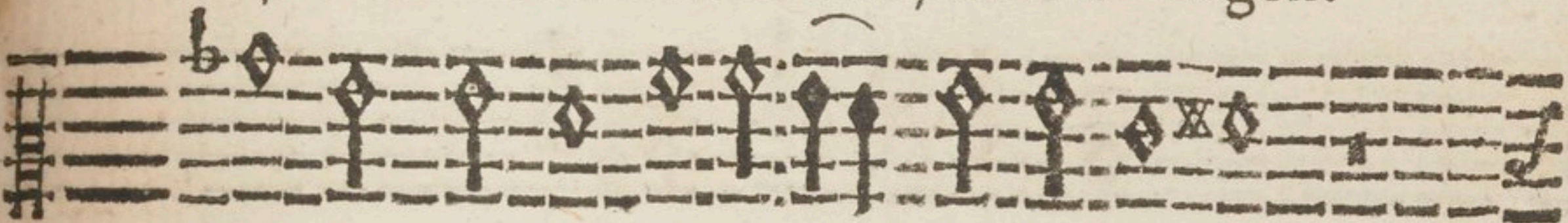




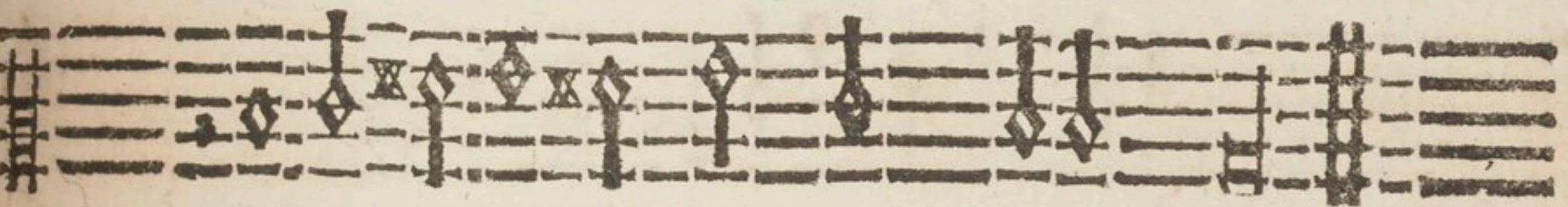
Ick hebb' den Heer lief, want hy heeft verhoort



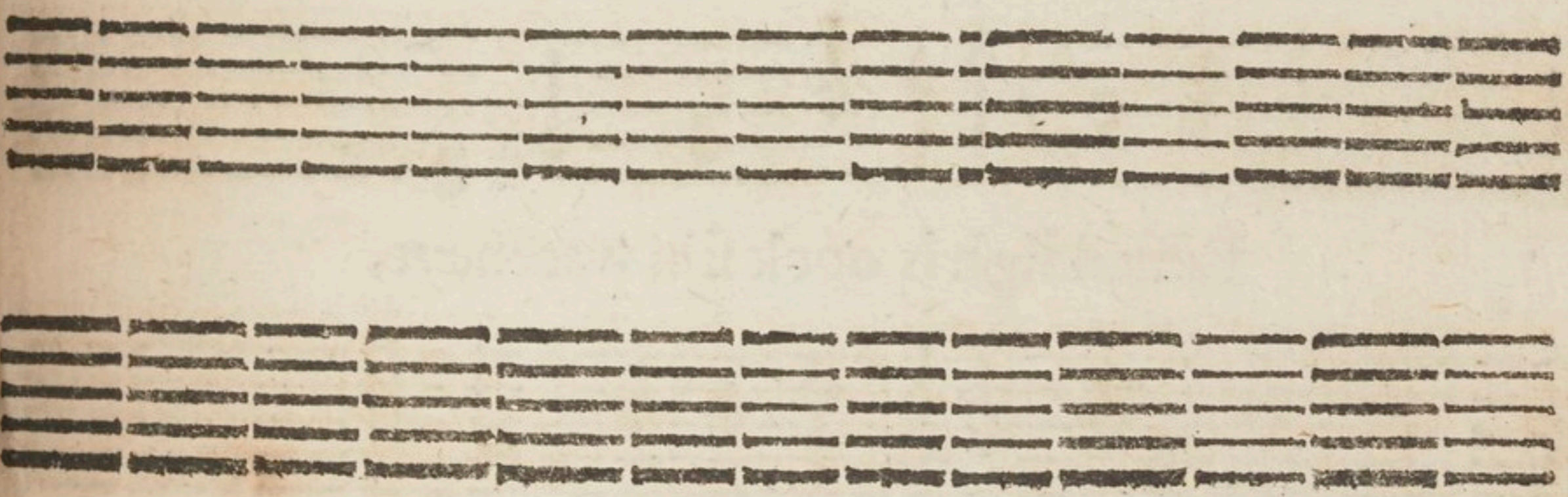
Mijn stem ende bidden in mijn swaer klagen.



Ick sal hem bidden in mijn quade dagen,



Om dat hy hem tot my neyght na sijn woort.

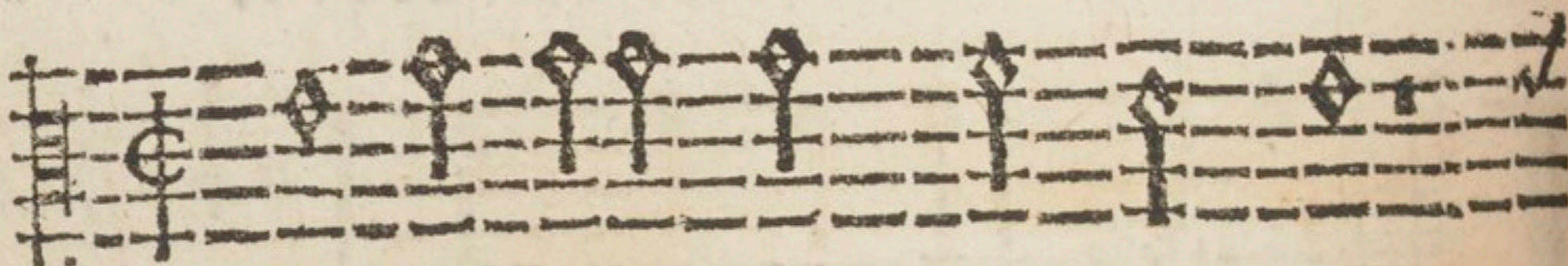




Contra-Tenor.

PSALM CXVII.

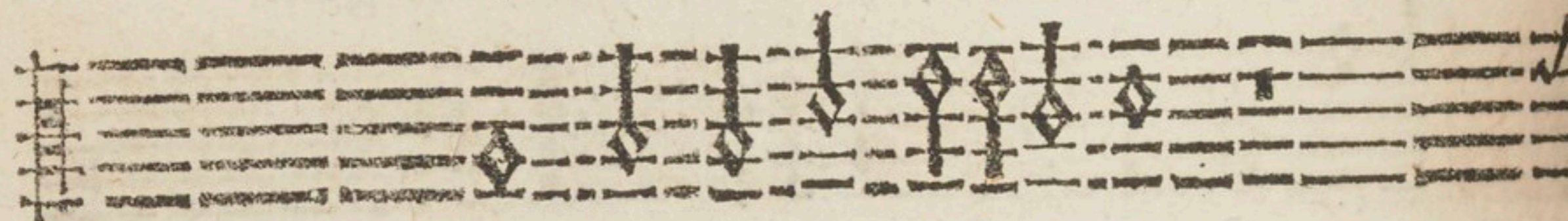
G



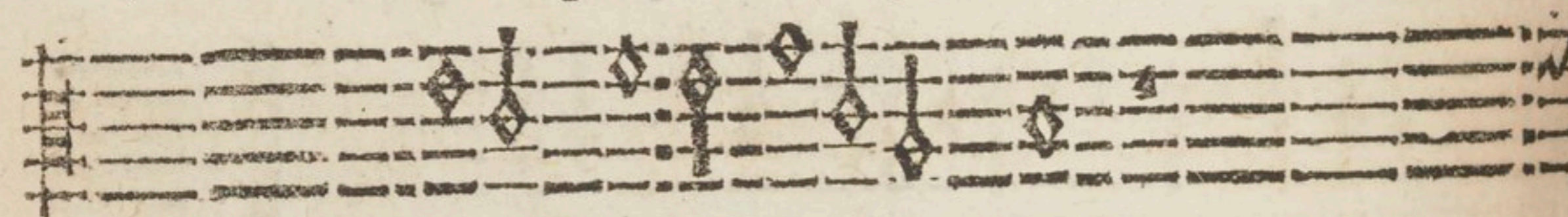
Hy Heydenen looft t'saem den Heer,



Ghy volckeren bewijft hem eer :



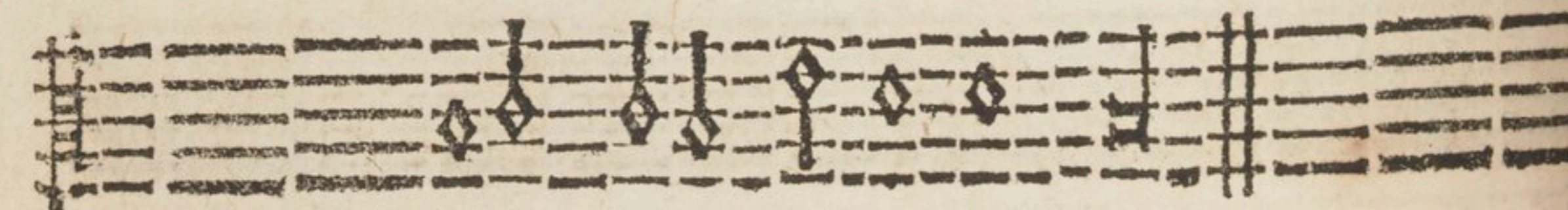
Want groot is sijn genade goedt,



Over ons all<sup>e</sup> in overvloedt ;



Bestendigh is oock sijn waerheyt,



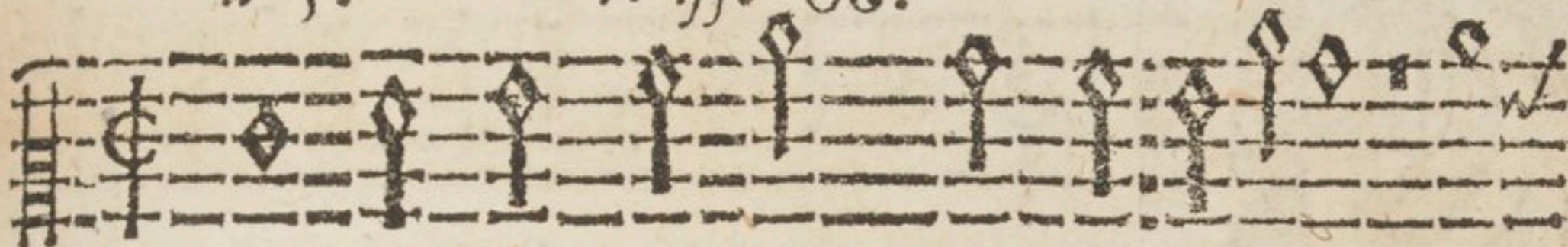
Over ons in der eeuwigheyt.



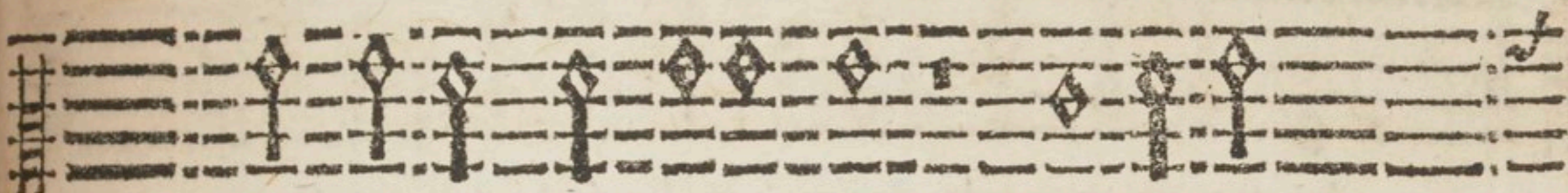
A 5.

Wijse 66.

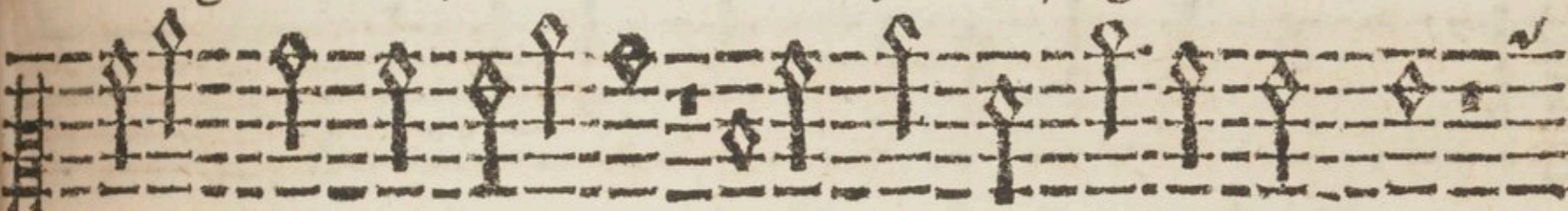
**D**



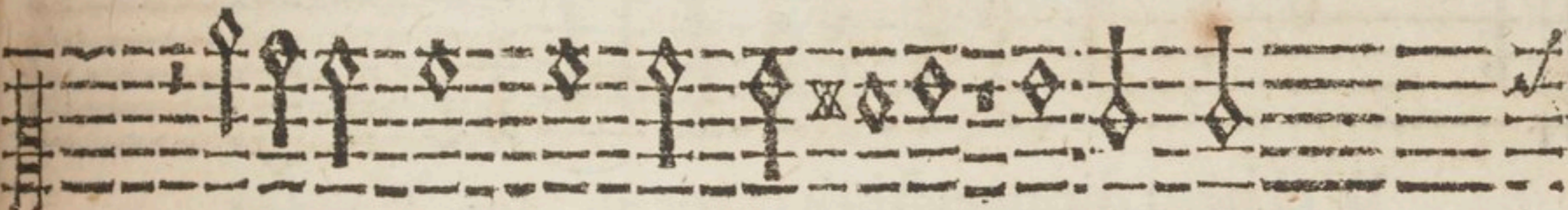
Ancket den Heer seer hoogh geprelen, Want



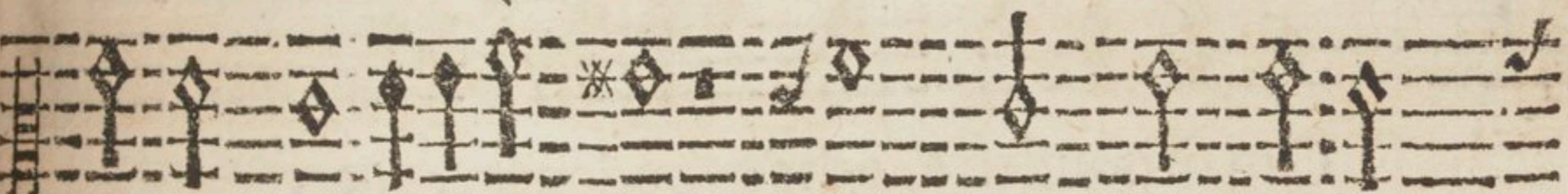
groot is sijn vriendelickheyt : Sijn goeder-



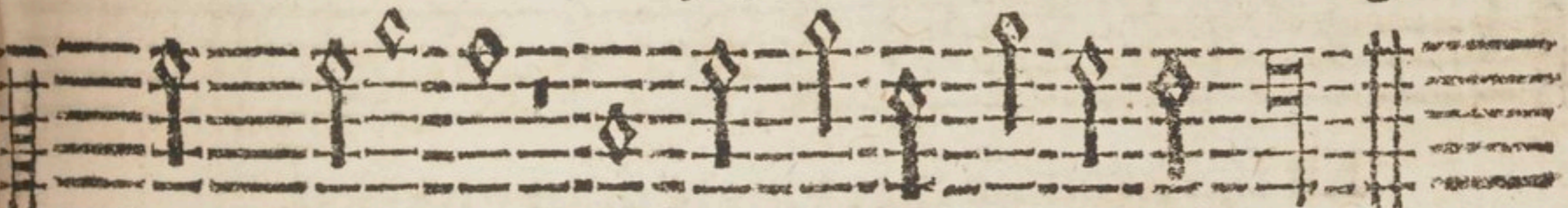
tierenheyt sal we- sen Bestendigh in der eeuwigheyt.



Israël moet hem nu begeven, Om te ver-

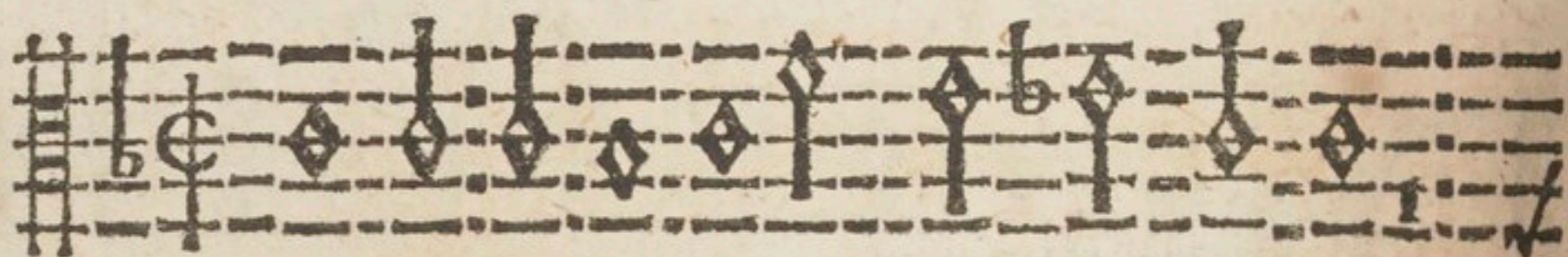


konden met be- sicheyt, Dat Godts barmhertig-

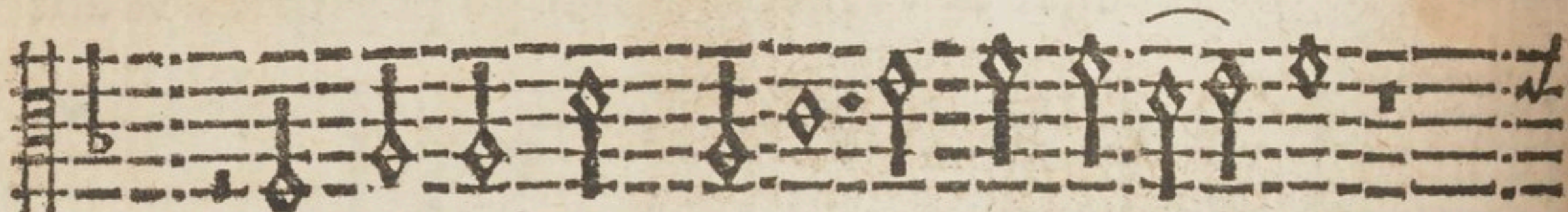


heyt [verheven] Geduert tot in der eeuwigheyt.

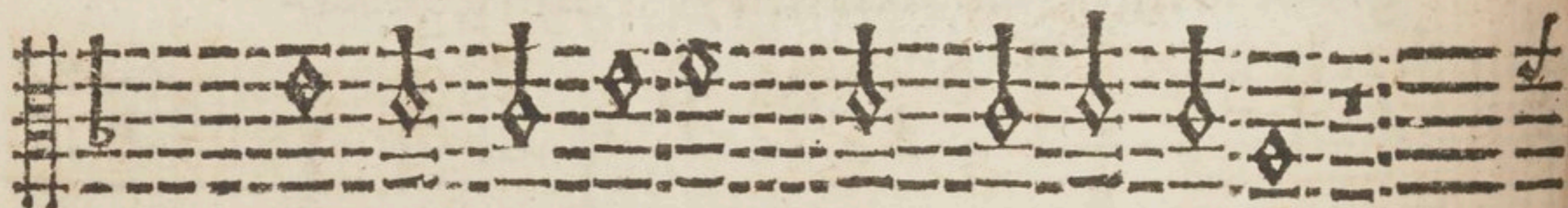




Eluckfaligh is de mensche die leeft,



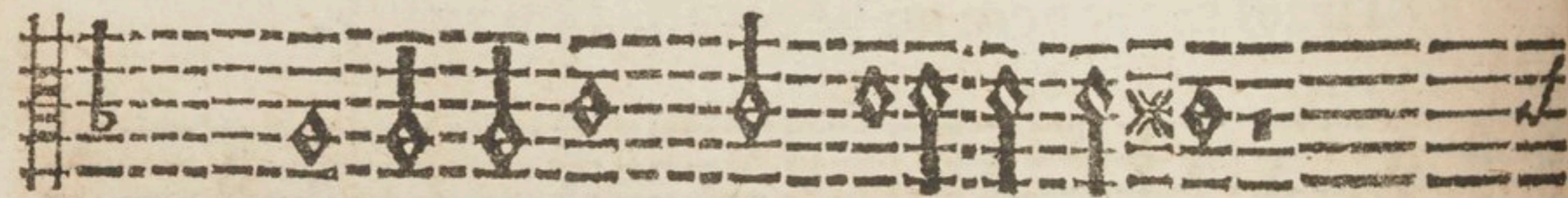
In een gemoedt dat oprecht is bevon- den,



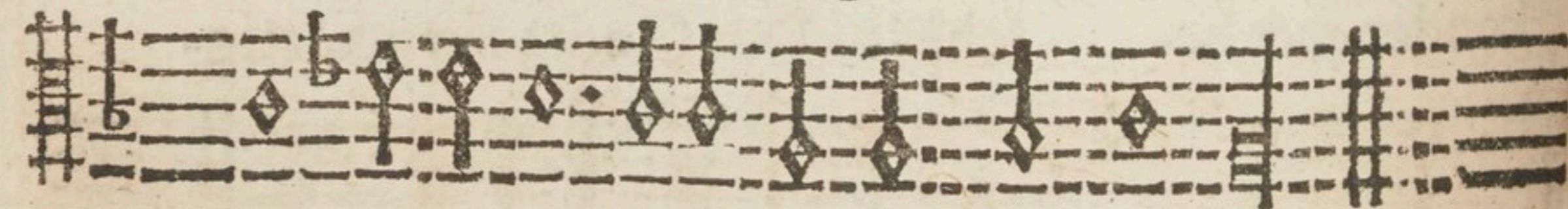
Die hem geheel tot Godts wetten begeeft :



Wel hem die neerstigh is tot al- len stonden,

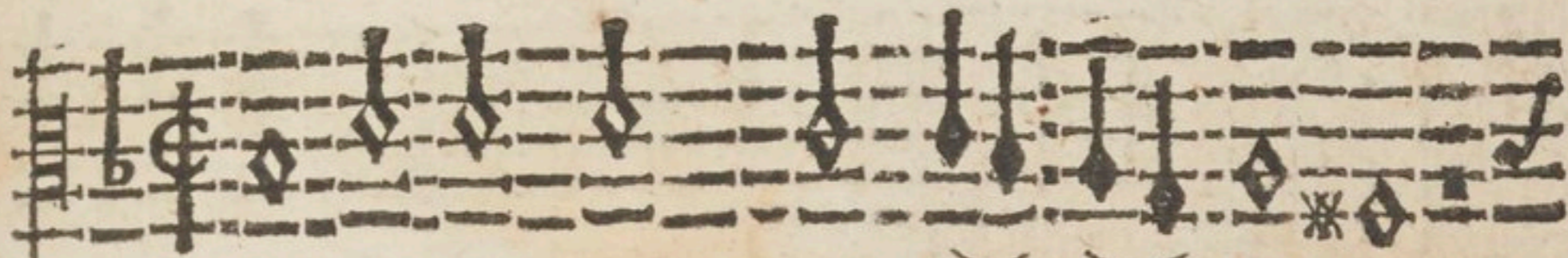


Om te houden Godts geboden seer soet,

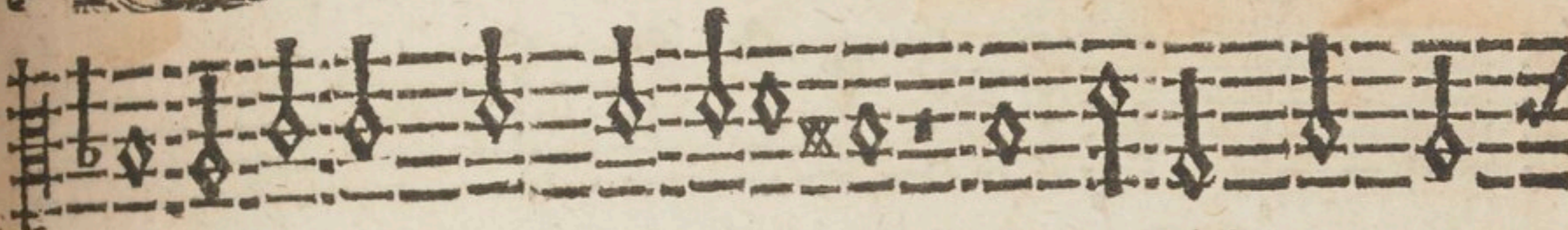


En sijn kennisse met vlijt te door gronden.

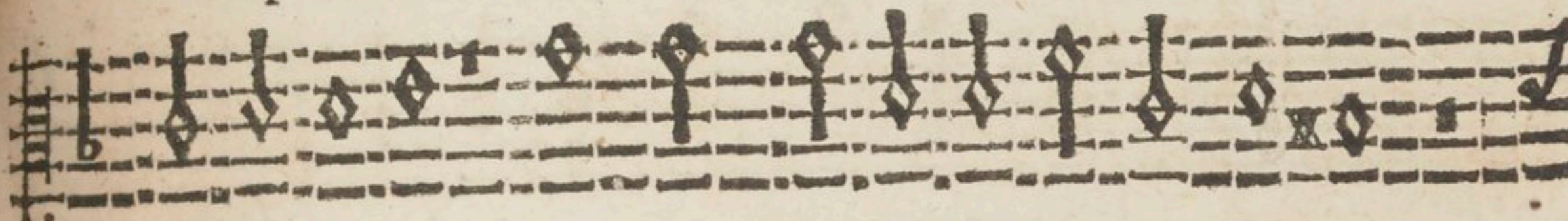




Als ick met swaer kruys ben be- laden,



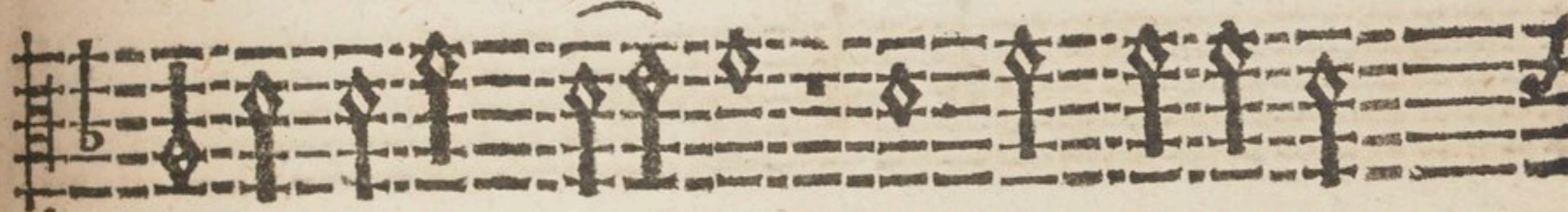
Ick roepe tot Godt vol genaden, Mijn gebed komt tot



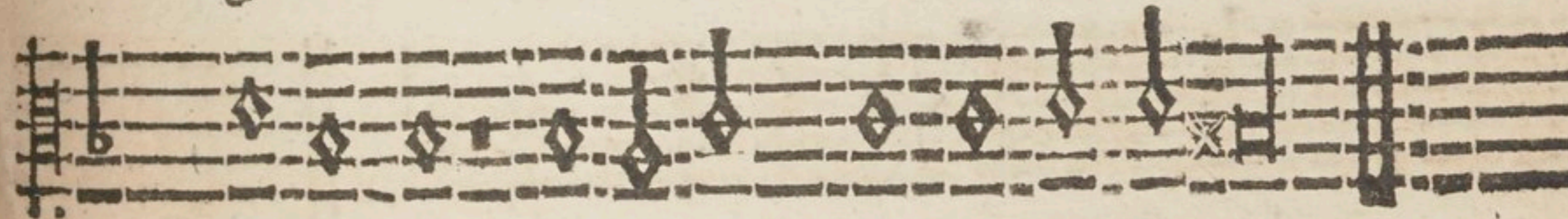
sijnen ooren, Hy plagh my altijdt te verhooren.



Voor de leugenachtige monden, En valsche

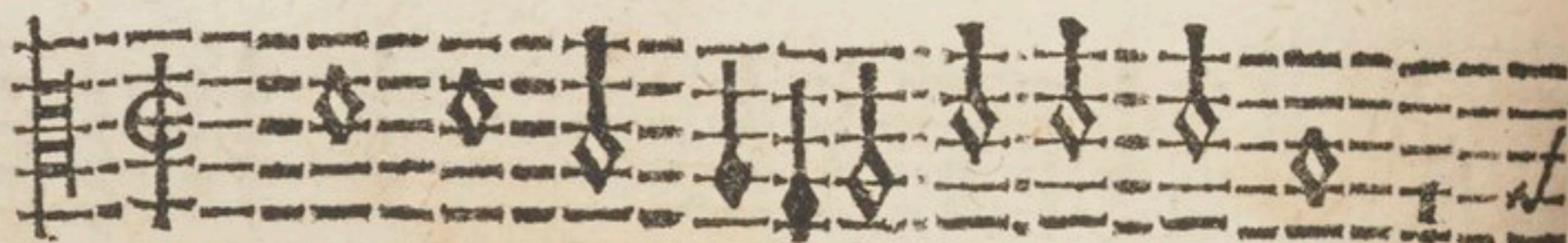


tongen t'allen ston- den, Wilt mijn ziel na uw'

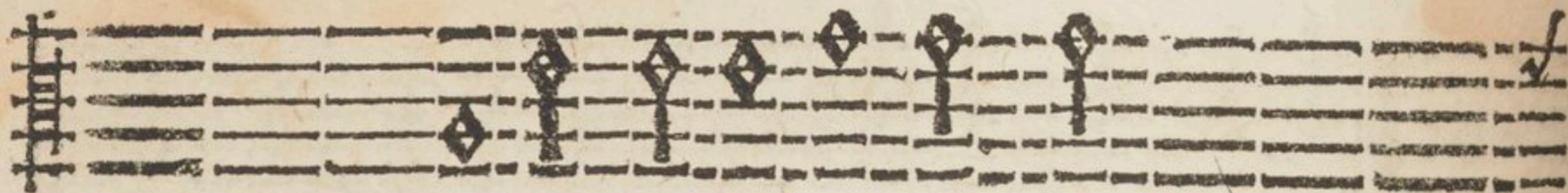


goedigheyt Verlossen, Heer, in eeuwigheyt.

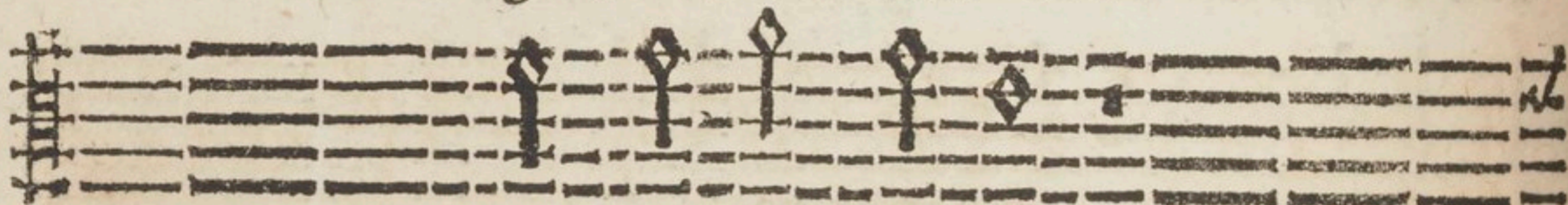




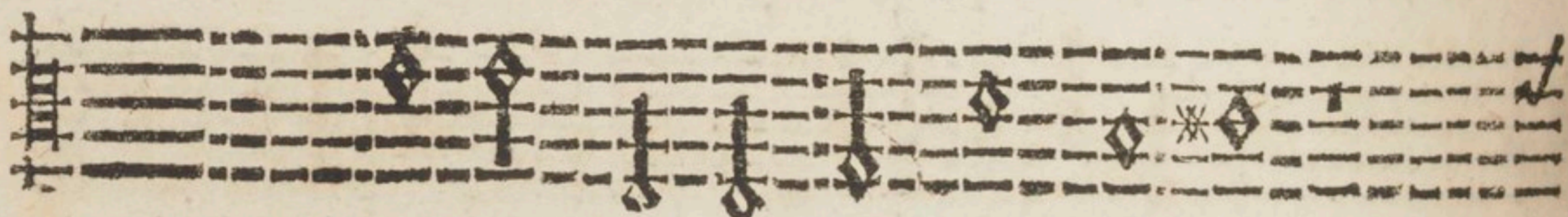
Ot den bergen hef ick op mijn



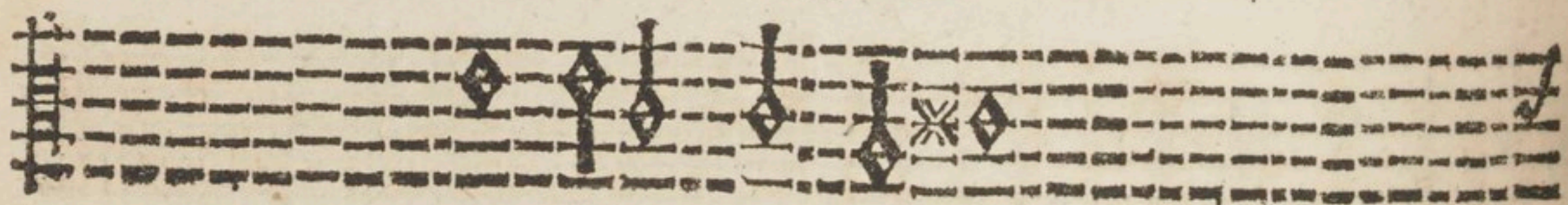
Oogen, ende van daer Ver-



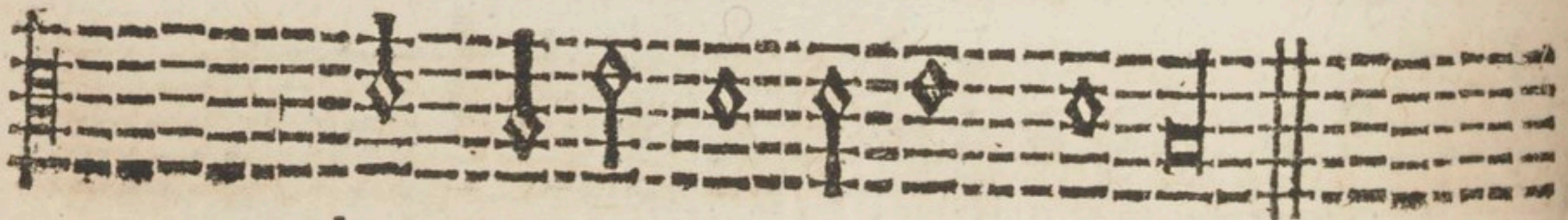
wacht ick hulp eenpaer.



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

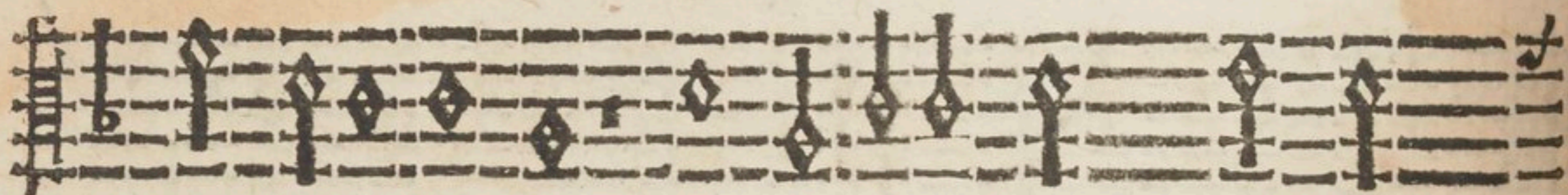
wel gestichtet. Jerusaleem is gebouwt vast, En door vre-

de t'sa. mē gepast, En tot eē stad Gods sijn gerich- tet.

