

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.

BASSUS.



Tot SCHIEDAM.

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

Res. 648



Iudicium
Viri Celeberrimi.

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

d. s.

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

OPDRACHT

Aen de Eerbare Deugdrijke
Jonge-Juffrouw

Juffr. **MARIA VAN CLEEF,**

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

ende

De Eerwaerde, Godsalige, seer geleerde
en beminden Heer

D. LUCAS MEYSTERUS,

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

E-Juffer, en Mijn Heer !



*Ik bidde slaet uw' 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 Fransse 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-jankery, en stichteloose Tael,
Iae schier der Heydenen Afgoderij, behangen,
Een dubbel drouve saek ! verstoren menigmael
Een nauwgesette ziel, in 't midden van het singen,
En rukken als verbaest van sijne toonen af.
Hier hebje Davids harp, tot God, ô Stervelingen !
Met Tege-noten, die Claudyn le Jeune gaf :
Ten and'ren, Waerde Heer, en Juffer ! ick beoogde
(Wyl't Fransewerk ontbreekt) de gunst en vriend'lijkheyd,
Waer me'e gy my soo dikwils eerden en verhoogde,
T' ontmoeten met een prouf van schuld'ge dankbaerheyd.
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 Heerlijkheyd, 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.

Die Davids guld' en soete Pſalmen
Hoort konſtig op en neder gälmen,
Door al de noten van *Claudyn*;

En niet en wert daer door bewogen
Noch inden Geest als opgetogen,

Moet van 't geſlacht van *Midas* zijn.
Weg weg *Apollo* met uw Lieren,
En al u ſchorrig tierelieren,

Wanneer men ſijne toonen treft,
En onſen Godt (den Godt der Goden
Die vrientlijk is ontrent ſijn' boden)

Verr' boven alle ding verheft.
De *Franch-man* ſal niet als voor deſen,
Maer *Hollandt* ook een deel-noot weſen

Van al dat liefelijk gedreun,
Dat ſo vermaeklijk is in d' ooren
Van die, die 't met verſtant aenhooren,

Doorvlochten van *Claudyn le Jeun*.
En ging het voorts na mijnen wil is,
'k Souw wenſchen, dat de Heer *Angillis*,

Met ſijn Gefelſchap te gelijk
Voor haren vlijt getoont in deſen,
Van yder mochten zijn gepreſen,

Dus doet hier Uwen

O O S T E R W Y K.

Op de Contra-puntten

van

CLAUDYN LE IEUNE.

Wanneer de lage Bas uyt holle kaecken dondert :
Wanneer sig Tenor mengt, en Alt wat hooger sweeft :
Wanneer Supeer sig heft, en hemelsh hoogh begeeft :
Het is geen 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 sigh buyght en breekt !
Dan kan der Stemmen-konst en oor en ziele baeten.

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

'T veranderen van stem, het laegen, en het hoogen,
Het 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 malkander.

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

FR. RIDDERUS.

Op de Contra-punten

van

CLAUDYN LE JEUNE.

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

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

Tot

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

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

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

DE BUCK.

Den Drucker

aen den

Christelicken Sanger.

WY 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 Jeune*, op 4 en 5 Stemmen, zijnde deurgaens het eerste vers van yeder Psalm, soo dat alle die begeeren verder de geheele Psalmen uyt te singen, gelieven de moeyte te nemen en gebruycken daer een kleyn ordinaris Psalmboekje by, dat bequamelick kan geschieden, soo mach yeder-een, van elcken Psalm soo veel singen als hem dunckt genoegh te zijn: hopende dat dese onsen arbeyd u E. sal wel gevallen. Wy hadden ons al een wijl beraden, of dese, of andere Rijm, aengenamer soude zijn geweest, als, van de Hr. *Aldegonde*, de Hr. *Westerbaen*, D.^m. *de Bruyn*, *Christiaen van Heule*, &c. maer om dat allerley Psalm-Rijmen op dese Noten kunnen gesongen werden, als oock om niemand dier geprefene Heeren te 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,

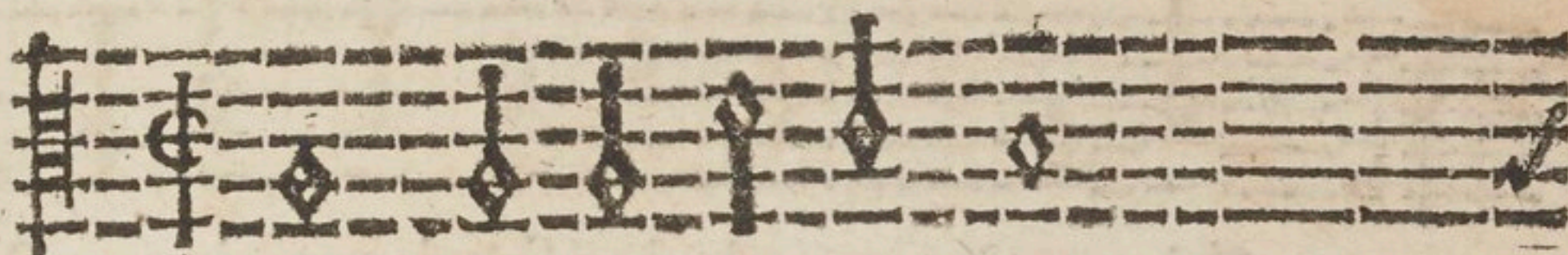
L. VANDER WIEL'.

FVGVE A L'VNISON

APRES DEUX TEMPS.

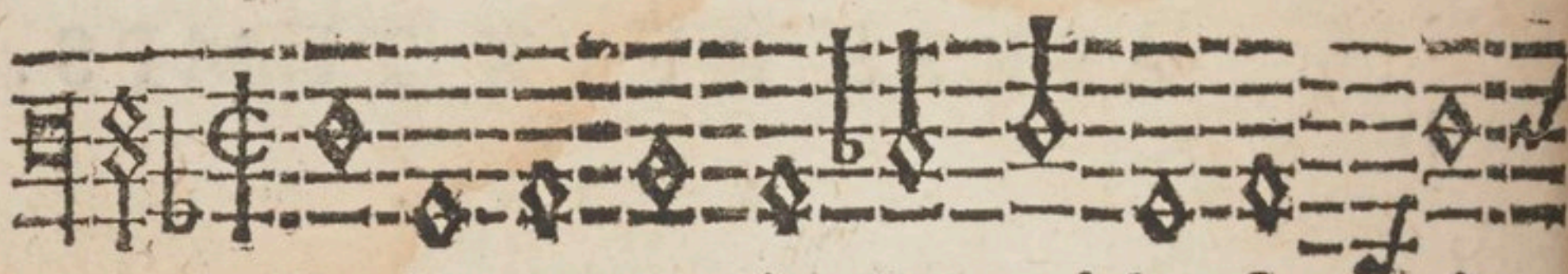
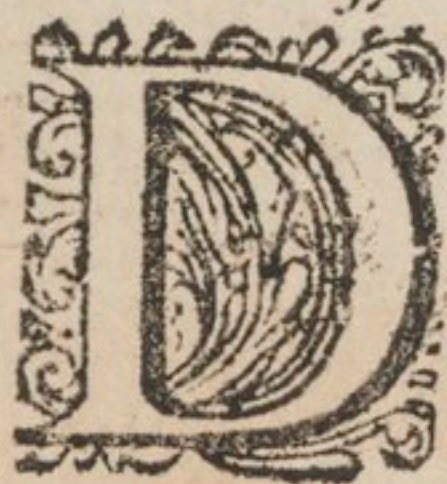
A CINQ.

CANON.

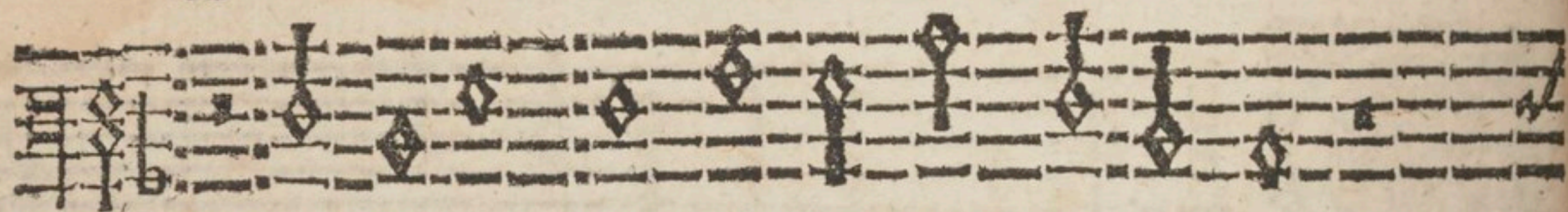


Bassus.

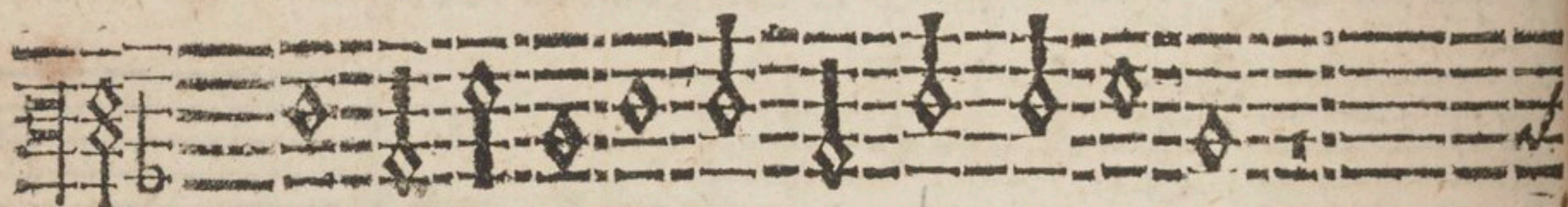
PSALM I.



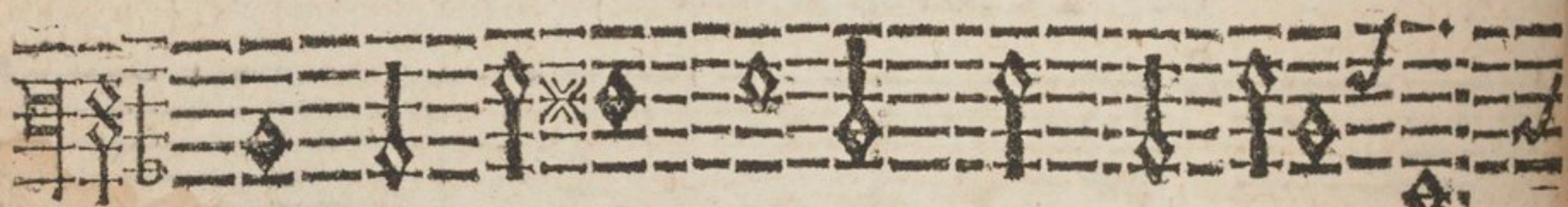
Ie niet en gaet in der godtloofen raedt,



Die op den wegh der sondaers niet en staet,



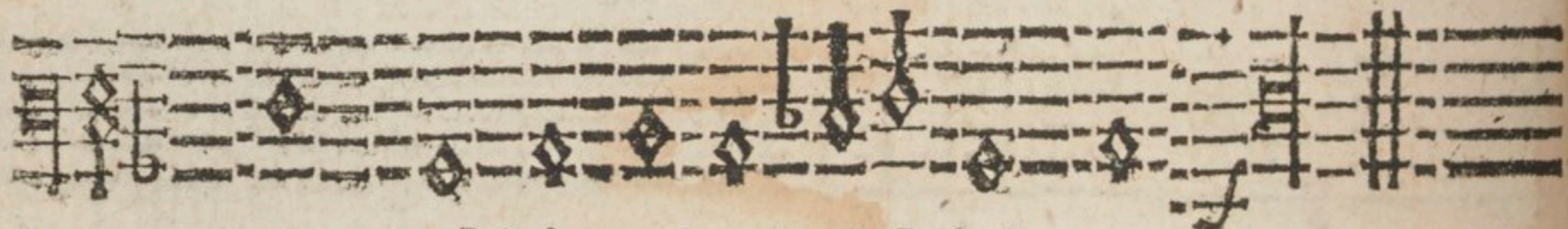
En niet en fit by den spotters onreyne ;



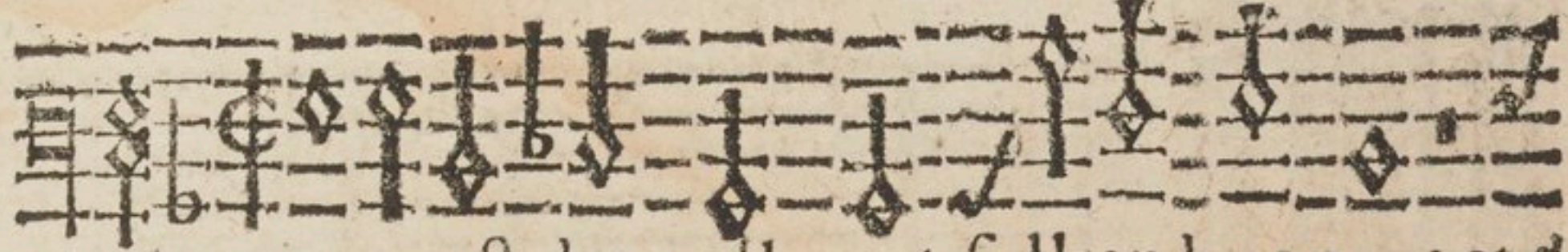
Maer dagh en nacht heeft in Godts Wet alleyn

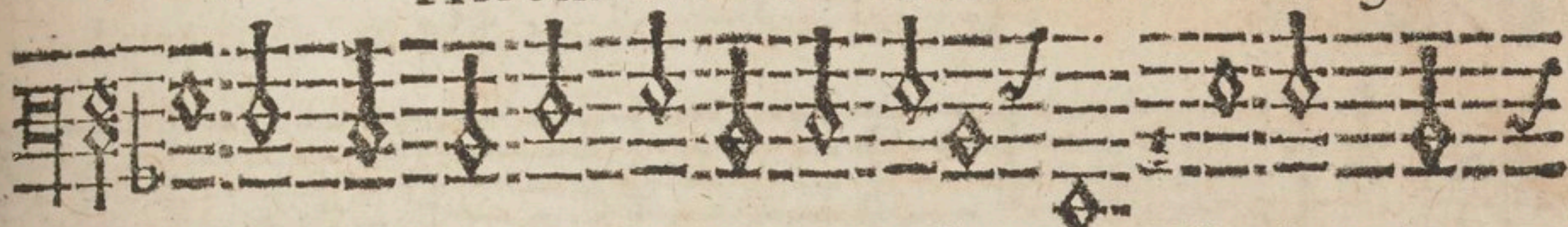


Al sijnen lust, ja spreeckt daer van eenpaer,

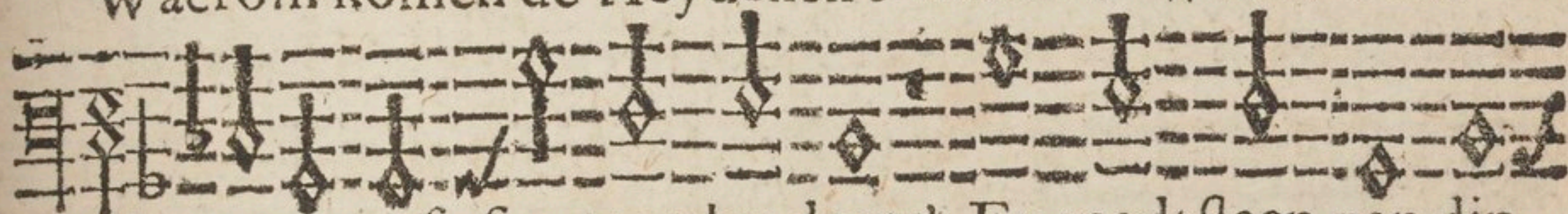


Die mensch is wel gelucksaligh voorwaer.

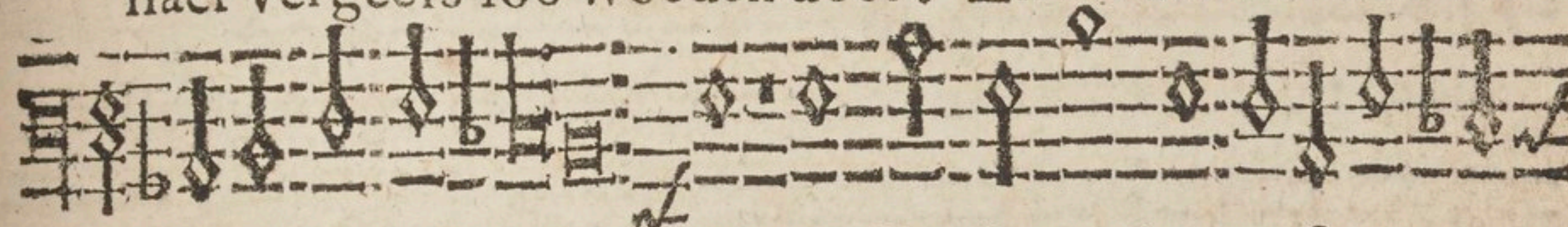
W 
 Aerom raest dat volk met sulken hoogmoet?