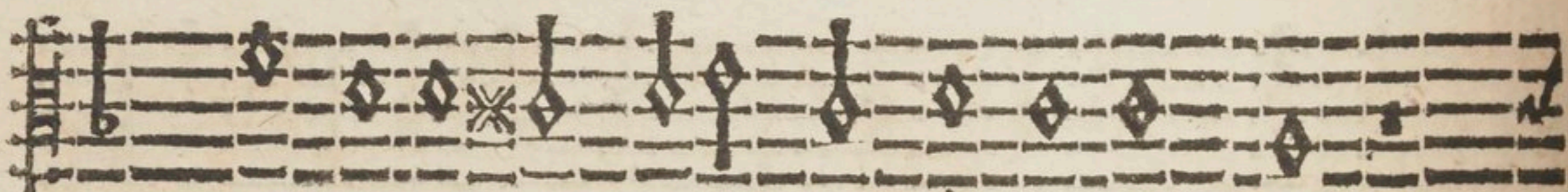


**T** 

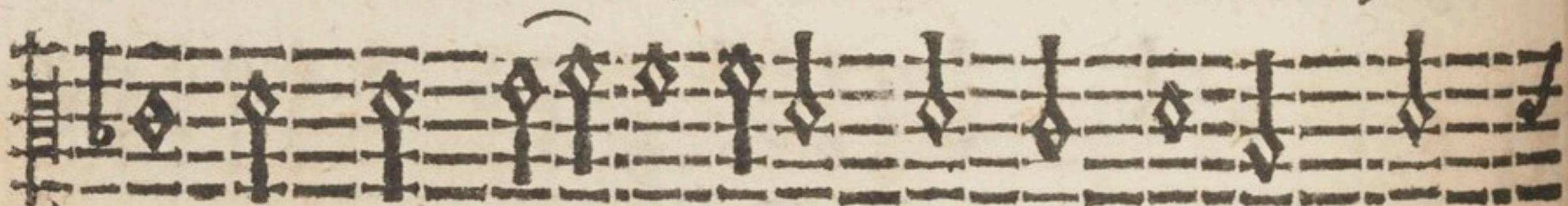
Ot u, Heer, mijn oogen hef ick altijt, Die



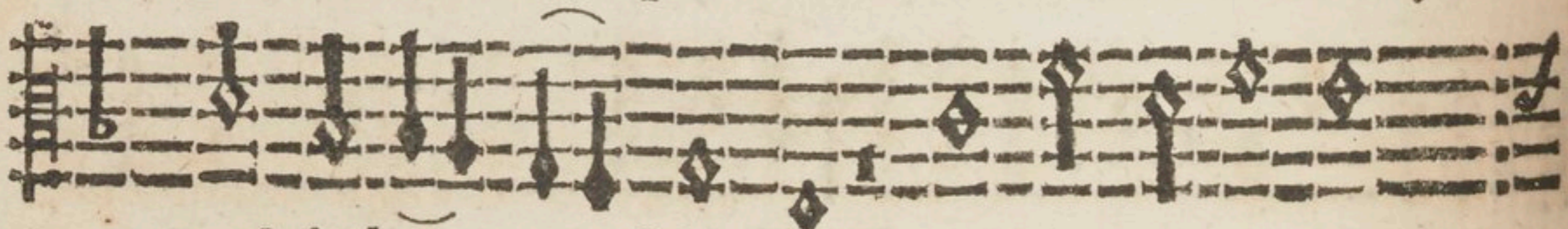
in den hemel zijt. Soo de oogen eens knechts in



sijn benouwen Sijnen meester aenschouwen ;



Soo de maeght fiet op haerer vrouwen handen, Wy

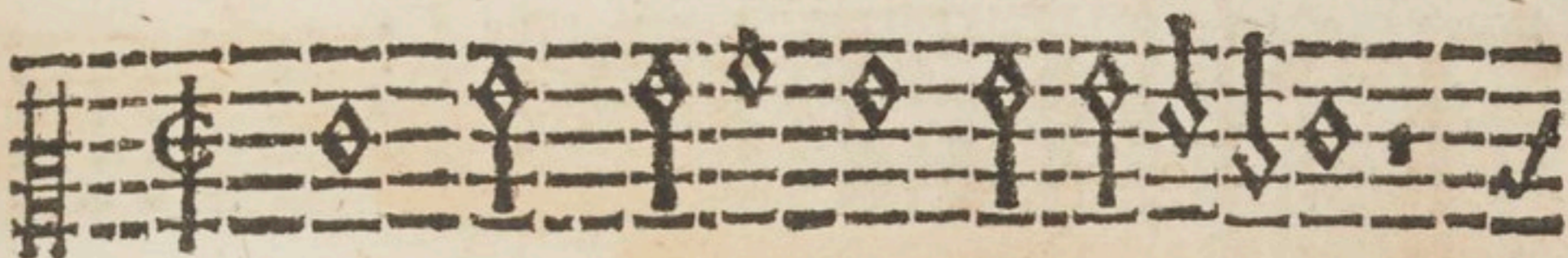


oock in kruys en schanden Sien soo op u, Heer,

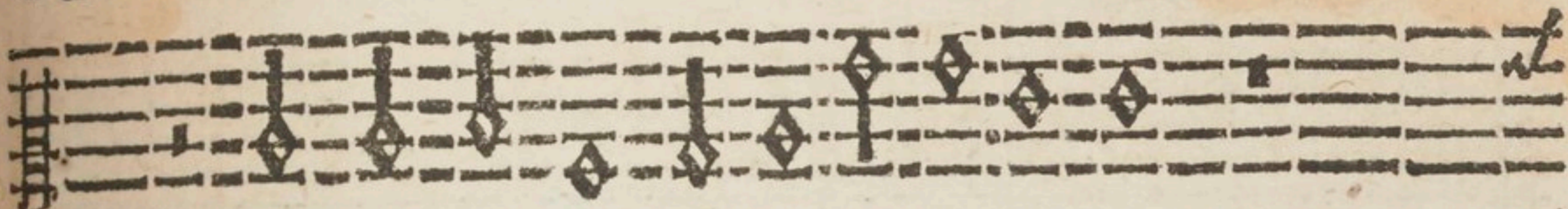


en wachten in noodt Uw' hulp en goetheyt groot.

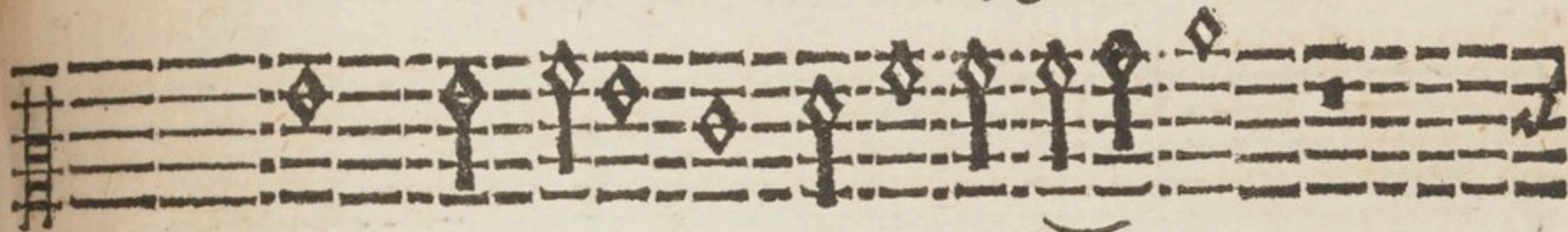




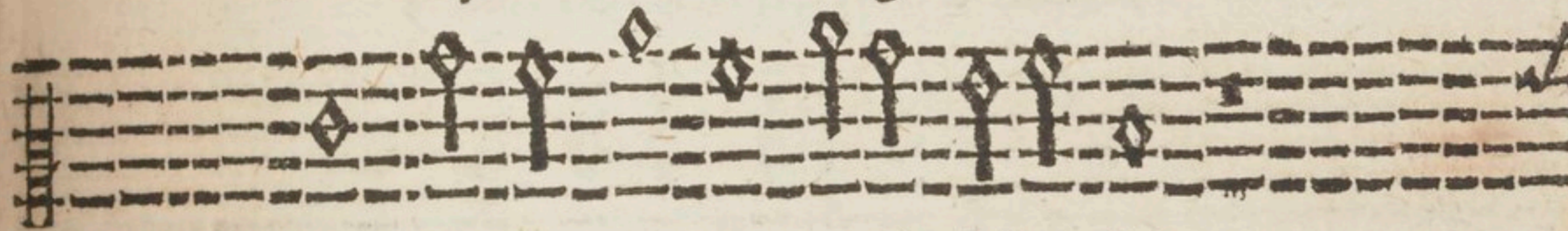
En mach nu wel seggen in Israél,



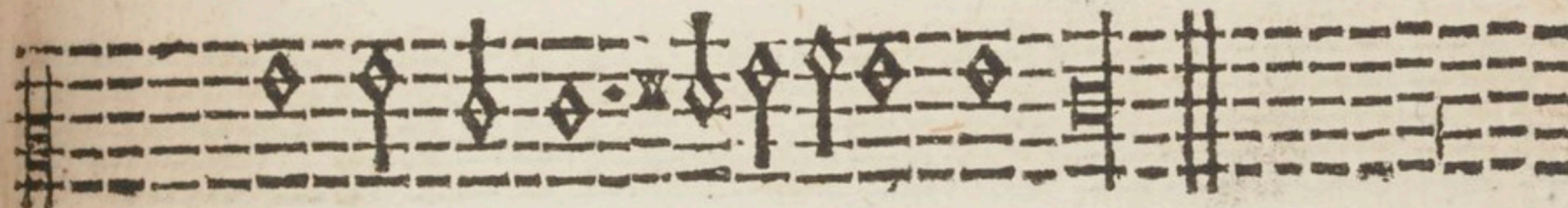
Had ons de Heer selve niet bygestaen,



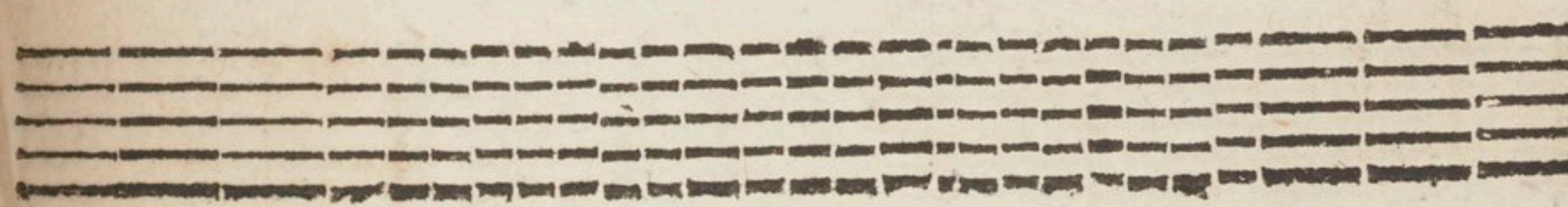
Hadd' hy ons saken niet genomen aen,



Als ons de volcken overvielen fel,



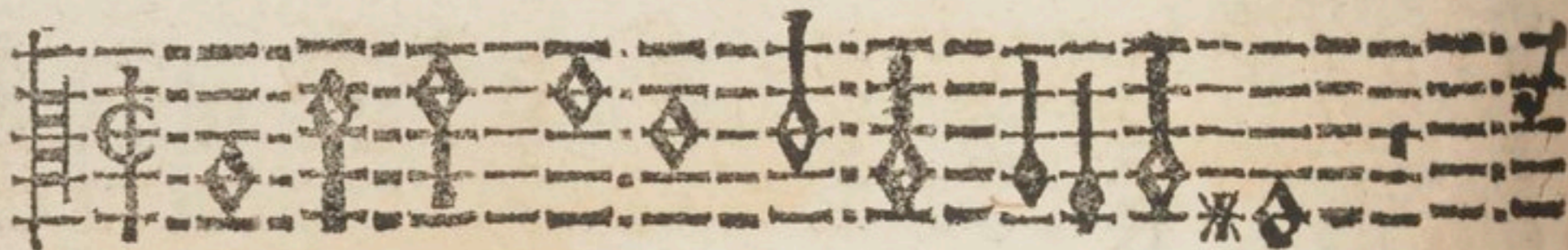
Om ons uyt te roeijen en te verstaen.



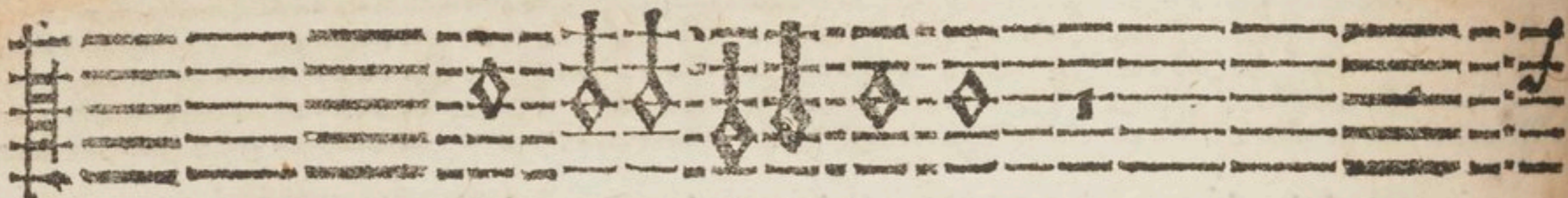


Contra-Tenor.

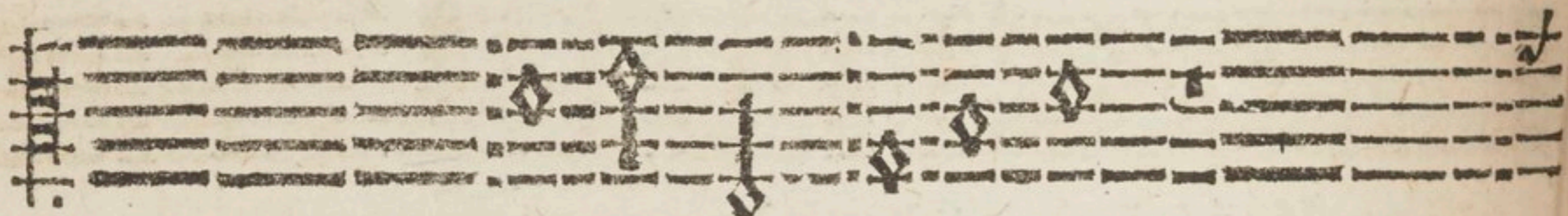
PSALM CXXV.



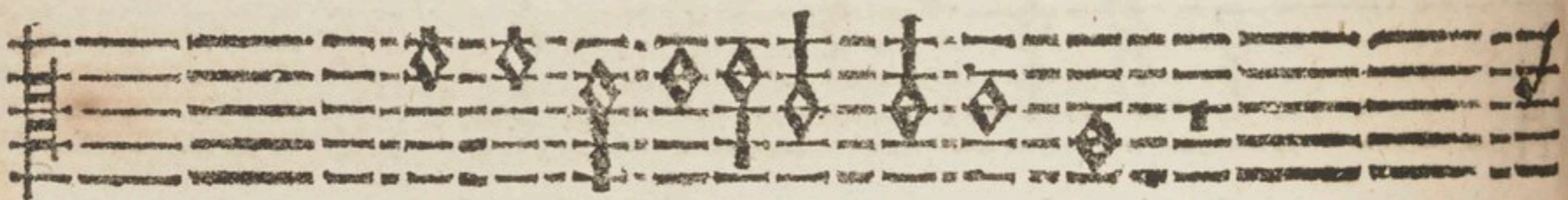
Ie op den Heere vast betrouwen,



Die fullen niet vergaen,



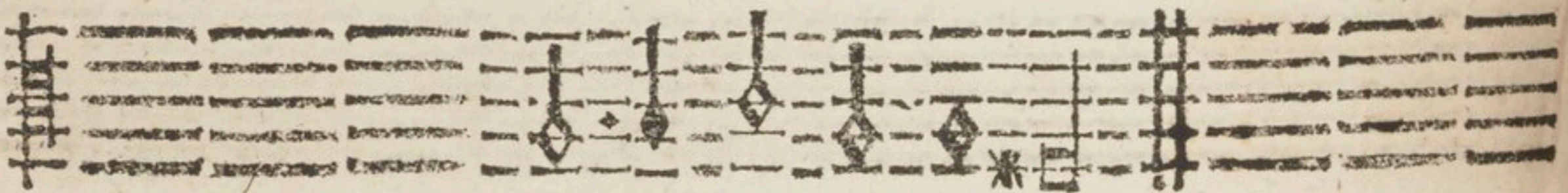
Maer eeuwigh blijven staen,



Ja soo vast in allen benouwen,

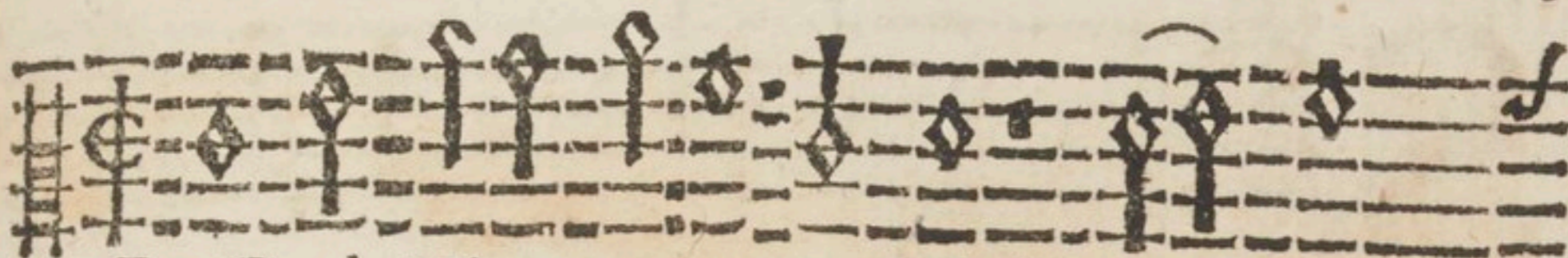


Als de bergen van Zion plegen,

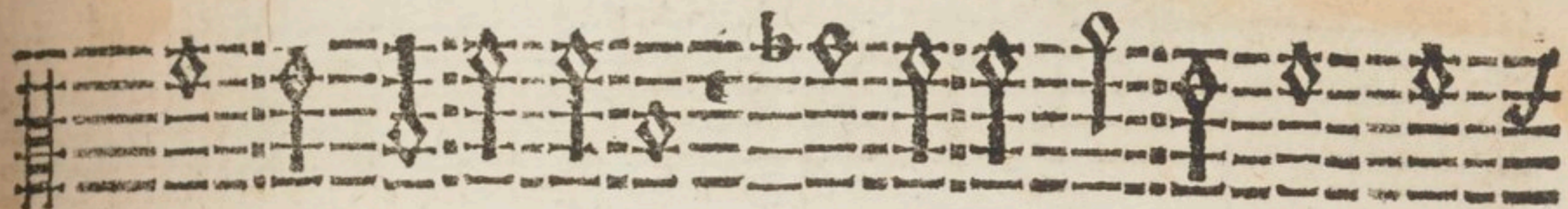


Son- der bewegen.





Ls Godt Zions gevangen al T'saem ver-



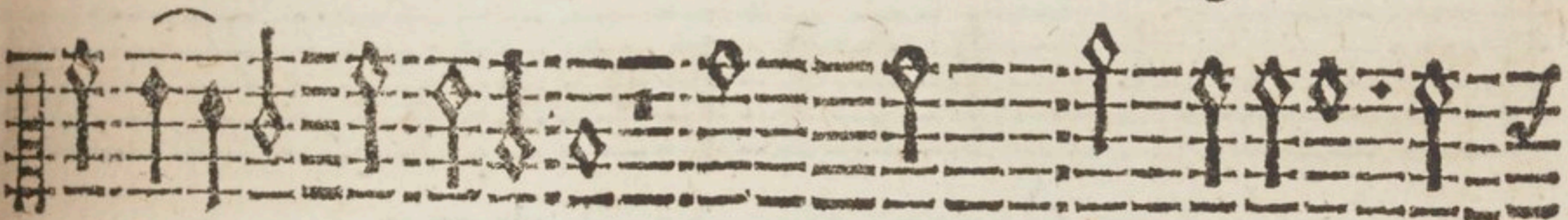
loft heeft na sijn geval, Soo waren wy verheugt al



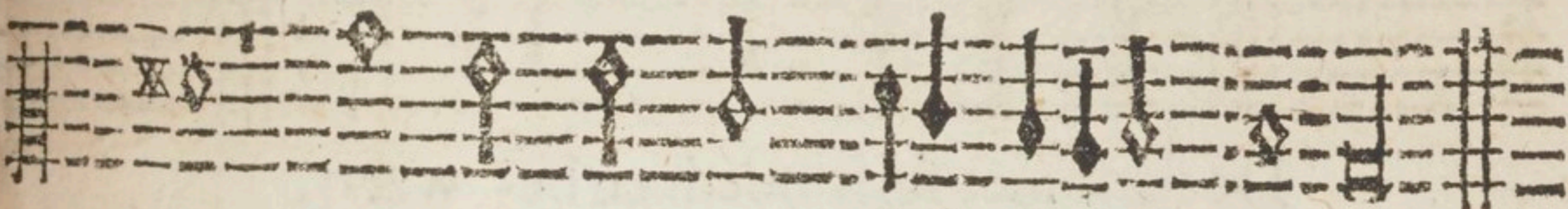
t'saem, Gelijck sy die droo- men bequaem. On-



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

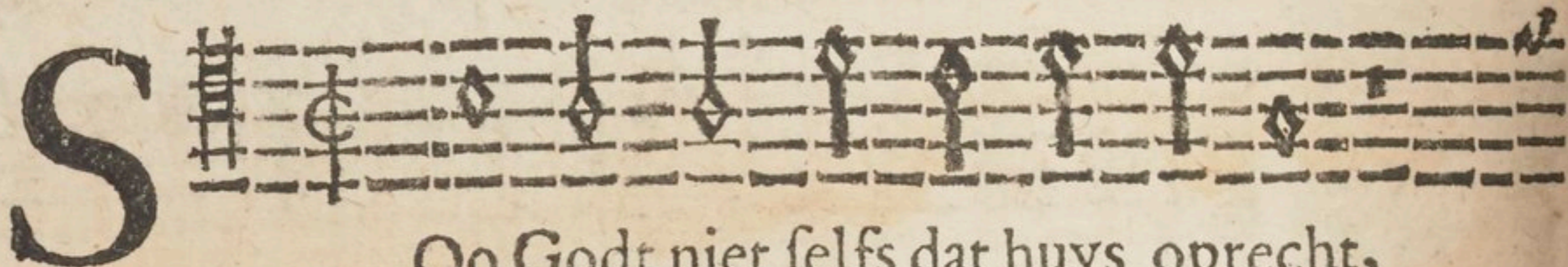


lofsan- gen gepre- sen : Dan sprack 't volck allesins, wel



aen, Godt heeft sijn volck wat groots gedaen,

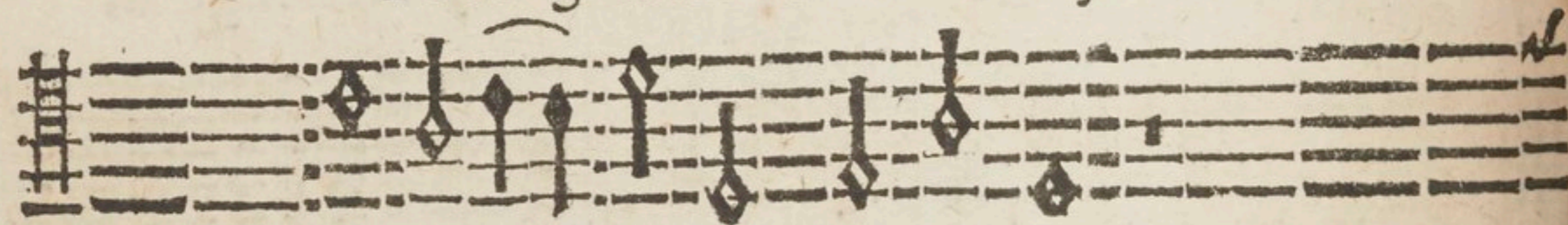


**S** 

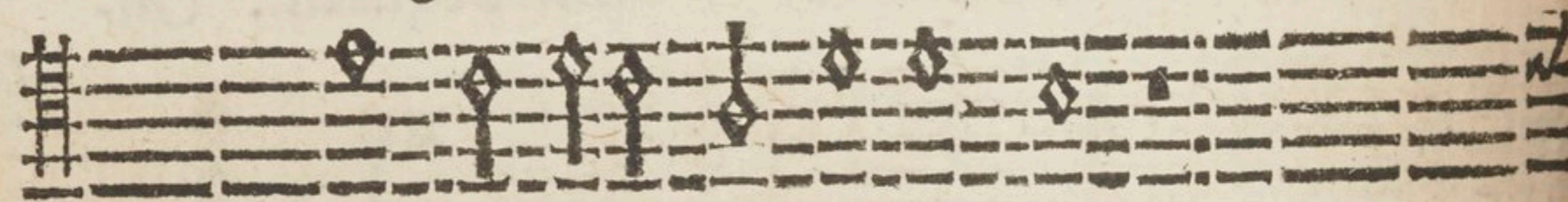
Oo Godt niet selfs dat huys oprecht,



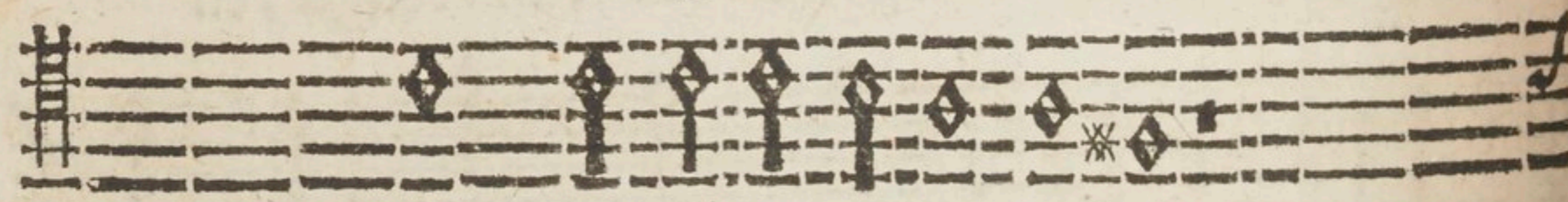
Te vergeefs is den ar- beydt al



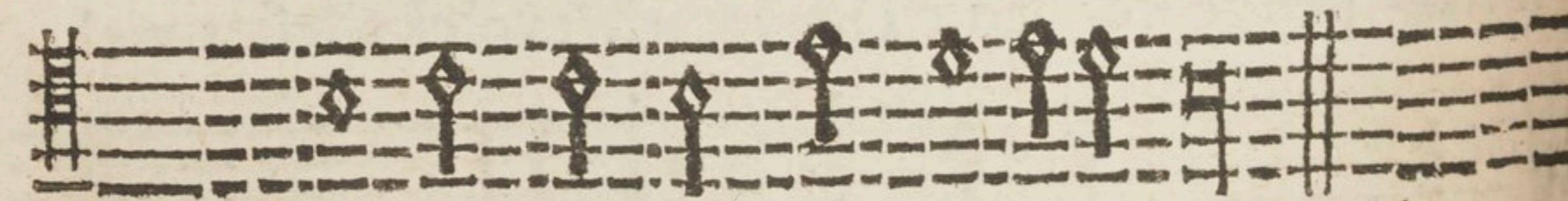
Des genes die dat bouwen sal,



Dat waken is gaer niet en slecht,

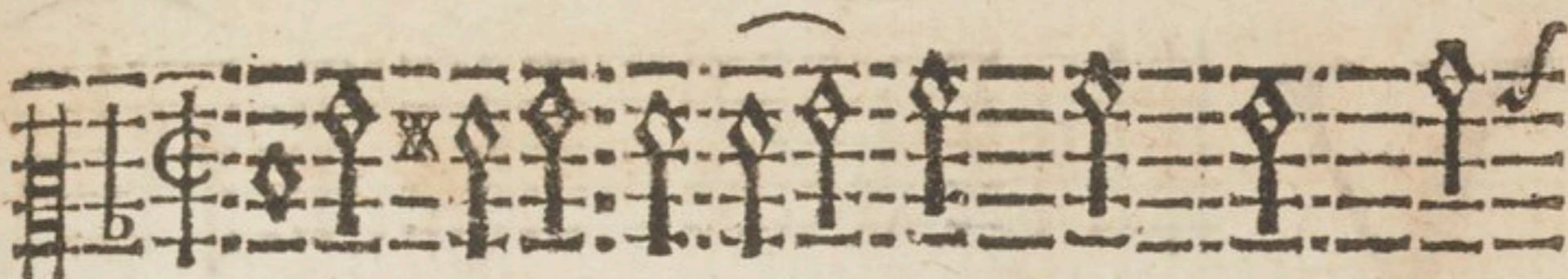


Soo Godt na sijn vaderlick aert

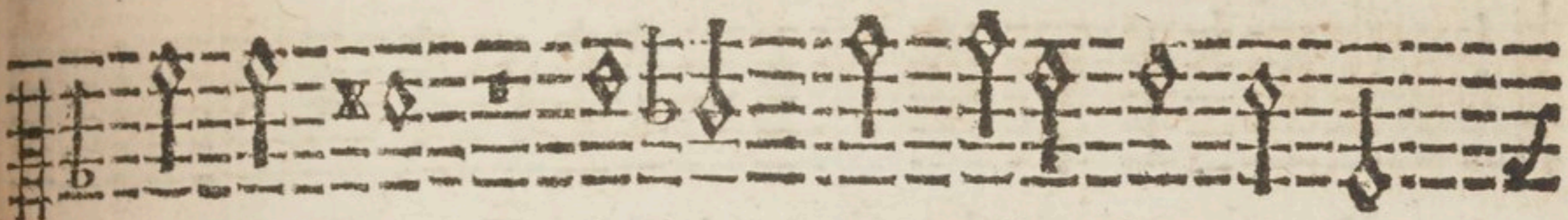


De stadt niet selfs hoedt en be- waert.

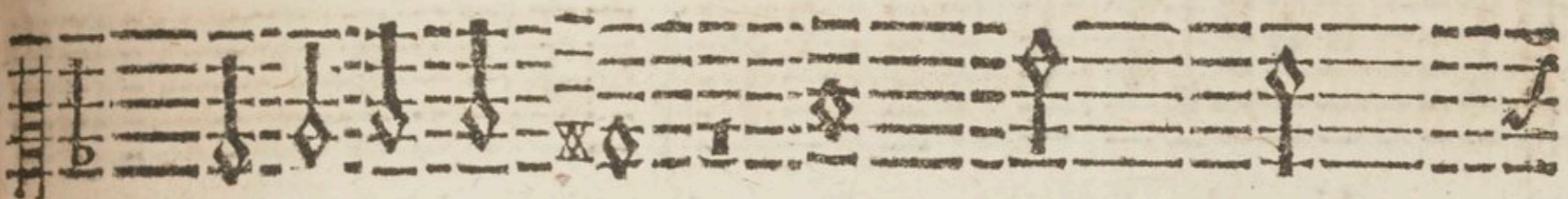




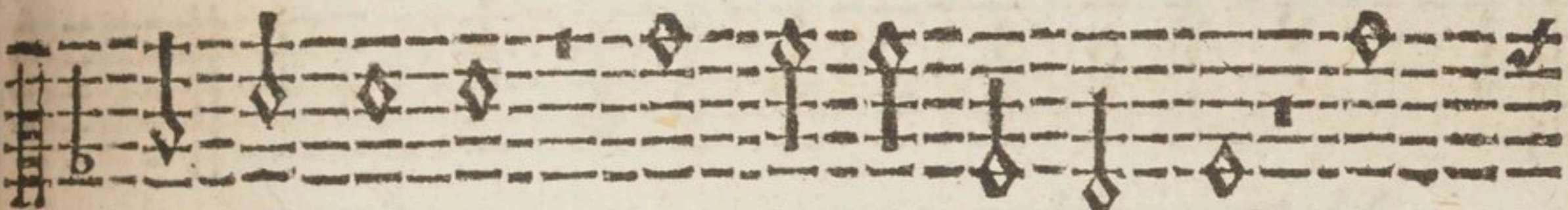
Aligh is hy bevonden, Die Godt vreef



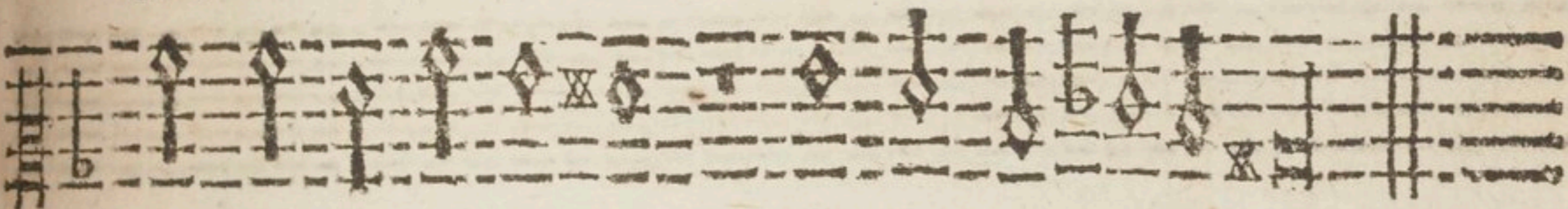
en dient recht, Die oock gaet t'allen sonden In



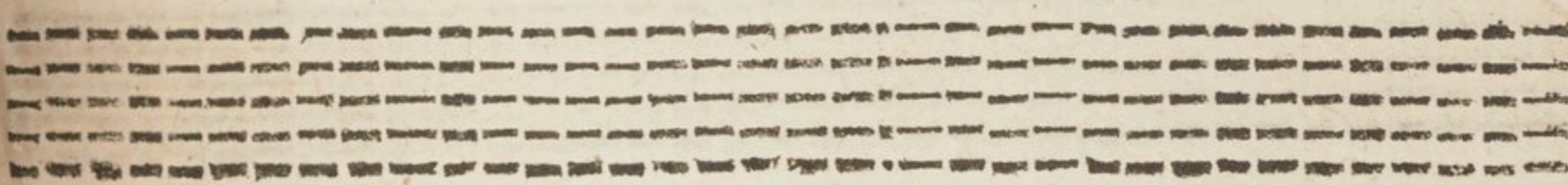
sijnen wegen slecht: Door 't werck 't welck



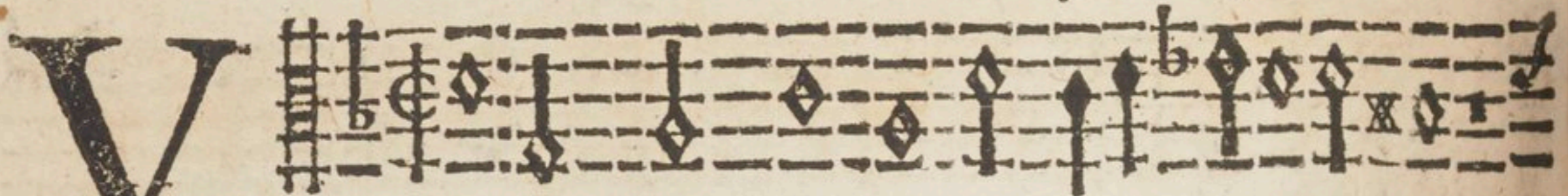
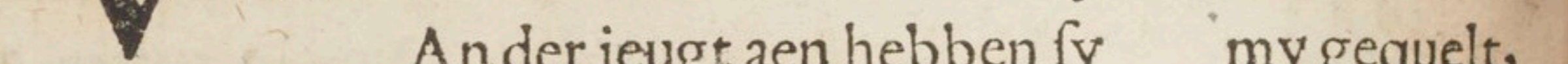
ghy sult drijven, Wert ghy hier wel gevoedt, U



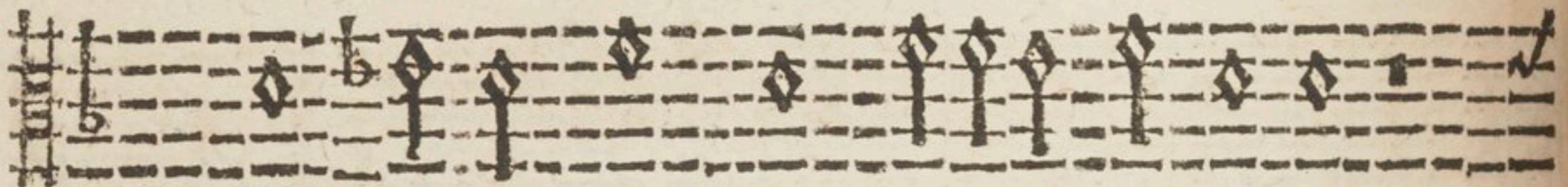
doen sal wel beklijven, Spoedigh met overvloedt.



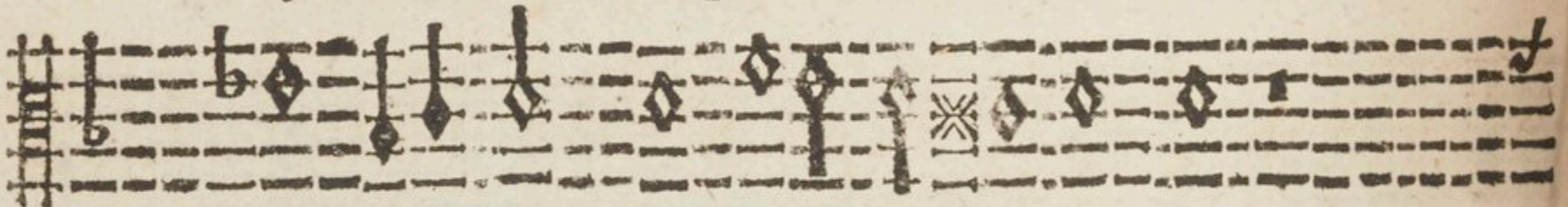


**V**  

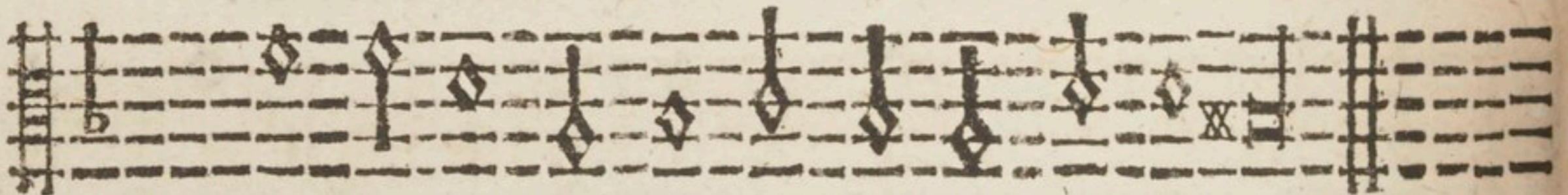
An der jeugt aen hebben sy my gequelt,



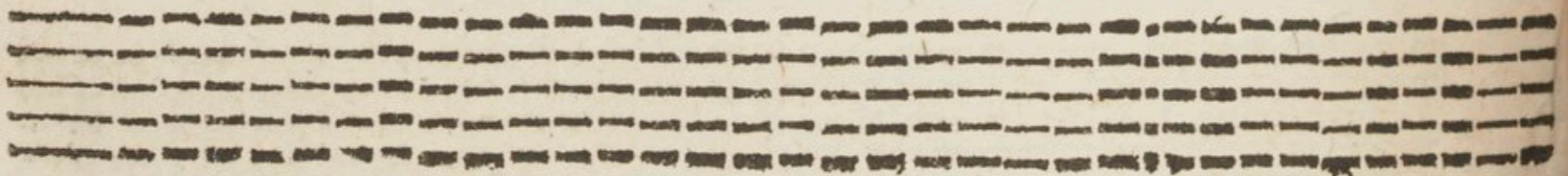
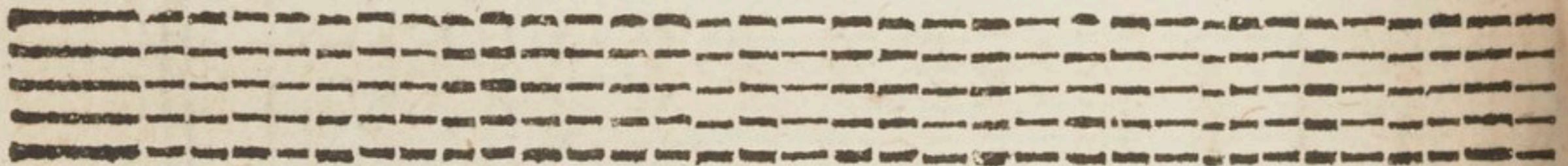
Duyfentmael, dies spreeckt Israël met sinnen :



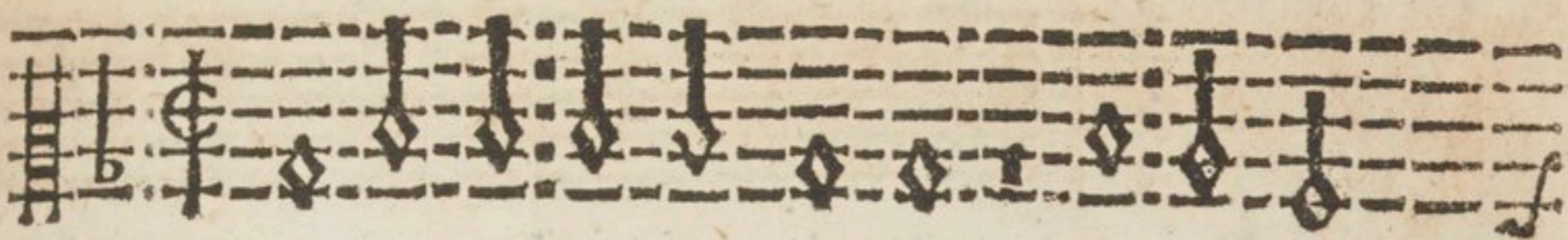
Van der jeught aen leverden sy my 't velt,

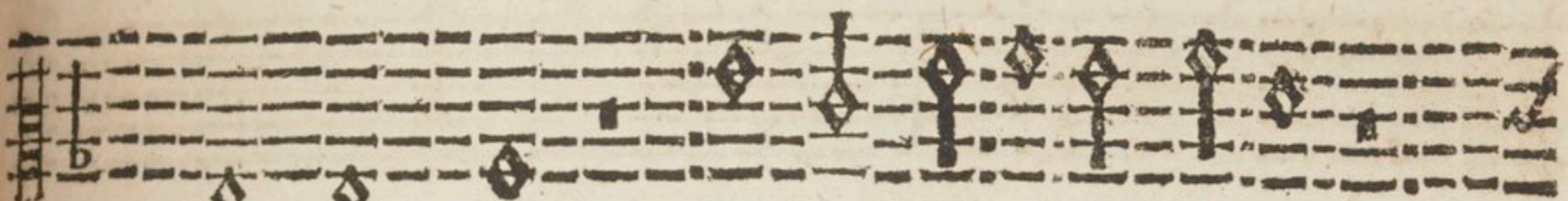


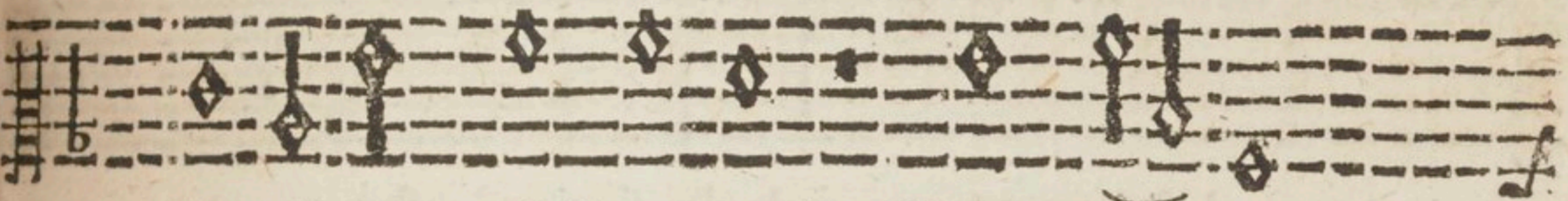
Maer sy hebben my niet kunnen verwinnen.