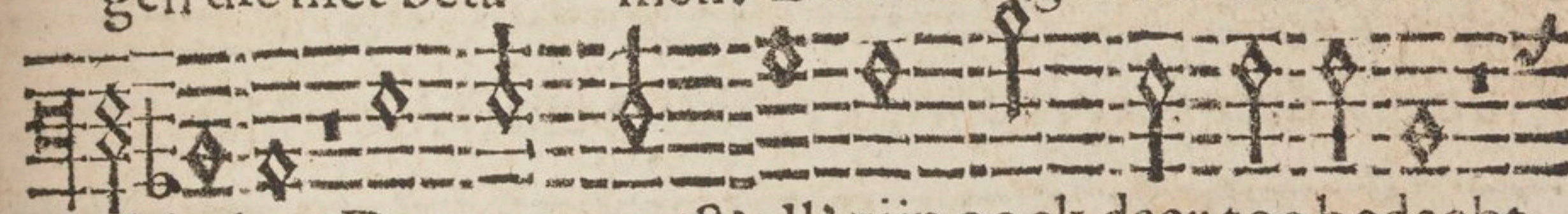
Waerom komen de Heydenen te samen? Wat is 't dat



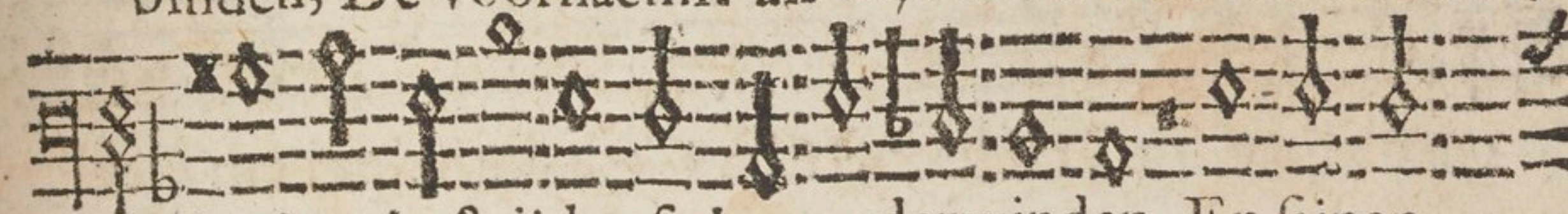
haer vergeefs soo woeden doet? En raedtslaen van din-



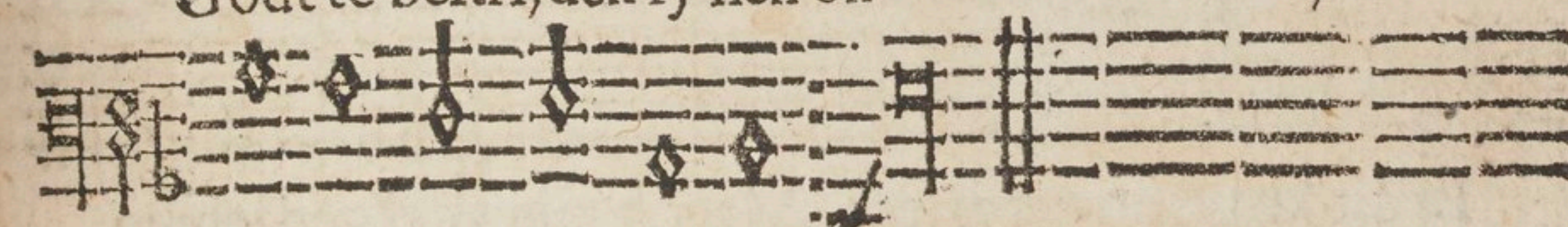
gen die niet beta- men? De Koningen hen te samen ver-



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

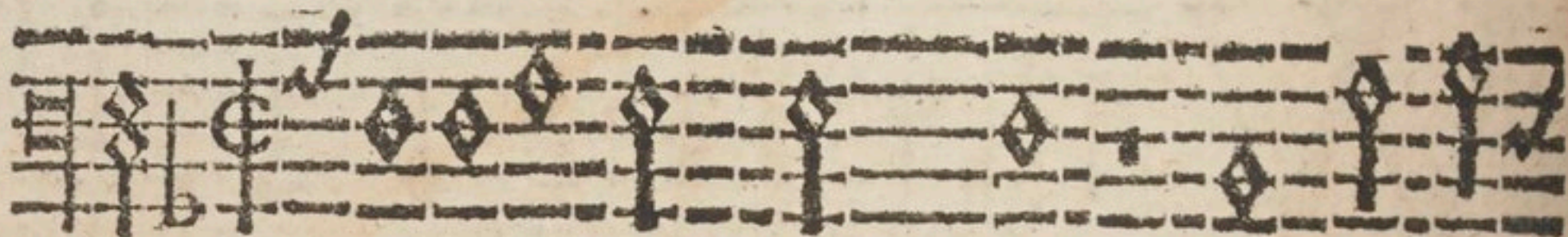


Godt te bestrijden sy hen onderwinden En sijnen

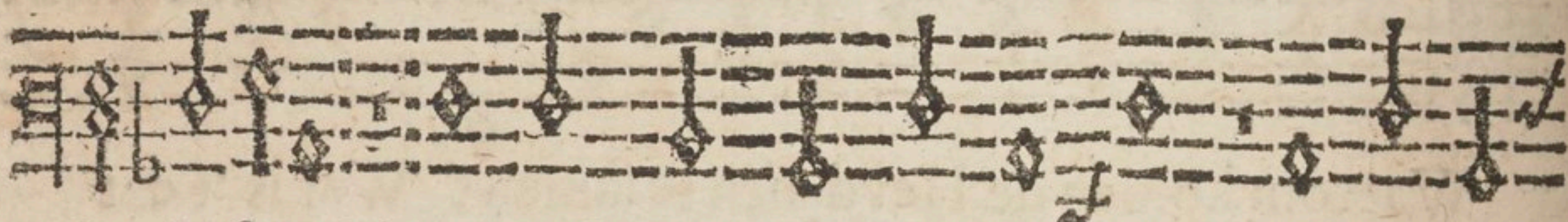


Gesallden met grooter macht.

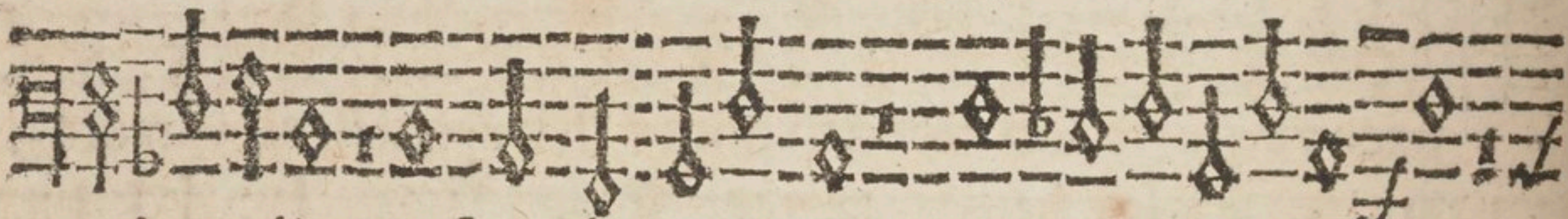
A 2



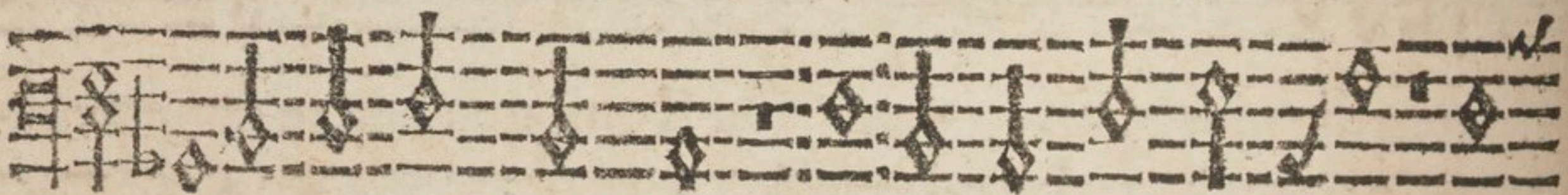
Oe veel is des volcks, Heer, Dat my be-



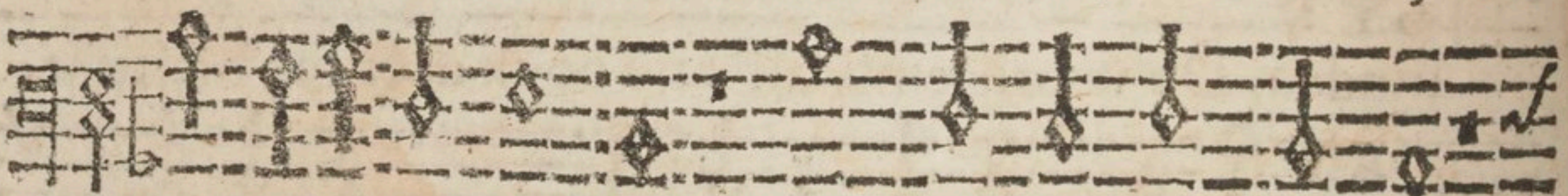
nijd so seer? Hoe veel menschen my quellen? Hoe veel vy-



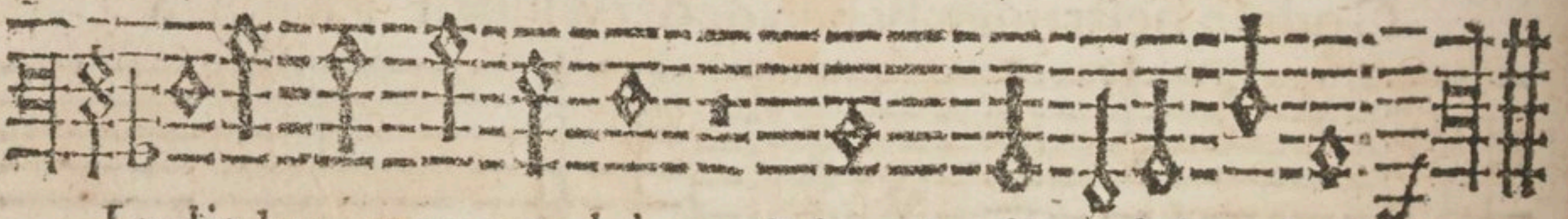
anden mijn Nu sterk te velde zijn, Die hen tegē my stellen?



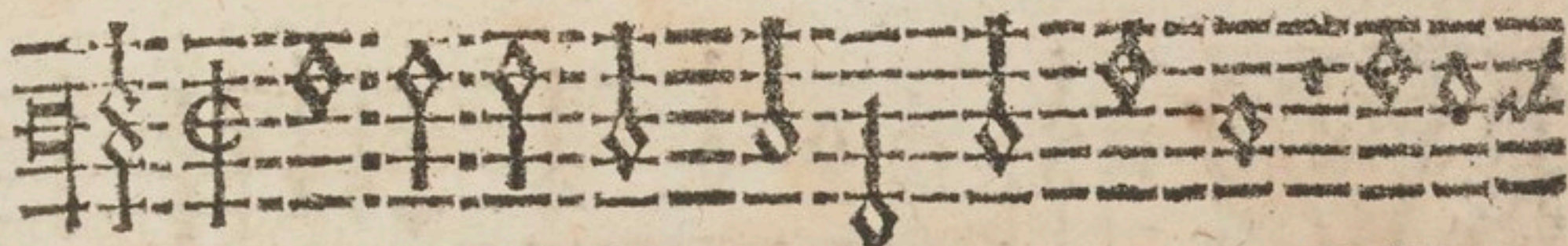
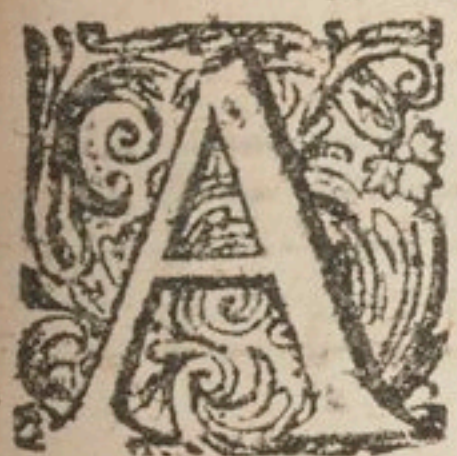
Ick sie daer veel voorwaer, Die tot my spreken klaer; Ver-



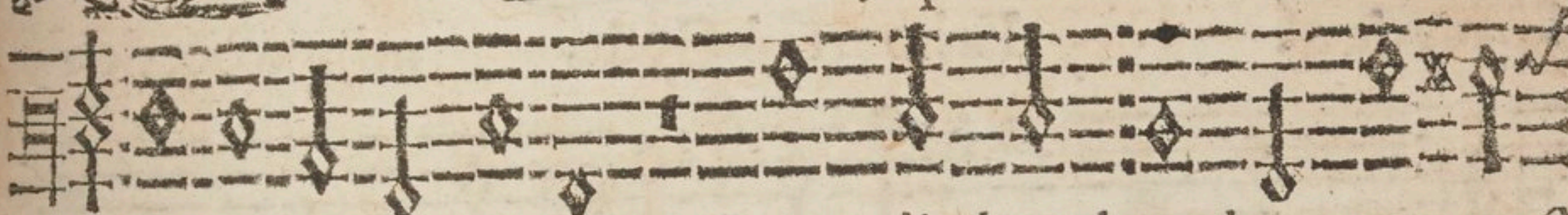
gaen zijn al sijn krachten, Sijn Godt die helpt hem niet



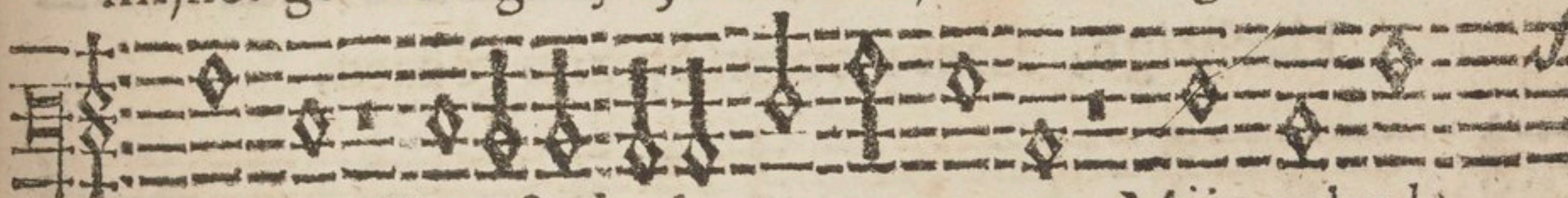
In dit kruys en verdriet: Maer 't zijn ydel gedachten.