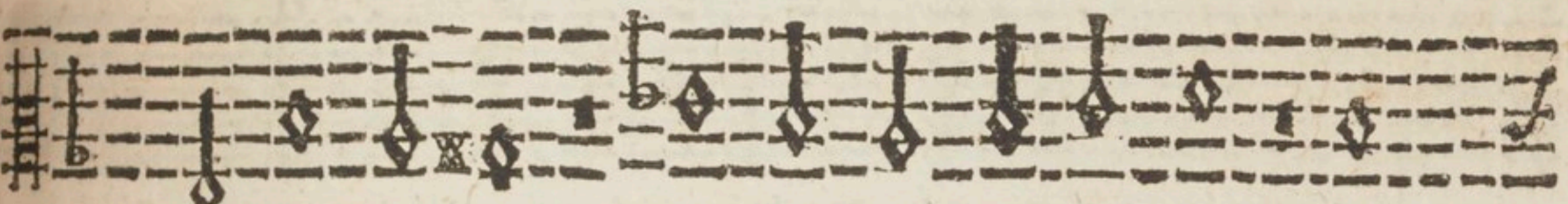




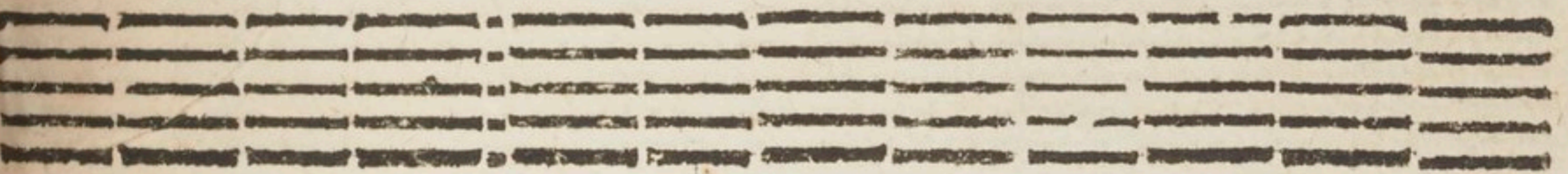
**U**  Yt de diepten ô Heere, [Mijner be-

 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 Mijn klachtigh bidden al.





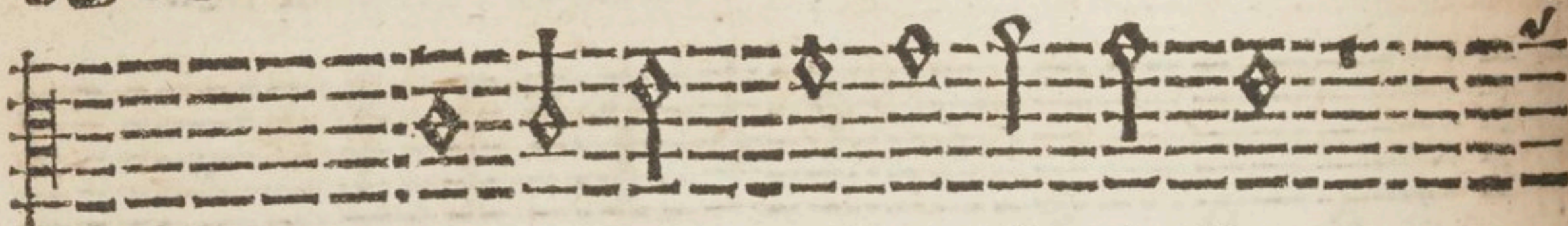
Contra-Tenor.

PSALM CXXXI.

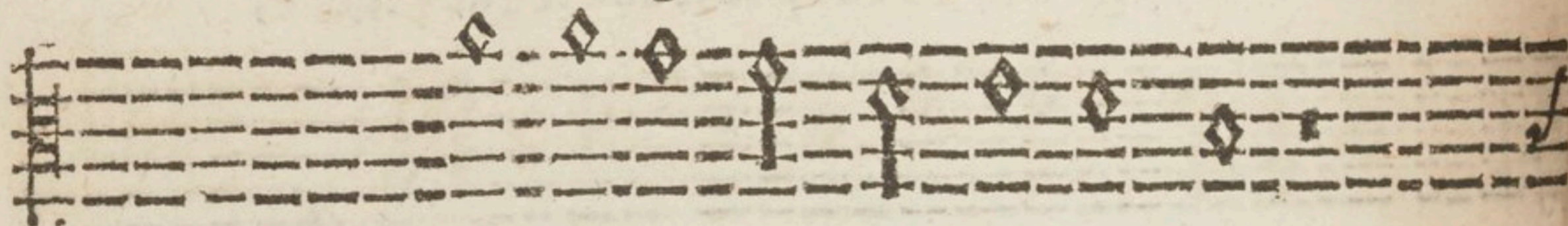
**M**



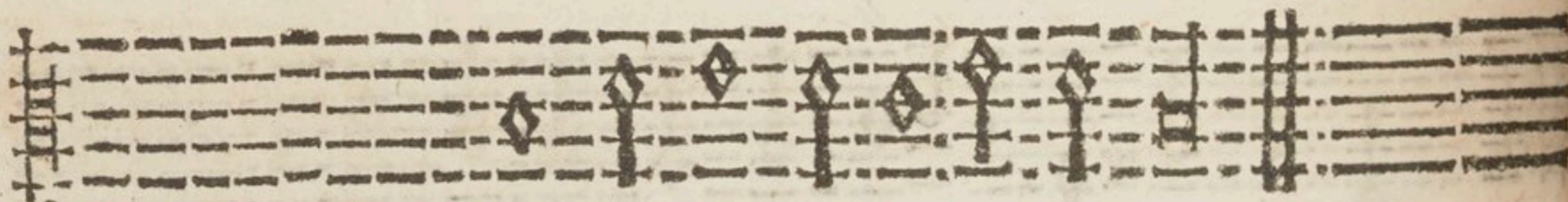
Yn hert is, Heer, in groot eenvoudt,



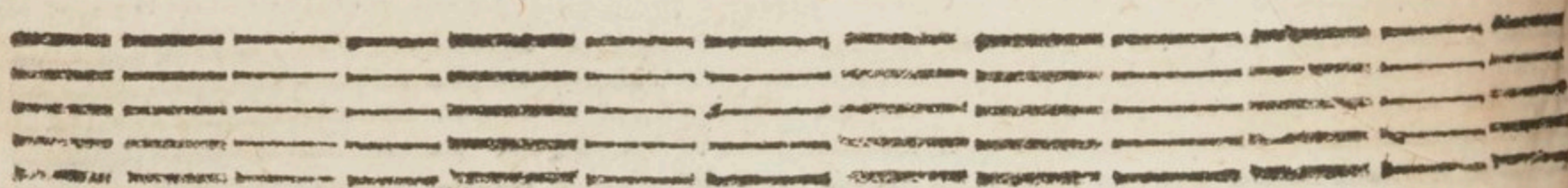
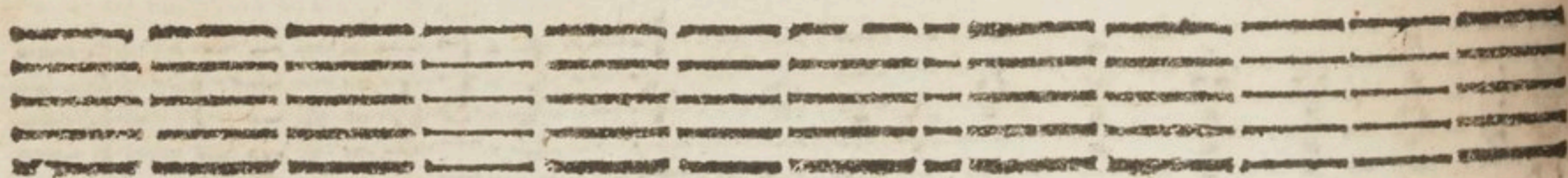
Ootmoedigh, oock en zijn niet stout



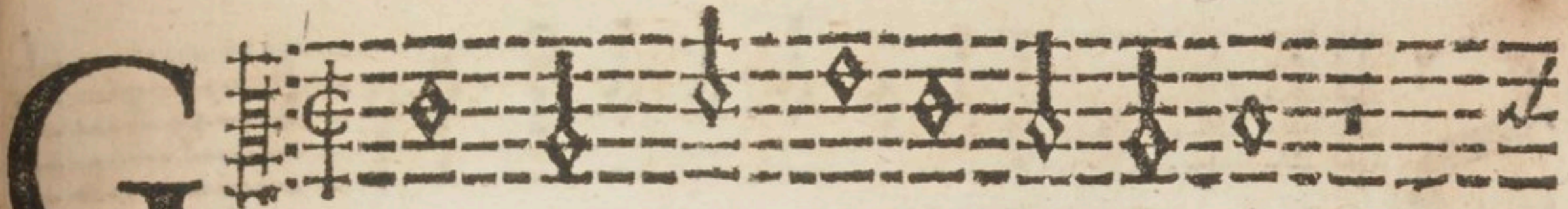
Mijn oogen, ick derf niet bestaen

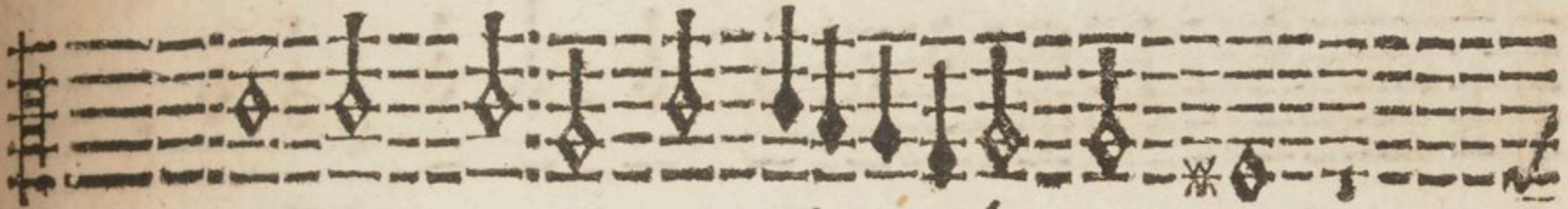


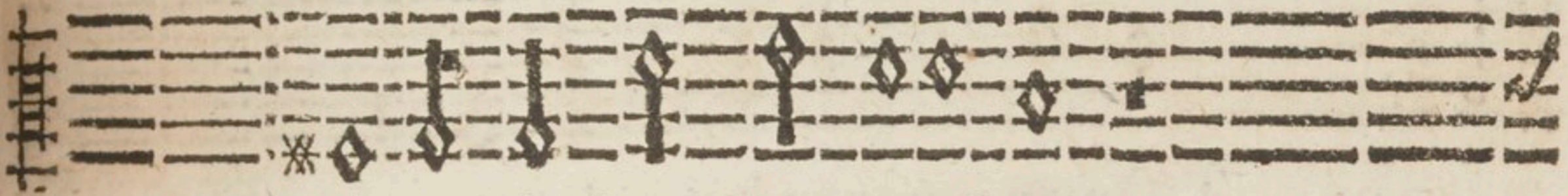
Dingen die my te boven gaen.

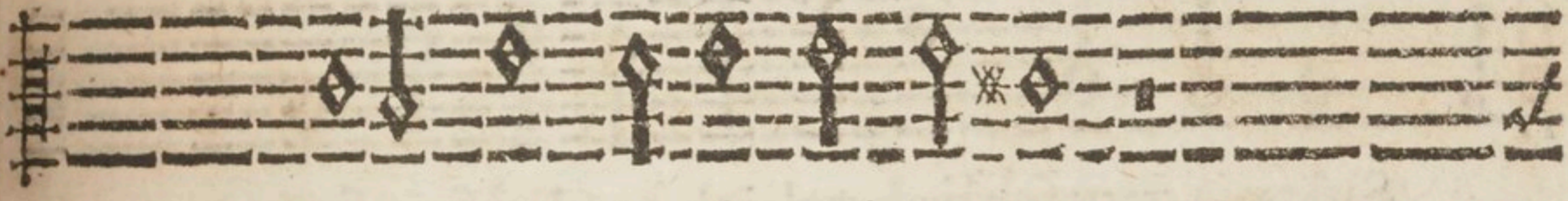


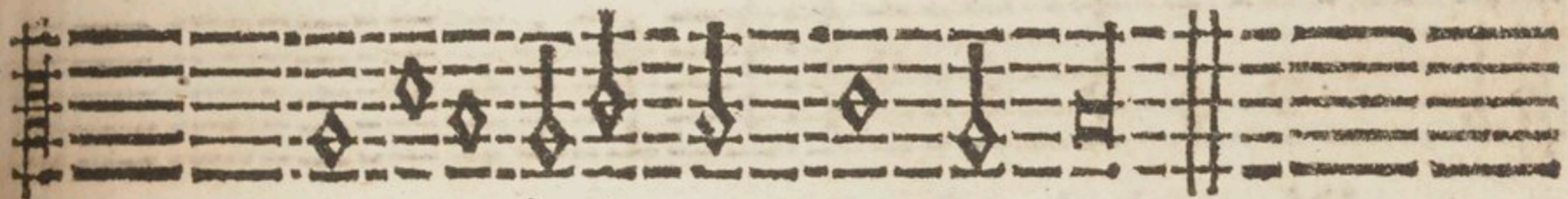


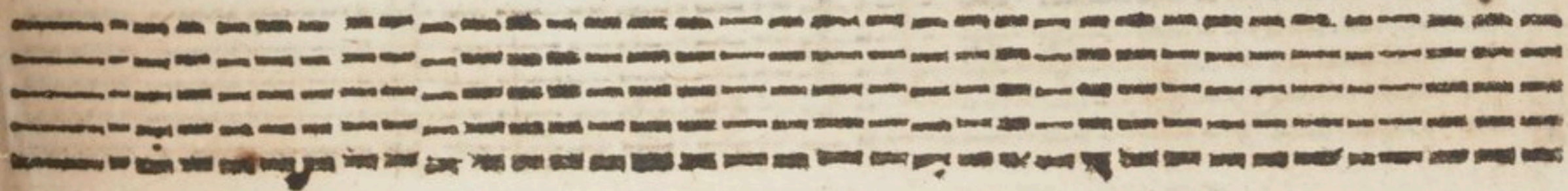
**G**    
 Edenckt doch des Davids, ô Heer,

   
 En oock aen all' sijn lij- den s'waer,

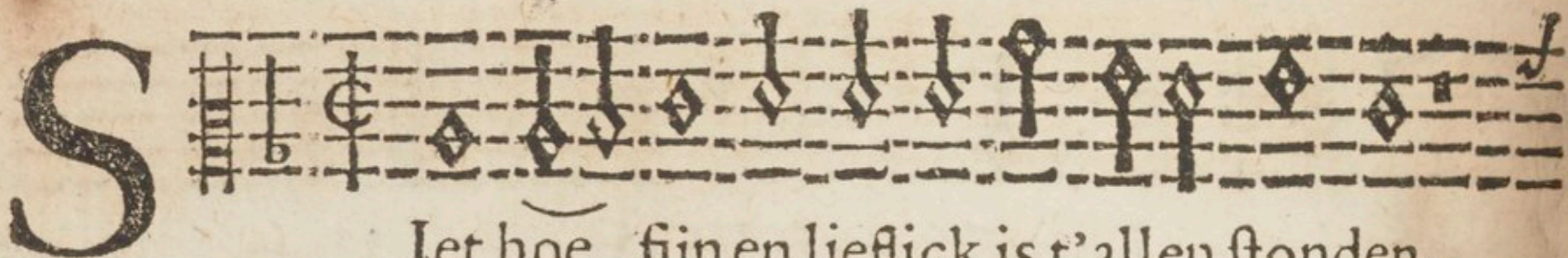
   
 Die u eedt deed' in 't openbaer,

   
 En u, Godt Jacobs vol van eer',

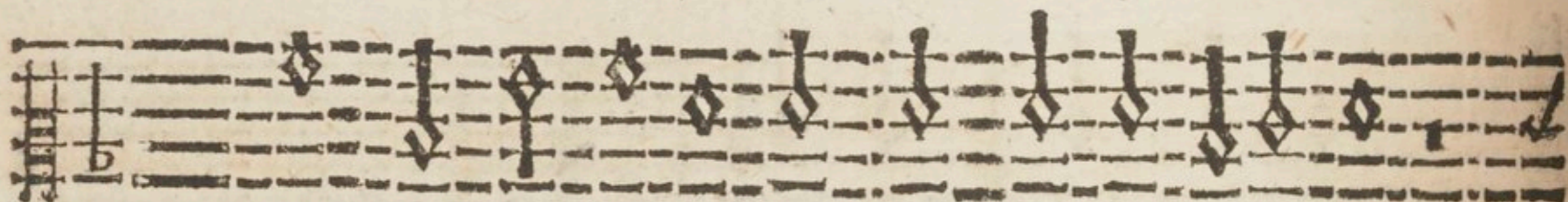
   
 Beloften al- tijdt deed' eerbaer.





**S** 

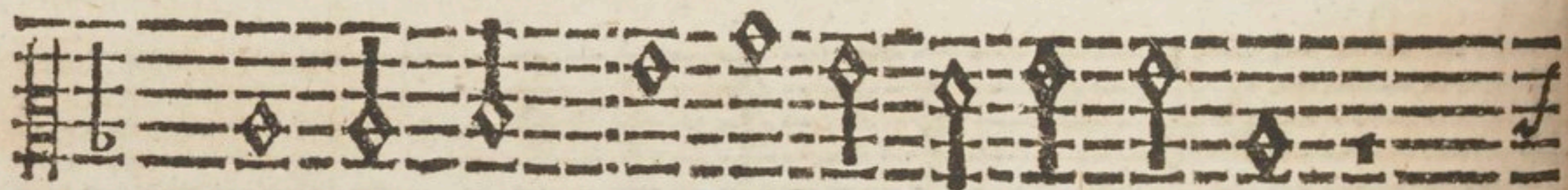
Iet hoe fijn en lieflick is t' allen stonden,



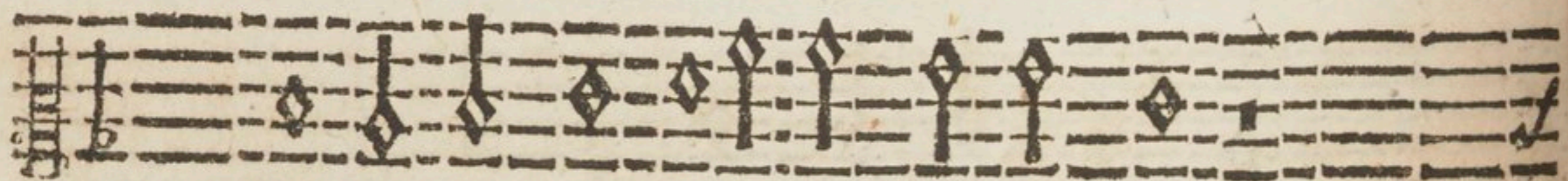
Dat broeders in eendrachtigheyt bevon- den,



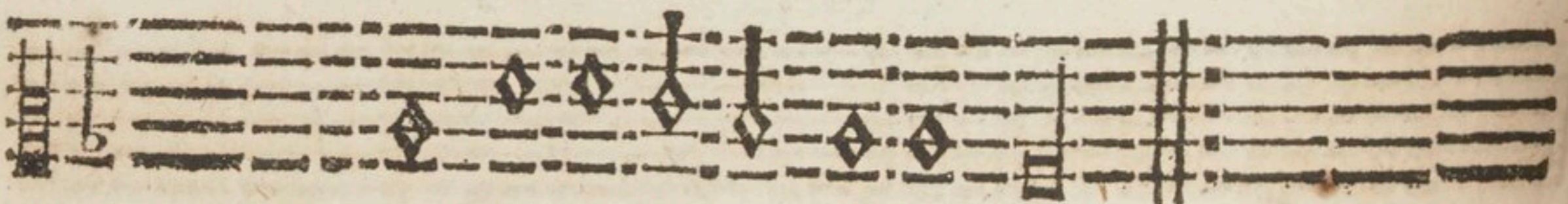
T'samen woonen in vrede goet,



Sulcx is gantschlick gelijk een balssem soet,



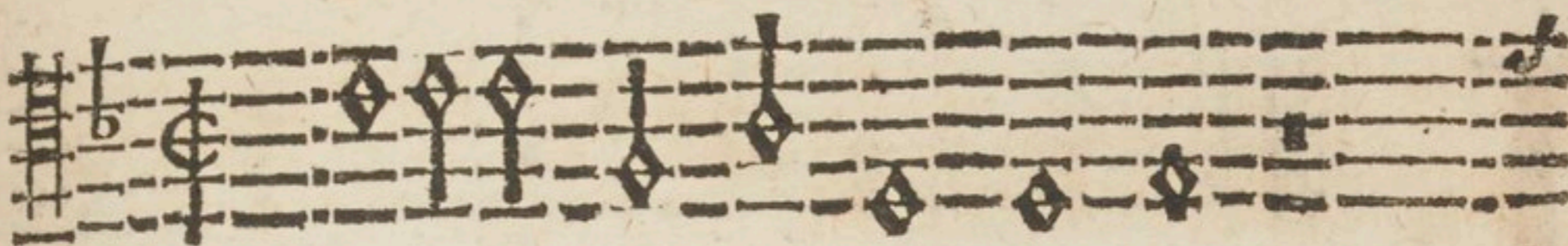
Die op dat hoeft Aärons was seer klaer



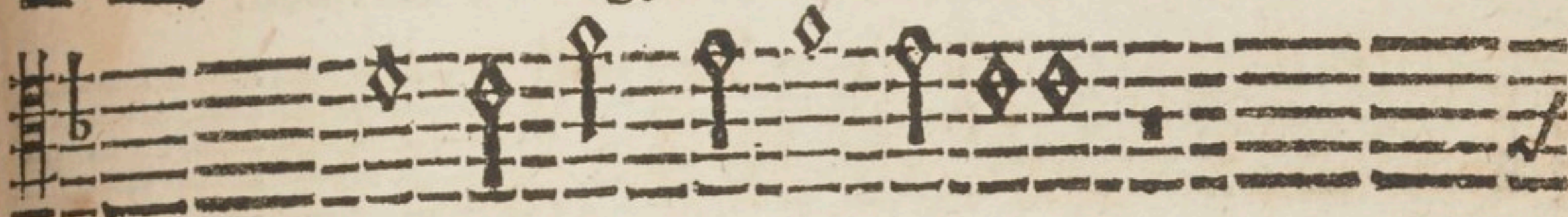
Uytgestortet in 't openbaer,



**A**



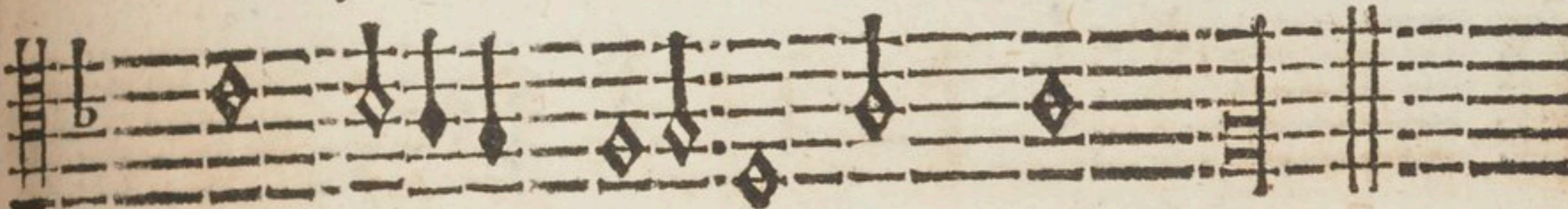
Lle gy knechten des Heeren,



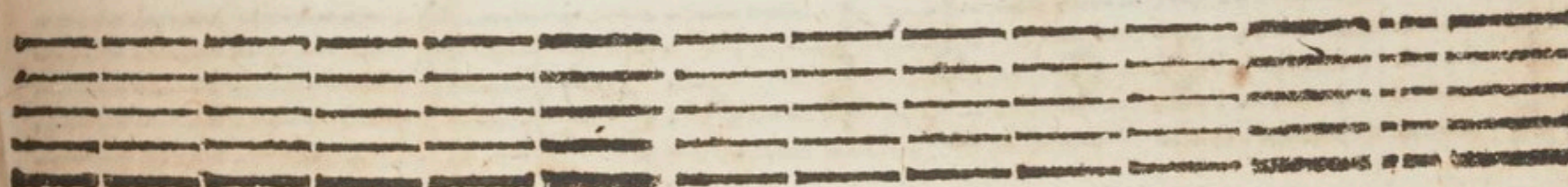
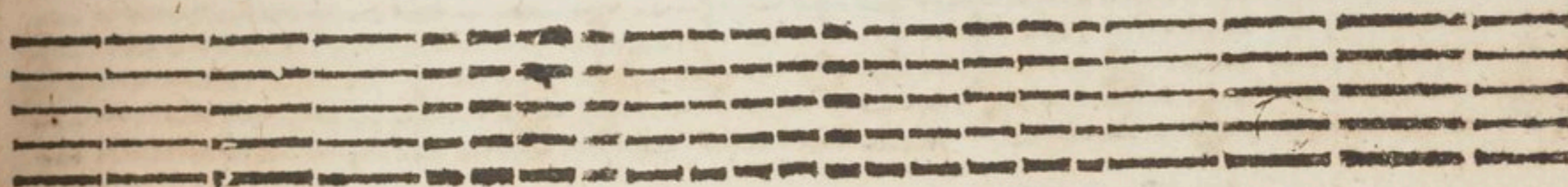
Wilt hem nu t'samen vereeren,



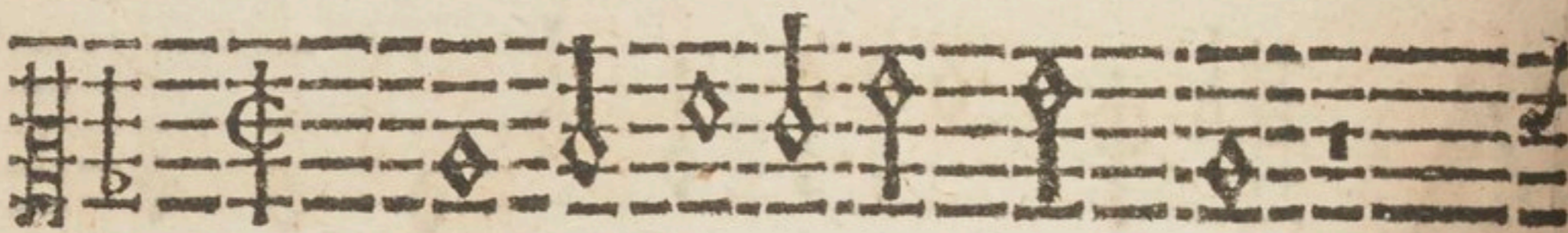
Ghy die in sijn huys staet en waect,

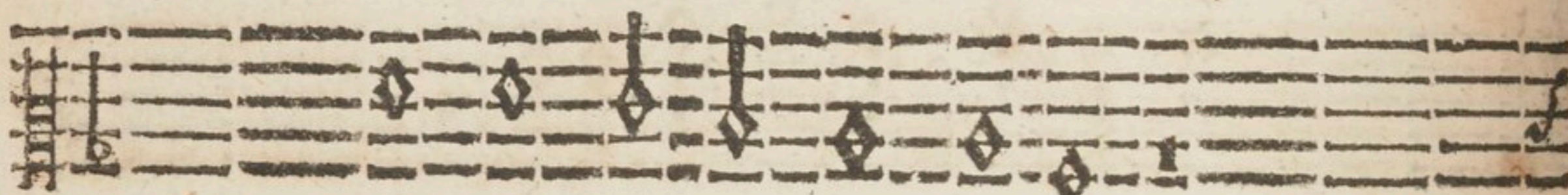


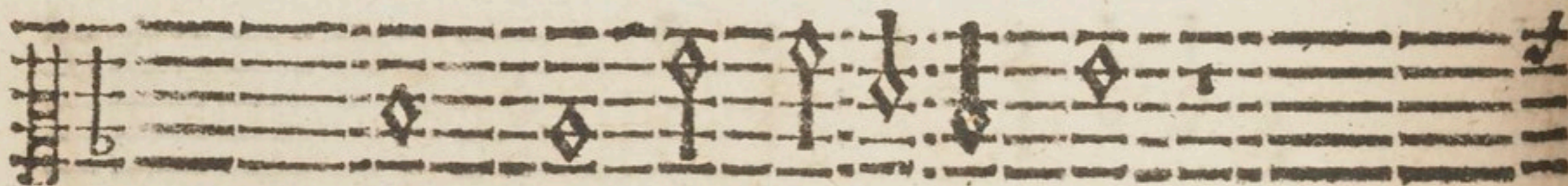
Dient hem, en sijnen naem groot maectt.

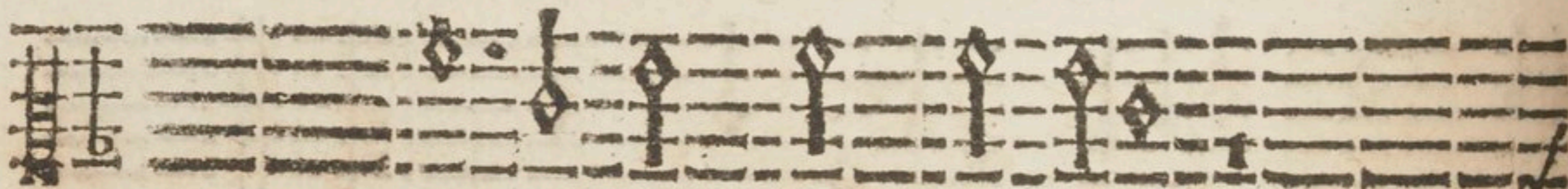


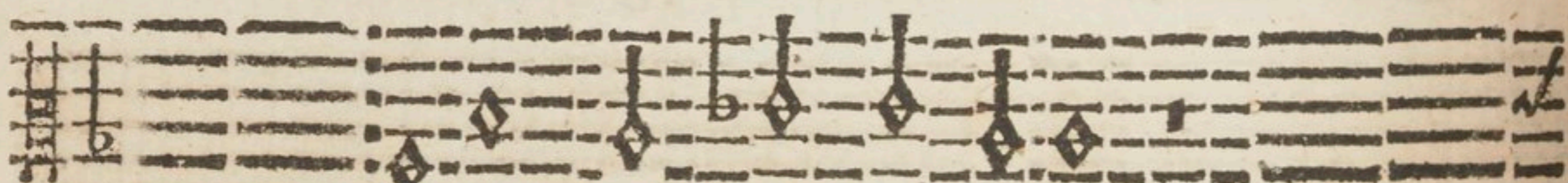


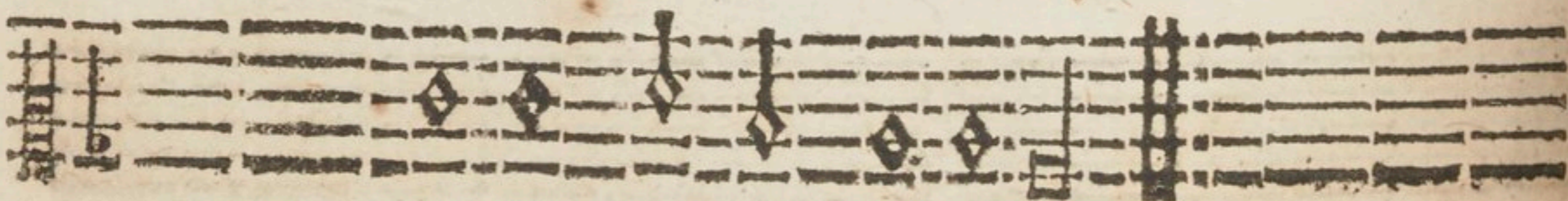
**L**   
Ooft nu vry onses Godts naem

  
Al ghy dienaers des Heeren.

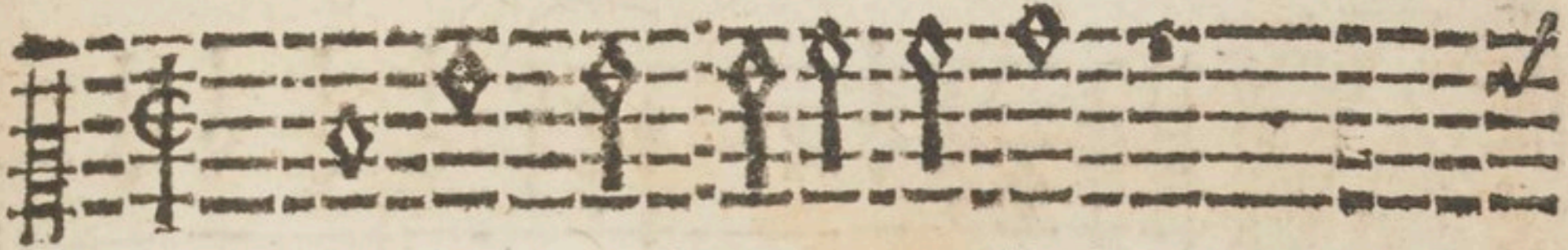
  
Komt, wilt hem prijfen al t'saem,

  
Ghy die daer woont met eeren

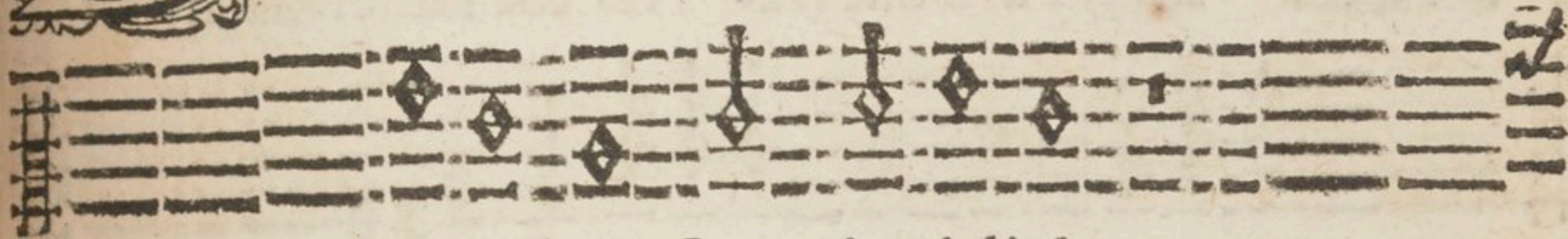
  
In sijn Huys, wilt hem love n

  
In sijn schoone voorhoven.





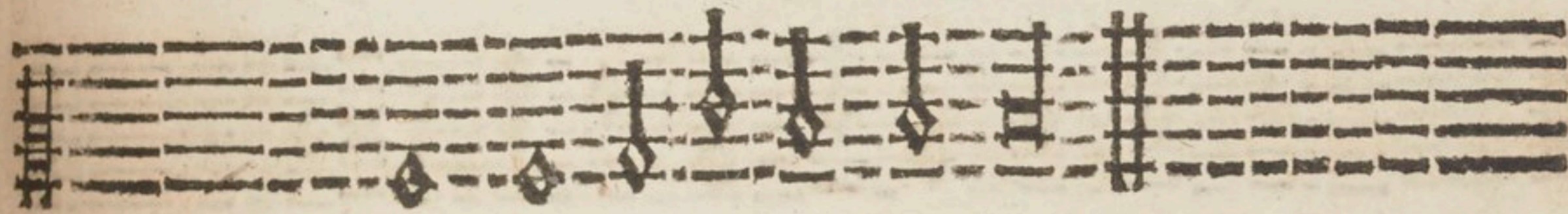
Ancket Godt nu opentlick,



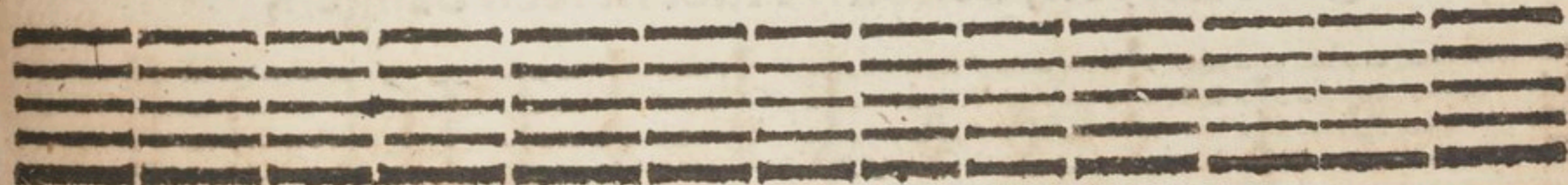
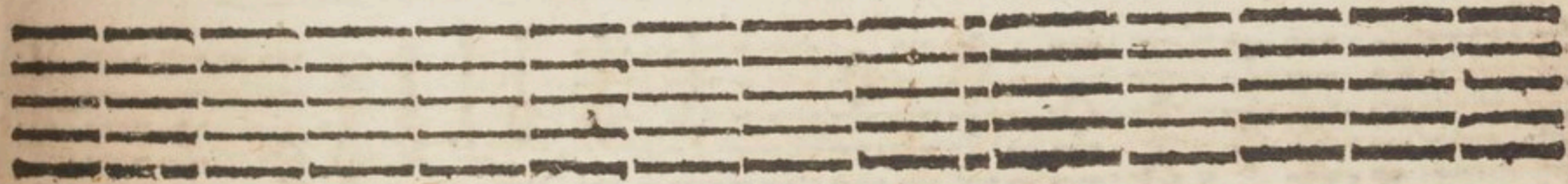
Hy is doch seer vriendelick:



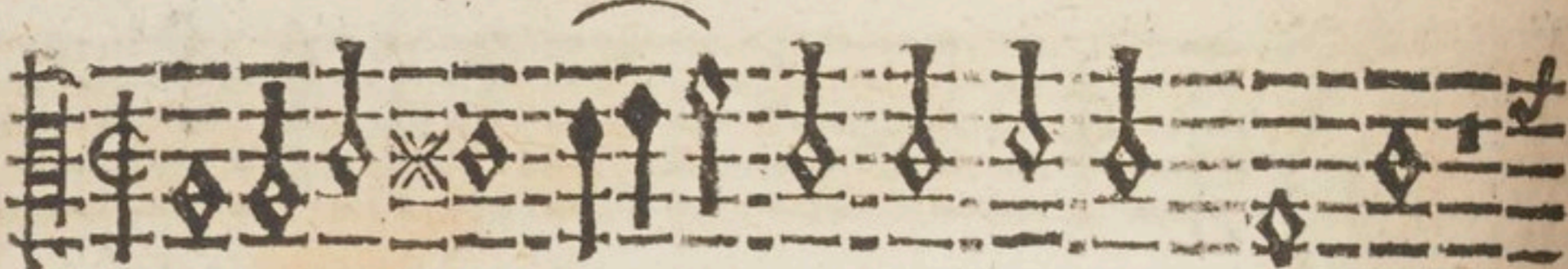
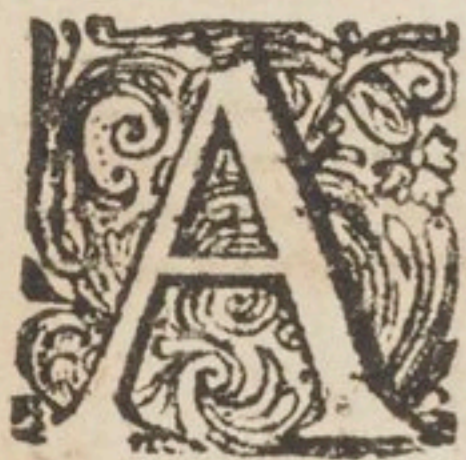
Want sijn groote goedigheyt



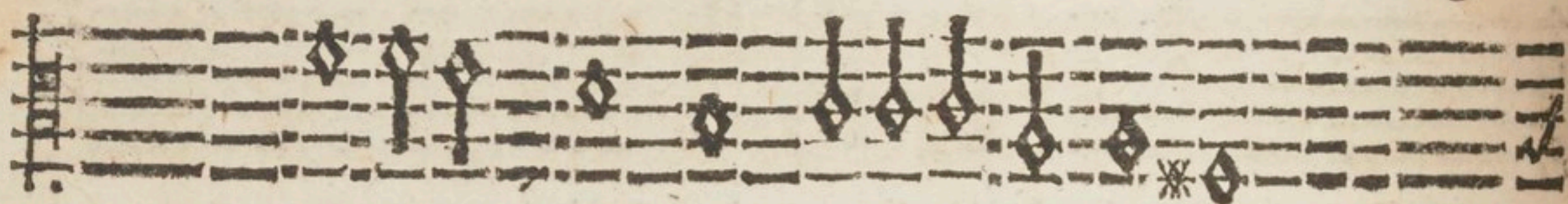
Geduert in der eeuwigheyt.



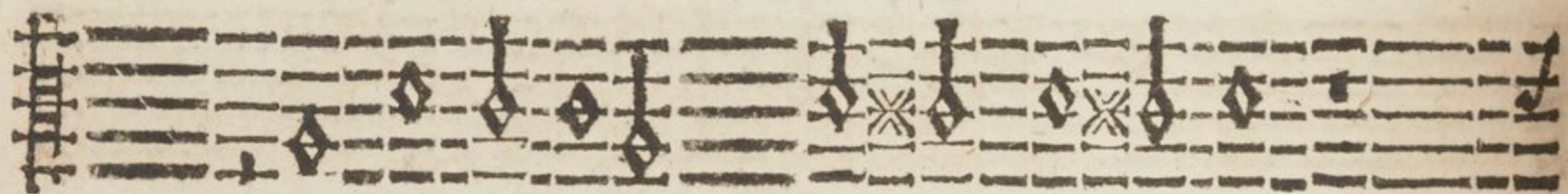




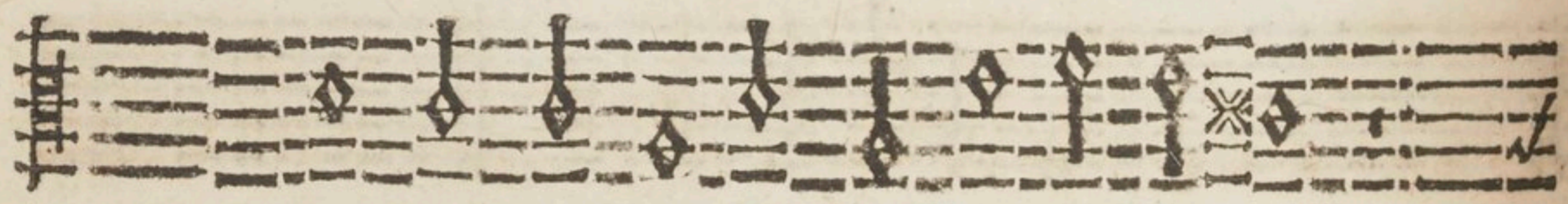
Is wy aen dat wa- ter tot Babel klachtigh



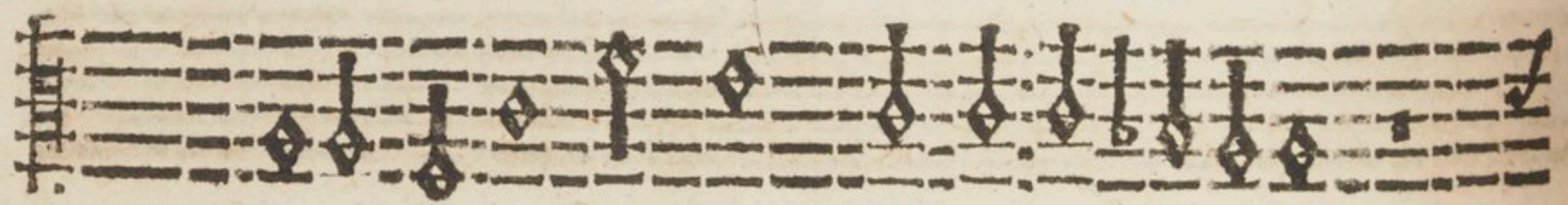
Saten en weenden, wefende gedachtigh



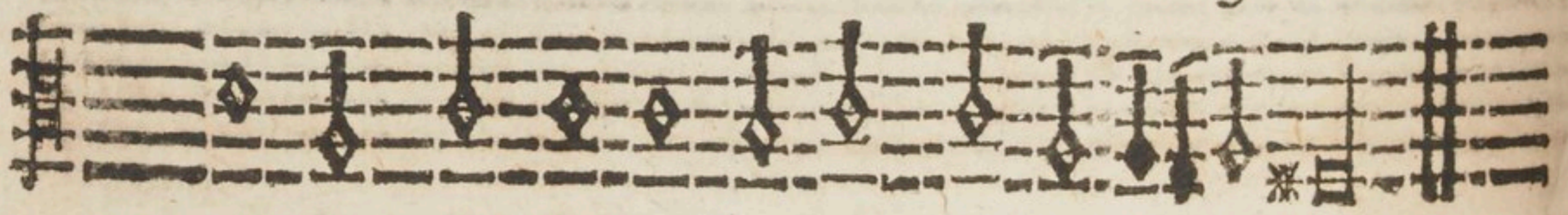
Uwes, ô Zion ! Huys des Heeren reyn,



Daer hebben wy met veel klagens gemeyn,

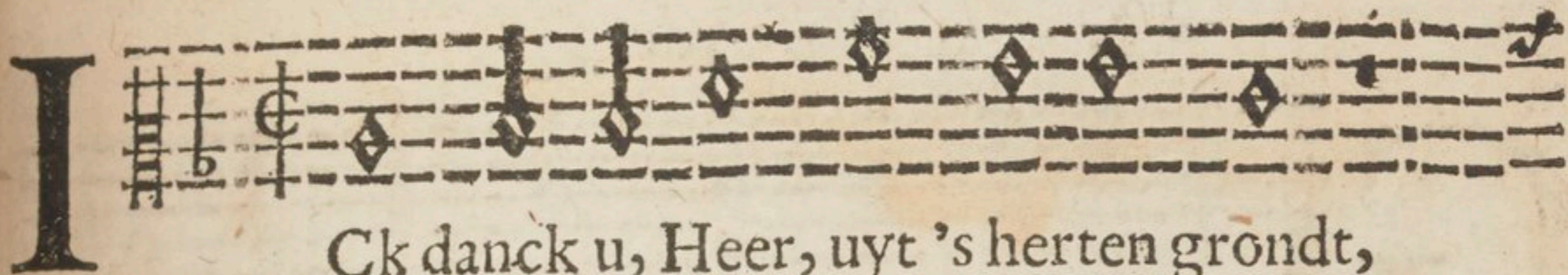


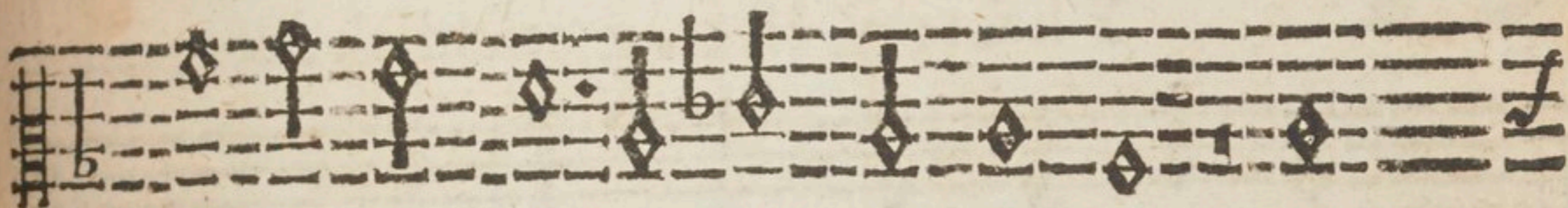
Onse harpen, benouwt met herten bangen,



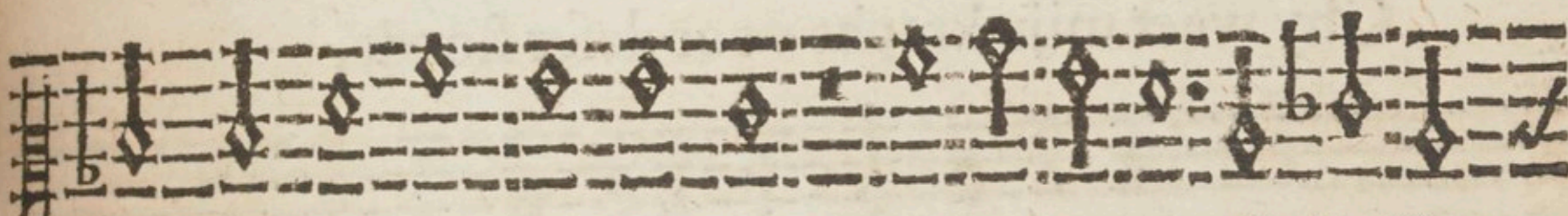
Aen den groenen wilgenboomen gehan- gen.



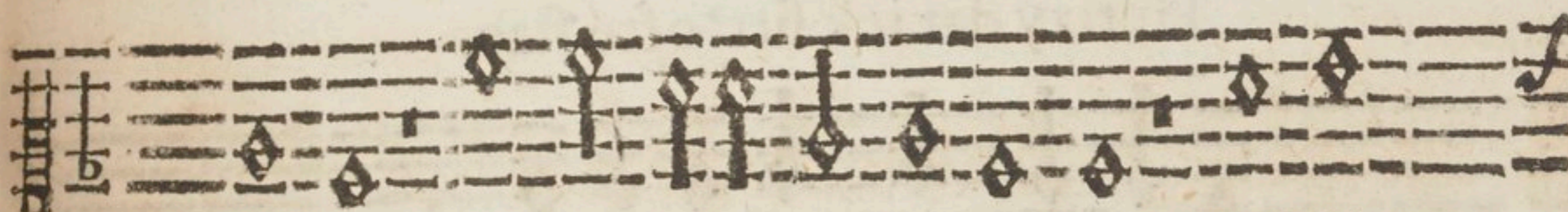
**I**  Ck danck u, Heer, uyt 's herten grondt,



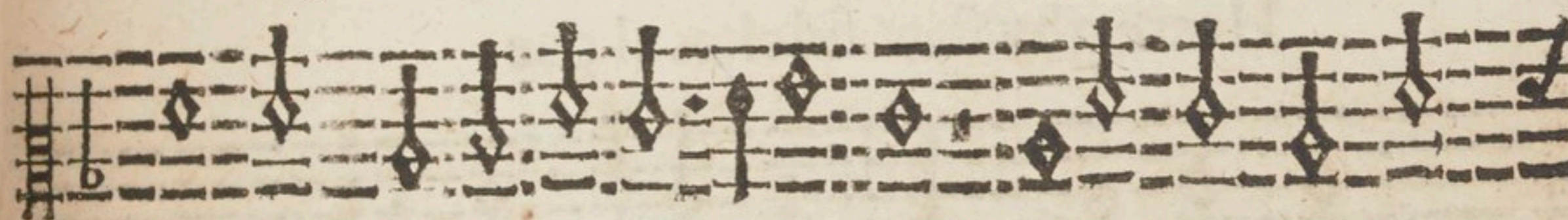
Lippen en mondt, U eer voortbringen: Voor



den Vorsten wil ick, ô Heer! U lofen eer Gestadig



singen. Ick wil in uwen tempel saen U bid-



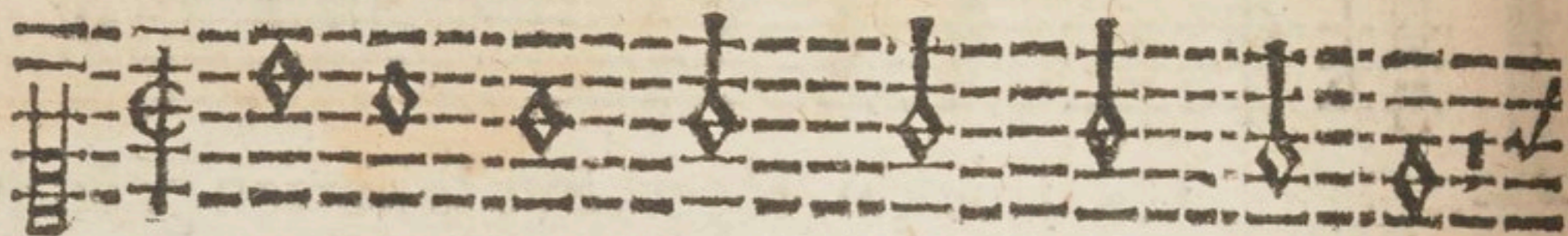
den aen, En eer bewij-      sen, En u dancken om



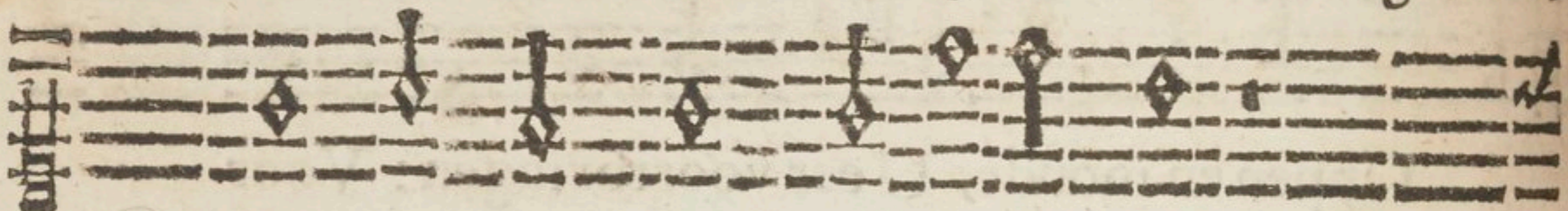
u goetheyt, En getrouwheyt Niet om volprijen.



G



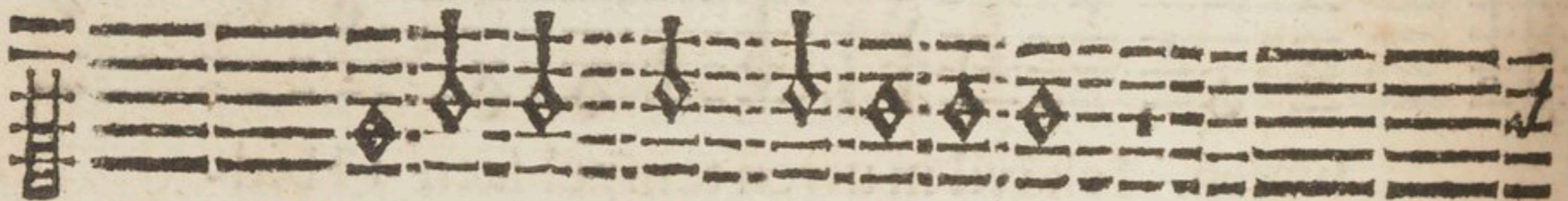
Y hebt my, Heer, gantschlick doorgrondt,



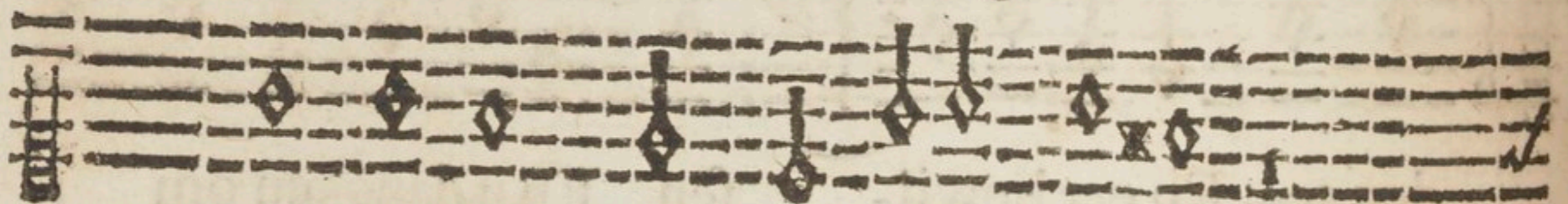
Ghy weet mijn kracht voor deser stondt,



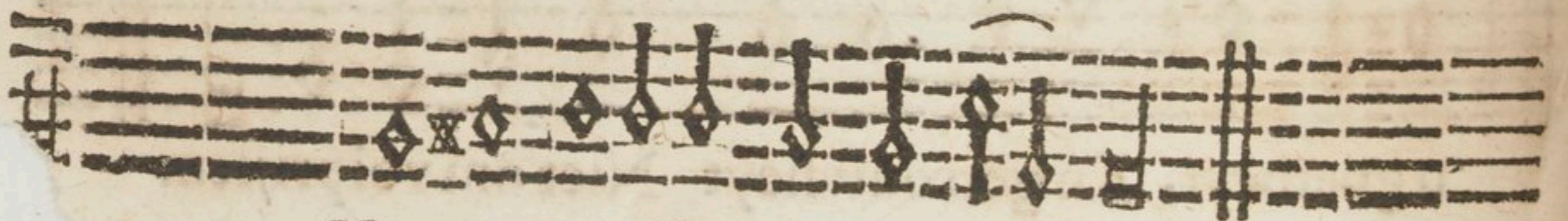
Het zy dat ick sitt' ofte stae,



Heere ghy slaet sulckes al gae,

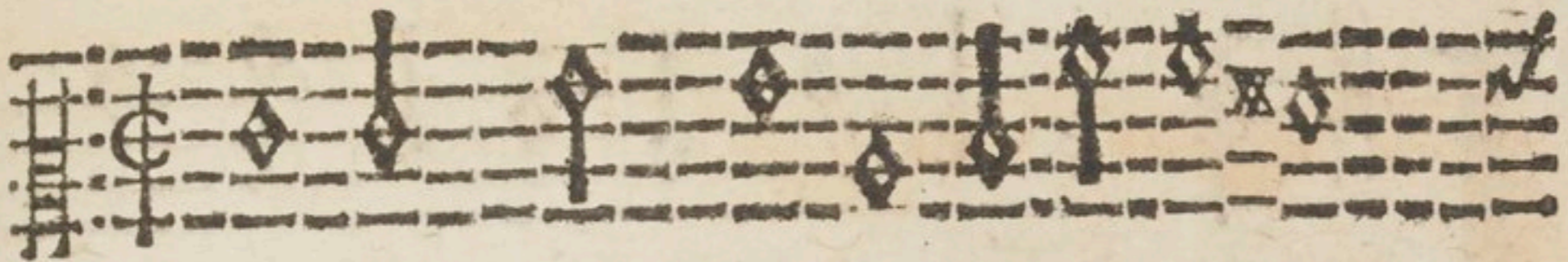


Gy verstaet, Heer, door uwe krachten,

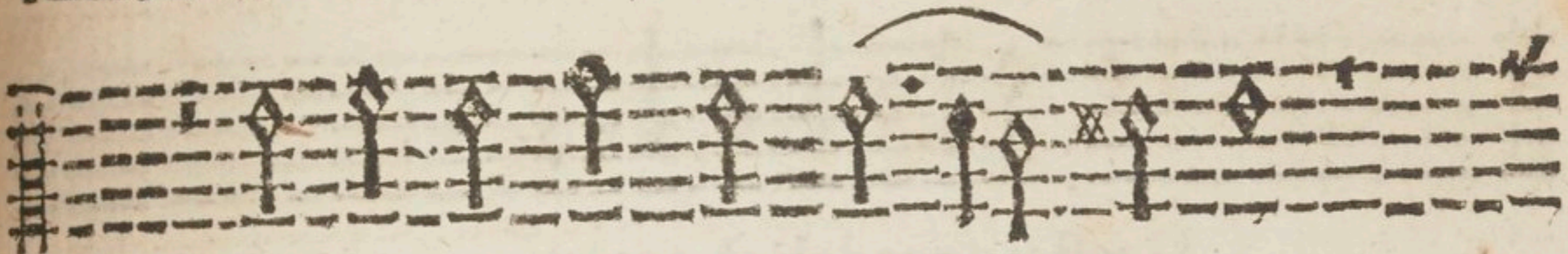


Van verren alle mijn' gedachten.

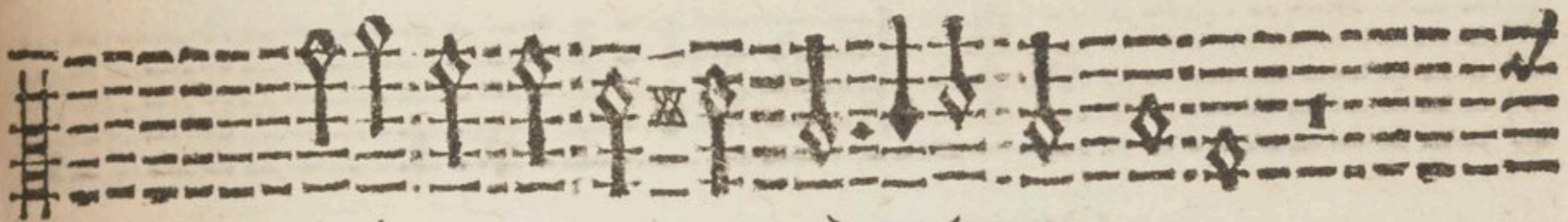




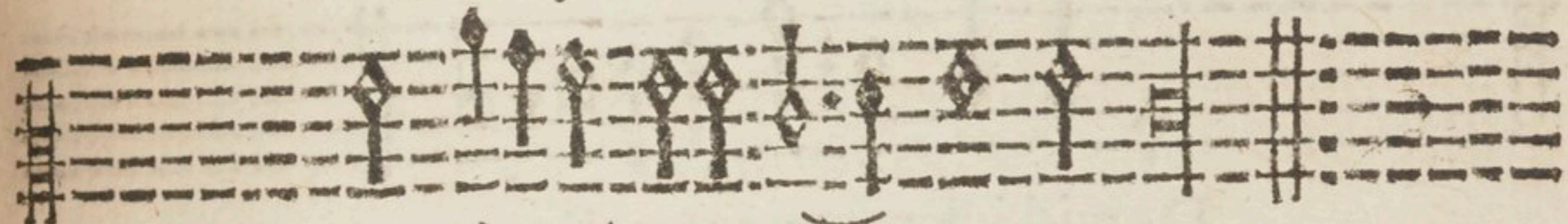
Mijn Godt wilt my nu bevrijden



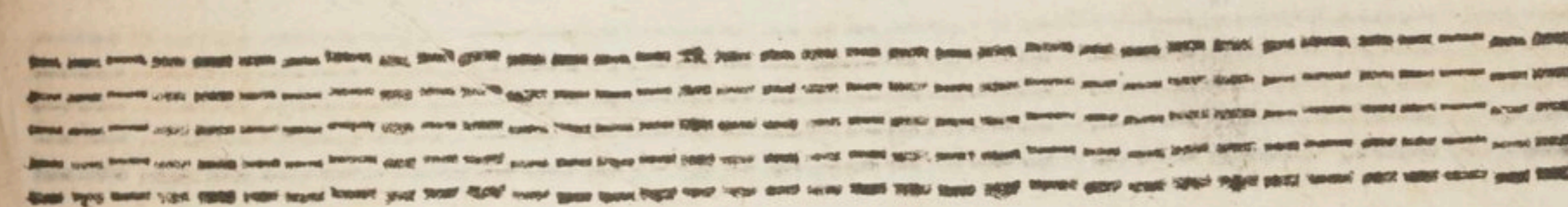
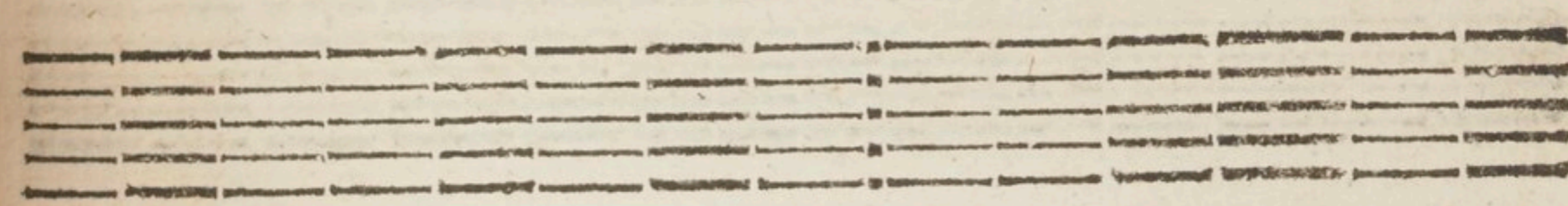
Voor de menfchen feer boos, en quaet :



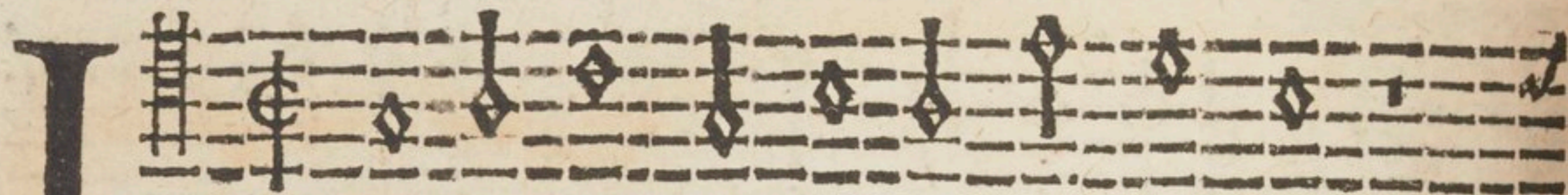
Behoed my nu en t'al- len tijden



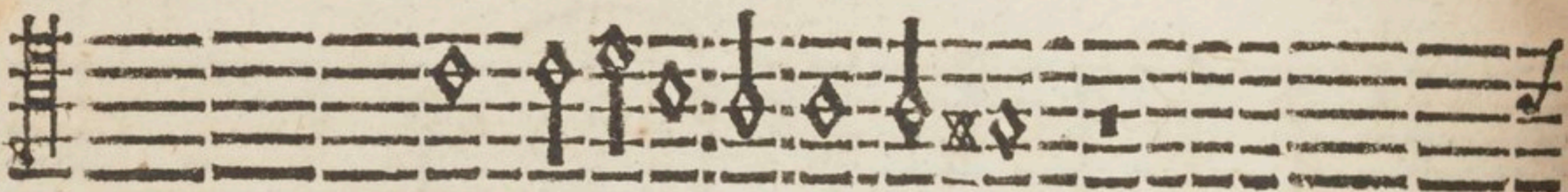
Voor der listigen raet en daet.



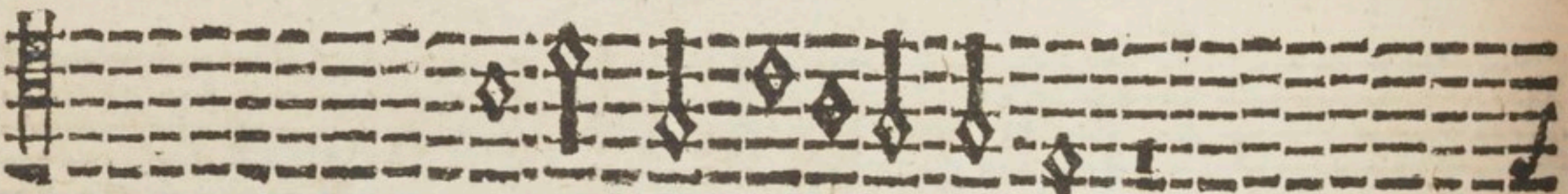




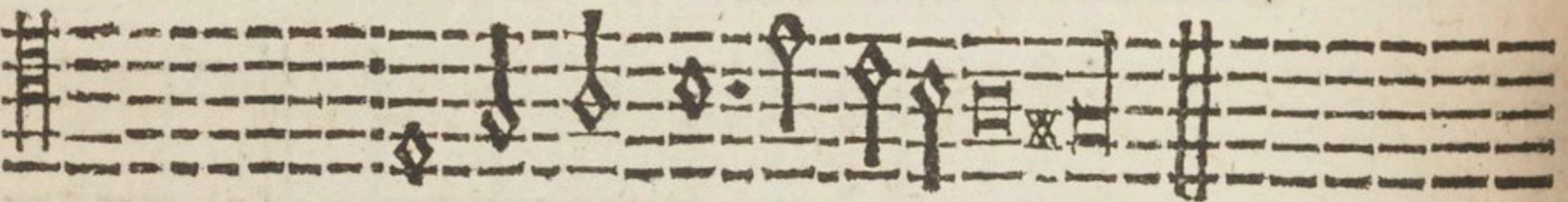
Ick roep u, Heer, aen in noodt niet kleyn,



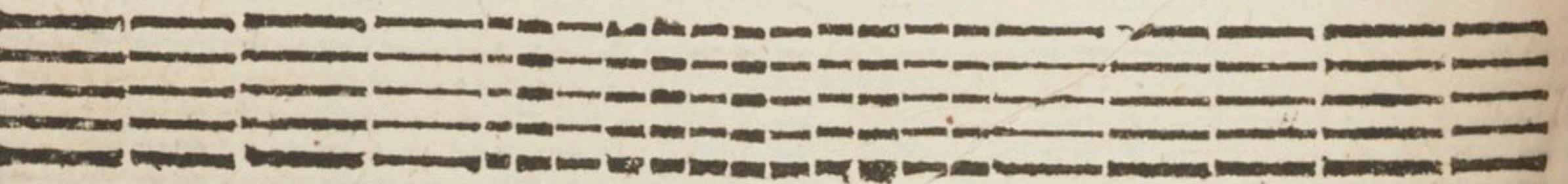
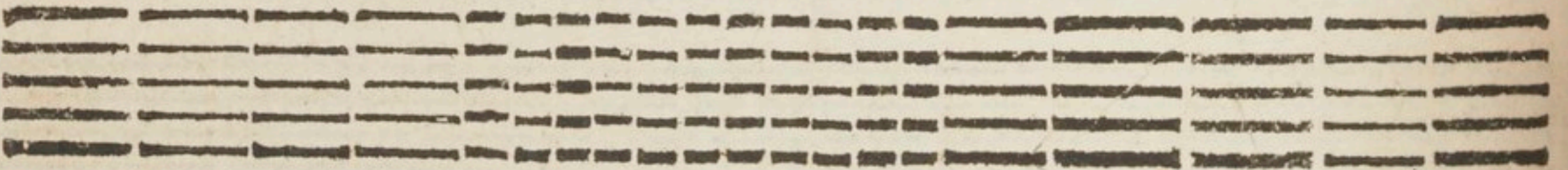
Haest u genadelick tot my :



Opent my nu u ooren vry,



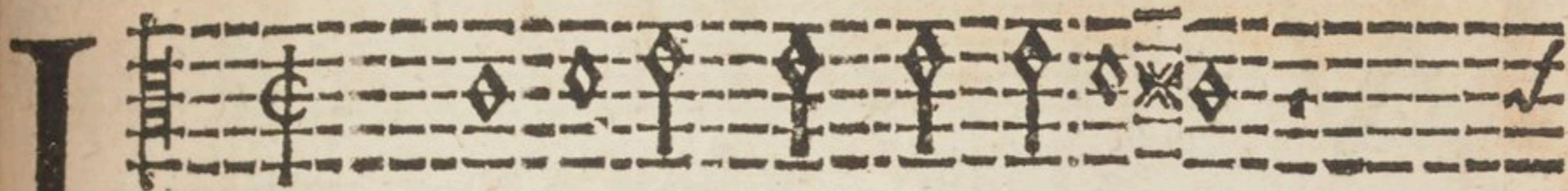
Dewijl ick roepe tot u alleyn.



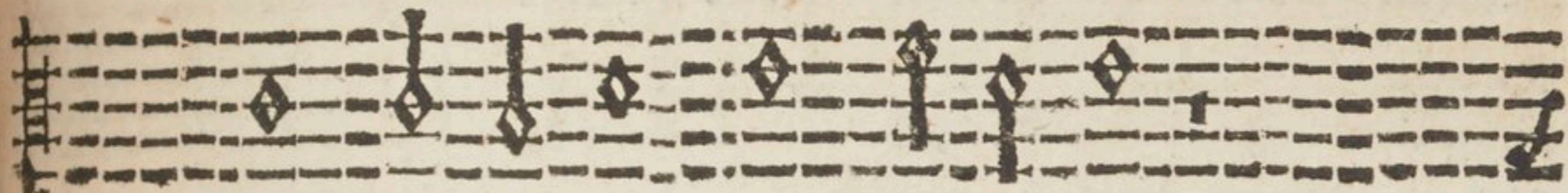


a 5.

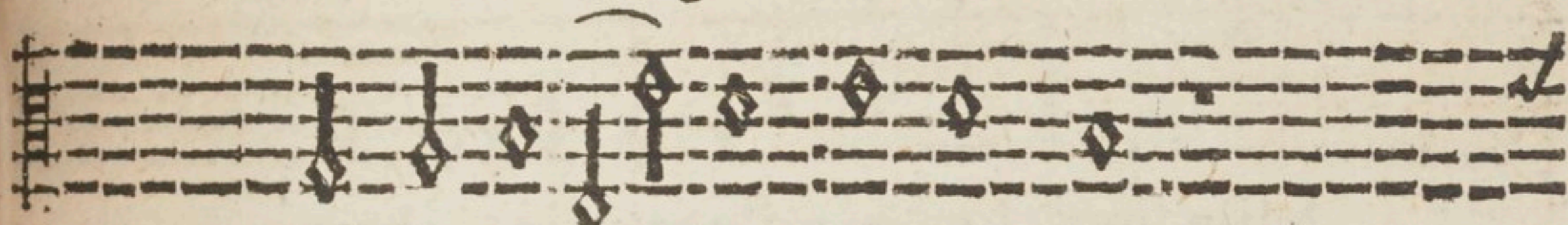
Wijse 100.