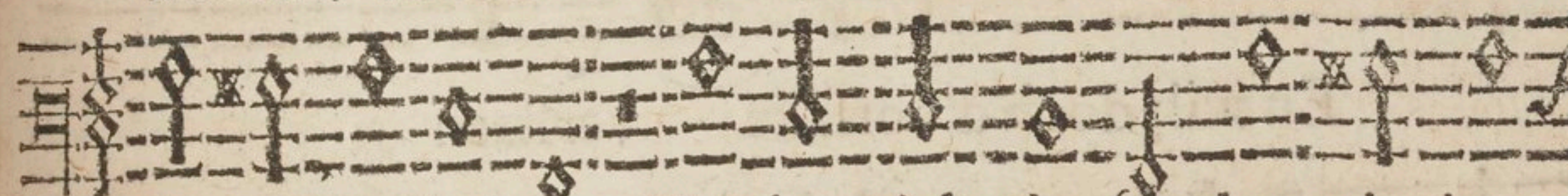
Als ick u bidd', opent uw' ooren, O Heer,



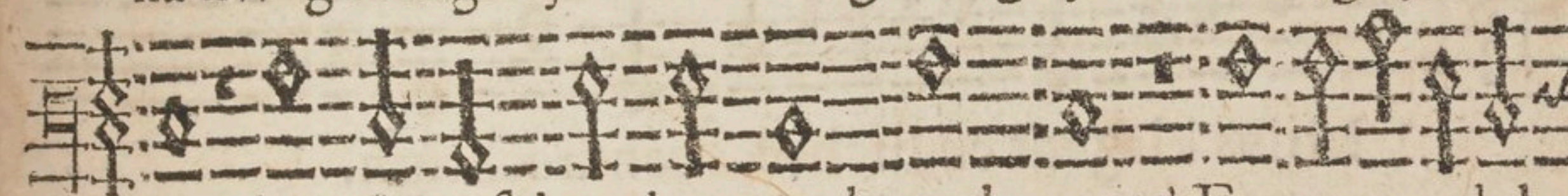
mijner gerechtigheyt; Laet mijn hert bangh uwen troock



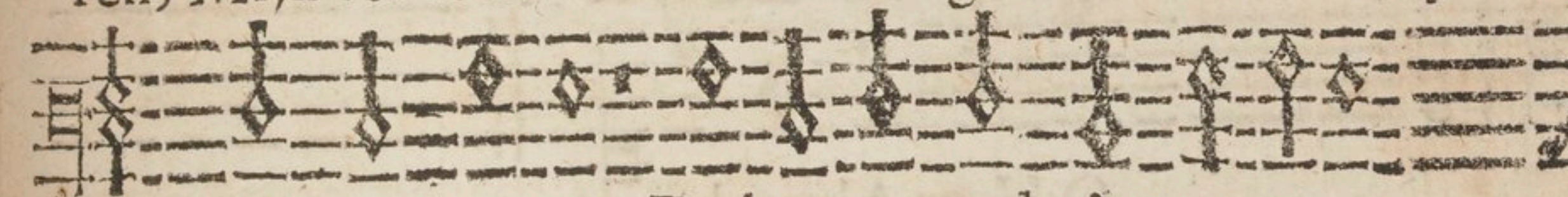
hooren, En u stedes komen te voren Mijn gebed;



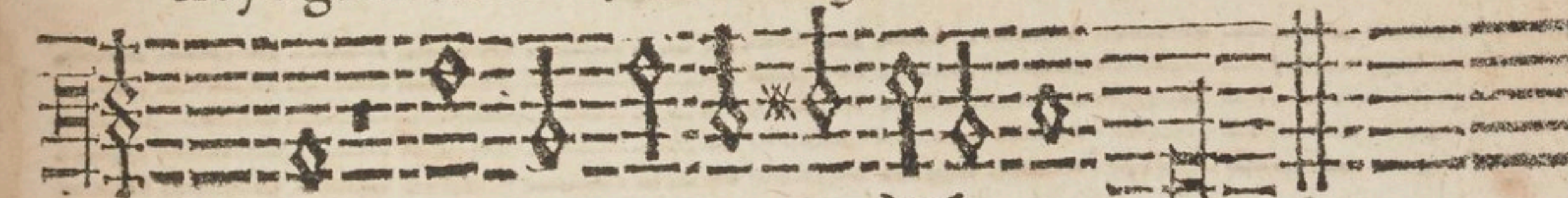
na uw' goedigheyt. Hoe lang sult ghy soecken, ghy hee-



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



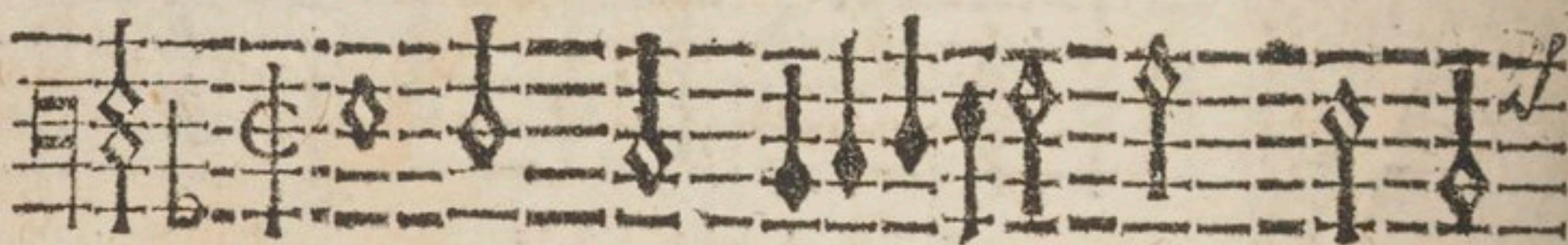
heyt gaen keeren, De leugen oock t' uwer onee-



ren, Soo lief hebben als ghy nu doet?

Bassus.

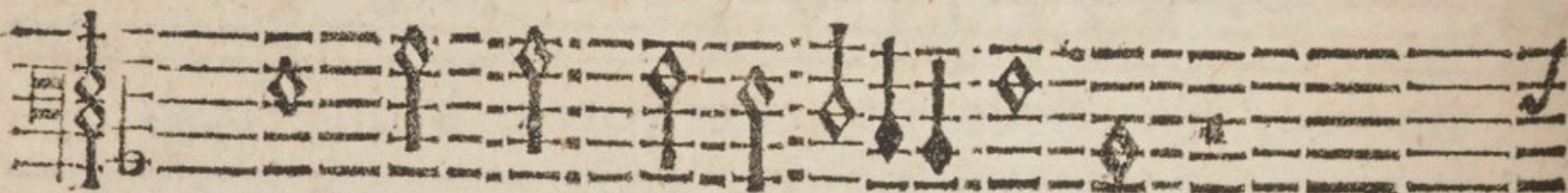
PSALM V.



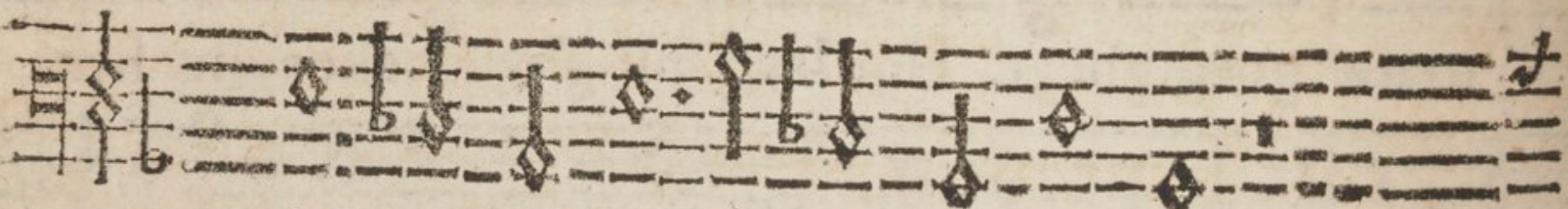
Erhoort, ô Godt, mijn woorden



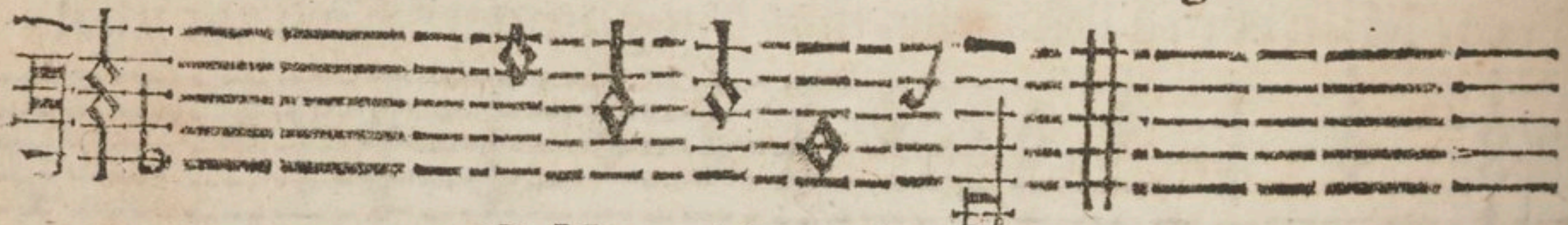
klachtigh, Laet u ooren op zijn gedaen,



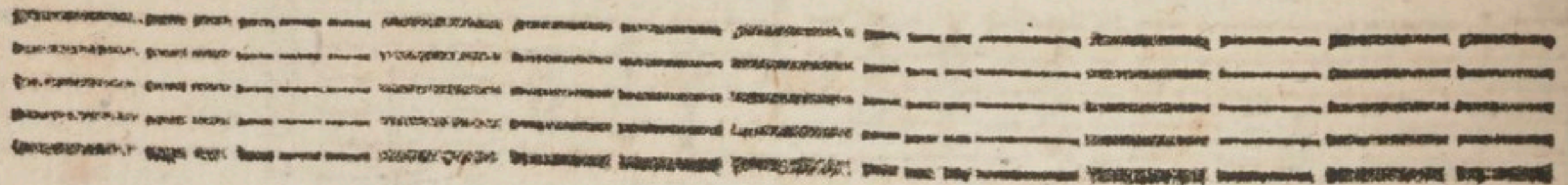
En wilt doch d'oorfake verstaen



Mijns klagens en suchtens eendrachtigh.



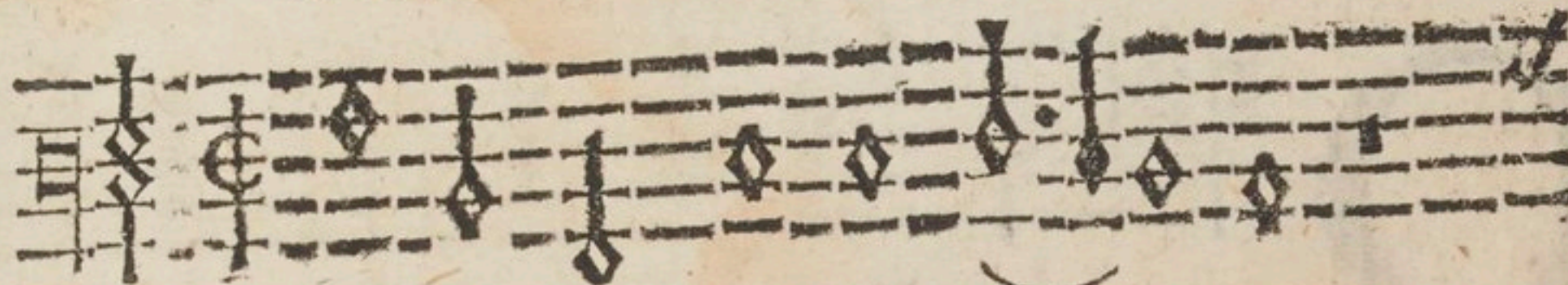
O Heer Almachtigh.



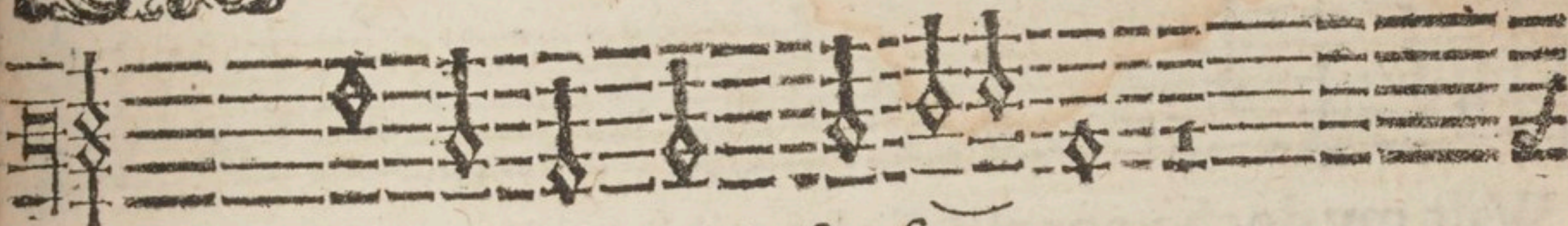
Bassus.

PSALM VI.

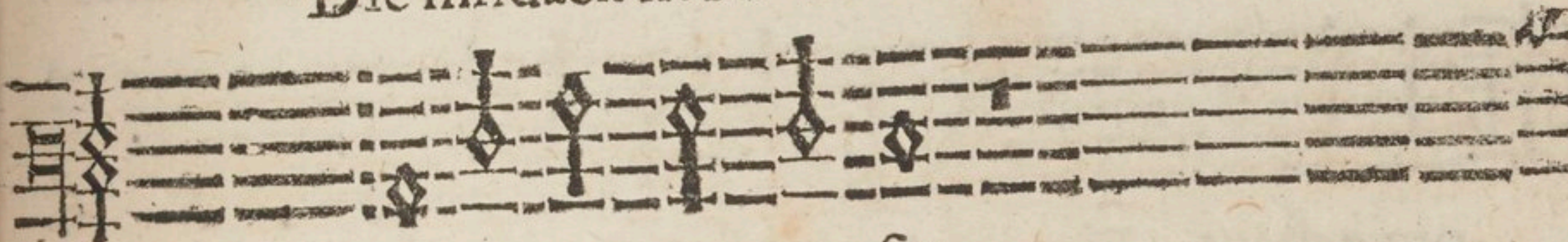
4



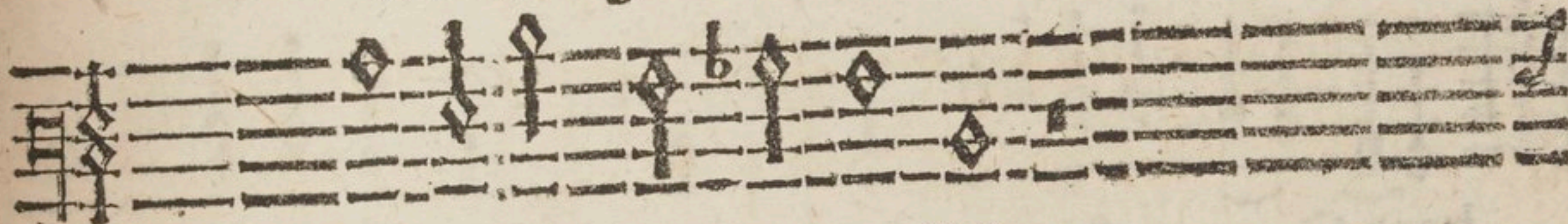
Wilt my niet straffen, Hee- re,



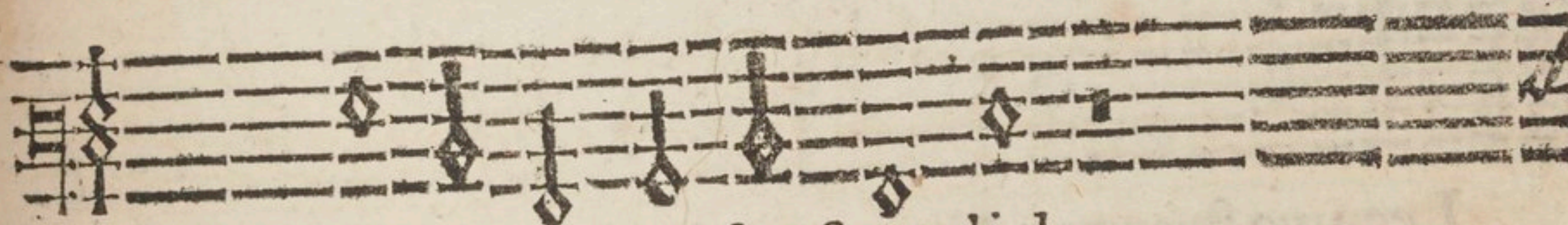
Die misdaen hebb' soo see- re,



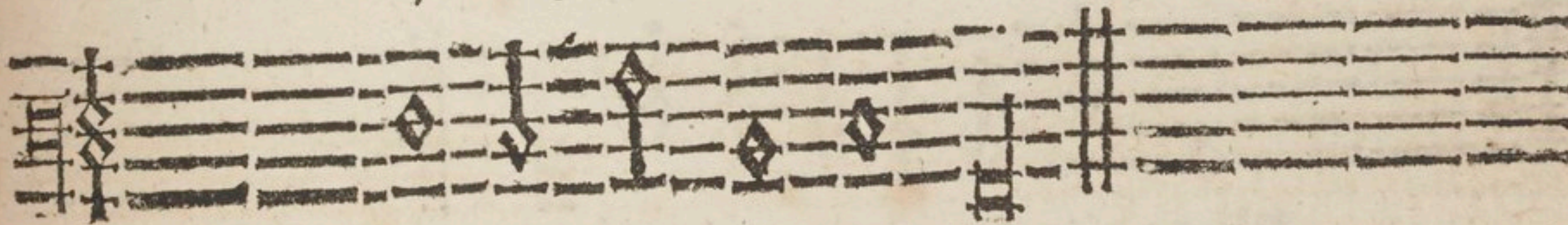
In eenen grammen sin;