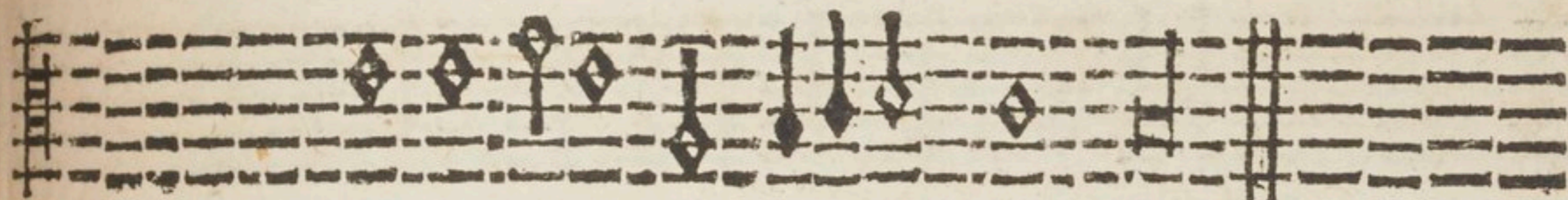
Ick roepe Godt met herten aen,



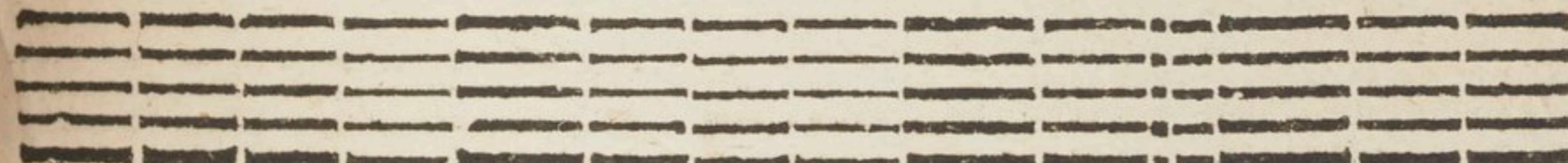
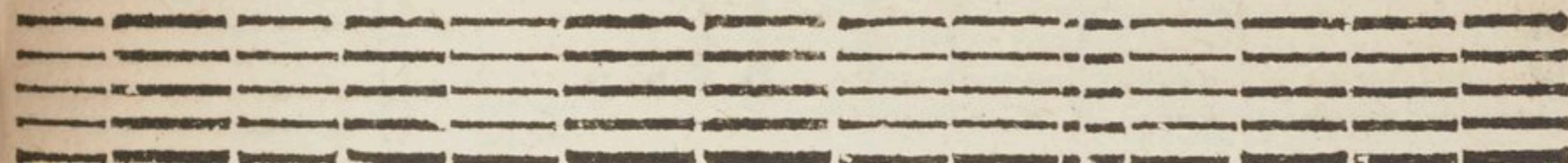
Ick smeecke hem gantsch onderdaen.



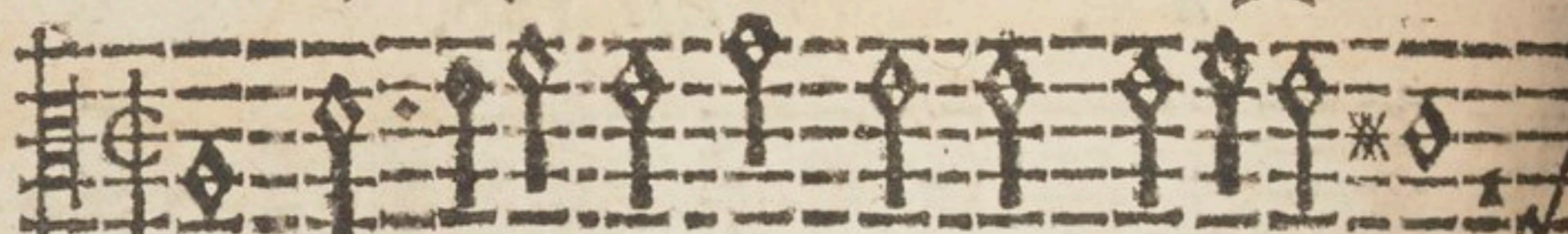
Ick storte voor hem uyt mijn hert,



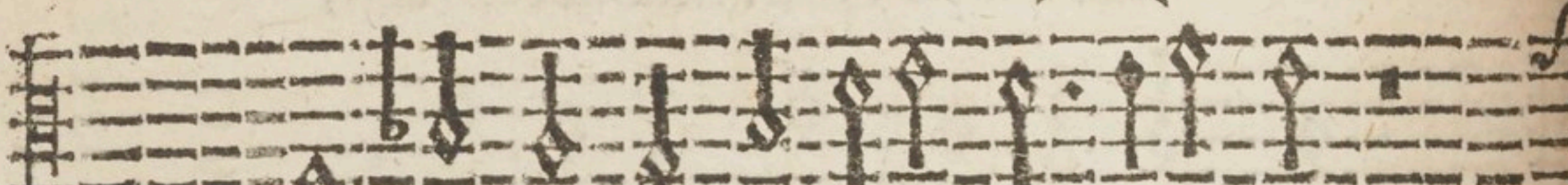
En vertelle hem al mijn smert.



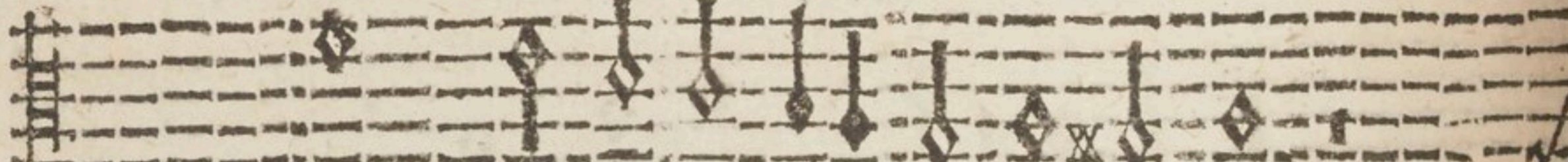


**W** 

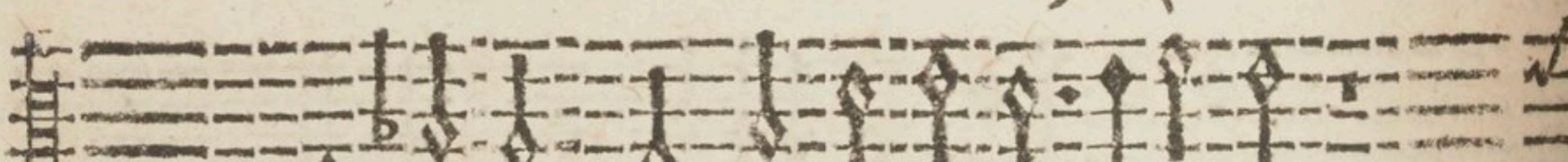
ilt mijn gebedt, ô Heer, verhooren,



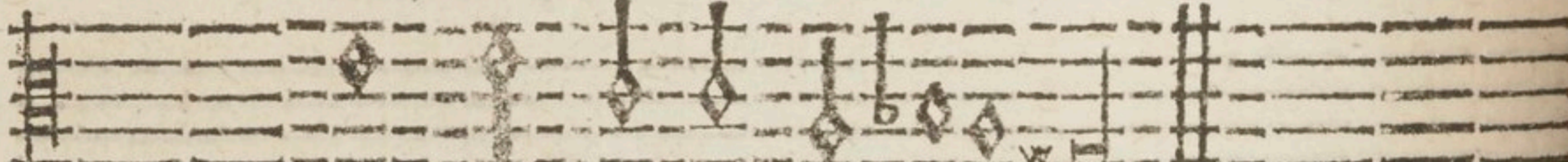
Laet doch komen tot uwen ooren



Mijn smecken en mijn treurigheidt,



En na uw' goedigheyt al voeren,



Antwoort my in mijn tegenheyt.

Antwoort my in mijn tegenheyt.

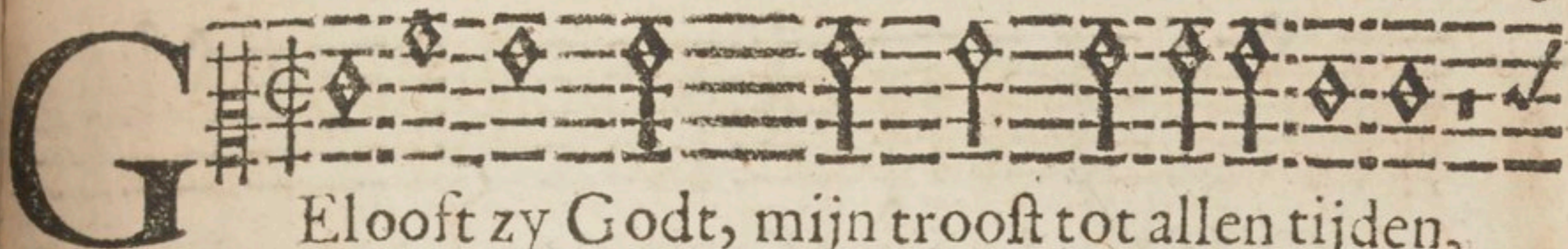
Antwoort my in mijn tegenheyt.

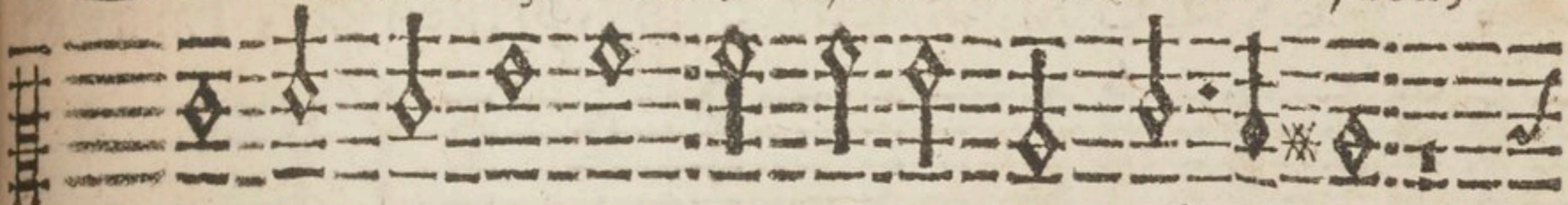
Antwoort my in mijn tegenheyt.

Antwoort my in mijn tegenheyt.

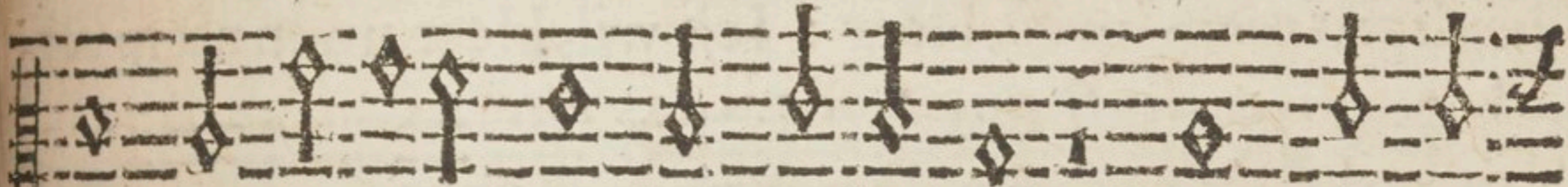
Antwoort my in mijn tegenheyt.



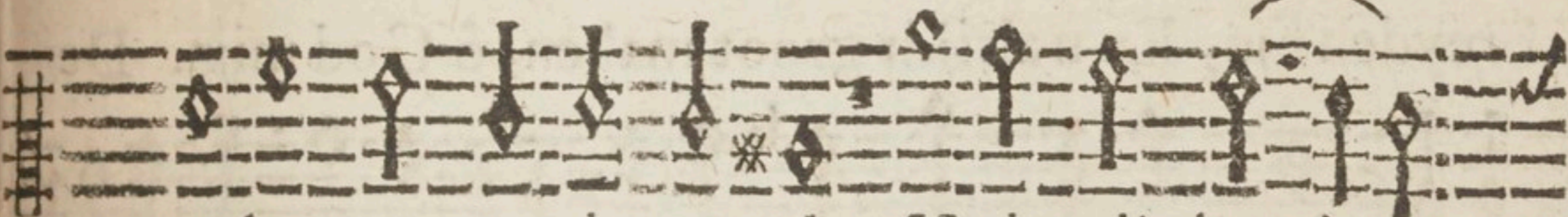
**G**  Elooft zy Godt, mijn trooft tot allen tijden,



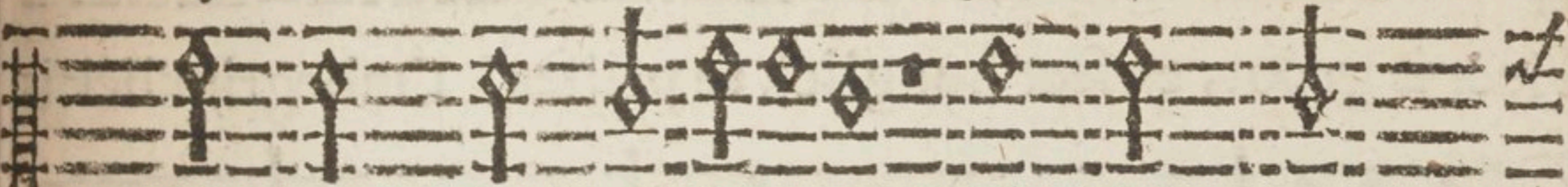
Die mijn handen seer sterckelick leert strij- den :



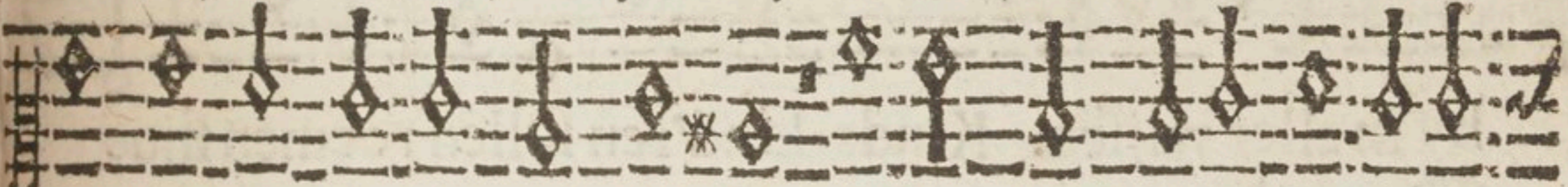
Die mijn vingeren leert krijgen soo wel, Wiens goetheyt



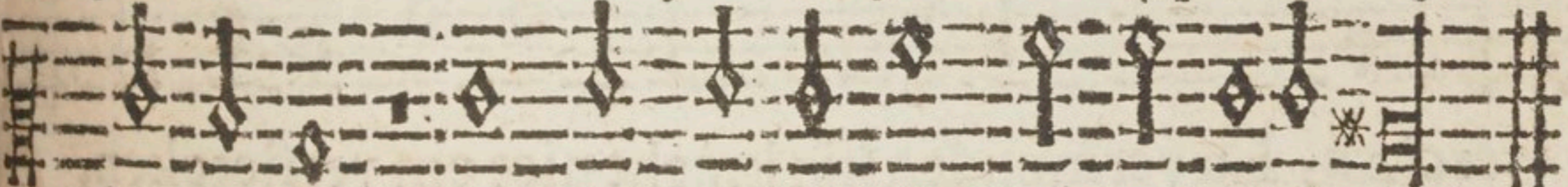
my bewaert, en niemant el : Hy is mijn burcht,



mijn steen, mijn heyl alleyne, Mijn schilt, daer

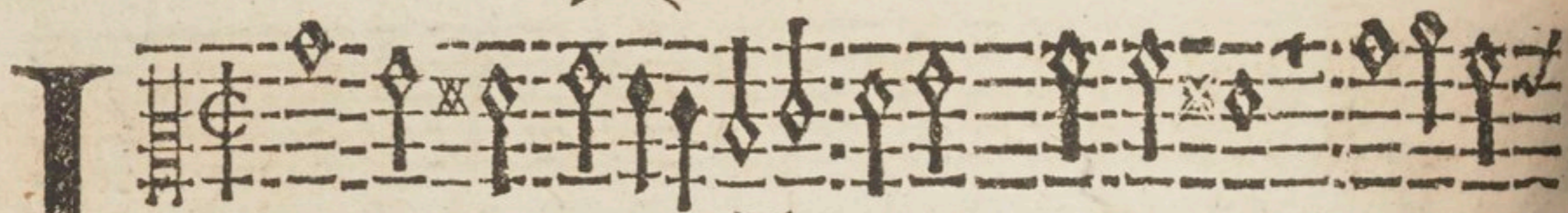


op ick betrouwe seer reyne : Hy is 't die (spijt der vyan-

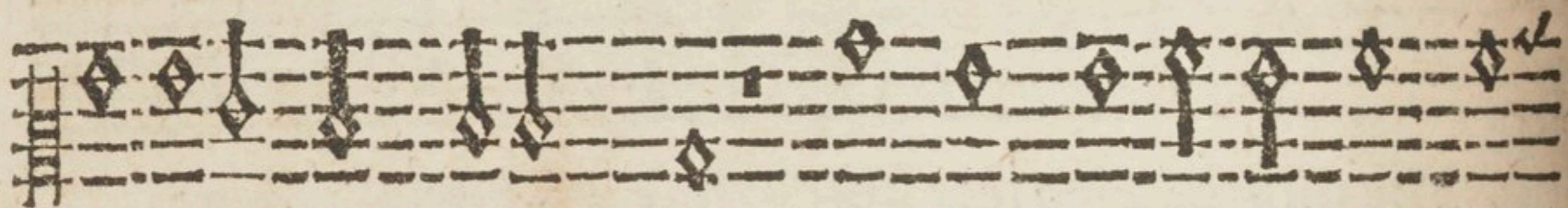


den gewelt) Dit volck onder mijn Koninckrijcke stelt.

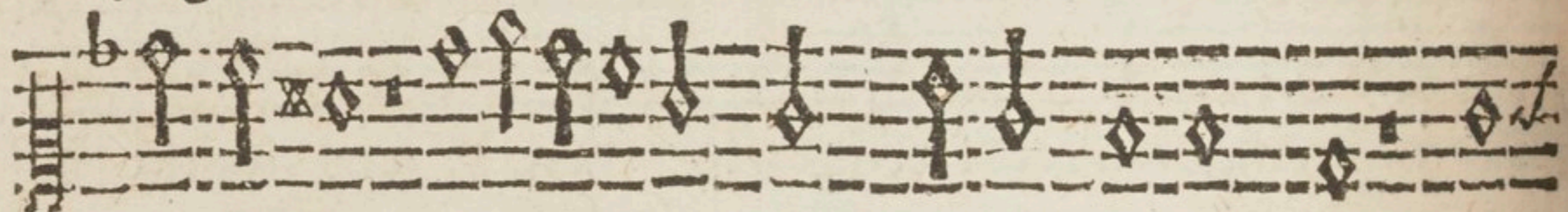




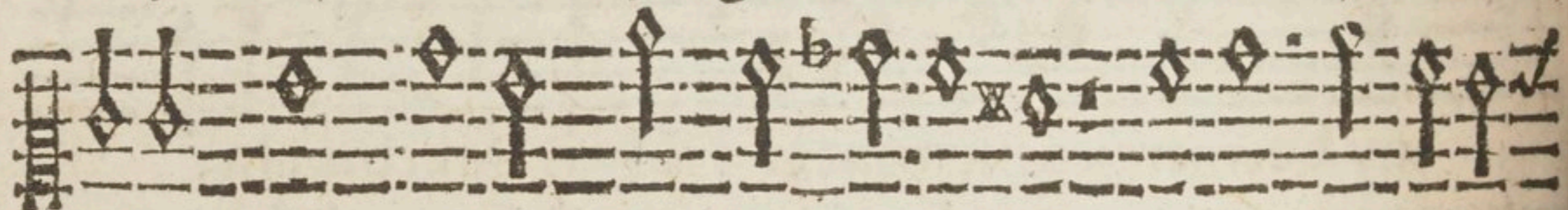
**I**ck sal God, mijnen Koning, prijfen seer, En uwen



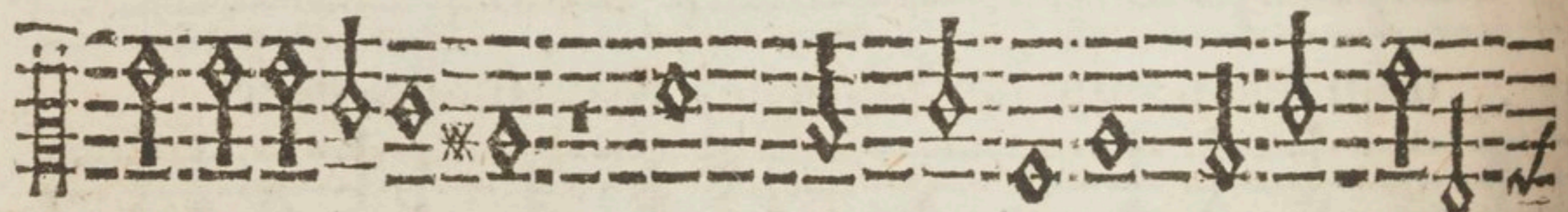
heyiligen naem loven, Heer : Ick wil, Heer, uwen naem ver-



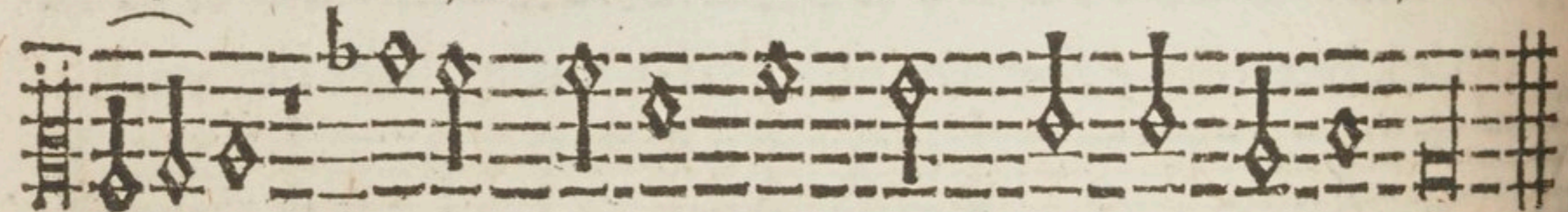
breyden fijn, En u altijdt groot maken, ô God mijn. De



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

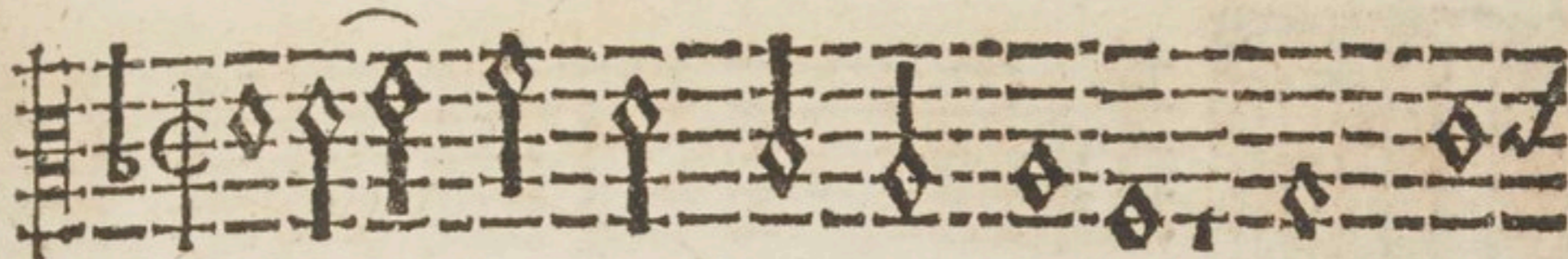


hy in aller wijfen. Kinds-kind'ren sullen roemen sijne

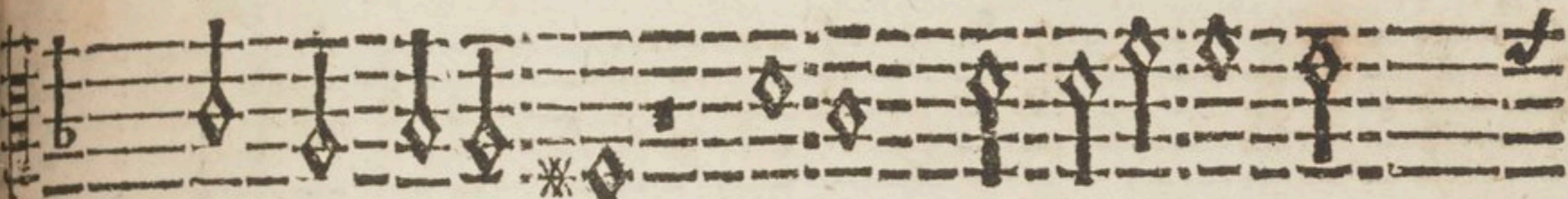


wercken, En vermonden sijn kracht niet om verstercken.





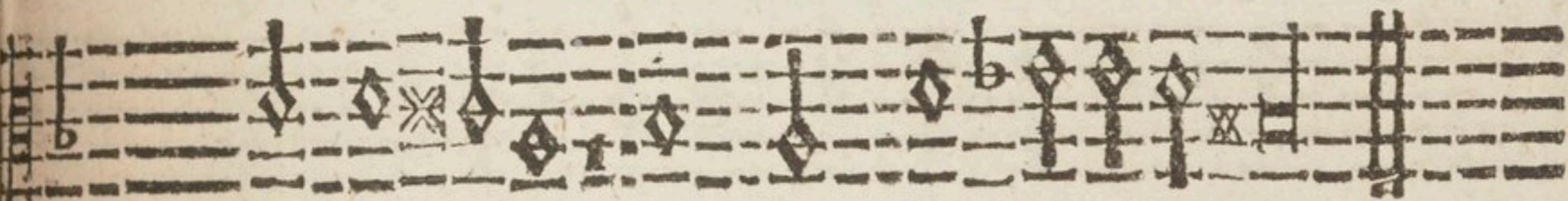
El op mijn ziel, wilt nu prijsen Den Heer;



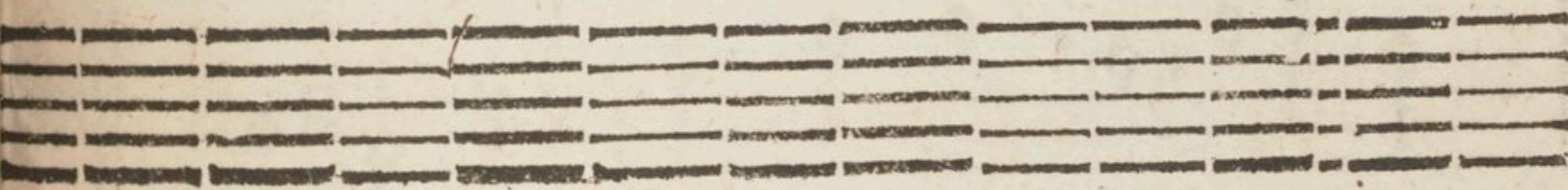
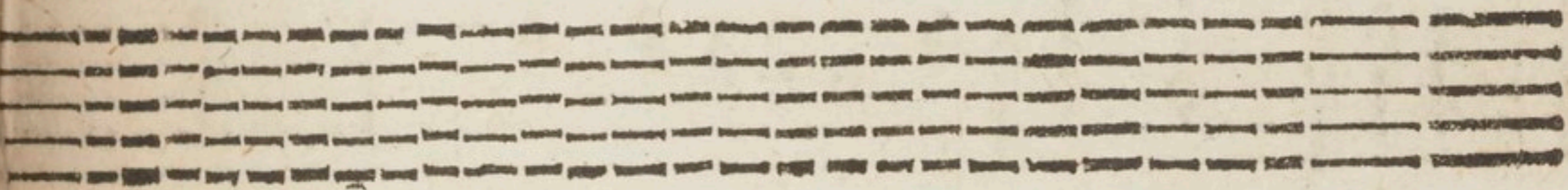
want mijn leven langh Sal ick hem eere bewij-



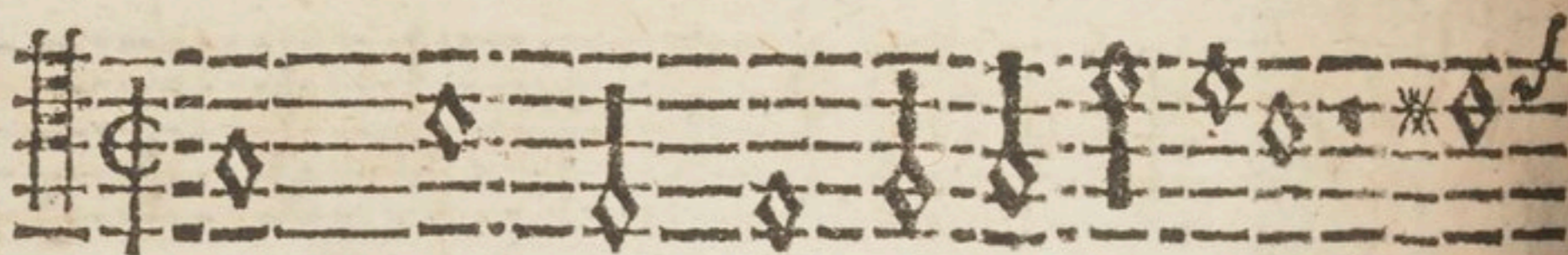
fen : Ick wil met psalmen-gefangh Steedts loven



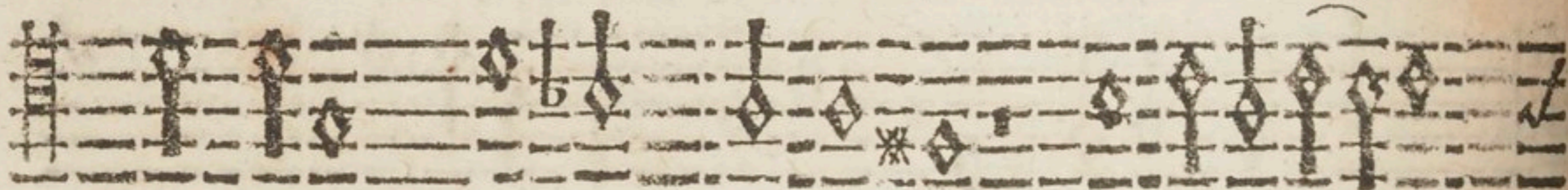
Godt verheven, Soo lang' als ick sal leven.



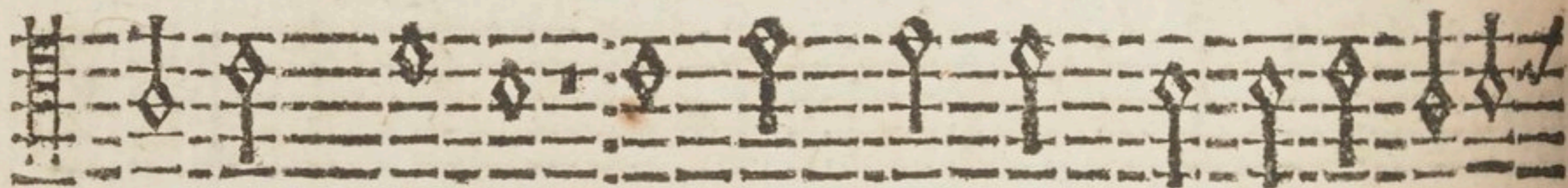




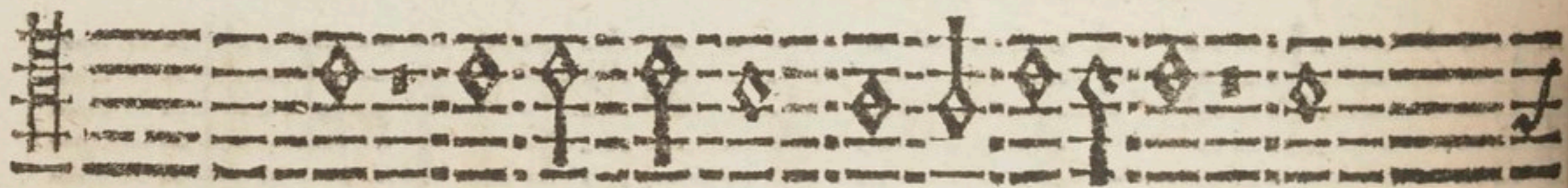
Ooft Godt, het zijn heerlicke dingen Dat



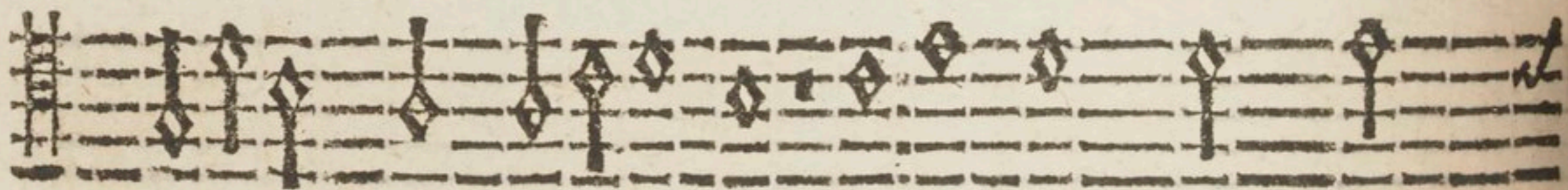
men onsen Godt prijft met fingen: Het is kostelick



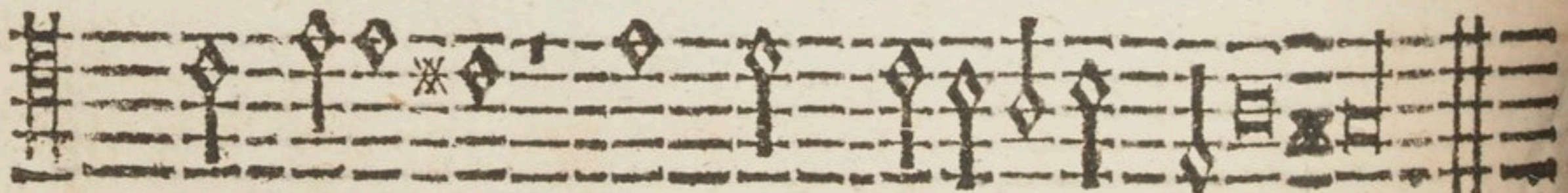
en feer fchoone, Dat men Godt prijft met foeten too-



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

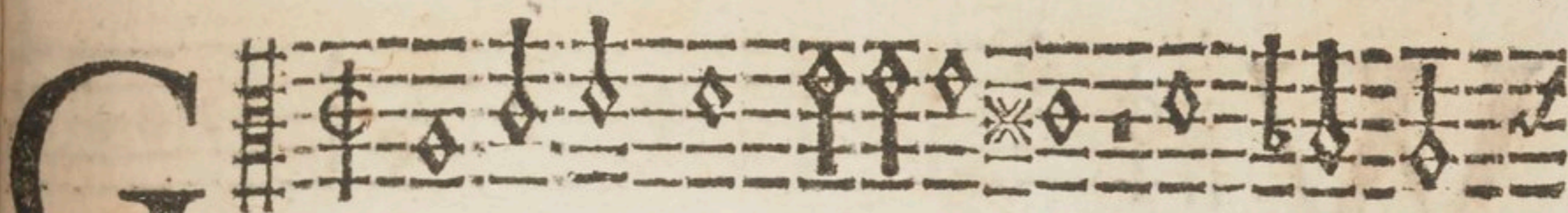


rufalem bouwet alleyne: Hy fal oock t'faem bren-



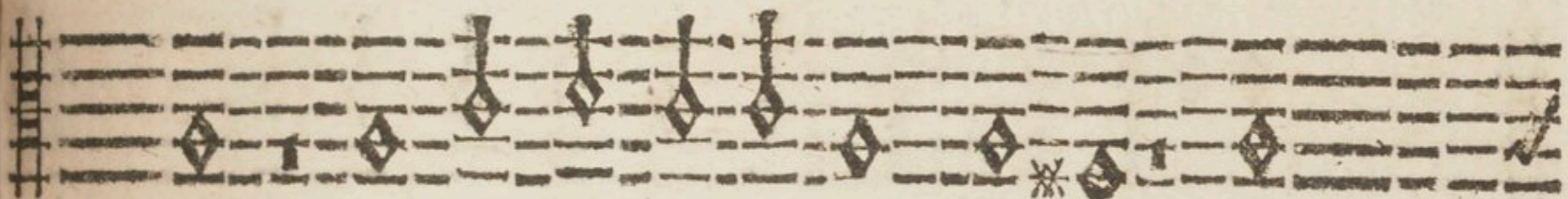
gen gefladigh 't Verftroyd' Israël in 't gemeyne.



**G**  Y hemelsche creaturen, Looft Godt sijn



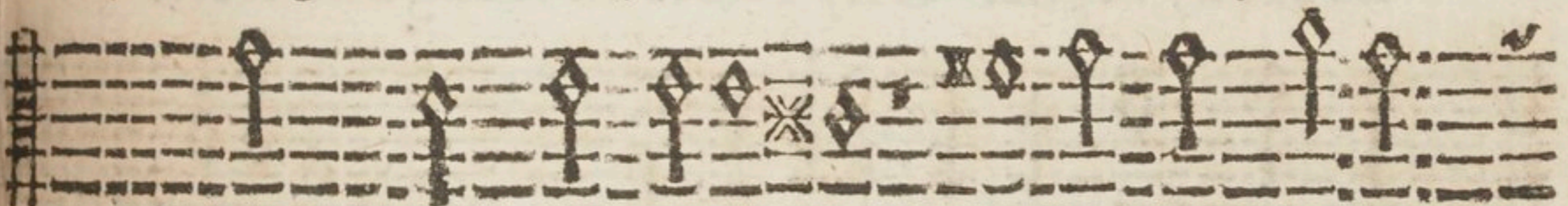
tot deser uren : Ghy inwoonders des hemels



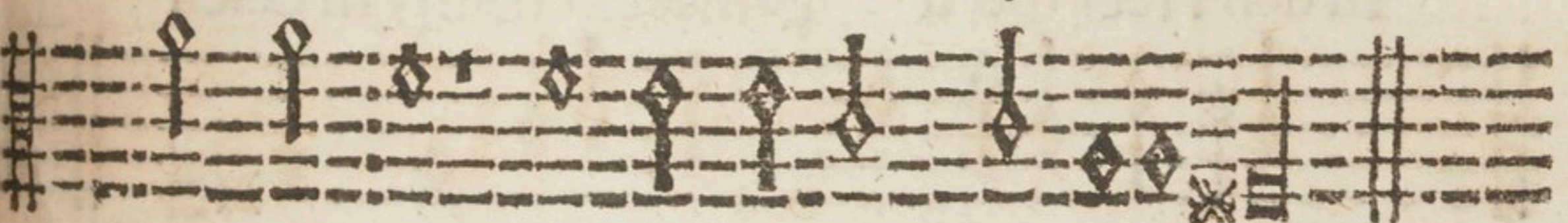
reyn, Singt sijn eer lieflick in 't gemeyn. Ghy



Engelen looft sijnen name : Ghy sijn heyr.



kracht looft hem te same. Ghy Son en Mane

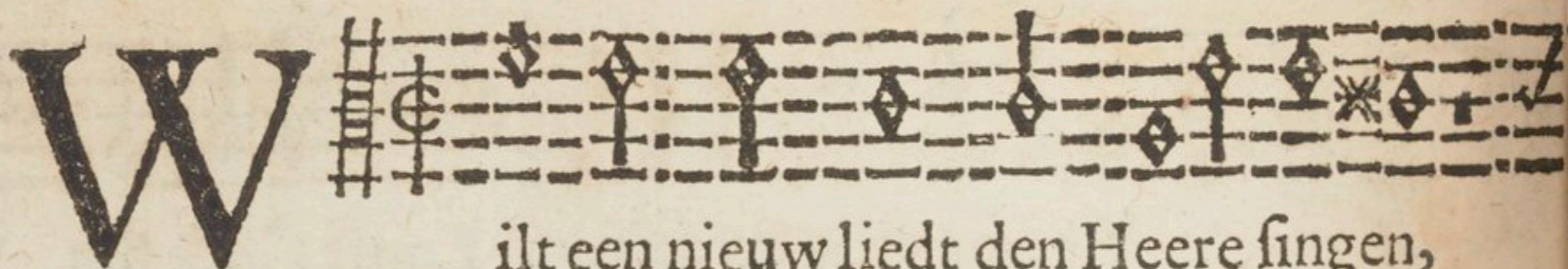


looft hem sijn : Gy sterren prijst den name sijn.

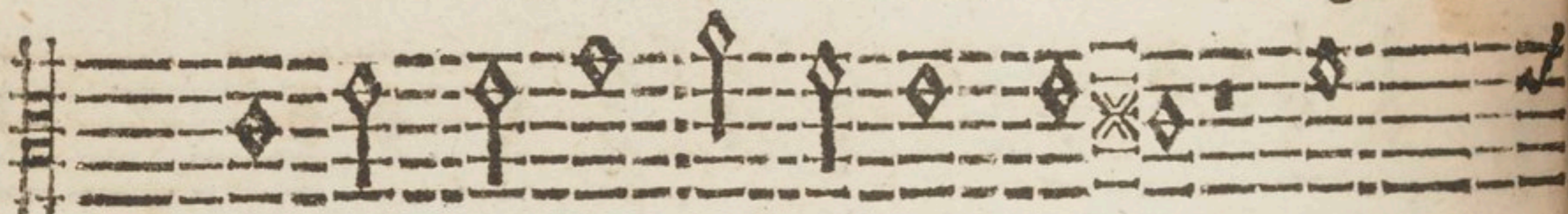


Contra-Tenor.

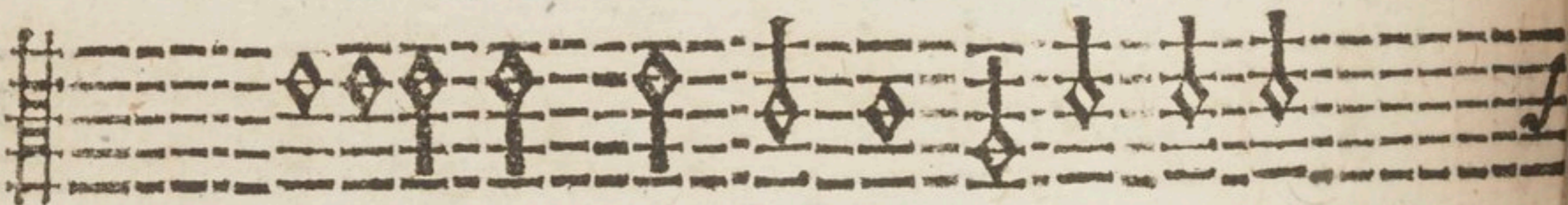
PSALM CXLIX.

**W** 

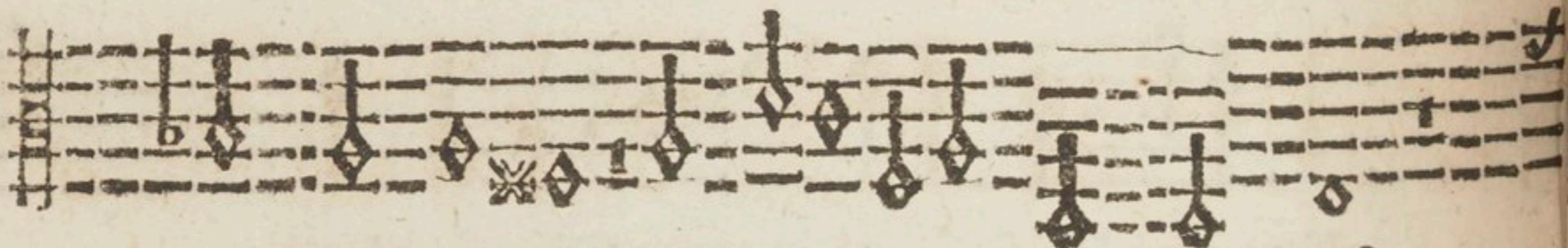
ilt een nieuw liedt den Heere singen,



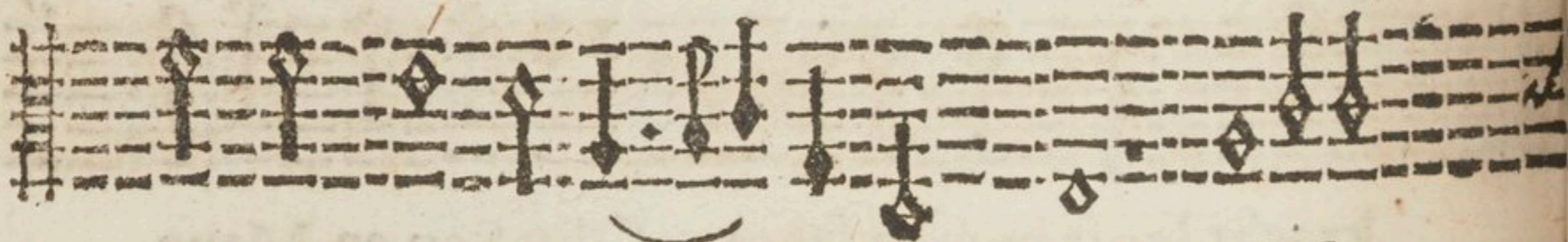
Wilt hem sijn eer' heerlick toebringen; Dat



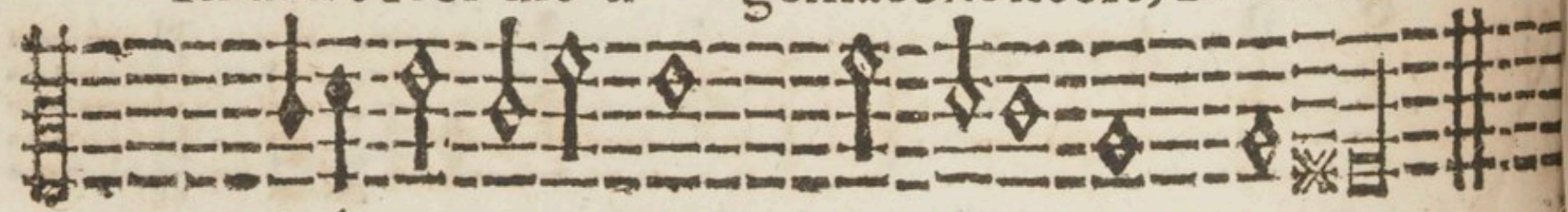
nu onder sijn volck gemeyne Sijn lof ge-



hoort zy reyne. Ghy Israël in vreugd nu leeft,



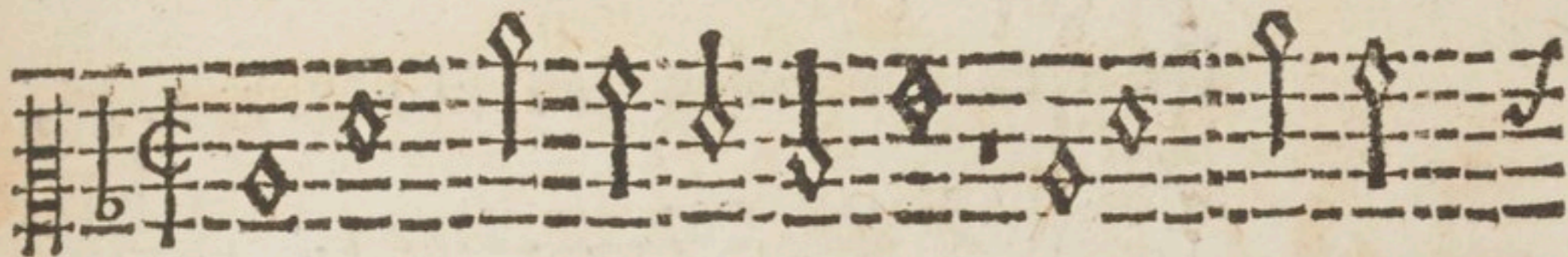
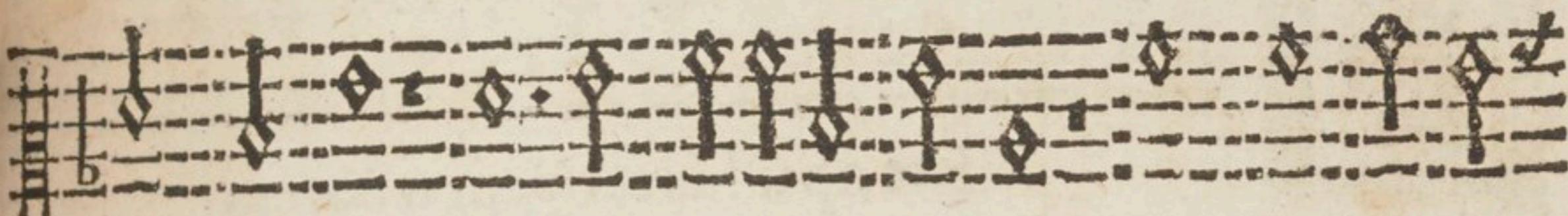
In den Heer die u gemaect heeft, In desen



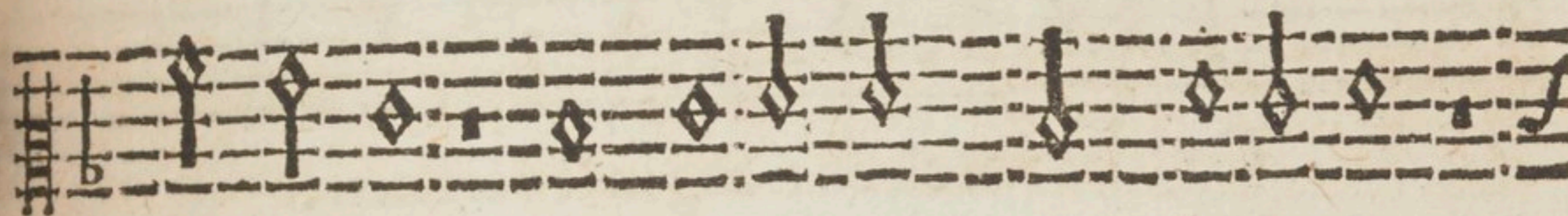
Koningh u verblijdt, Die Zions kind'ren zijt.



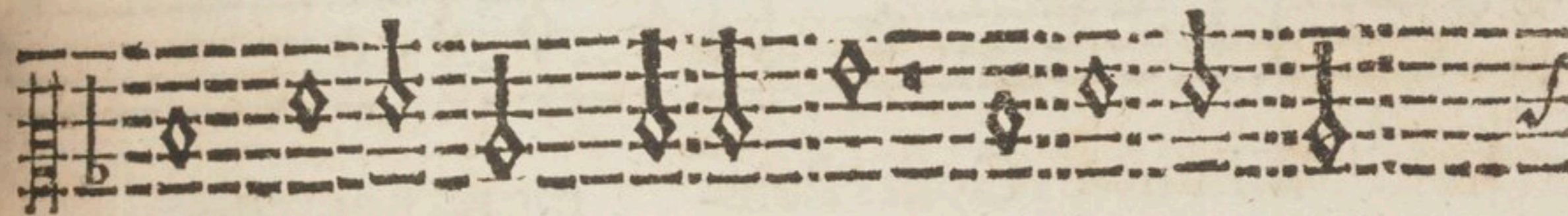
**L** Aet nu Godt geprefen zijn In fijn Heylig-

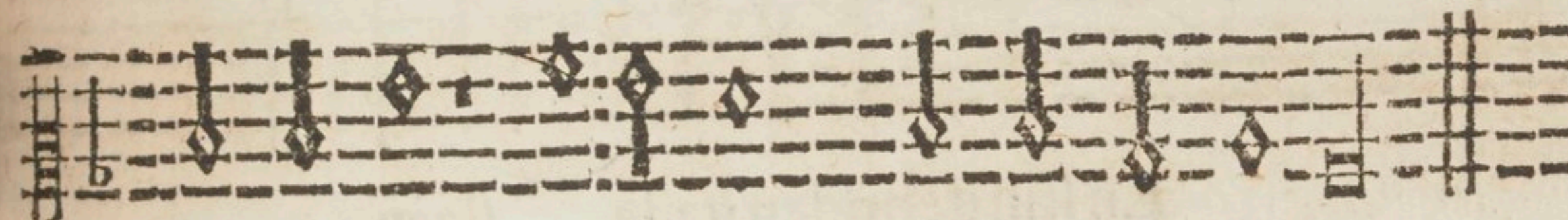
dom feer fijn: Gelooft zy hy en geacht Uyt den hemel



vol van kracht, In heerlickheyt hoogh verheven.



Looft hem in fijn wercken reyn, Die hy gewrocht



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

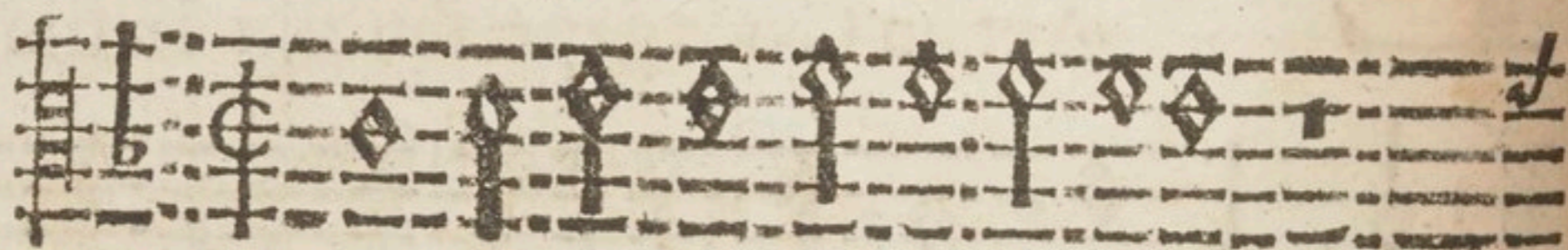
Eynde der Pfalmen Davids.



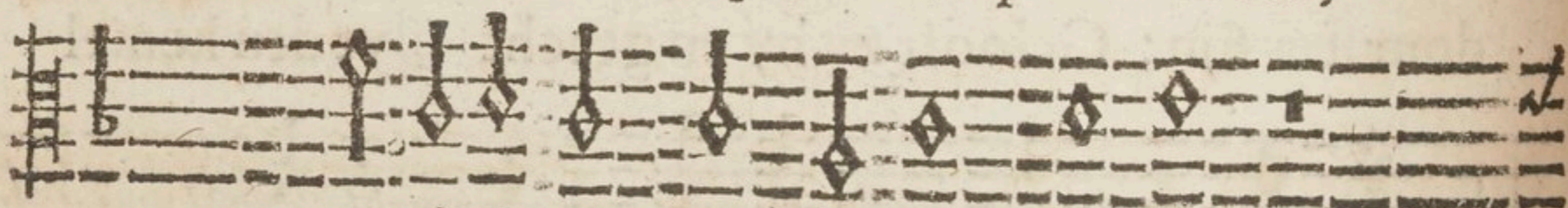
Contra-Tenor.

De tien Geboden des HEEREN,

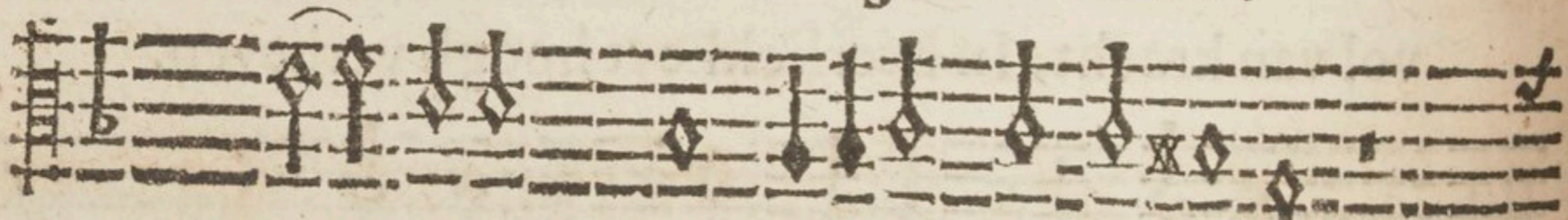
Exod. Cap. 20. vers 1.



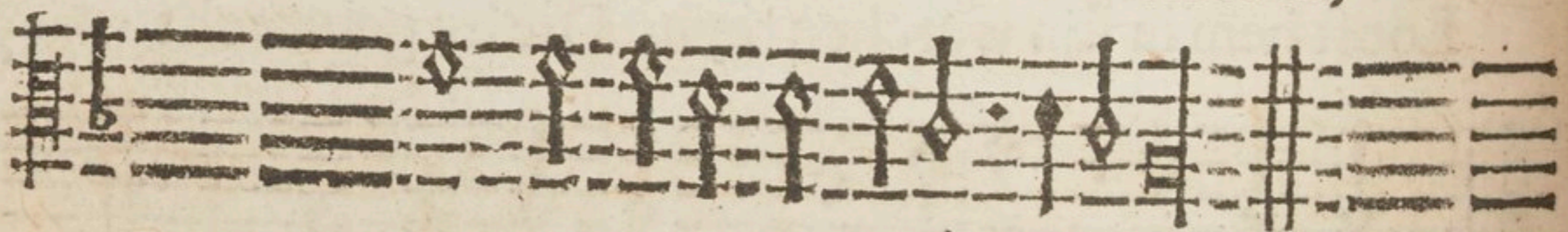
Eft op u hert, opent u ooren,



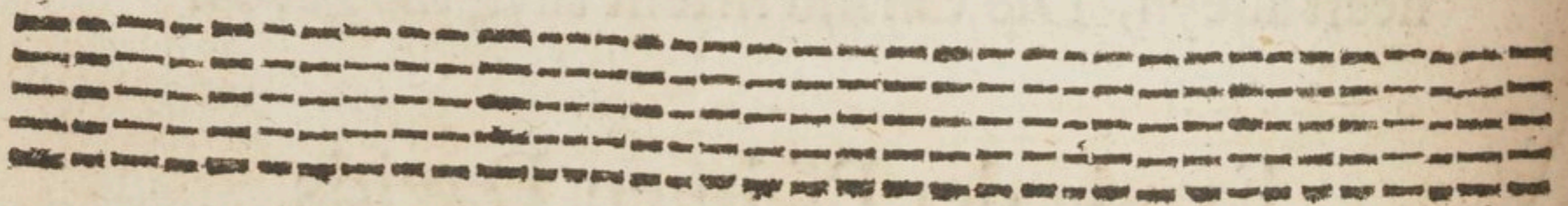
Gy hart volck en traeg in 't verftaen:



Wilt uwes Godts stem- me nu hooren,

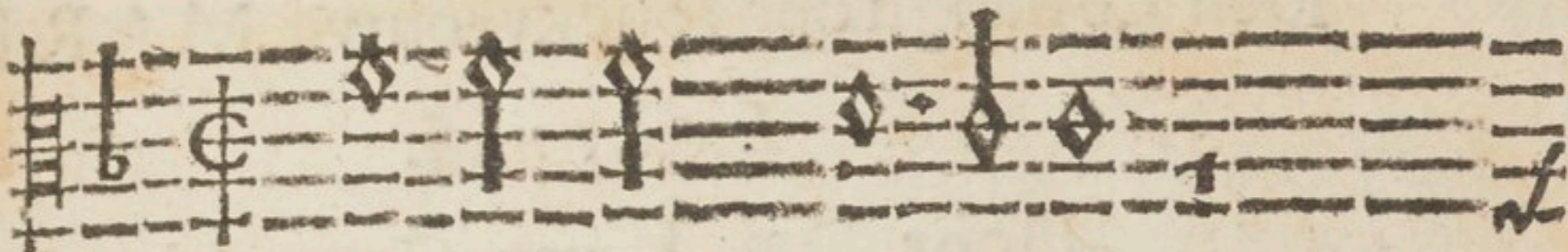


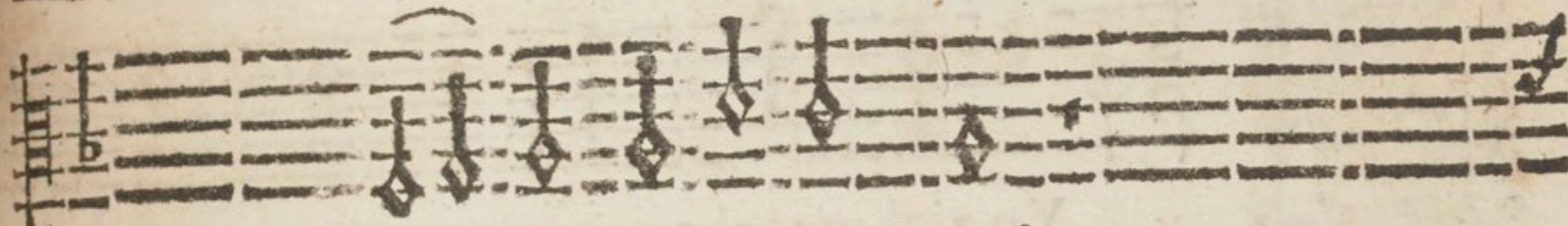
En fijn geboden gade flaen.



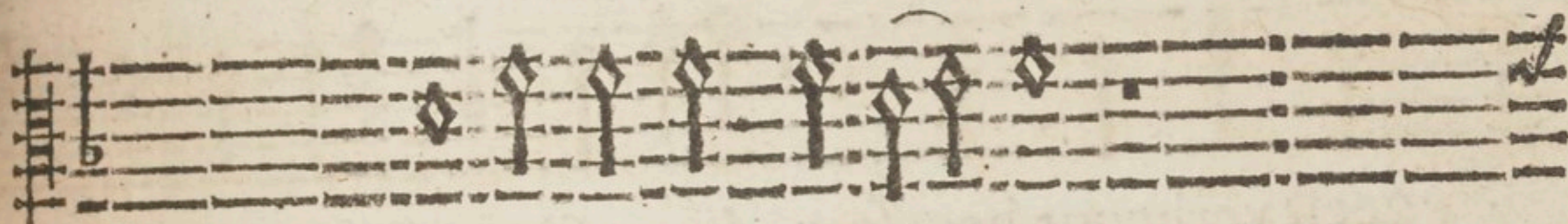


Luce 2: 29.

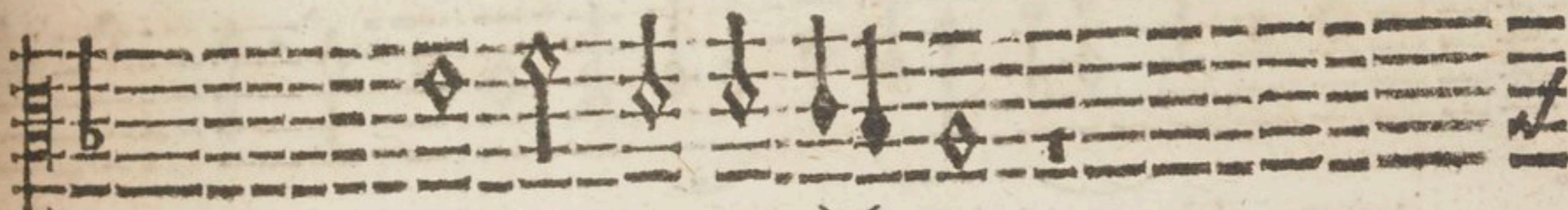
**N**  Ulaet ghy, Heer oprecht,



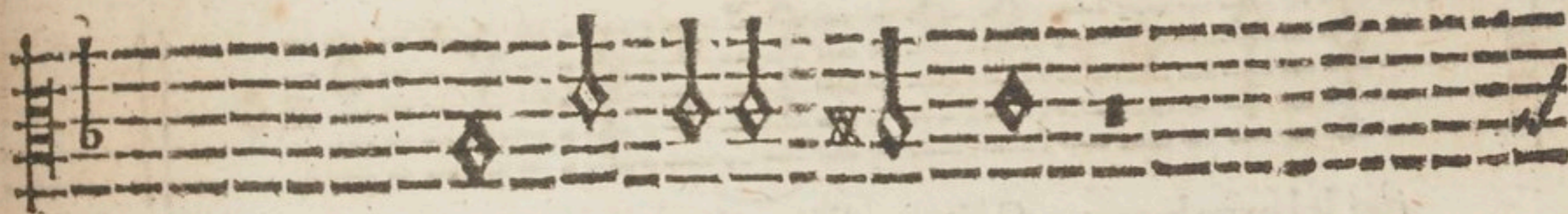
Gaen in vreed' uwen knecht,



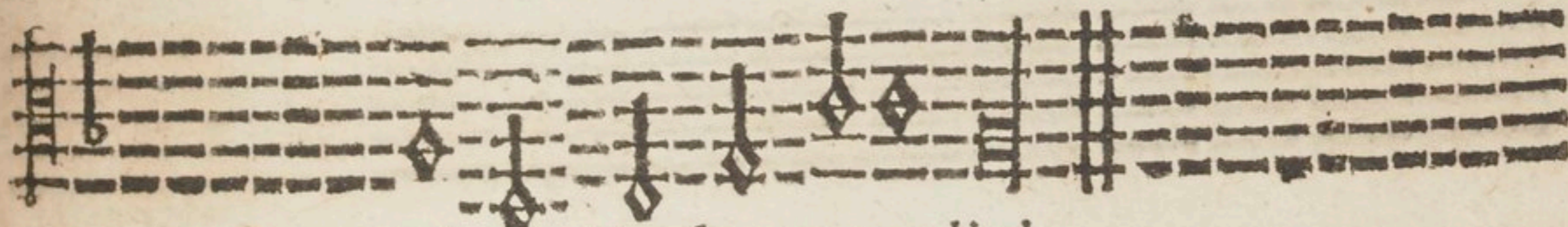
Na uw' beloft' gesta- digh,



Na dat mijn oogen klaer,



Hebben gesien voorwaer



Uwen Heylant genadigh.



Contra-Tenor.

Den Loffangh der Ionckvrouwe MARIAE,

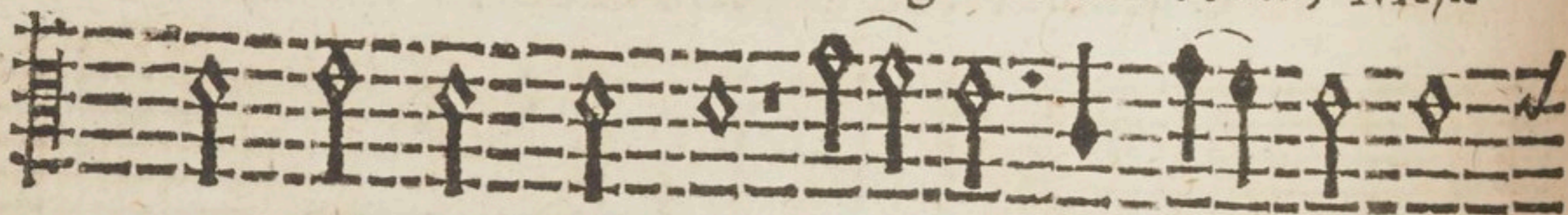
Luce I : 46.

Door D<sup>m</sup>. I. van Couwenhove.

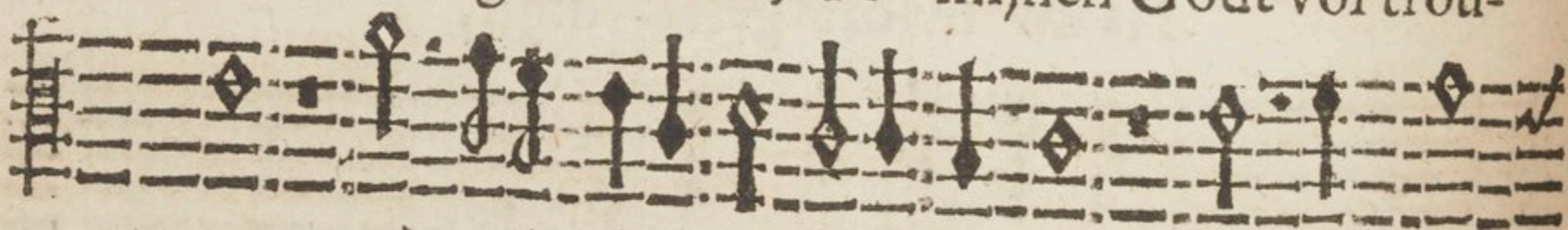
**M**



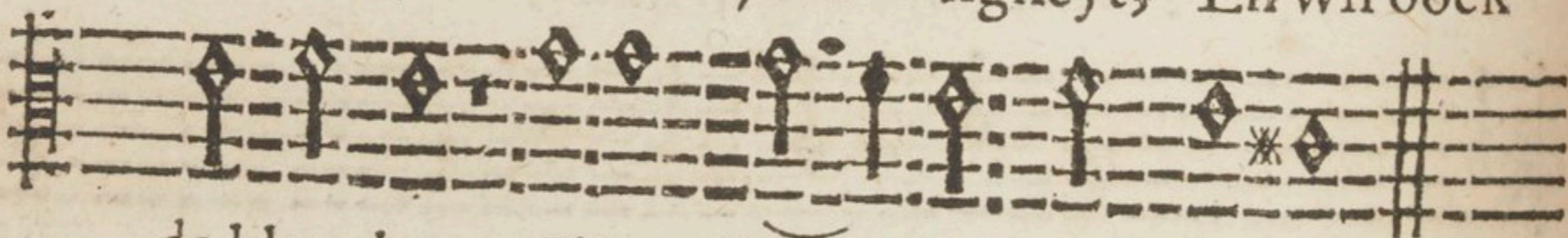
Yn ziel maect groot den Heer, Mijn



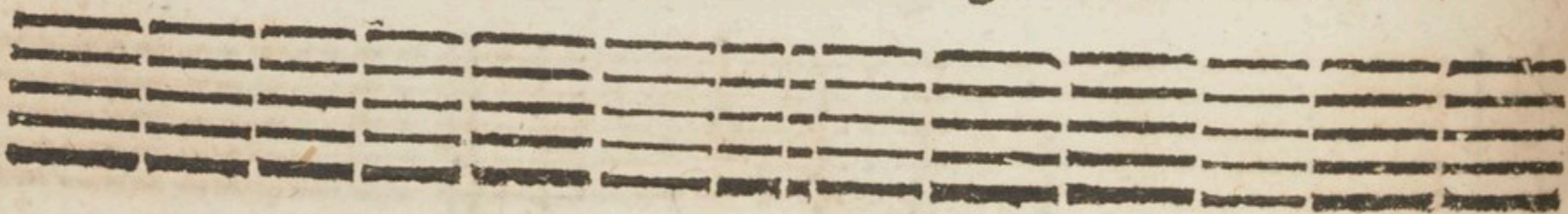
geeft verheugt hem seer, In mijnen Godt vol trou-



wen, Hy is mijn sa- ligheyt, En wil oock



de kleynheyt Sijner dienstmaegt aenschouwen.





't Gebedt onses Heeren JESU CHRISTI,

Matth. 6 : 9.

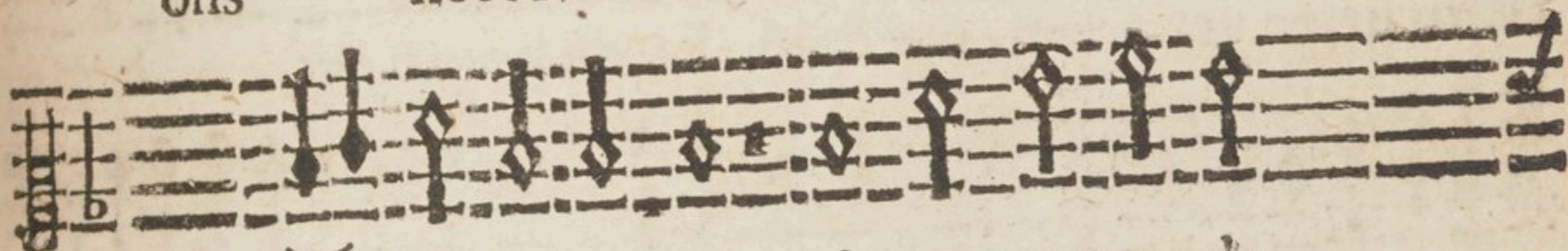
Idem.



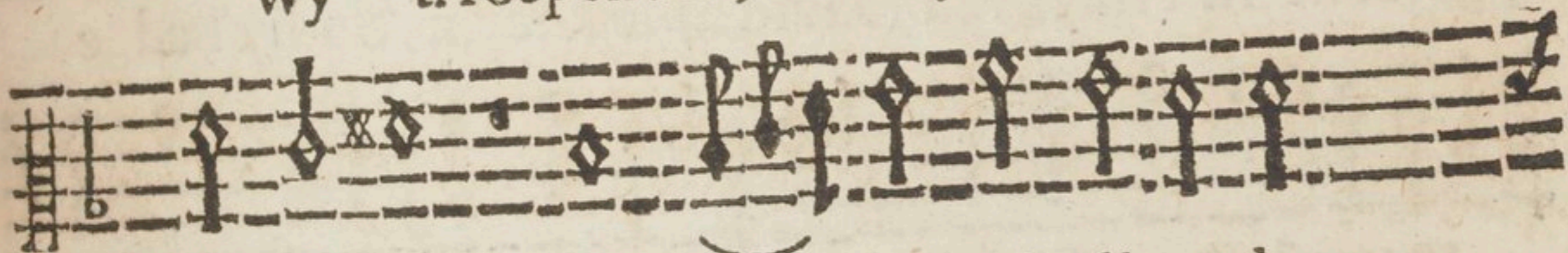
Nse Vader in He- melrijck, Die



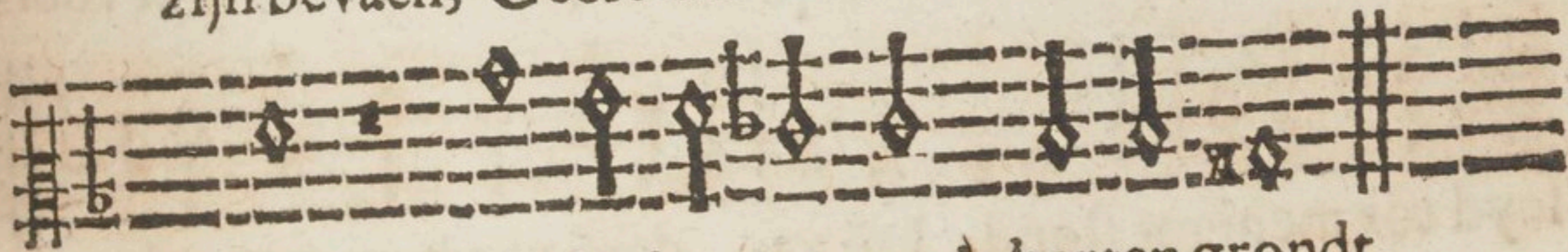
ons heet kinders al- gelijk, En wilt dat



wy u roepen aen, Als wy met noode



zijn bevaen, Geeft dat niet bidt alleen den



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



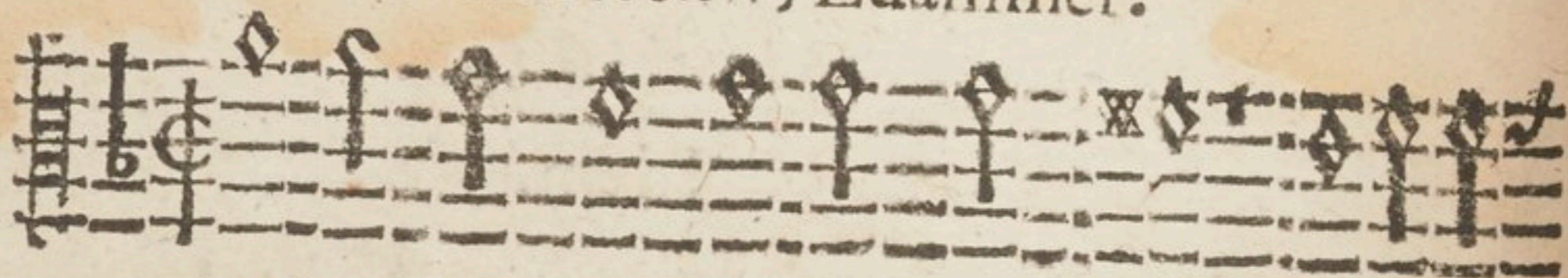
Contra-Ten.

Den Loffang ZACHARIÆ,

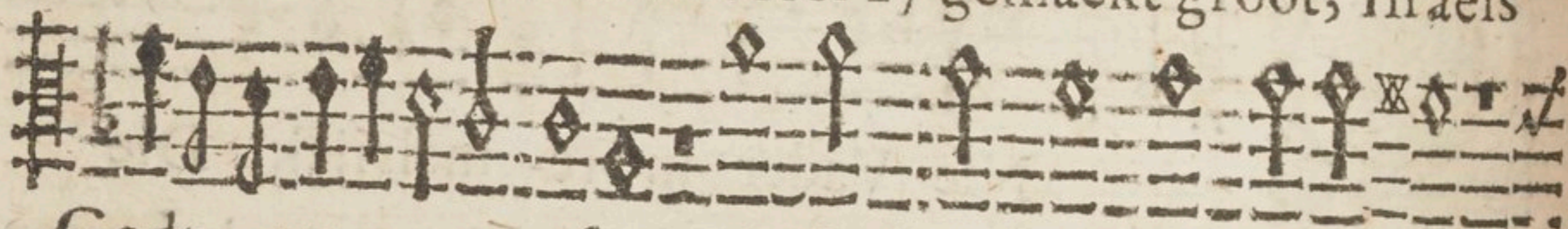
Luce I. vers 68.