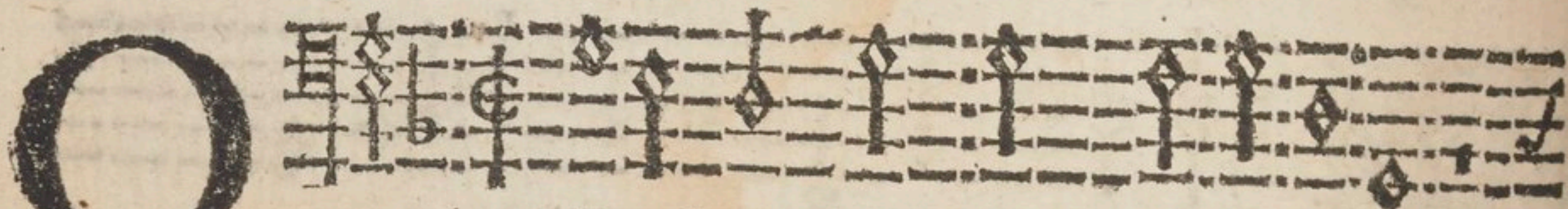
In uwen toorn vervaerlick



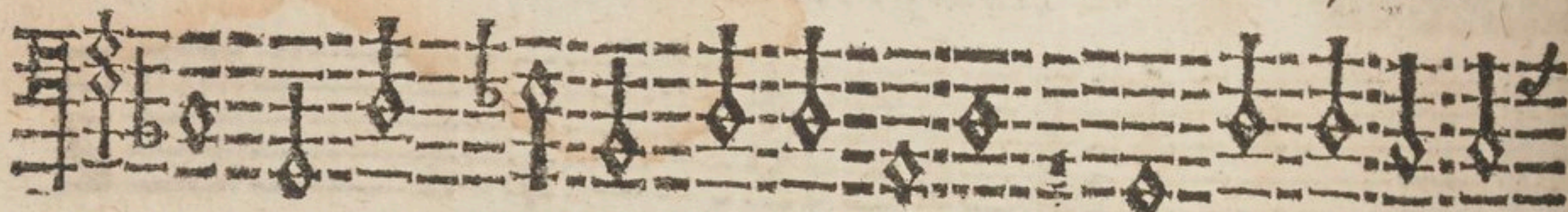
Kastijdt my niet soo swaerlick,



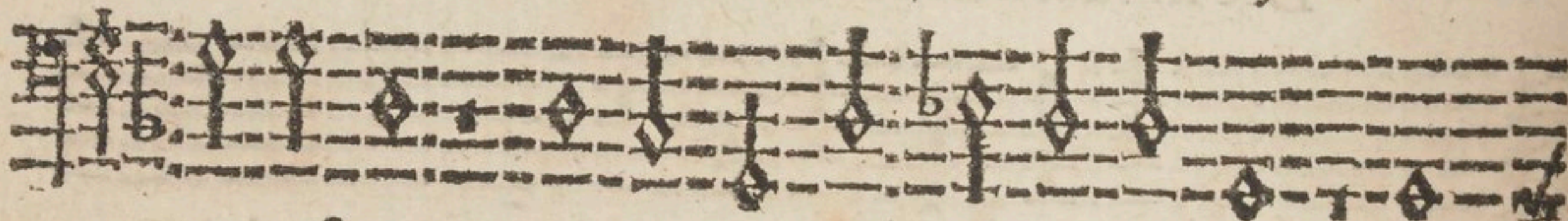
Als ick wel waerdigh bin.



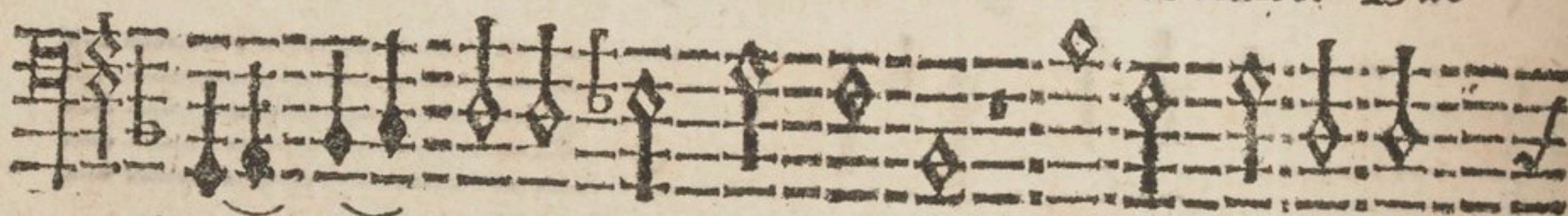
P u hoop ick, Heer, t'allen tijden :



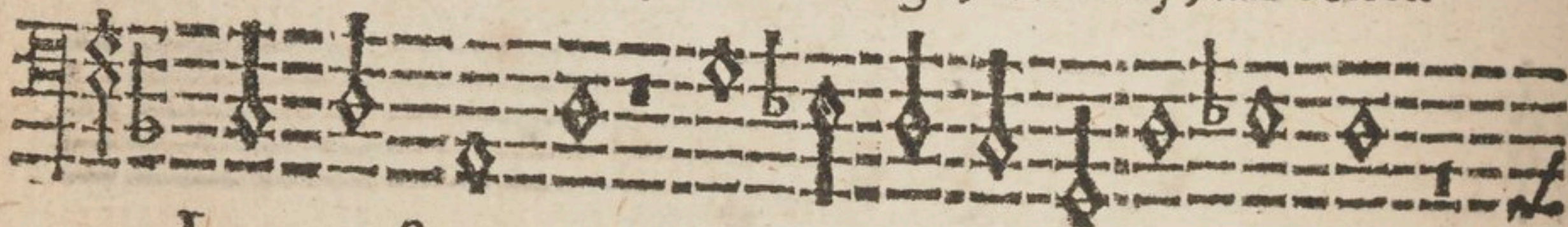
Wilt my doch voor all' die bevrijden, Die my haten met



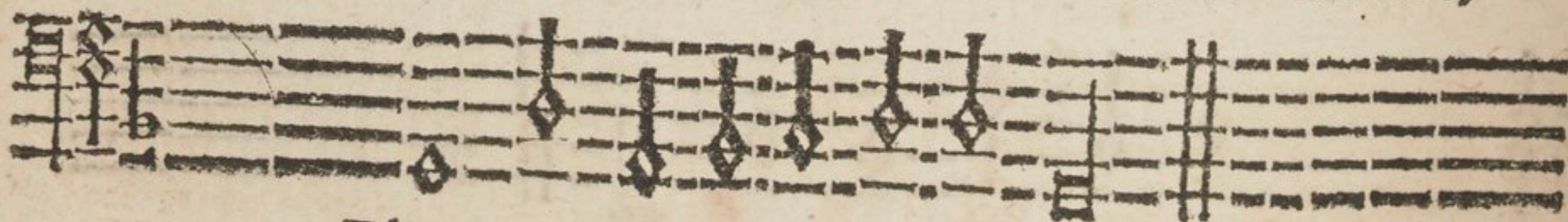
onverstant, Dat ick hen niet vall' in de hant. Dat



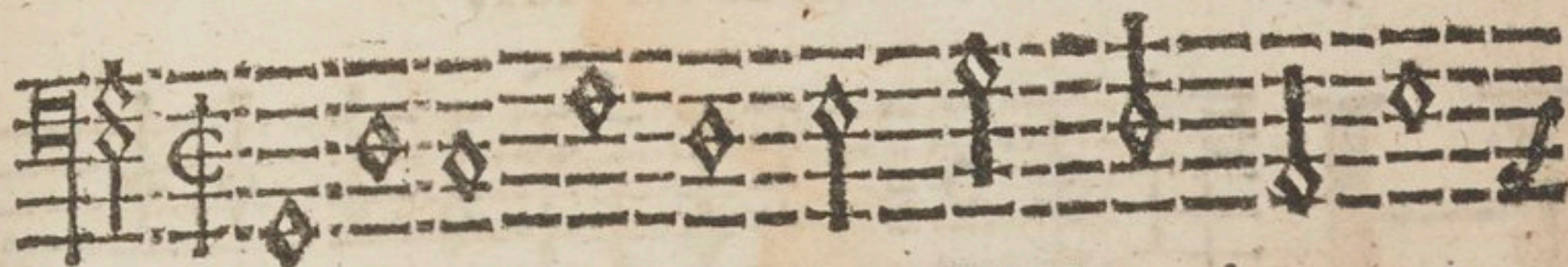
haer O- verfte my niet vange, En my, als eenen



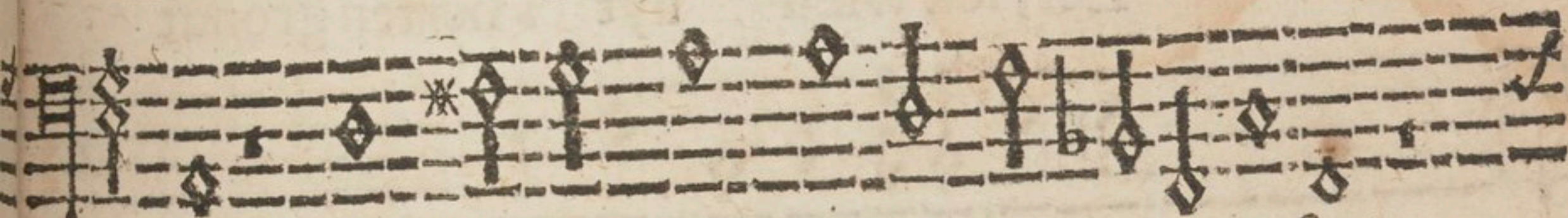
Leeuwe strange, Niet verniel' en make ter fchand,



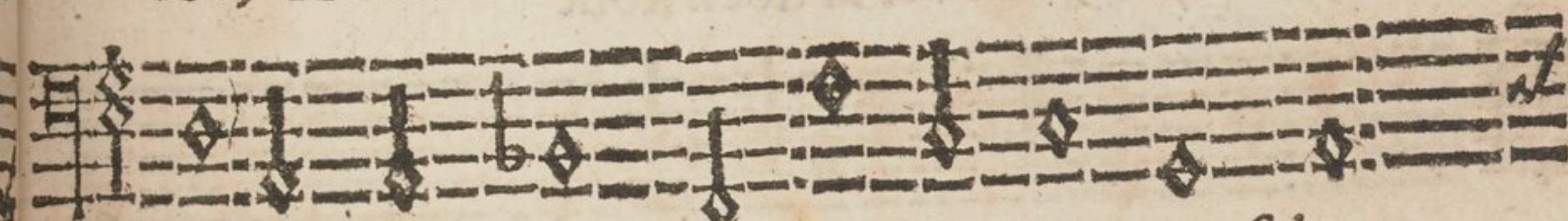
Bloot zijnde van uwen byftant.



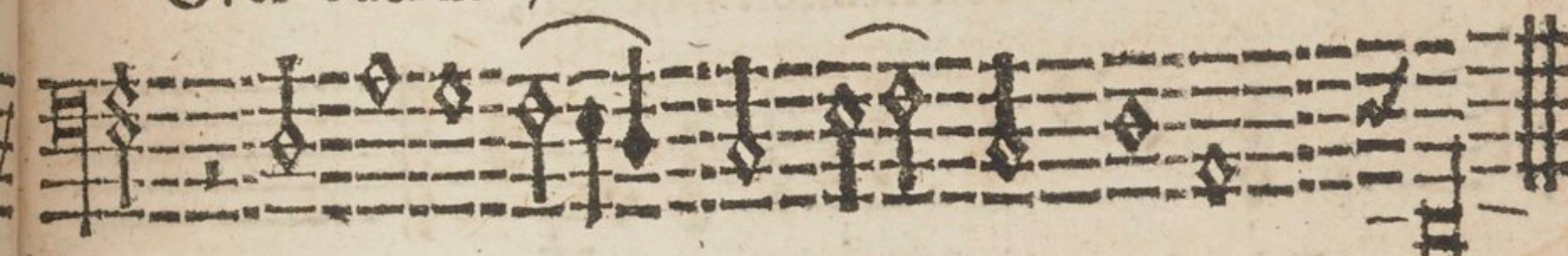
Onse Godt en Heer seer hoogh gepre-



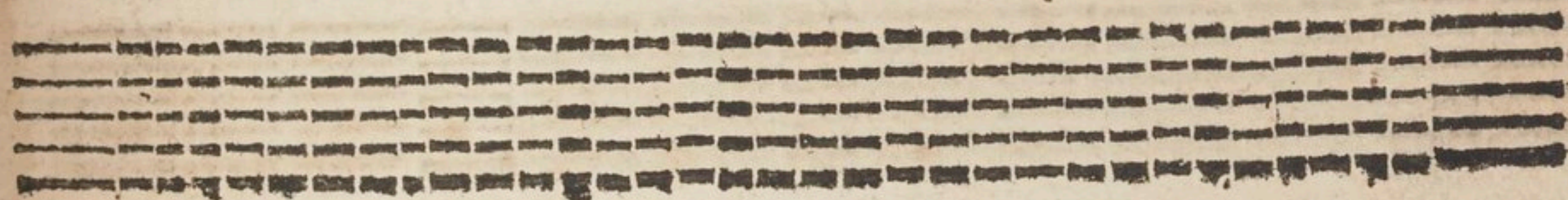
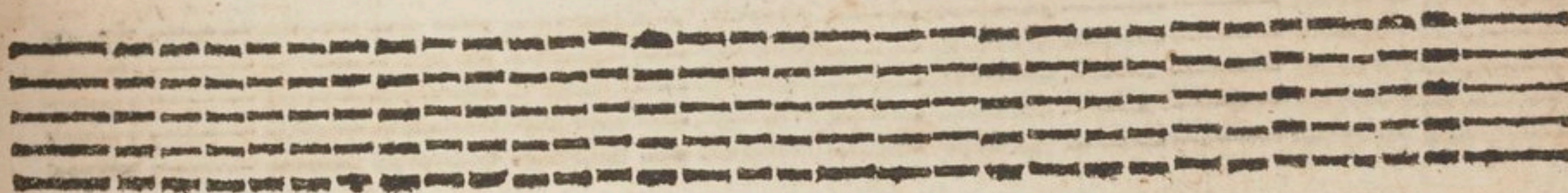
sen, Hoe heerlick moet doch uwen name wesen ;



Over 't aerdtrijck streckt uw' heerlickheyt schoon,

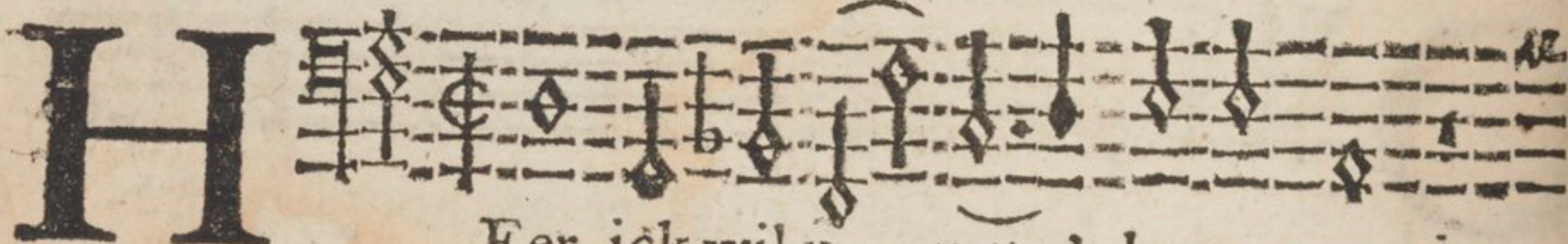


Ja wijder dan daer gaet des Hemels Throon.

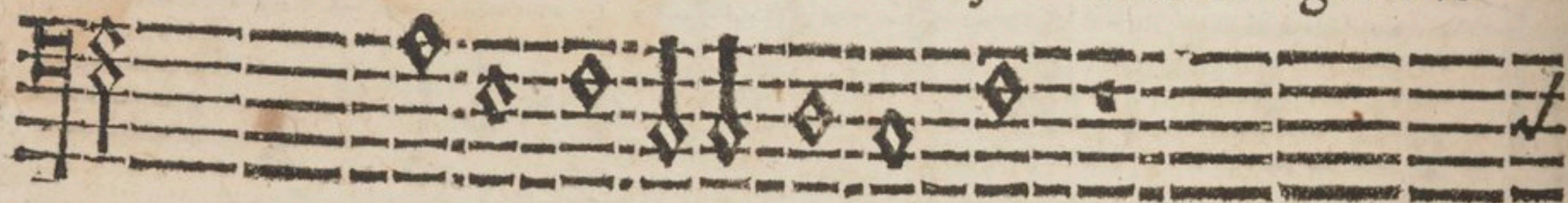


Bassus.