Door C. de Leeuw, Edammer.

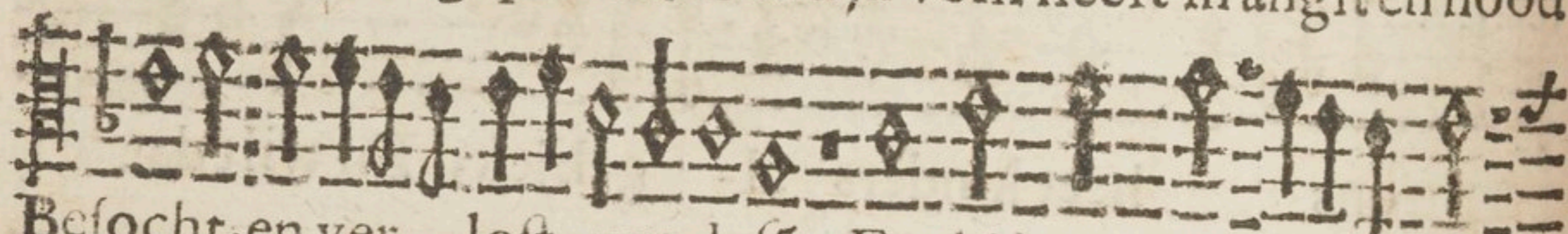
**D**



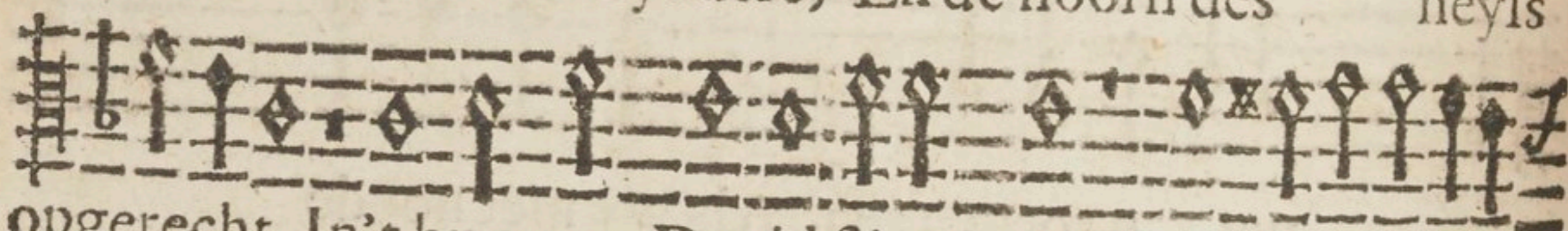
At doch de Heer zy gemaekt groot, Israëls



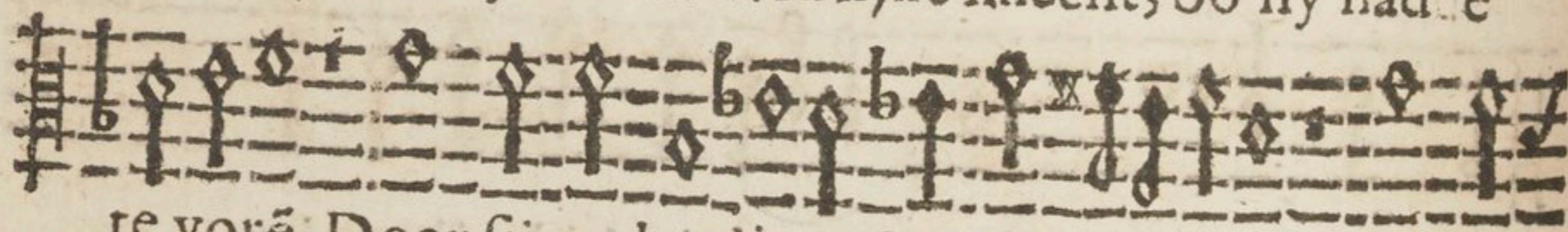
Godt zy gepresen, Die sijn volk heeft in angst en nood



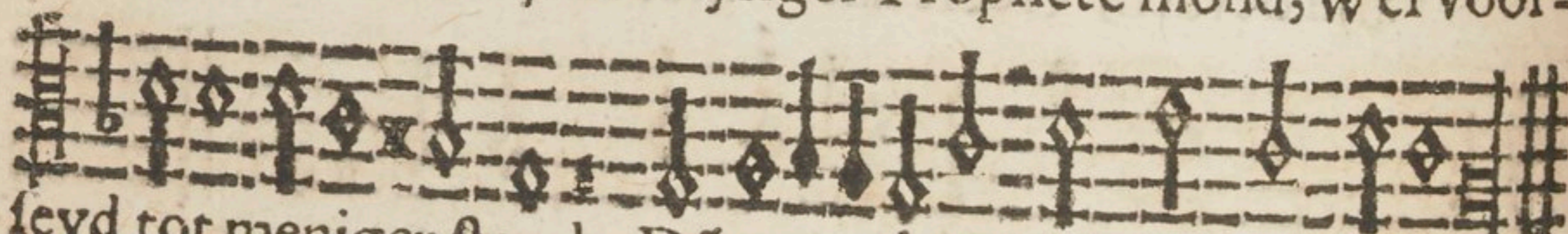
Befocht, en ver- loft uyt desē, En dē hoorn des heyls



opgerecht In't huys van David sijnē knecht, So hy had e



te vorē Door sijner heyliger Prophetē mond, Wel voor-



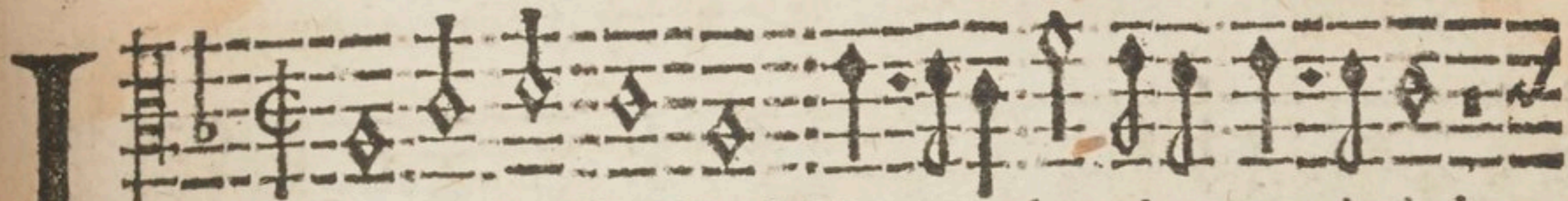
seyd tot meniger stond, Dē va- derē van hem uytverkoren.



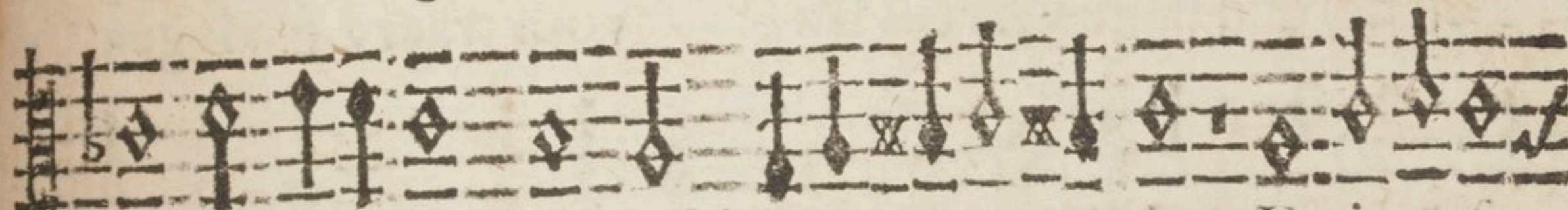
Dat is,

Een korte Bekentenisse des waren Christelicken Geloofs.

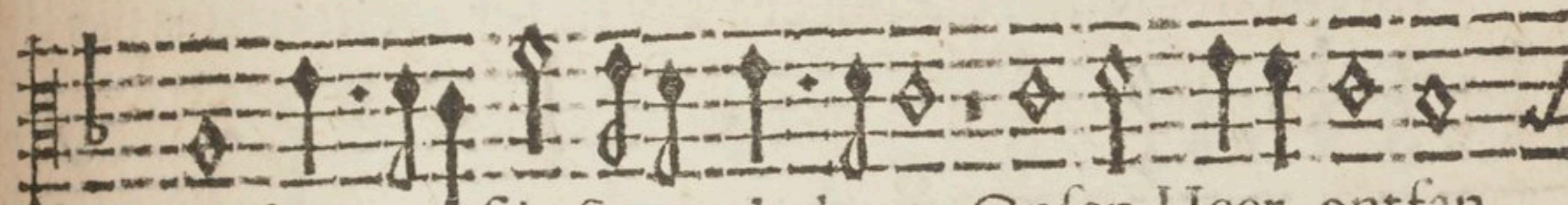
Idem.



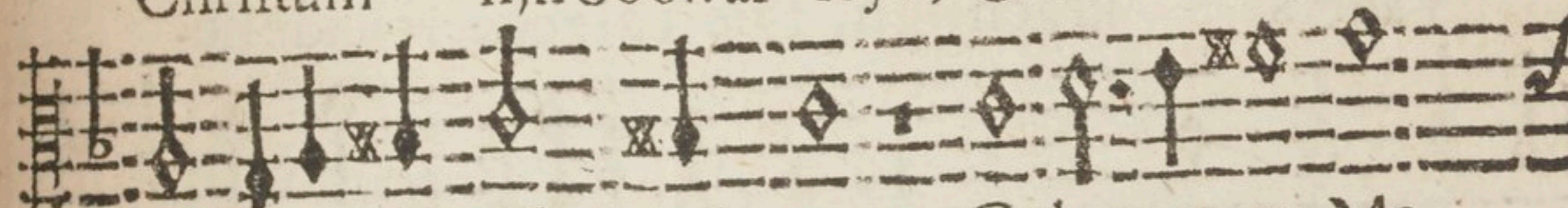
Ik geloof in God, Va- der al- machtigh,



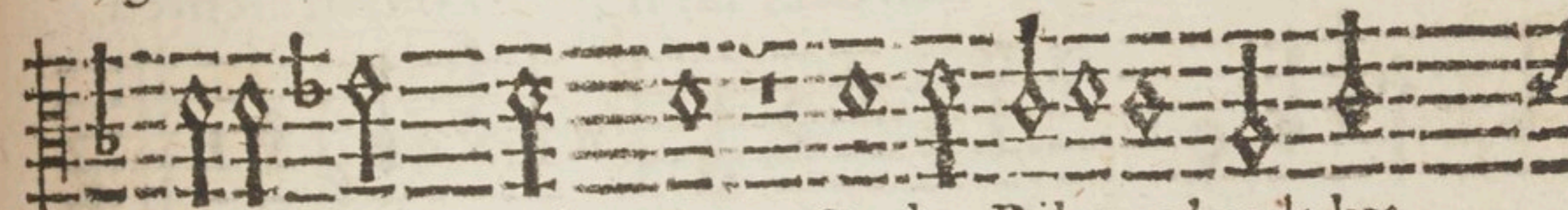
Die Hemel en d'Aerde schiep waerachtig: En in Iesum



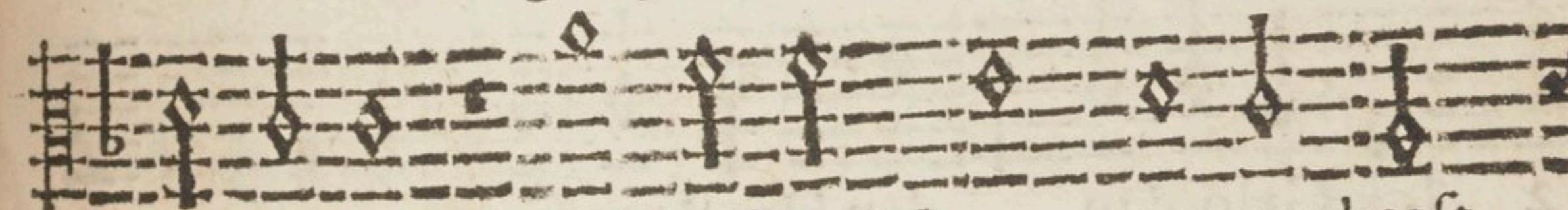
Christum sijn Soon al- leyn, Onsen Heer, ontfan-



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



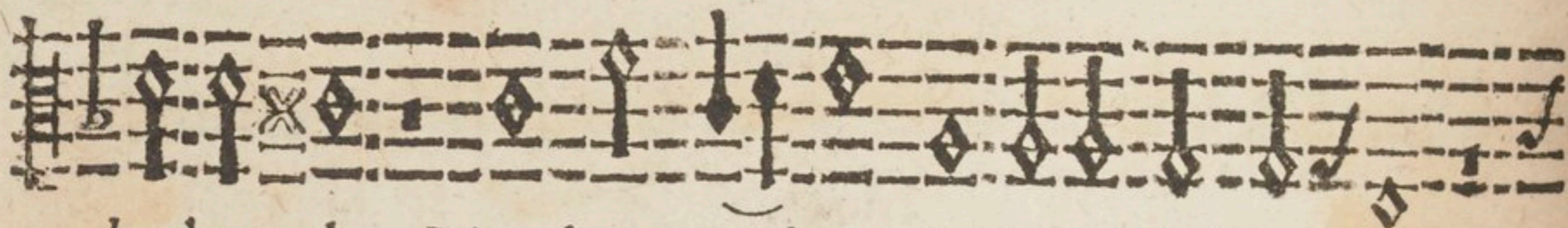
ri- a de Maeght goet: Onder Pilatus leedt hy



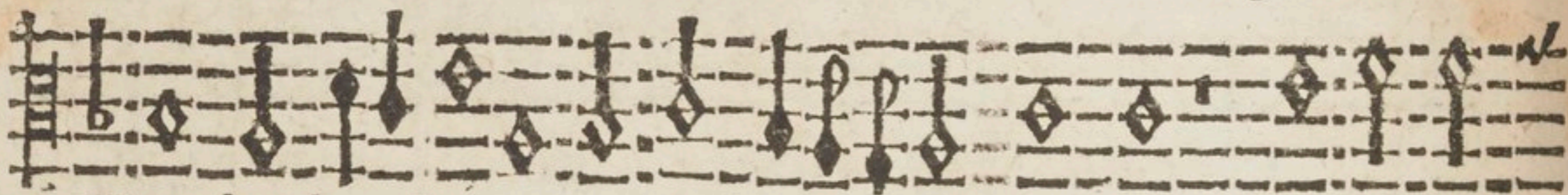
in ootmoet. Hy sterf aen 't kruys, voor ons heeft

hy

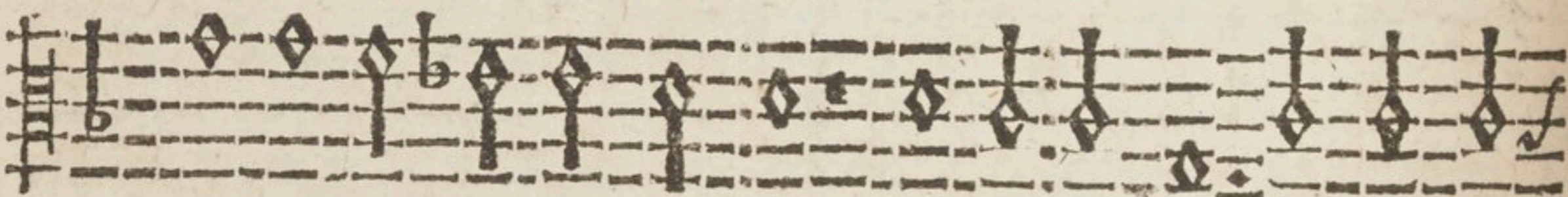




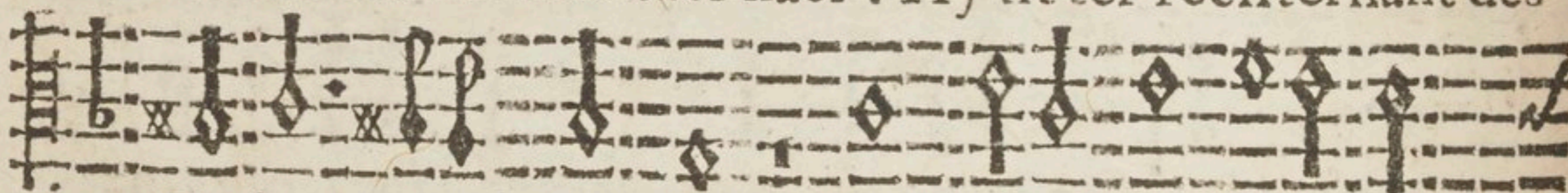
hy betaelt : Men begroef hem, hy is ter hel gedaelt :



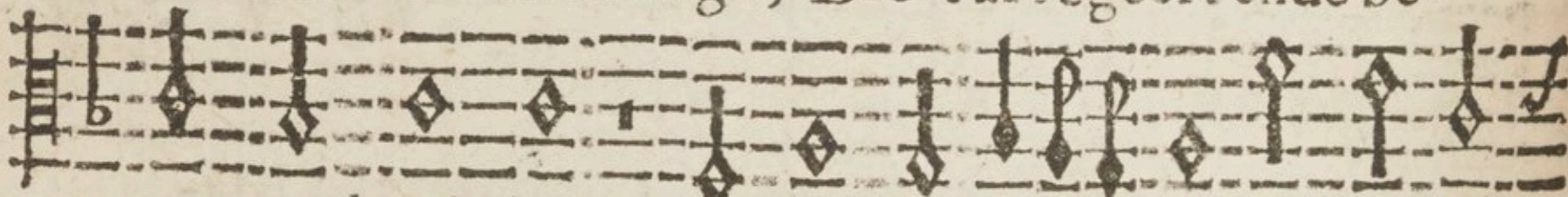
Ten derden dage verrees hy voorwaer, En is ge-



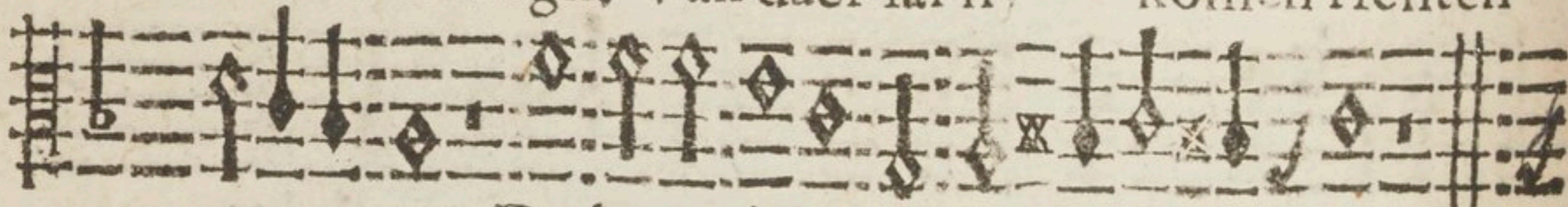
varen ten Hemel daer naer : Hy sit ter rechterhant des



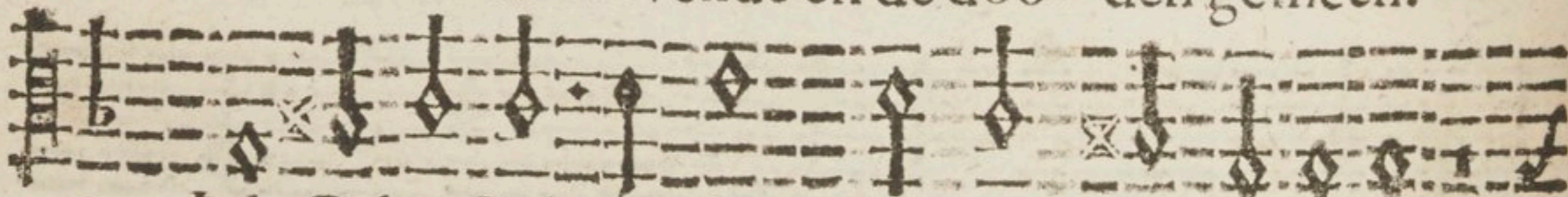
Vaders krachtigh, Die 't al regeert ende be-



waert eendrachtigh, Van daer sal hy komen richten



met een De levende en de doo- den gemeen.



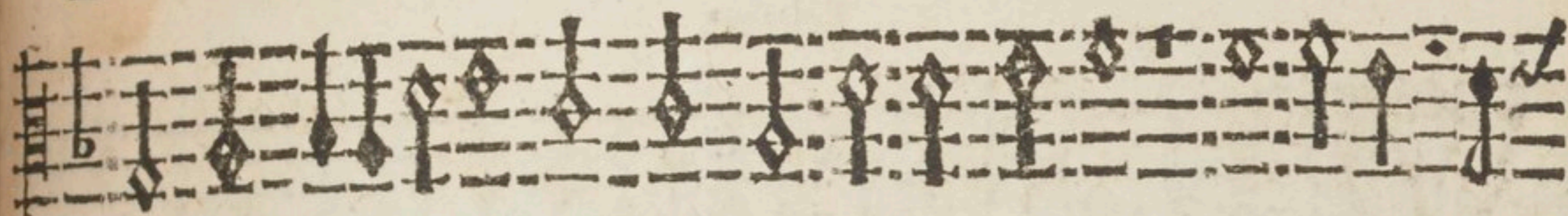
2 Ick Geloof in den Heyl'gen Geest gepresen

Dat-

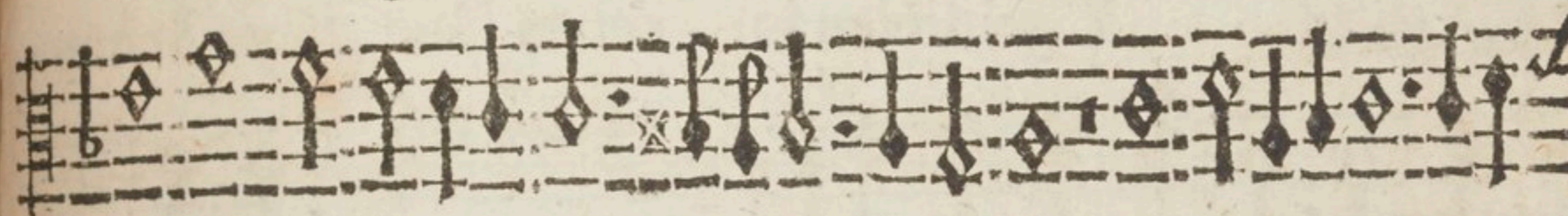




Datter een Christen-kerck is, en sal we- sen. Een



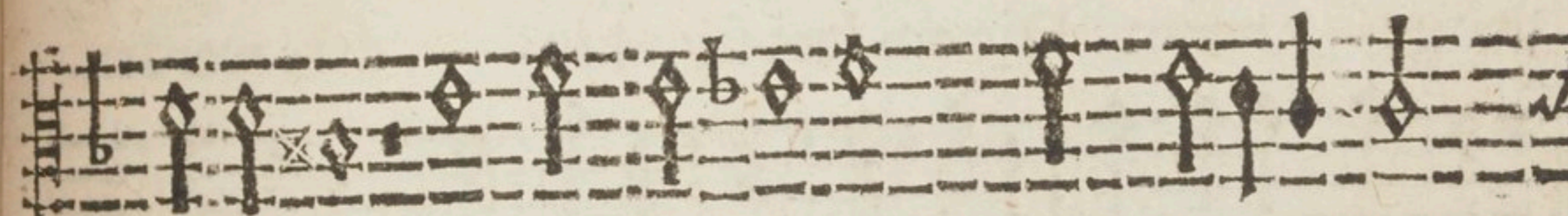
versaem'ling der Geloovigen t'same, Een gemeyn-



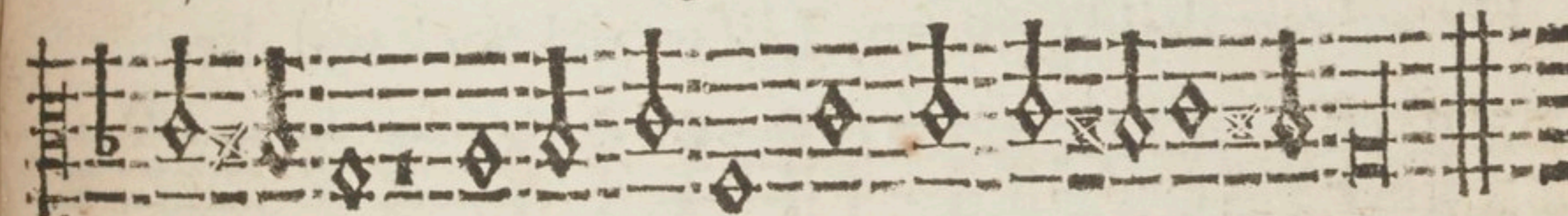
schap der Heyli- gen bequa- me. Eē vergeving van



onse sonden al. En dat dit vleesch heer- lick ver-



rijfen sal: Een eeuwigh leven, 't welck wy ful-



len erven. Op dit geloof wil ick leven en sterven.



Contra-Tenor.

De Artijckelen des Christelijcke Geloofs,

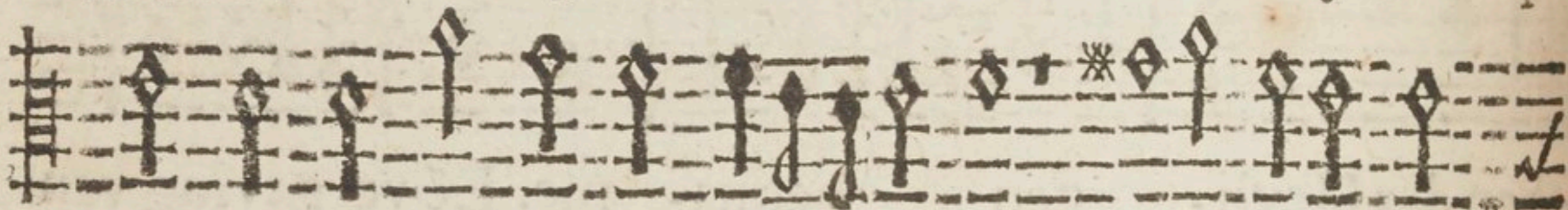
Overgelet uyt den Hooghduytsche

door JAN UYTENHOVE.

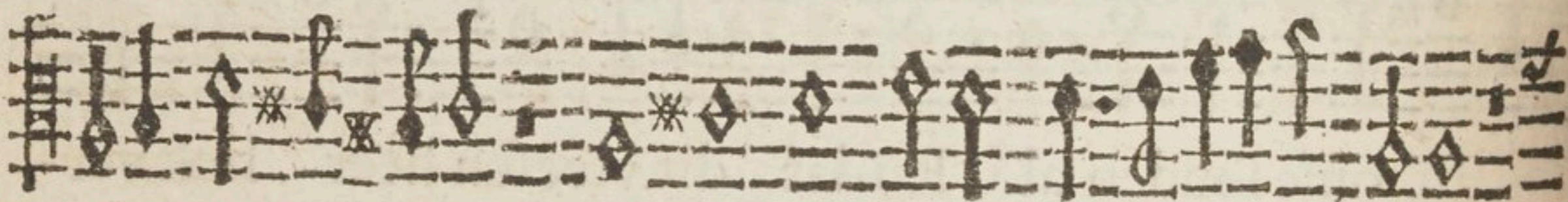
Idem.



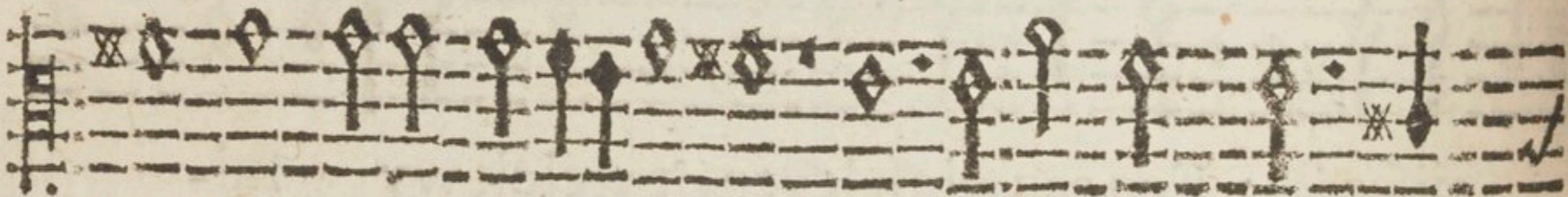
Y gelooven in eenen God alleyn, Schep-



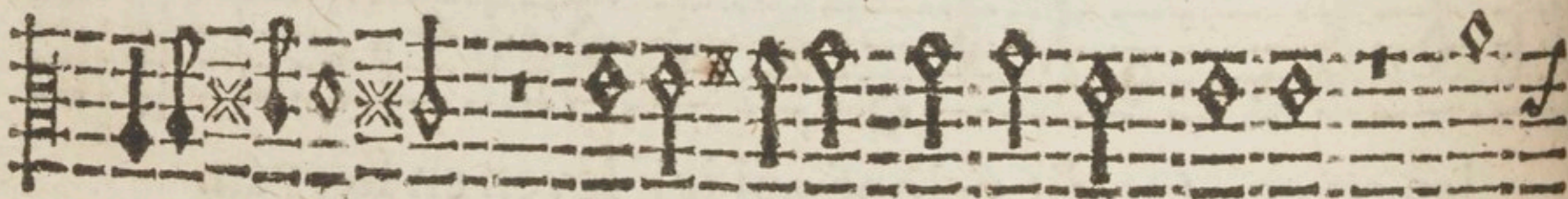
per des Hemels en der Aer- den, Onser aller Va-



der ge- meyn, Die ons laet sijne kin- ders werden.



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



wa- ren; All' ongeval wil hy ons weeren, Geen leedt





leedt sal ons tegen-varen : Hy forget voor ons

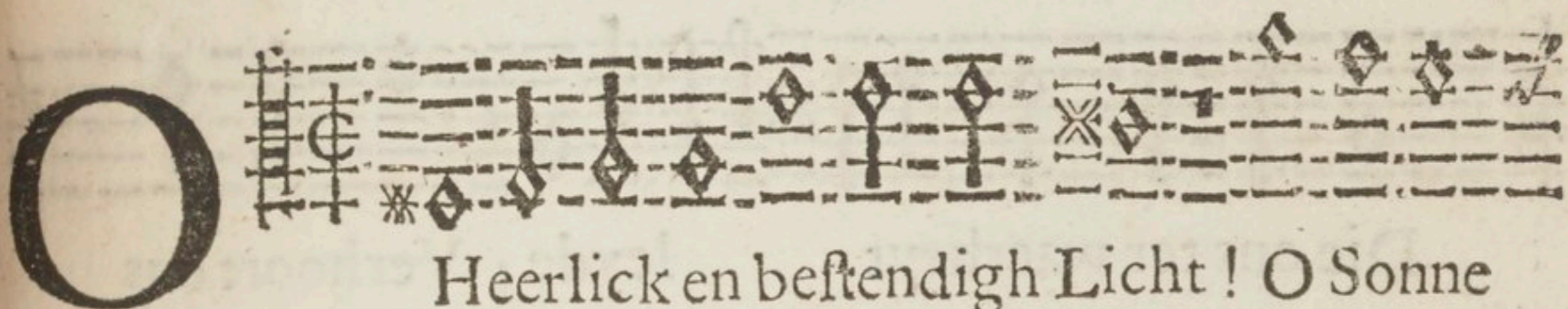


dag ende nacht , Het staet alles in sijner macht.

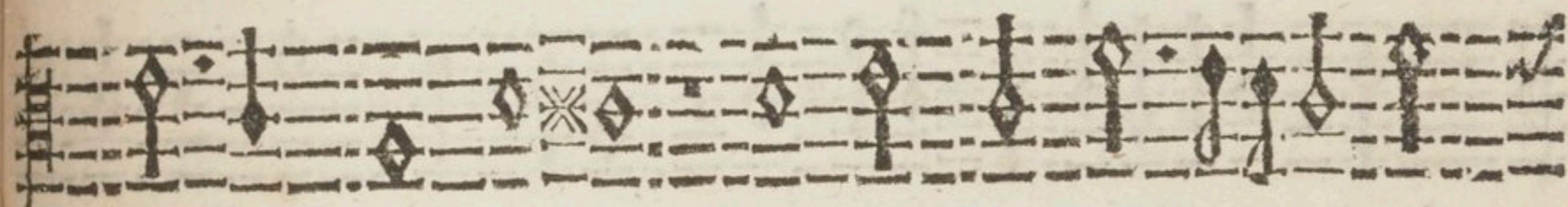
Het Morgen Gebedt.

*Stem : Psalm 9.*

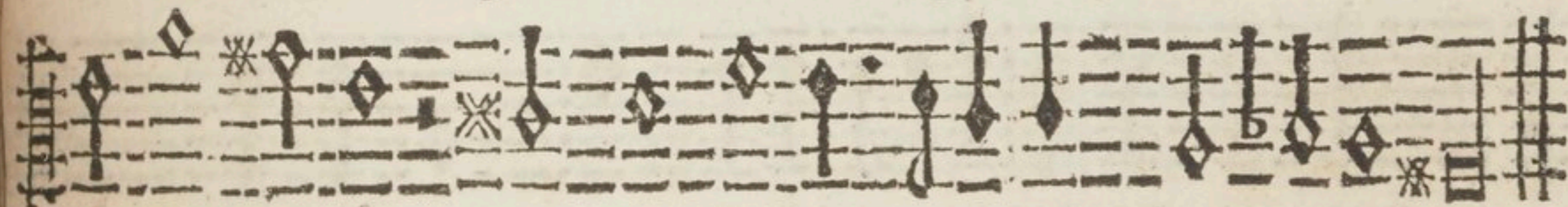
Idem.



Heerlick en bestendigh Licht ! O Sonne



van ons swack gesicht ! O Schepper van dees



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

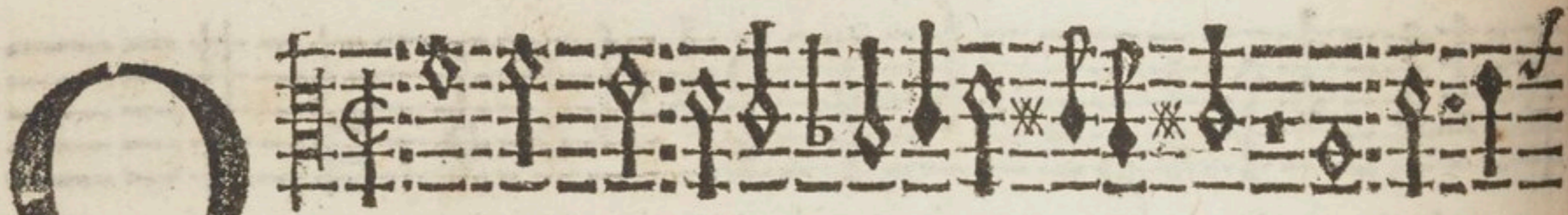


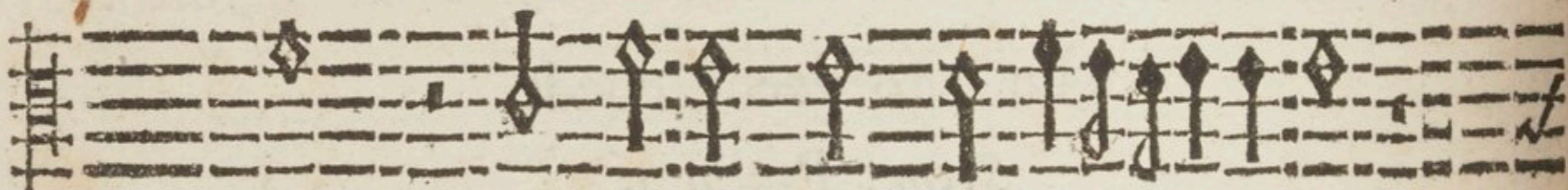
Contra-Tenor.

Een kort Gebedt voor de Predicatie, door

JAN UYTENHOVE.

Idem.

**O**  Godt die onse Va- der bift, Door Jefum

 Christ, Geeft uwen Geest ons al- gemeyn,

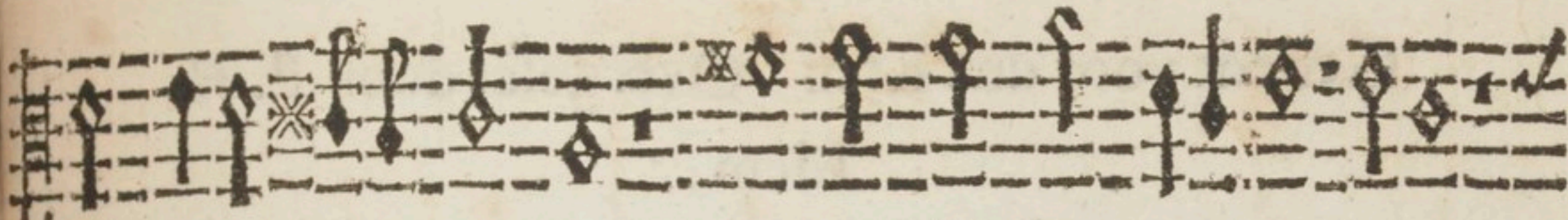
 Die ons ter waerheyt leyde; Verhoort ons

 doch tot de- fer ftondt, Opent den mont Uw's

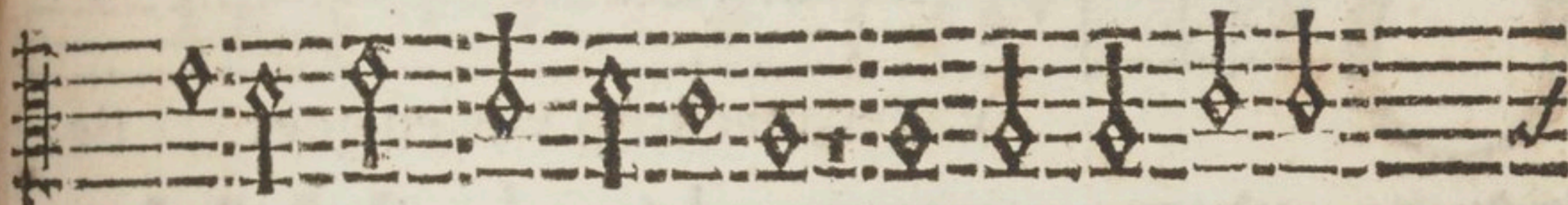
 dienaers, dat hy u woordt reyn, En vrymoe-

digh





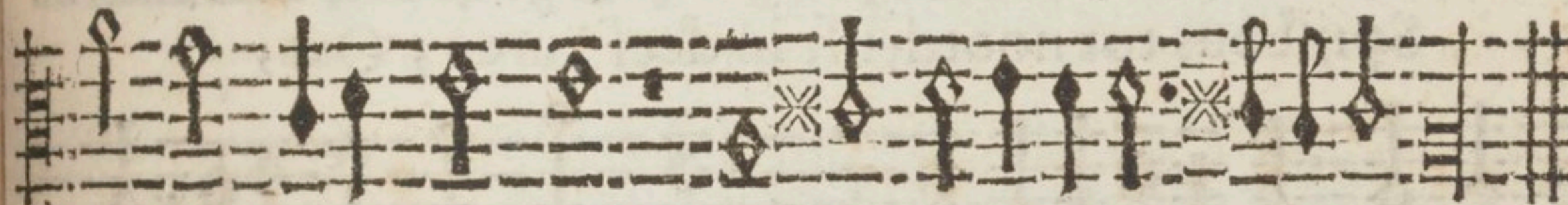
digh ver- breyde: Daer toe, ô Heer ge- nadelick,



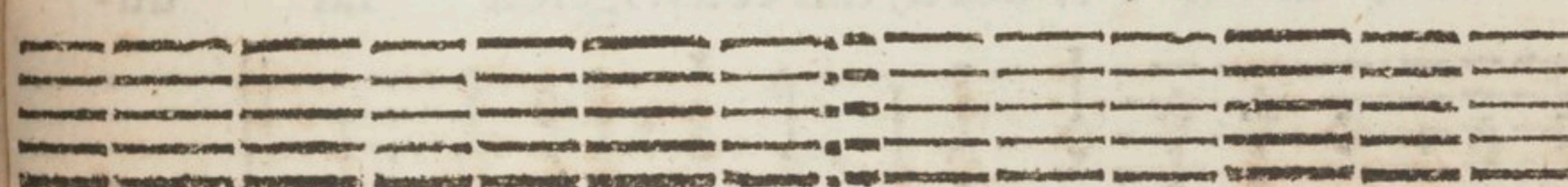
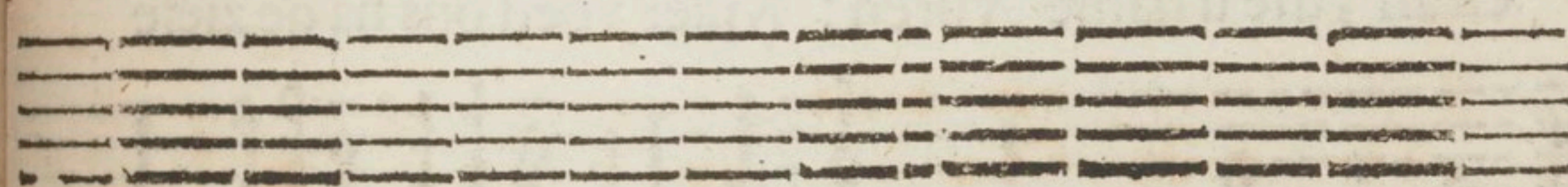
Opent onf' hert en ooren, Dat wy dat hooren



vlijtelick, En trouwelick bewaren; Op dat wy



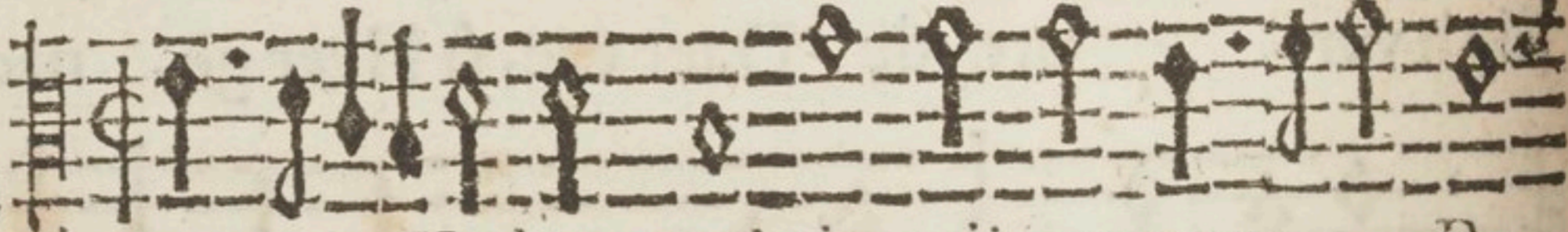
mogen vruchtbaerlick Uw' lof altijd ver- klaren.





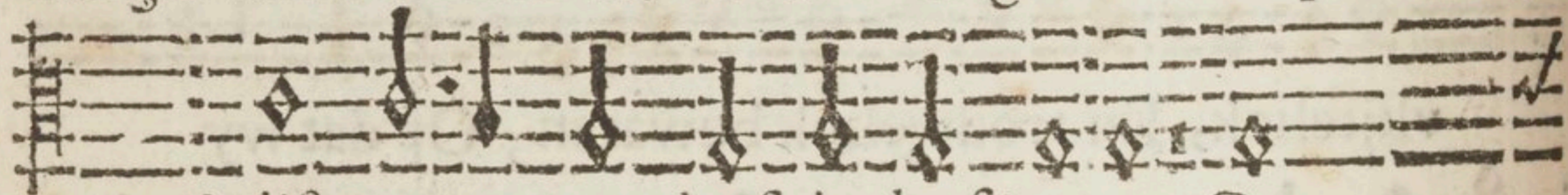
Gebedt voor den Eten, Overgeset door P. H.

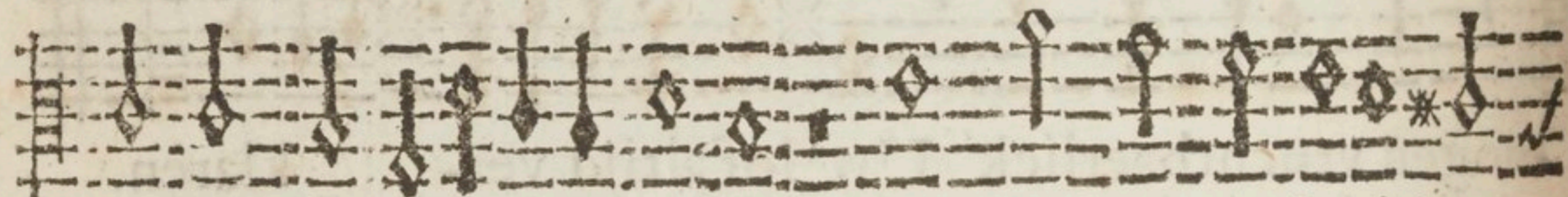
Idem.

**O**  Be-

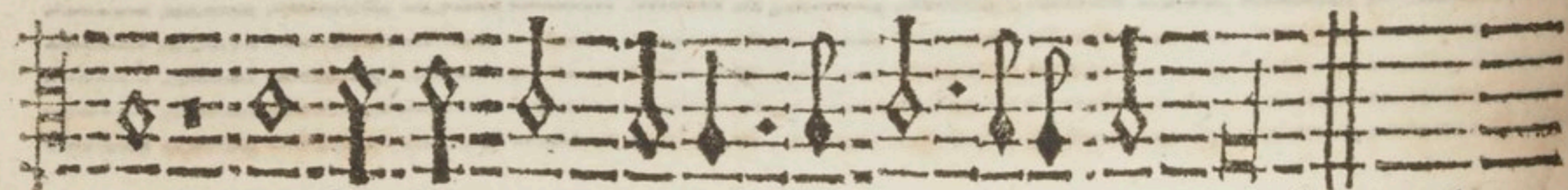
Vader, machtig, wijs, en goet

 forger van u Creaturen, Tot zegen u hant open doet ;

 Spijst ons tot nootdrift in deef' uren, Ons,

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

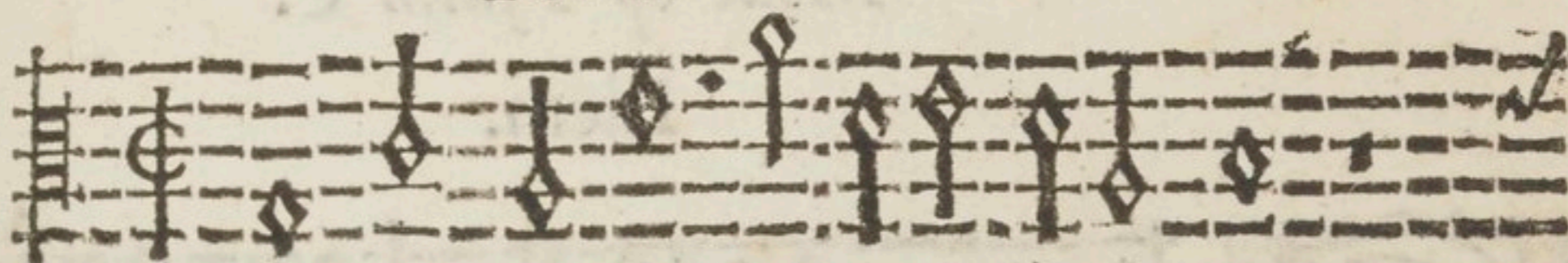
 meest, Door 't Woord, dat eeuwiglick sal du-

 ren, Op dat u recht dien' on- sen Geest. *Amen.*

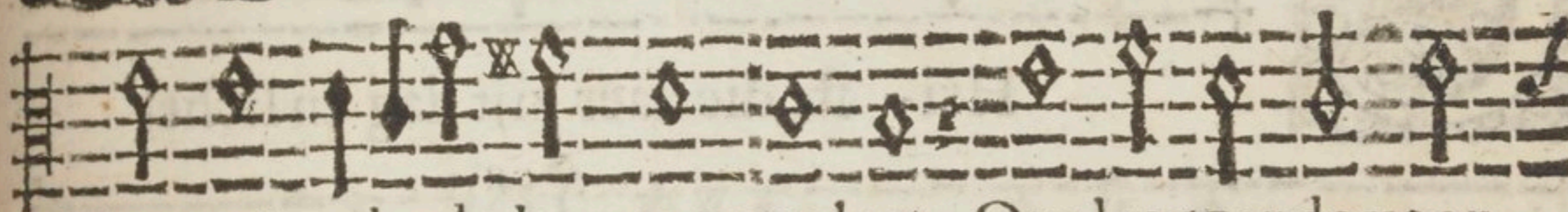


Danckfegginge na den Eten.

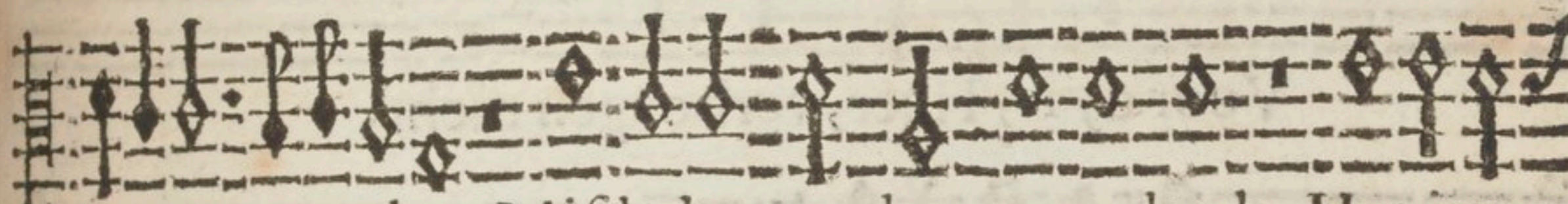
Idem.



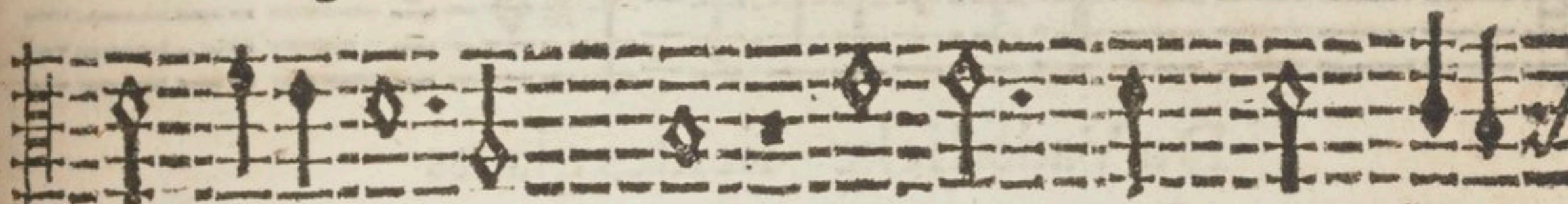
Y dancken u, eeuwige Va- der,



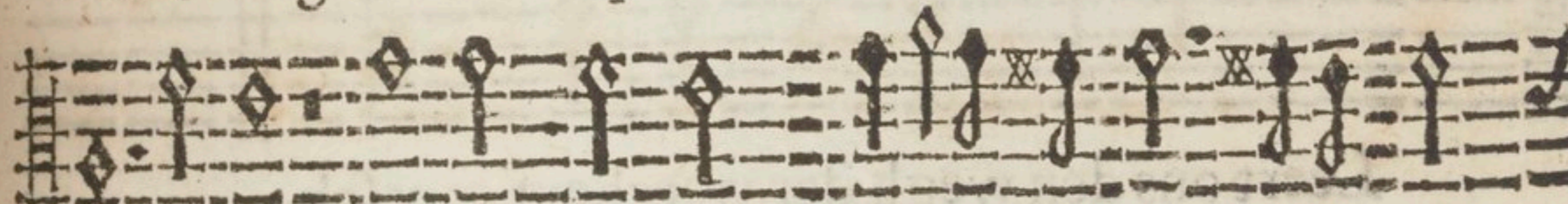
Van uw' wel- daden vroeg en laet, Ons buygende voor



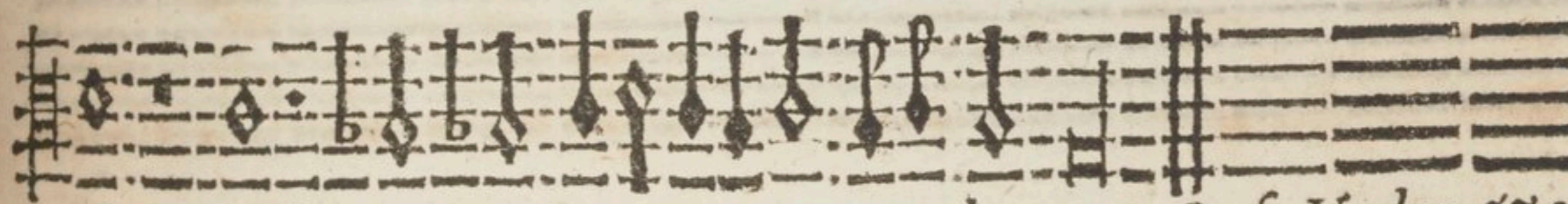
u te gader: Misdeden wy door overdaedt, Het is ons



leedt, vergeeft ons 't quaedt, In uw's Soons naem, (wy



bidden u Met sijn Gebedt,) na u- wen



raedt, Verhoort ons uyt gena- den nu. Onse Vader, &c.

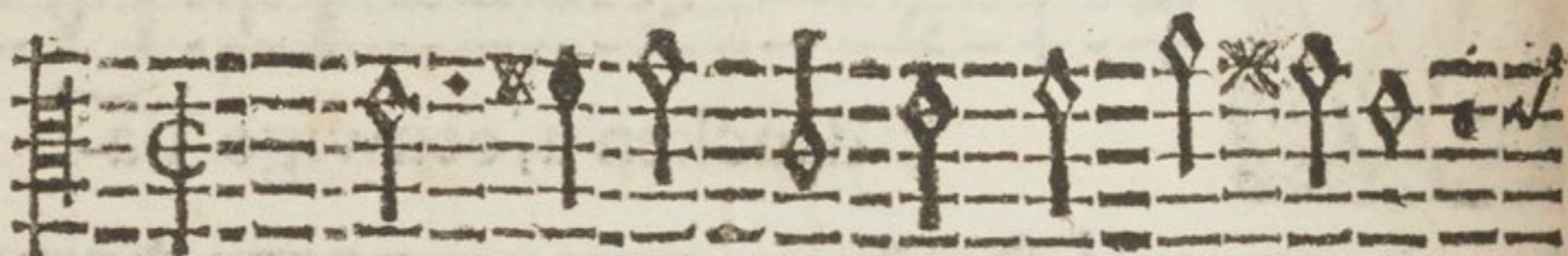


Contra-Tenor.

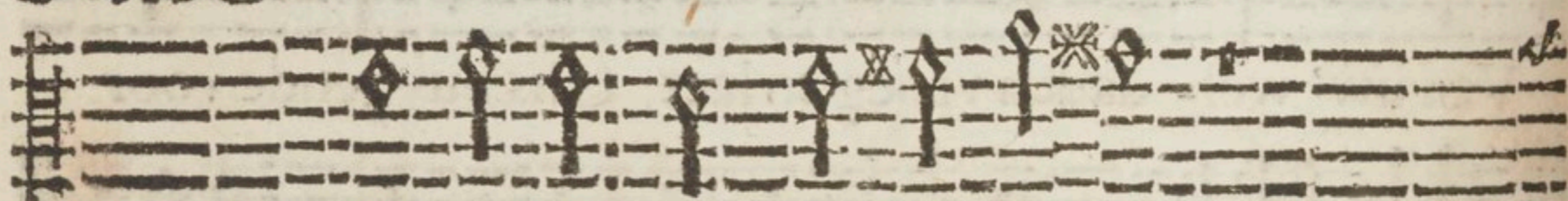
Het Avondt Gebedt.

Mede op Pſalm C.

Idem.



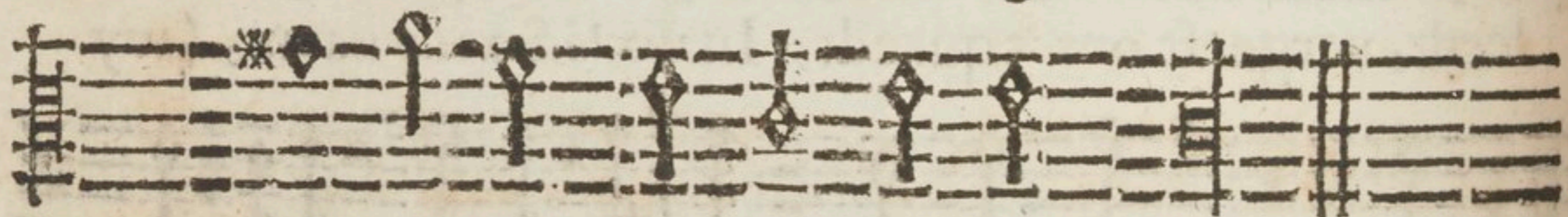
Hri- ſte die daer zigt dag en licht,



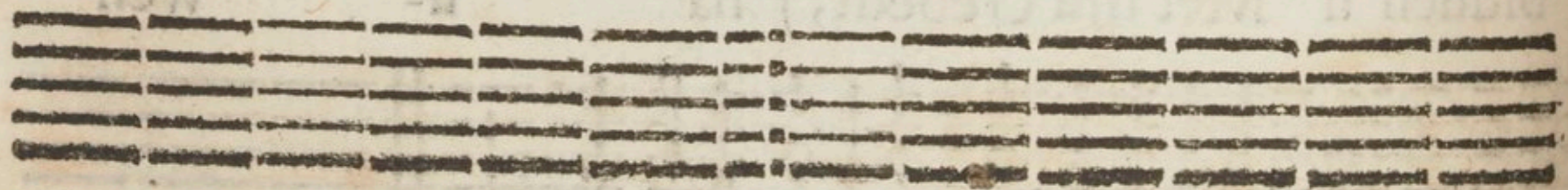
Voor dy is, Heer, verborgen nicht,



Du Vaderlicke lichtetes glants



Leert ons den wegh der waerheyt gantsch.





Een Eygen Geschrift

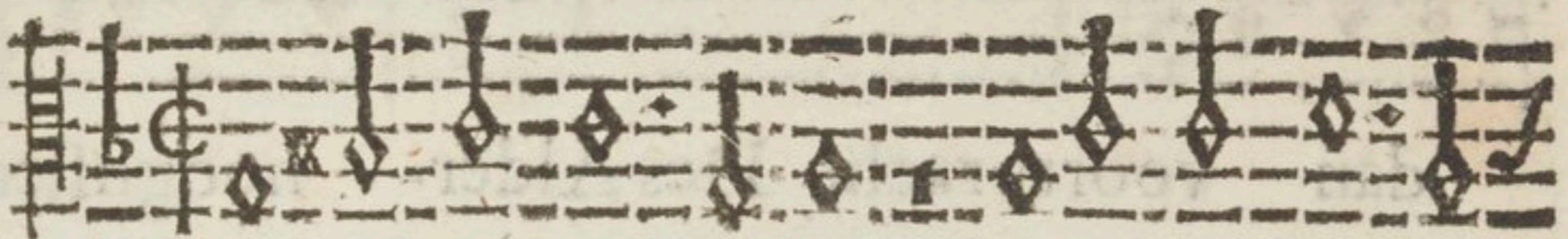
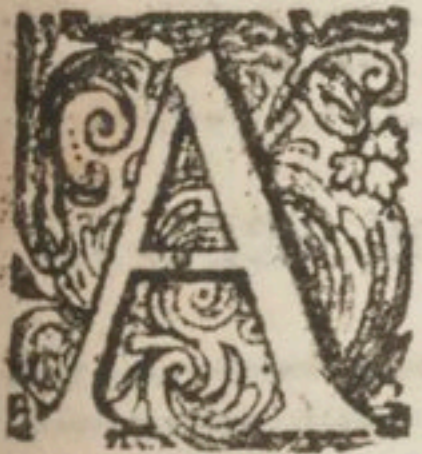
D A V I D S,

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

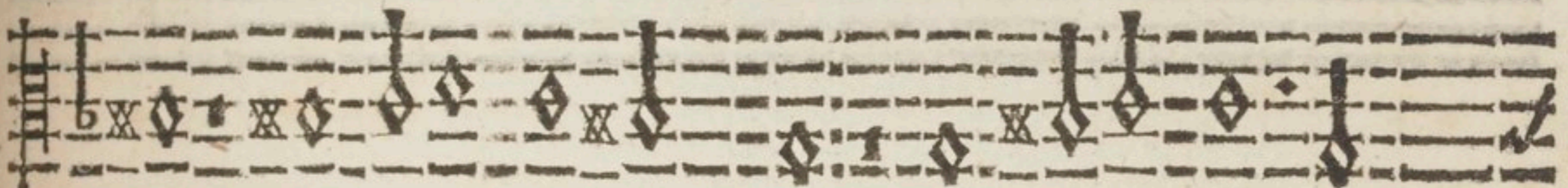
D. ABRAHAM vander MEER.

*Stem: Psalm 19.*

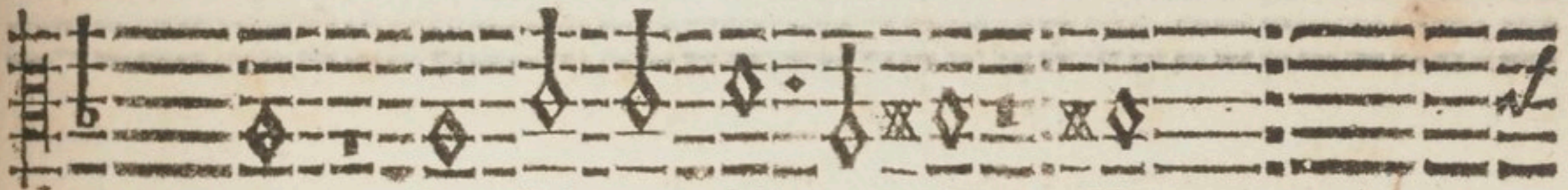
Idem.



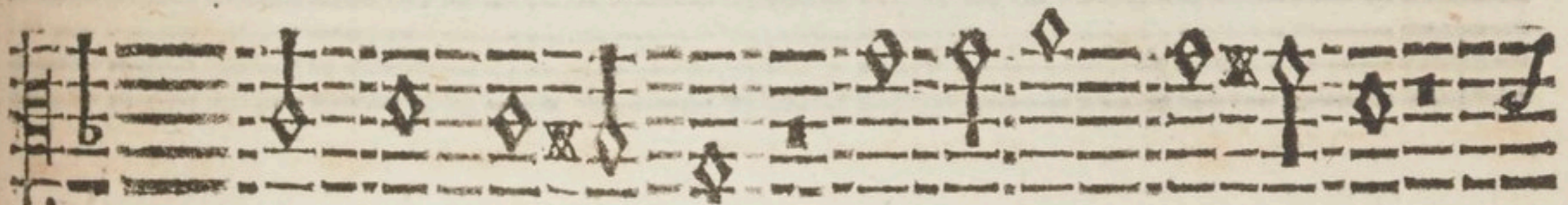
Als ick noch Jongeling, Geachtet seer ge-



ring, By mijne broeders was, End' dagelicks nam



waer, De schapen hier en daer Gaen

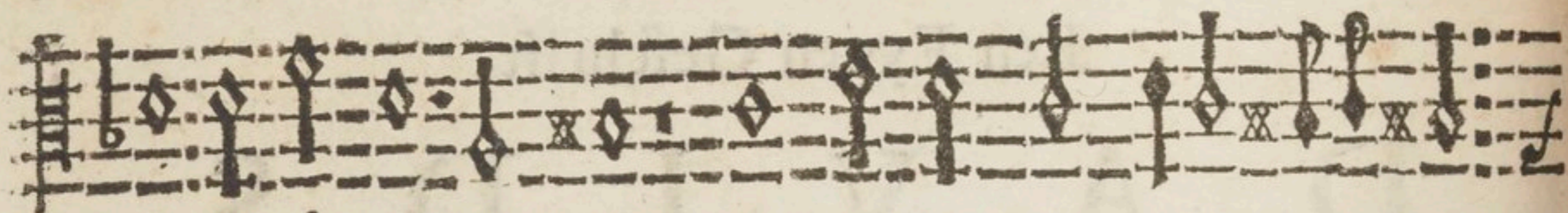


weydend' in het gras : Terwijlen 't vee nu at,

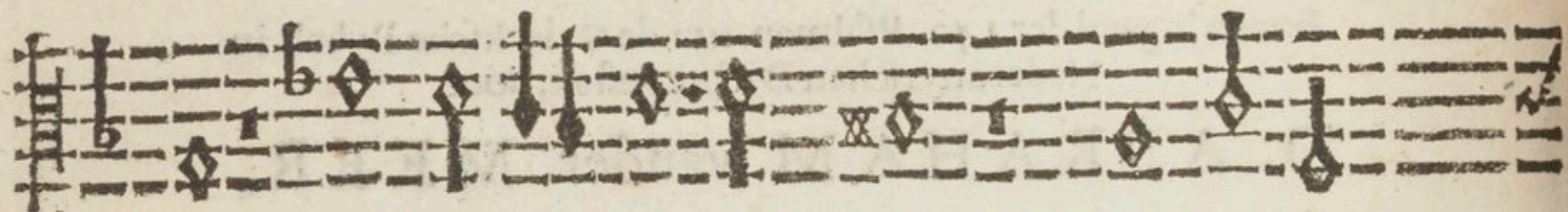
Ick



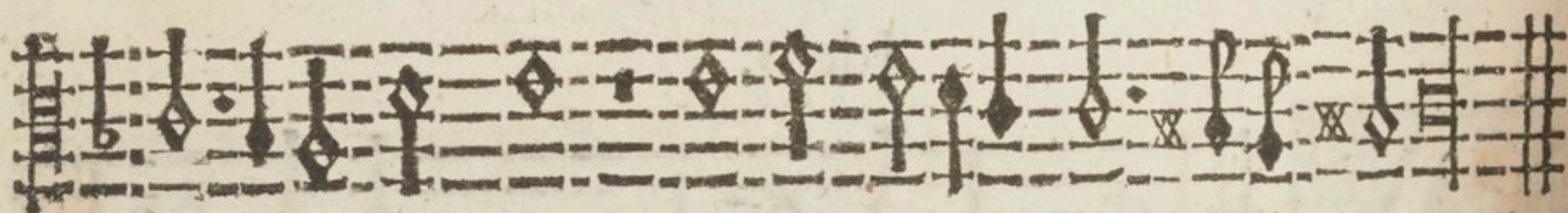
Contra-Tenor. Eygen Geschrift Davids.



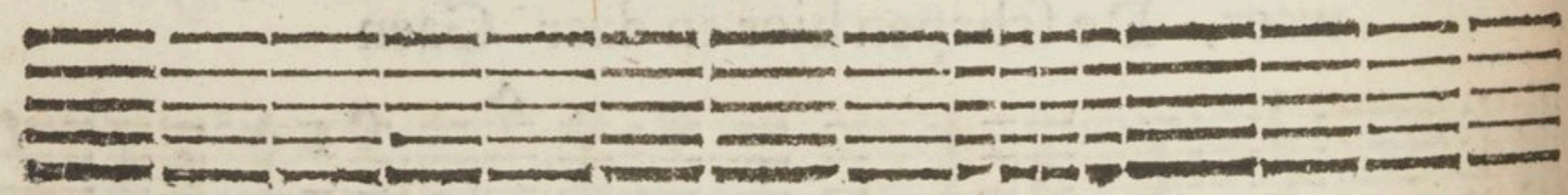
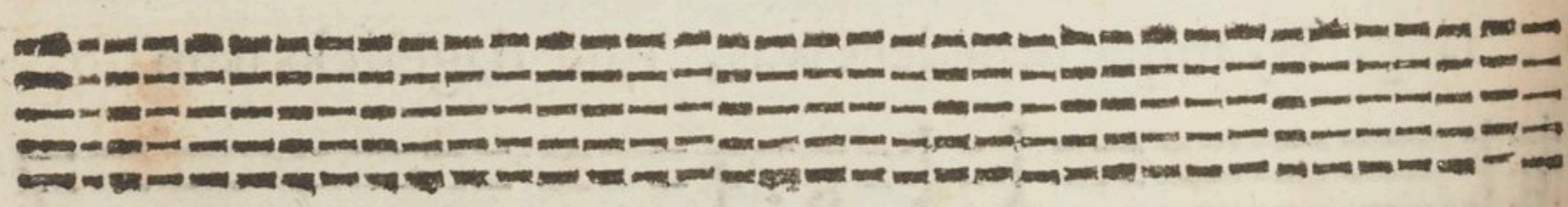
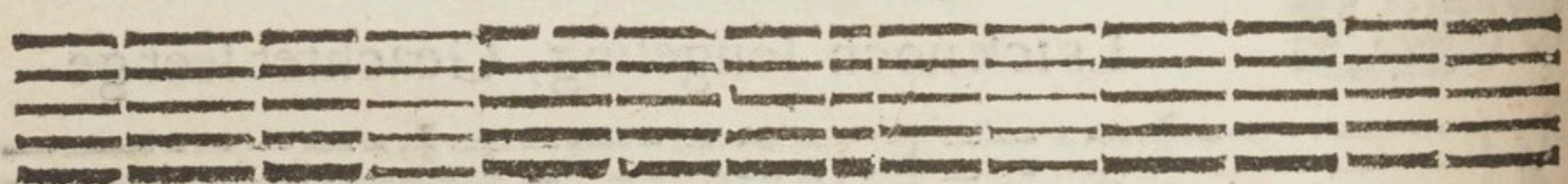
Ick in de schaduw' sat, En loofde Godt den Hee-



re, Een Instrument ick wracht, Daer op ick.



dan voortbracht Des Alder- hooghstens eere.



weyden in het gese: Terwijlen t'voornen

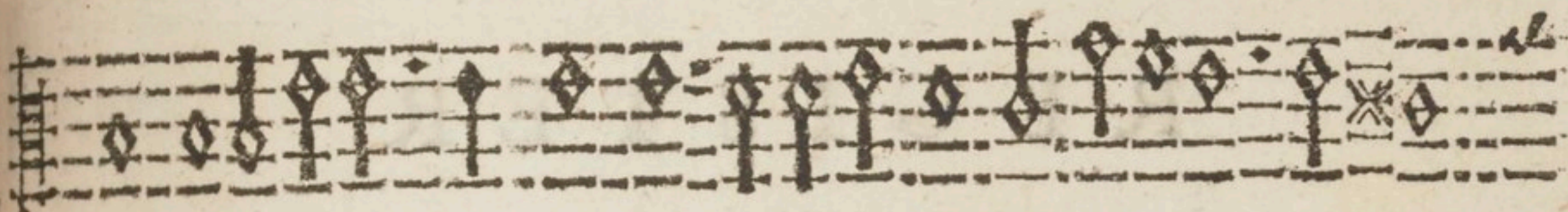
ick



O



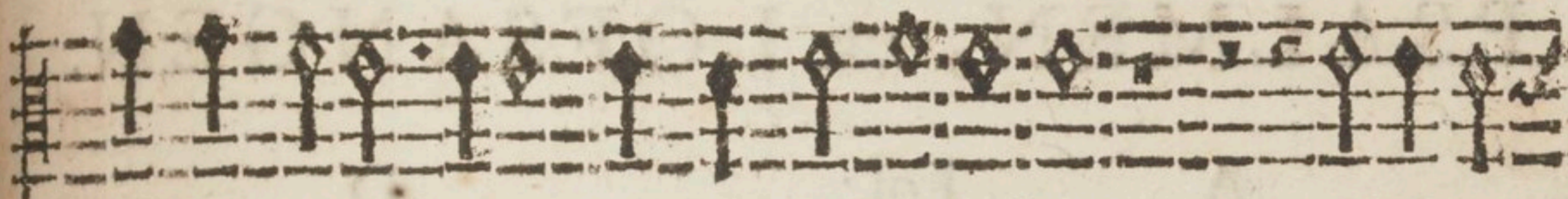
Triste spectaculum, O triste, ://:



O trist://:

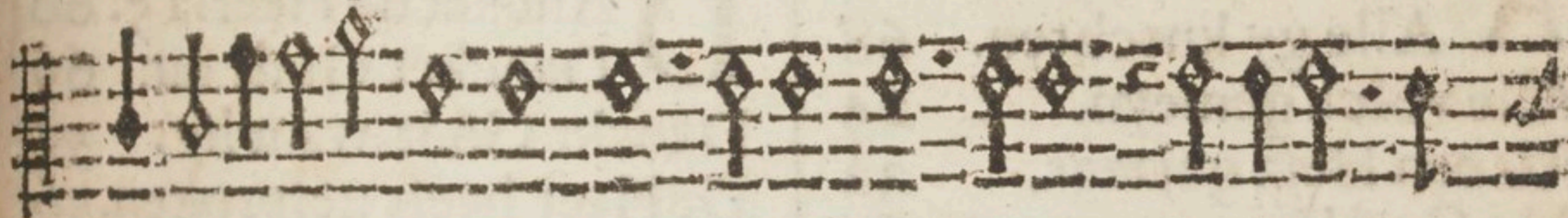
O crudele supplici-

um,



Morte turpissima condemnatur Iesus,

ulula-

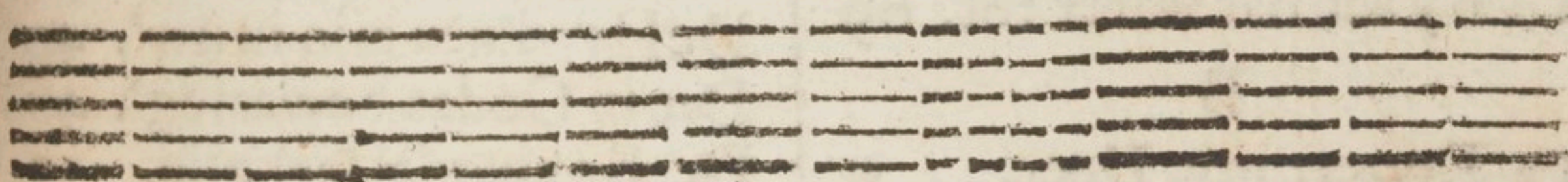


te, ululate gentes, plangite, ://:

& clama-



te, quia occisus est Salvator noster.







# REGISTER

aller

## PSALMEN, en LOFSANGEN.

A Fol:

<b>A</b> Enfiet, Heer, 't recht.	9
<b>A</b> Alle gy knechten.	68
Alle volck gemeyn.	24
Alse en Hert gejaegt.	22
Als God Zions gevang'n.	64
Als ick met swaer kruys.	61
Als ick roep, Heer, hoort.	33
Als ik roep, verstaet mijn.	31
Als ick U bid, opent Uw.	3
Als ons de nood overvalt.	24
Als wy aen dat water tot.	69

B

<b>B</b> Ewaert my, Heer.	9
Bewaert ô Heer, m.	14

D

<b>D</b> Ancket de Heer. a 5.	60
Dancket Godt nu.	69
Danckt Godt, want hy.	54
De Heer heeft gesproken.	56
Den lof en prijs. a 5.	56
Des boosdoenders wille.	19
De dwaes die spreeckt in.	8
De dwaes die spreeckt in.	27
De aerd' is onses Godts.	13
De Hemelen seer klaer.	10
De Heyd'nen zijn in uw'.	40
Die in Godes bewaring'.	46
De Koning sal seer zijn.	11
Die niet en gaet.	11

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

**E**n Koning is de Heer. 49  
 Een yeder moet tot. 53

## G

**G**edenckt doch des. 67  
**G**elooft zy God m. 73  
 Geluckfalg is de mensch. 60  
 Gy hebt my, Heer. a 5. 70  
 Gy Herder Israëls wikt. 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 Prinzen 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 Judea 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

**H**eer, die my dus lang. 45  
**H**eer, die ons hebt. 31  
 Heer, ick wil u uyt 's hert. 5  
 Heer, uw' wonder. 23  
 Het zyn 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

**I**ck betrouw op Godt. 6  
**I**ck 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



# 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

**K**omt laet ons bl. a 5. 48

L

**L**aet nu God gepresen. 76  
 Looft Godt, het zijn. 74  
 Looft nu vry onses Gods. 68

M

**M**En 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

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

O

**O**Ch 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  
 O onse God en Heer seer. 5  
 Op U hoop' ick, Heer. 4

Q

**Q**Uelt u daer med'. 19

S

**S**Aligh is hy bevonden. 65  
 Segt 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. 25. 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

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E Y N D E.