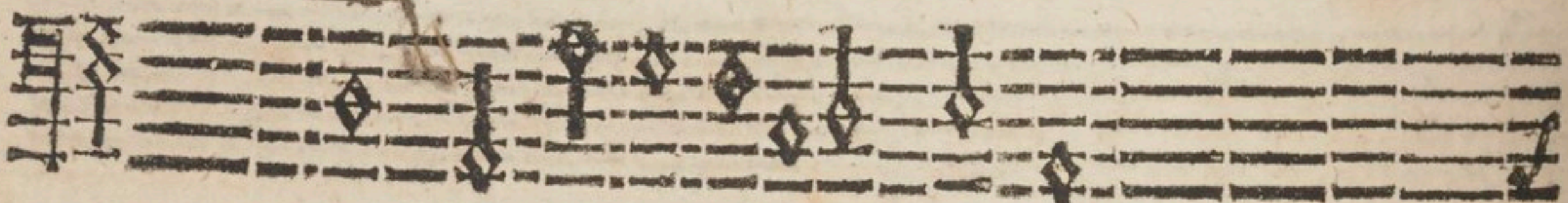
PSALM IX.



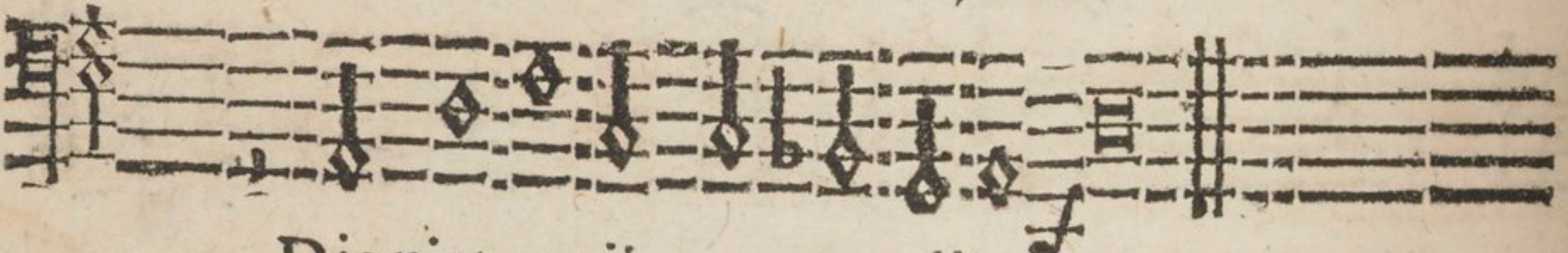
Eer, ick wil u uyt 's herten grondt



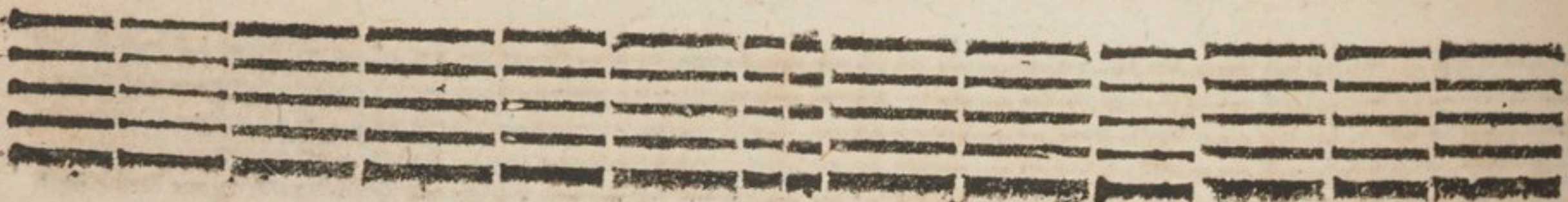
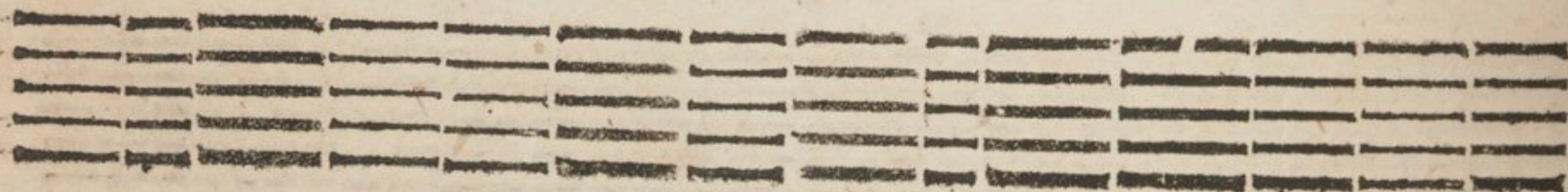
Prijfen, en over al doen kont

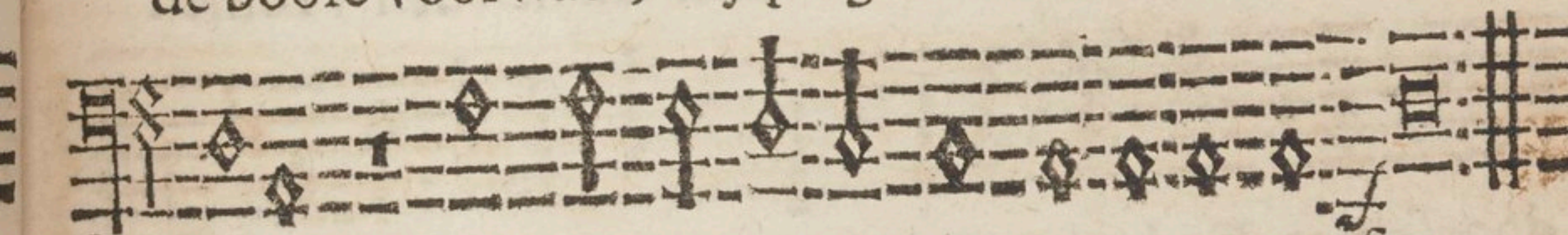
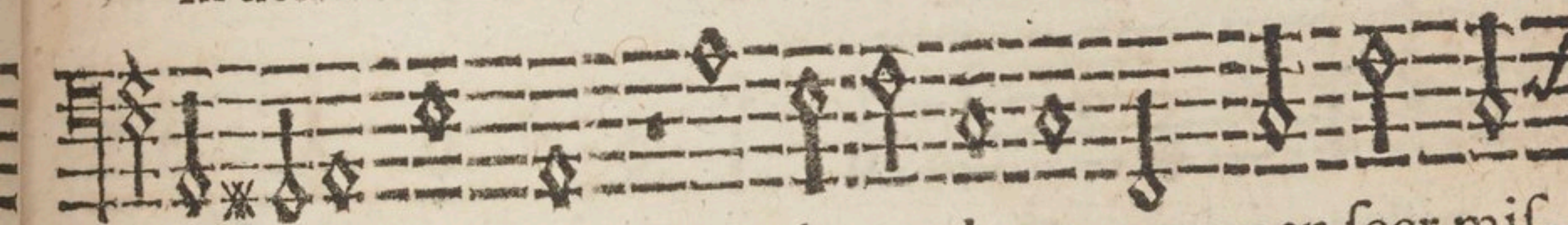
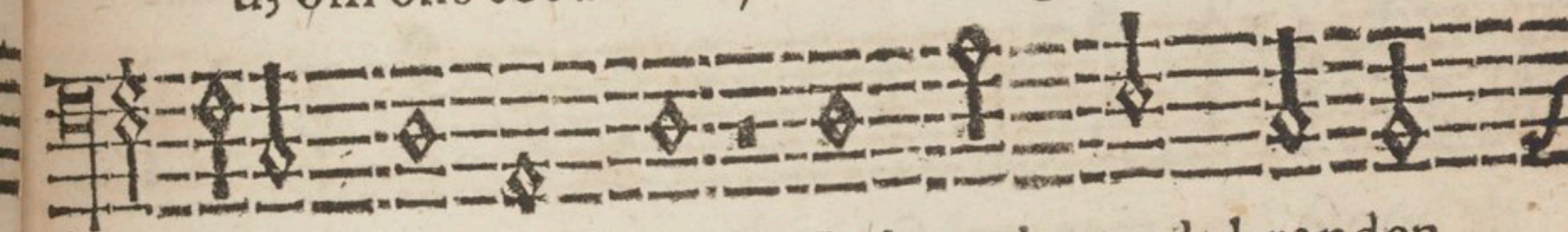
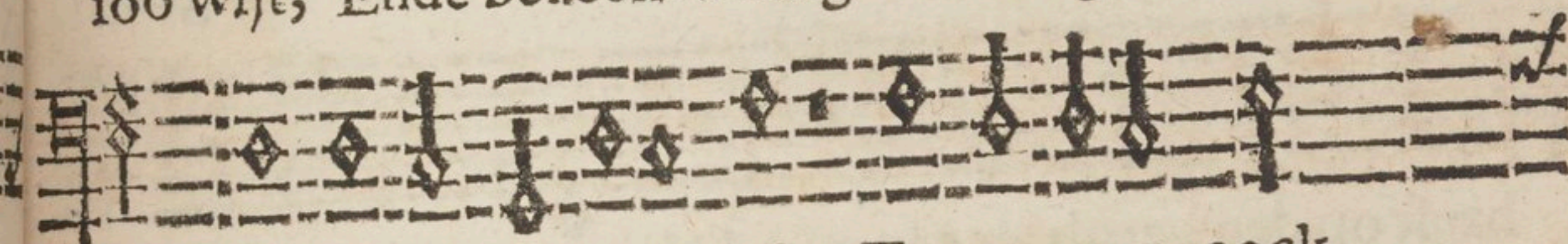
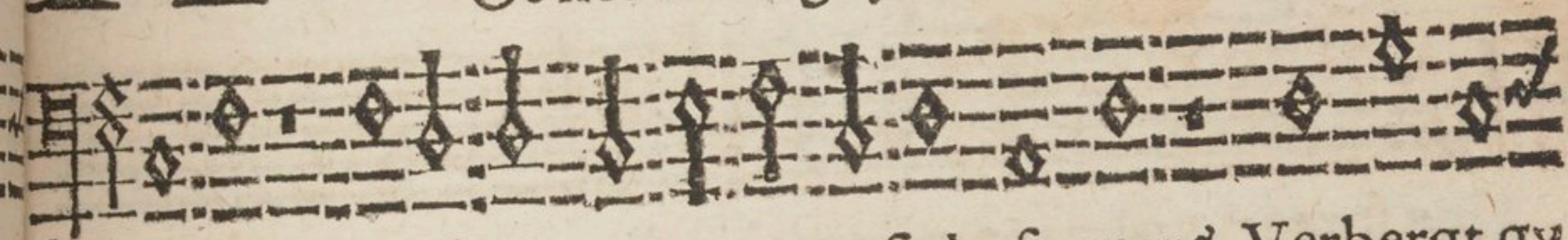
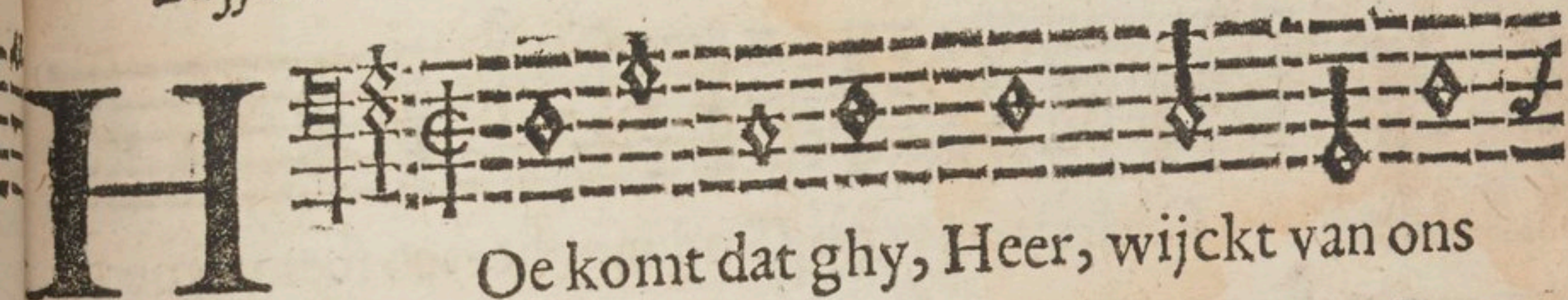


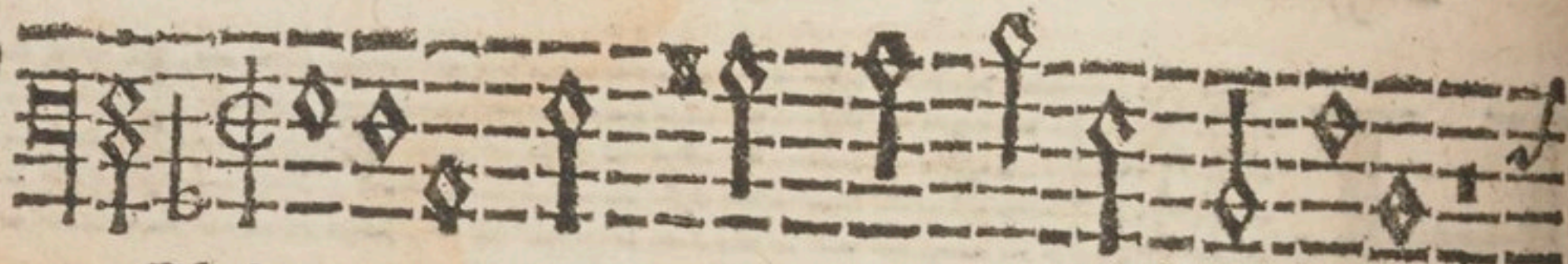
Uw' wonderen in allen wijcken,



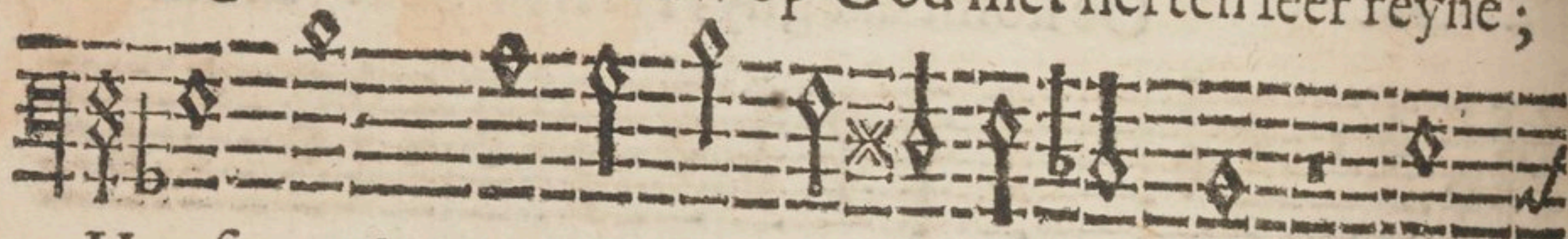
Die niet en zijn om vergelijcken.



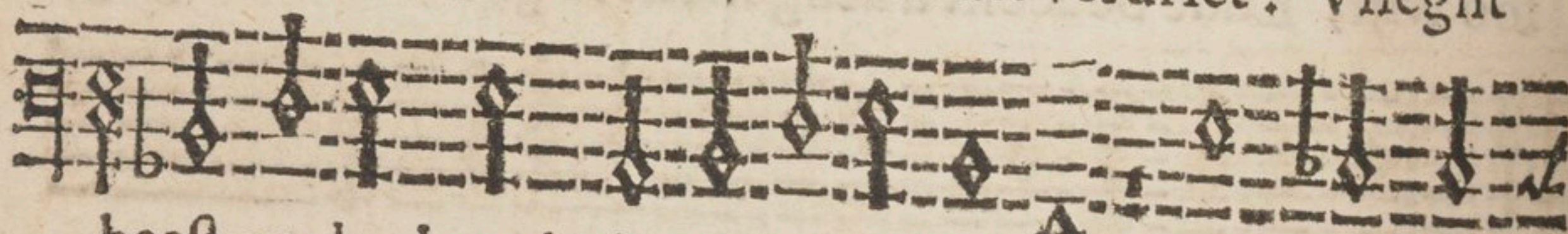




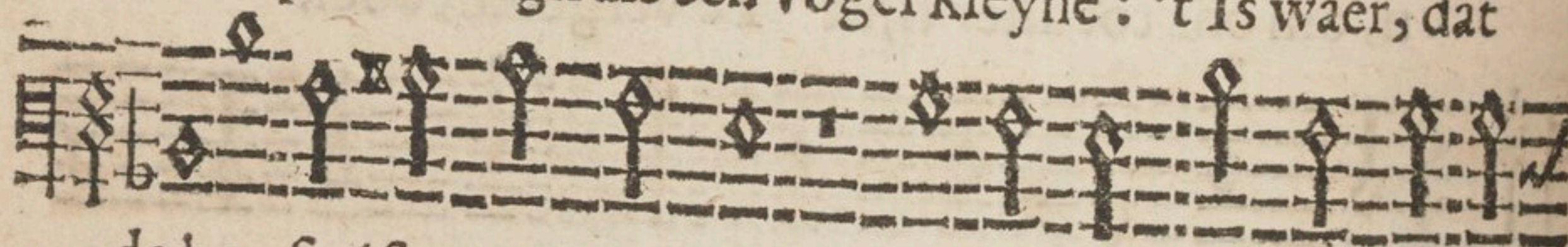
Dk betrouw op God met herten seer reyne ;



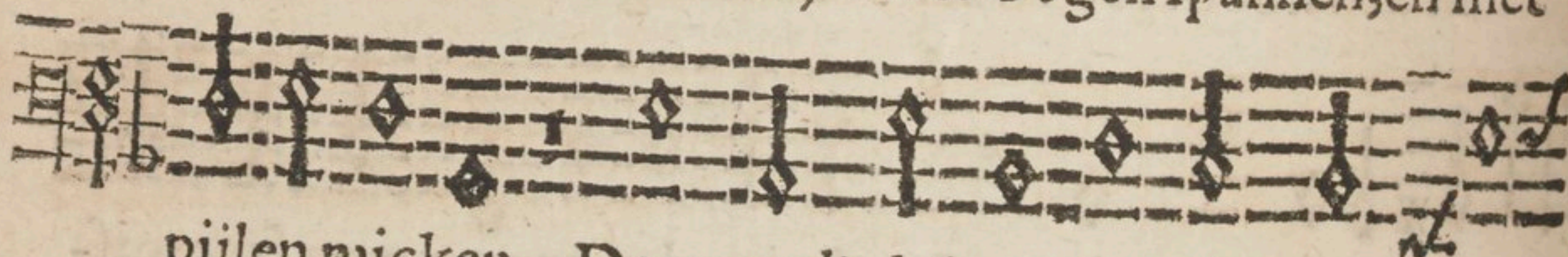
Hoe spreekt ghy tot mijn ziel in dit verdriet ? Vlieght



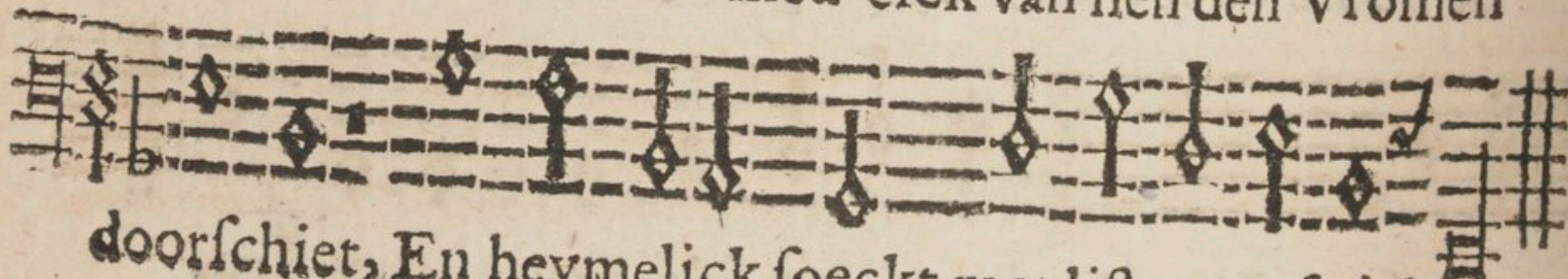
haest op den bergh als een vogel kleyne : 't Is waer, dat



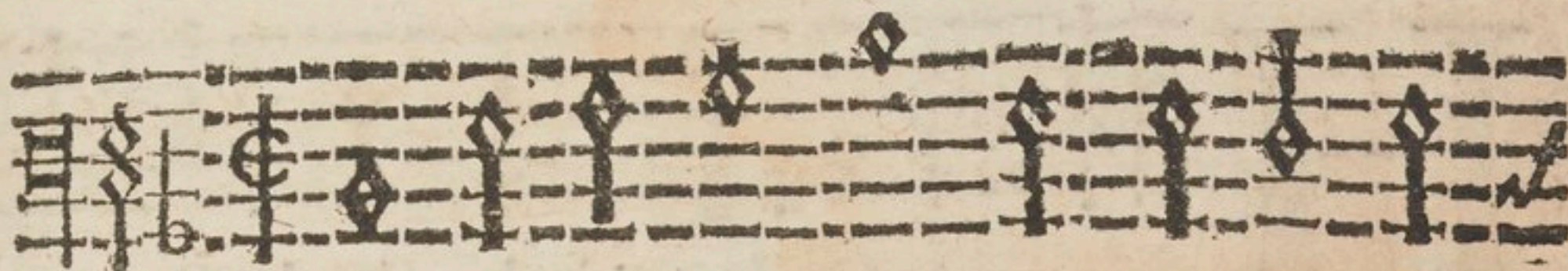
de boose (soo men wel siet) Haer bogen spannen, en met



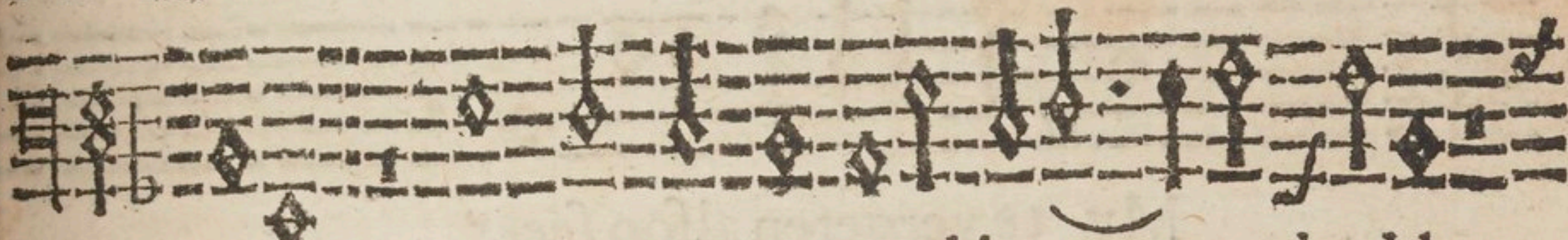
pijlen nicken, Daer med' elck van hen den Vromen



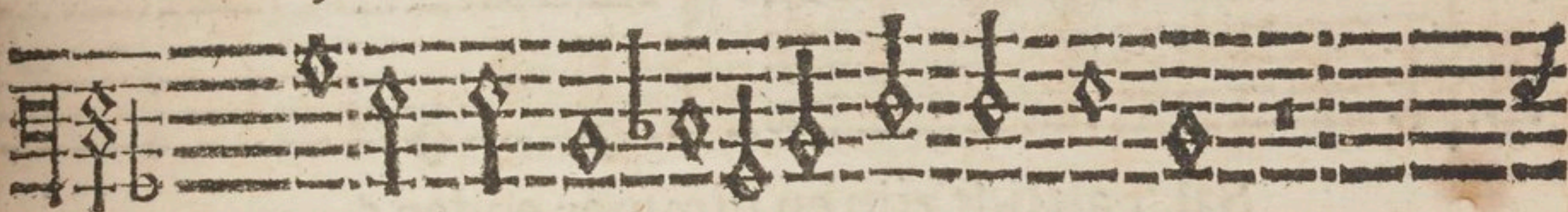
doorschiet, En heymelick soeckt met list te verstricken.



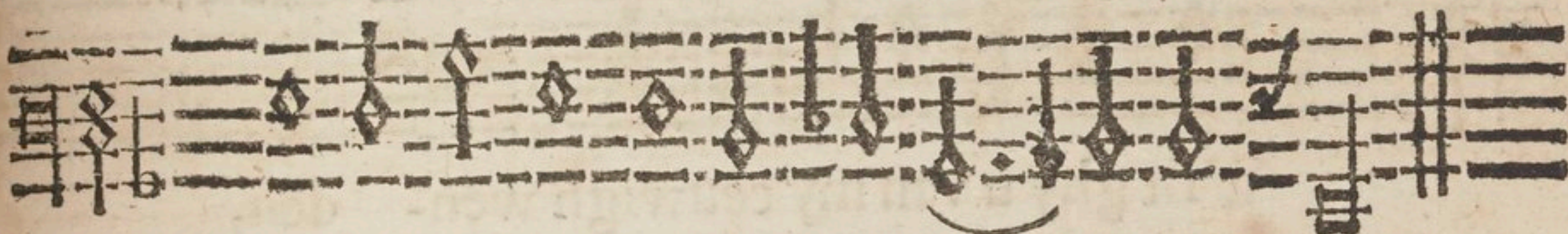
Oet ons bystant, 't is meer dan tijt, ô



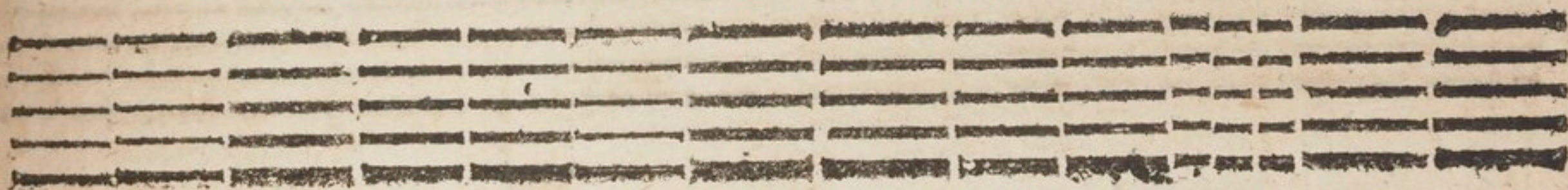
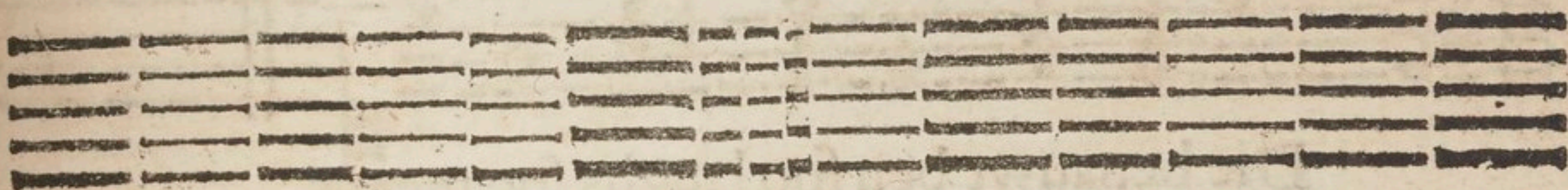
Heere; Want der vromer getal is wor- den klein:

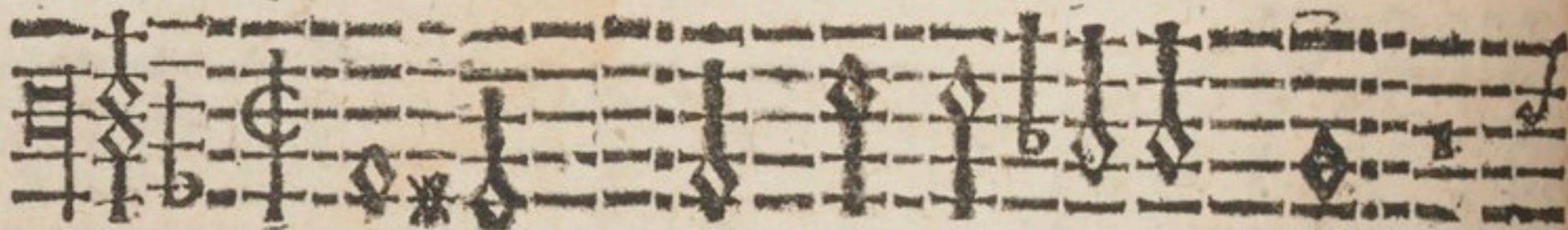


Sy hebben afgenomen soo gaer seere,

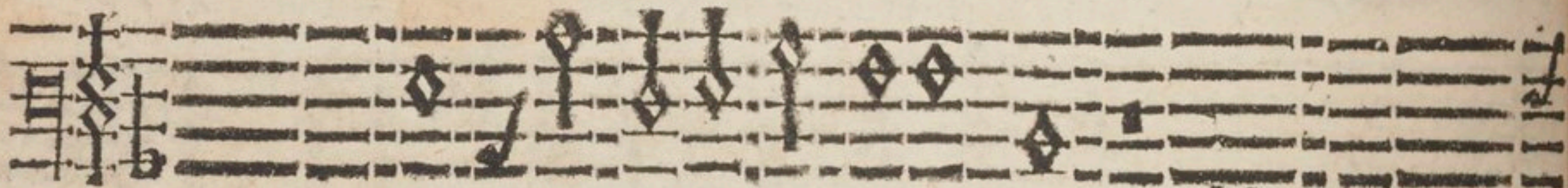


Dat der oprechten niet en is tot een.

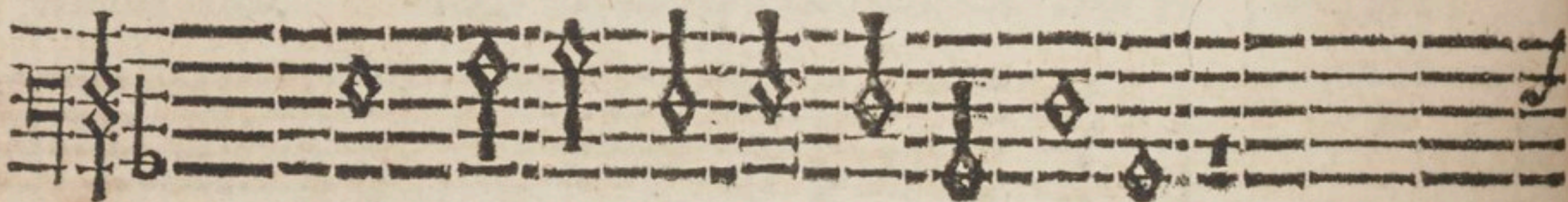


H

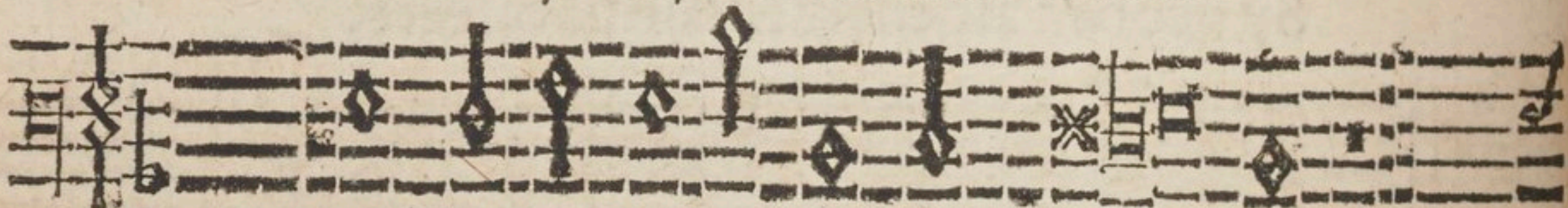
Oe lang' hebt ghy besloten, Heer,



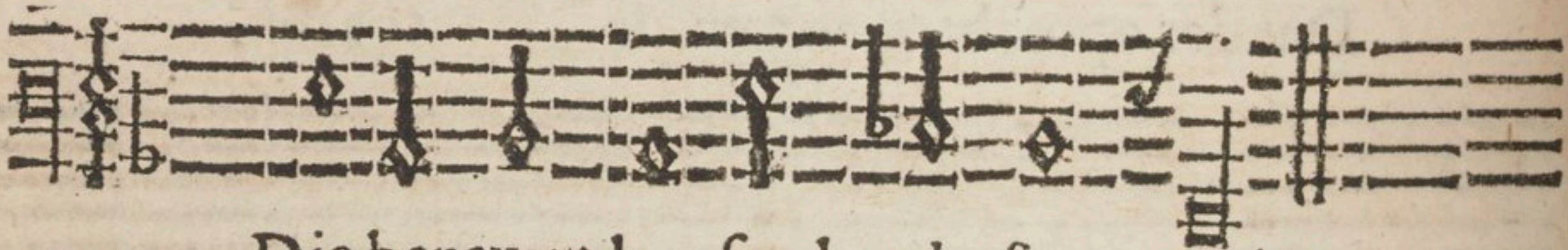
My te vergeten alsoo seer?



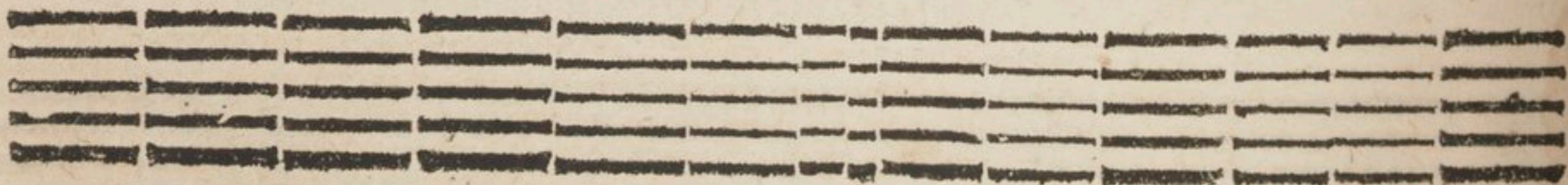
Sal 't altijd zijn en nimmer enden?



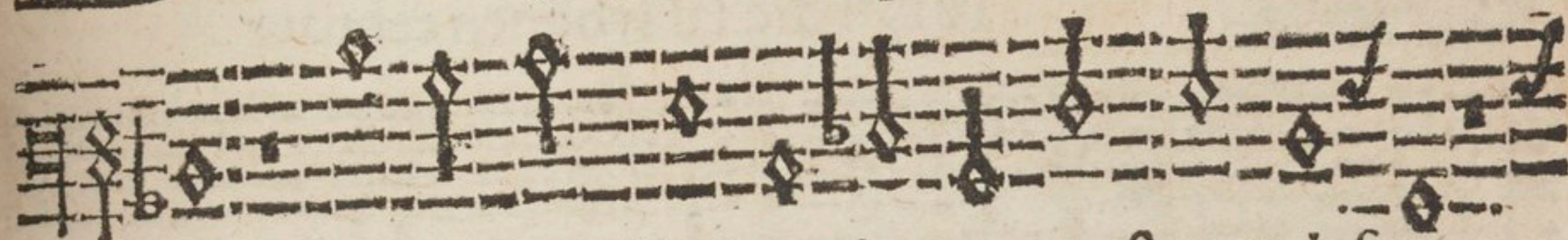
Wilt ghy u van my eeuwigh wen- den,



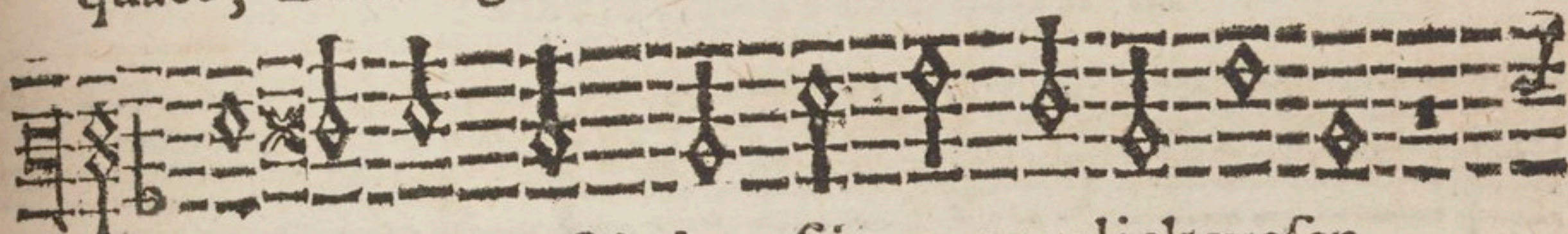
Die benauwt ben soo langhs soo meer?



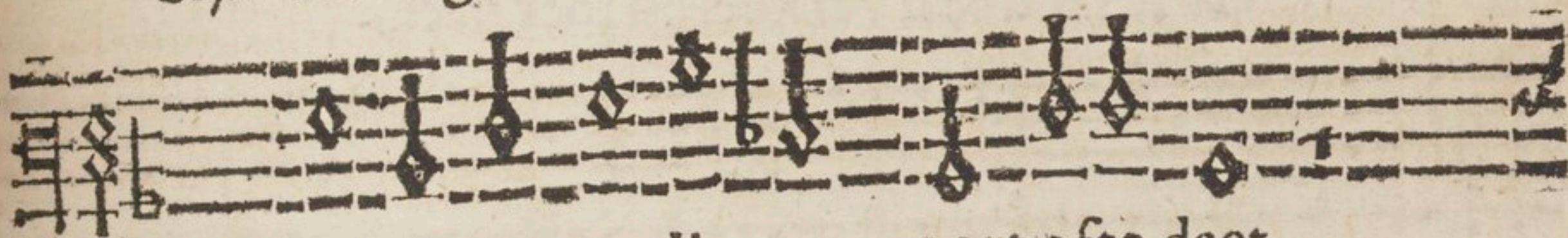
D E dwaes die spreekt in sijn herte seer



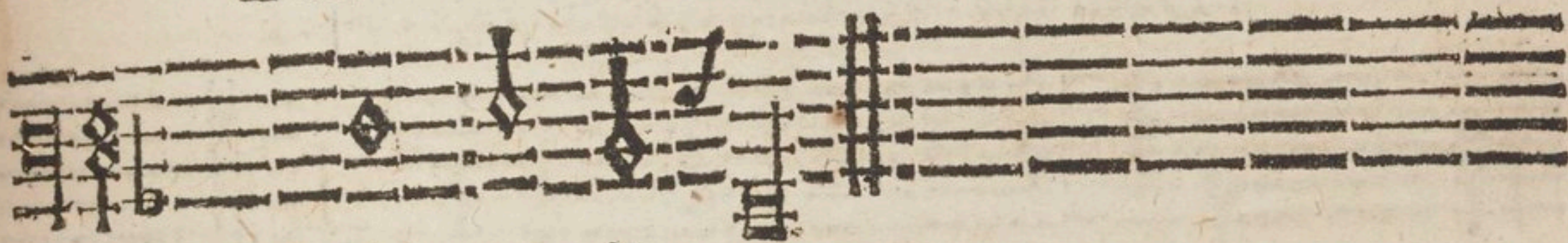
quaet ; Daer is geen Godt, en hy verwoest met desen



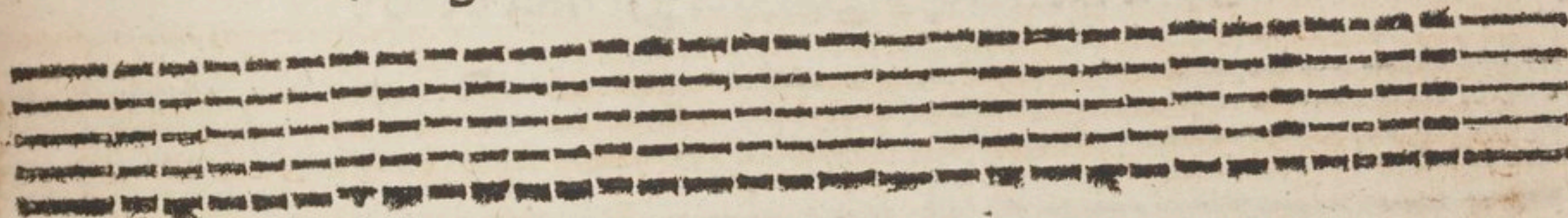
Sijn leven gantsch door sijn grouwelick wesen ;



Daer is niet een die met woort ofte daet,

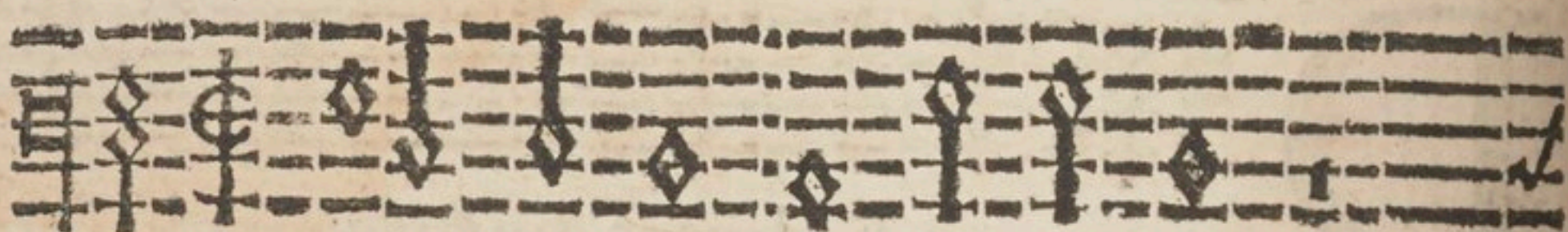


Wat goets begaet.

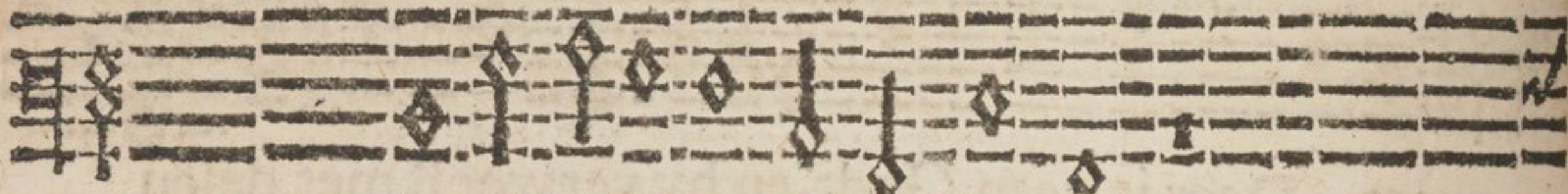


Bassus.

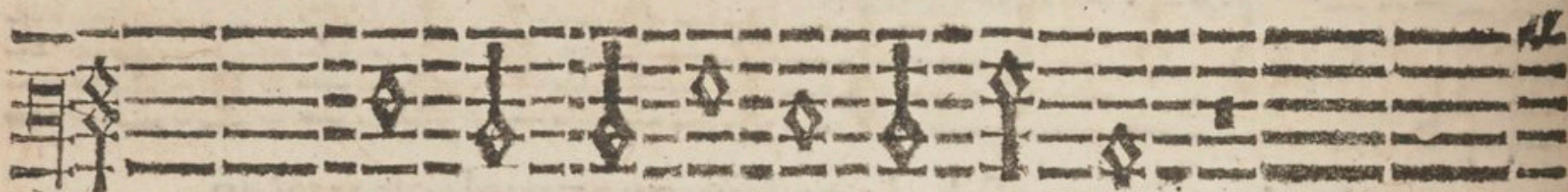
PSALM XV.



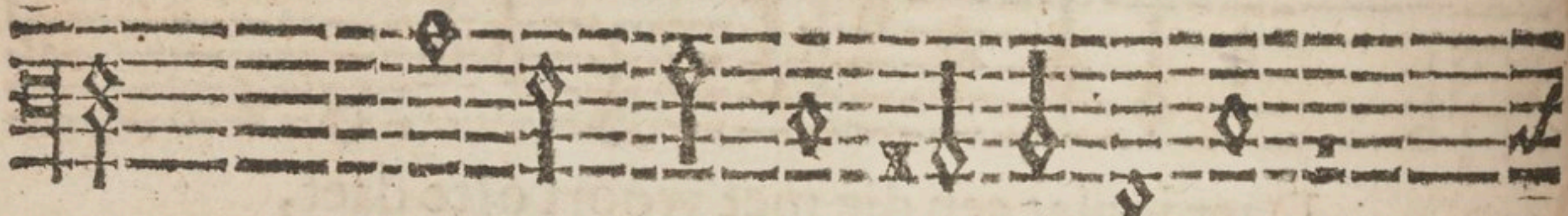
Ie is 't die sal woonen eenpaer



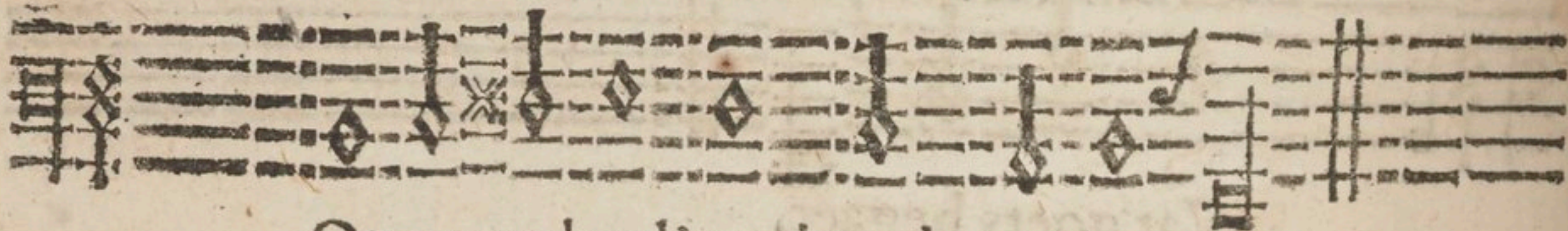
In u lieflicke tenten Heere?



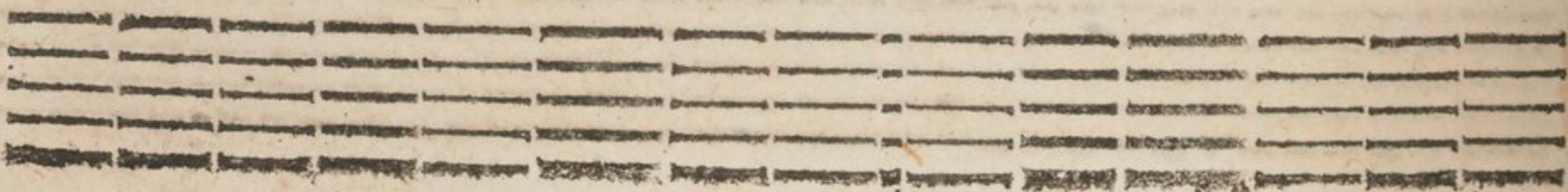
Wie sal doch verkeeren hier naer,

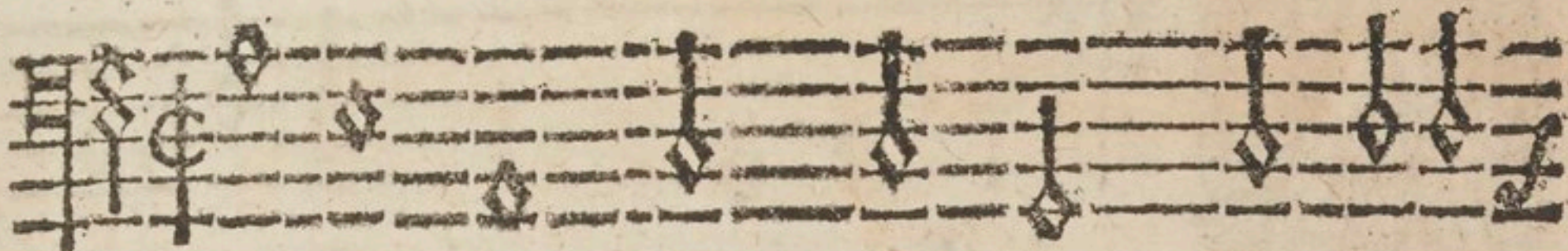


[Door uw' goetheyt, sonder gevaer,]

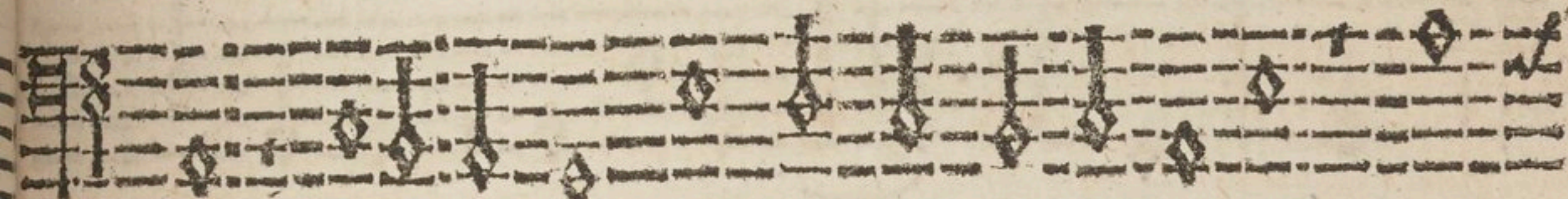


Op uwen heyl'gen bergh met eere?

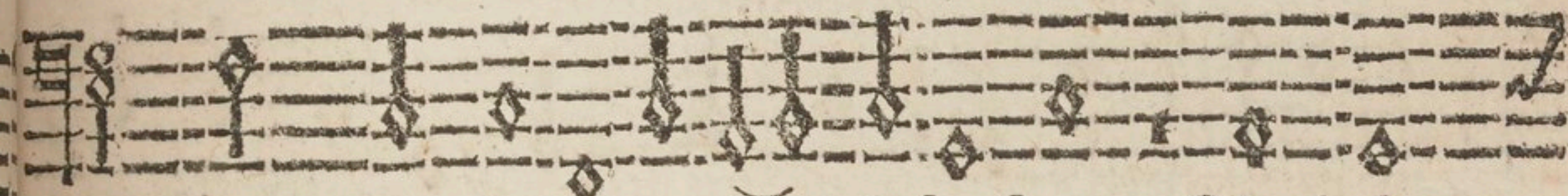




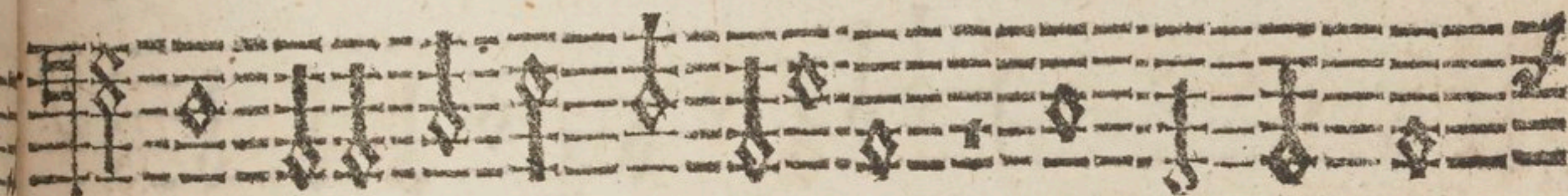
Ewaert my, Heer, weest doch mijn toever-



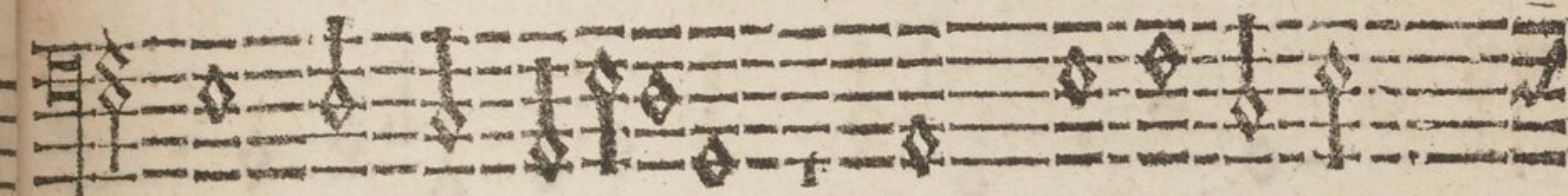
laet, Op u betrouw ick vast met herten reyne ; Dies



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



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



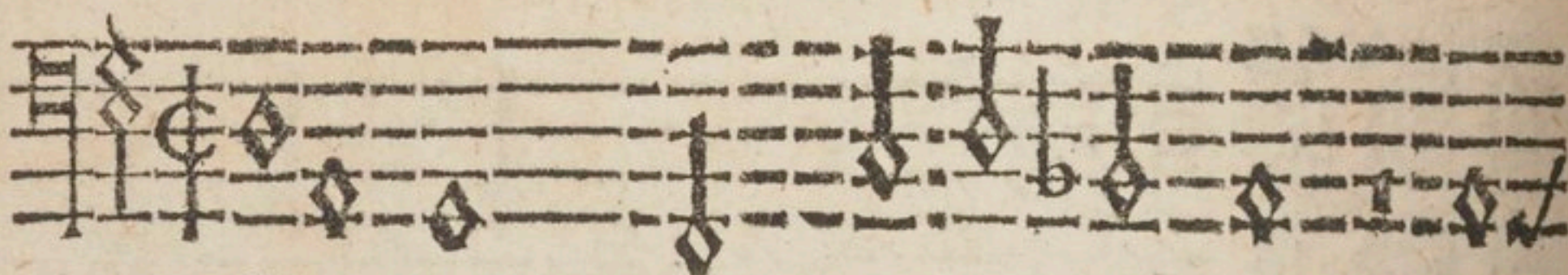
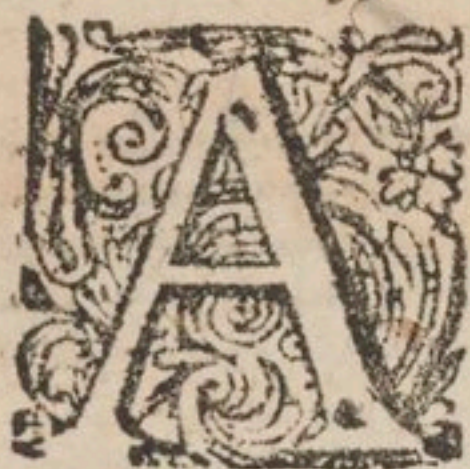
mijn wercken uytgelesen Gantsch geen en nut tot



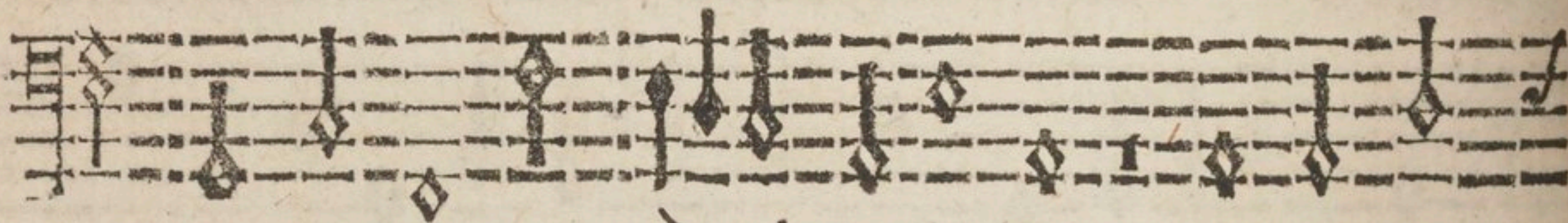
u, Heer hoogh gepresen.

Bassus.

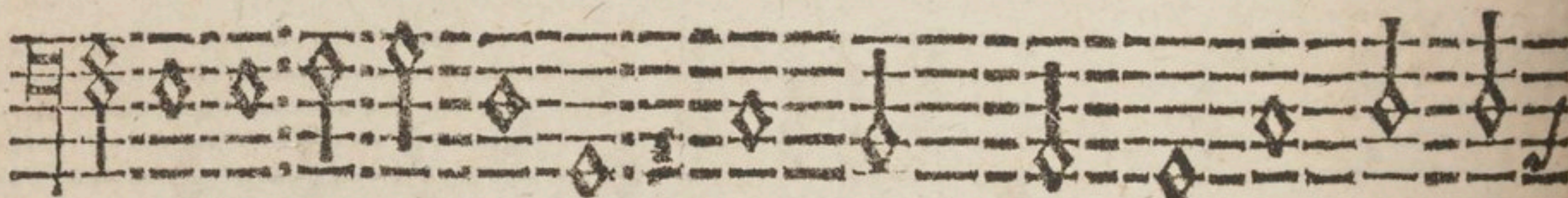
PSALM XVII.



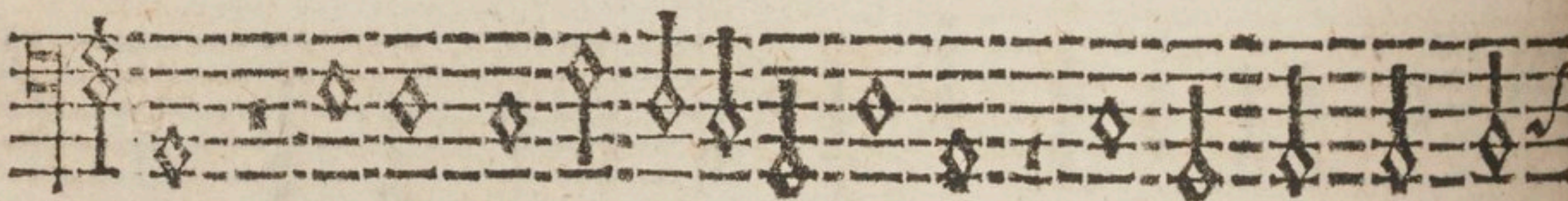
Enfiet, Heer, 't recht van uwen knecht, Wilt



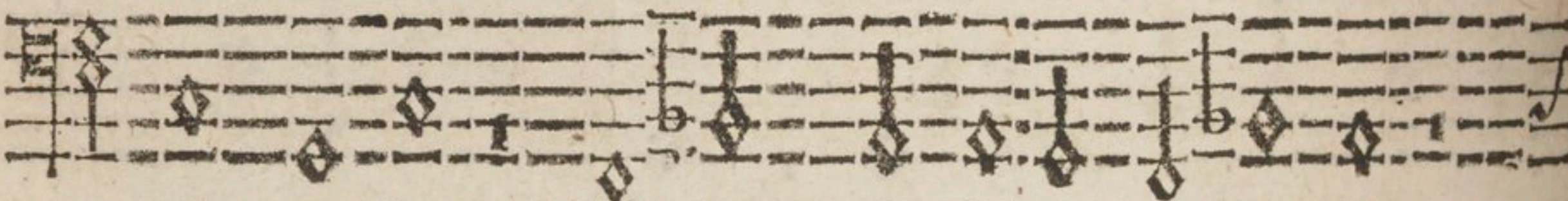
mijn geroep, ô Godt, verhooren, Mijn gebedt



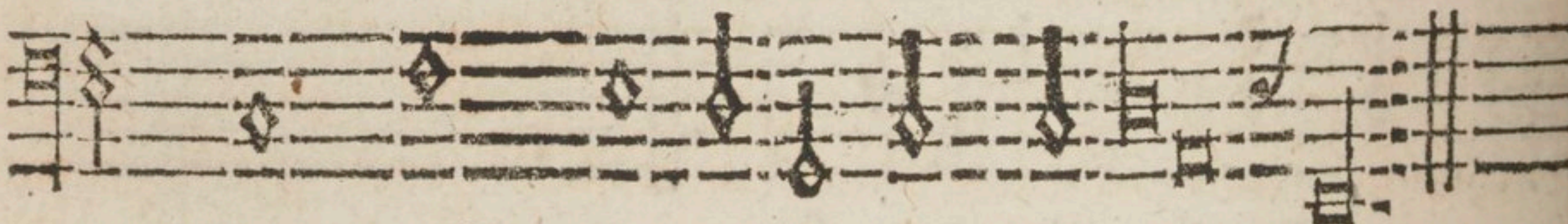
kome tot uw' ooren, Het welck vloeyt uyt een hert op-



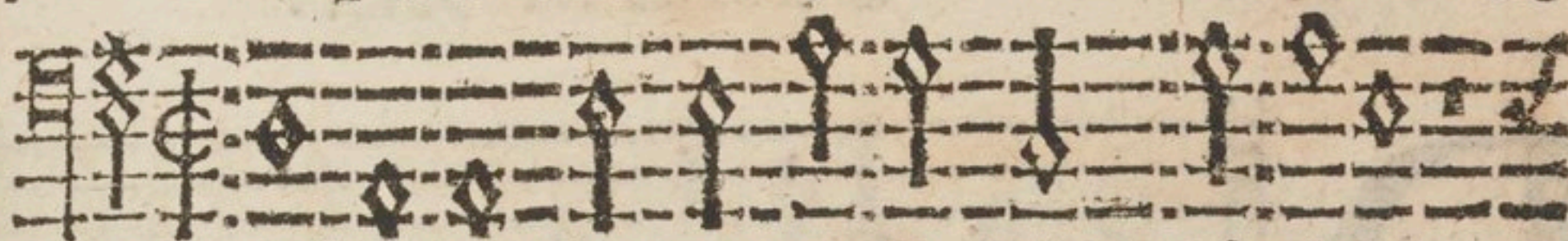
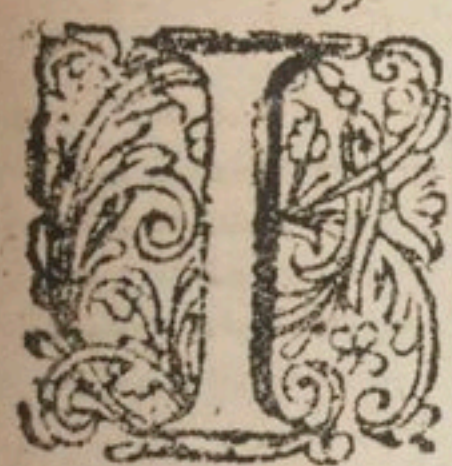
recht. Van u, die wetet alle dingen, Wil ick oordeel en



recht ontfaen, Wilt doch mijn sake mercken aen,



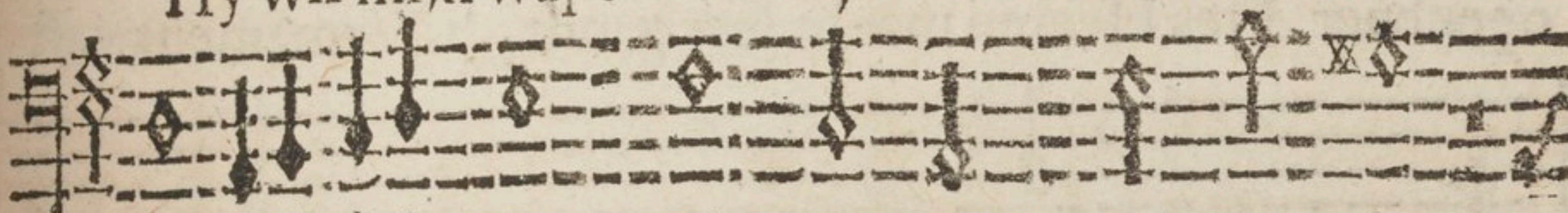
Want gantsch recht is al mijn voortbringen.



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



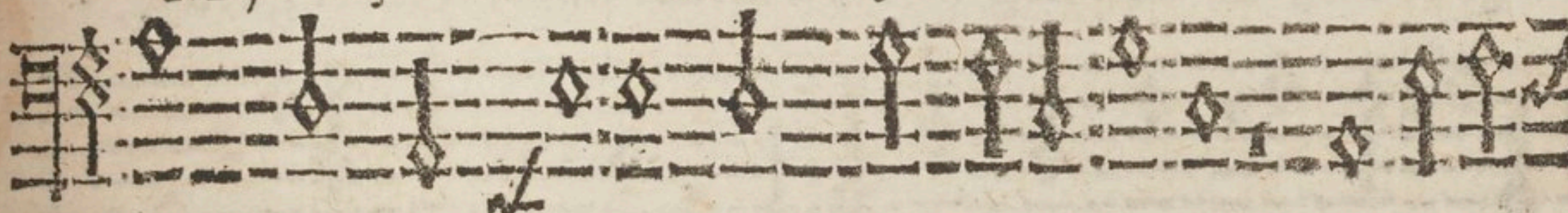
Mijn le-ven lang, O Godt mijn sterck- te krachtigh.
 Hy wil mijn wapen en mijn toevlucht wesen.



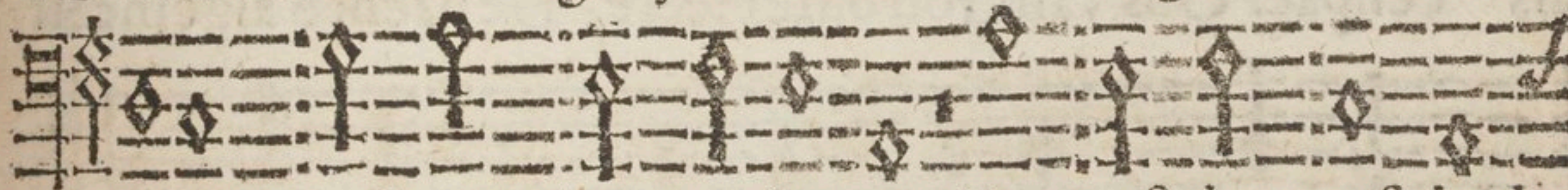
Ghy zijt mijn burcht, mijn troost, mijn heyl, mijn steen,
 Als ick hem groot maeck, en bidd' na sijn woordt,



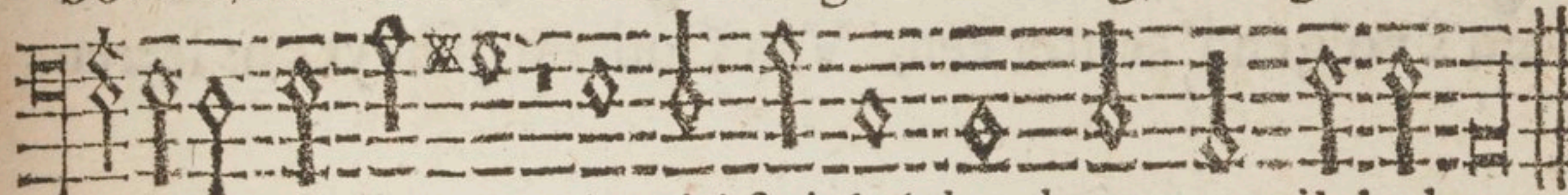
Mijn schuld, mijn hoorn, mijn bewaer- der al- leen.
 Mijn vy- an- den hy haestelick verstoort.



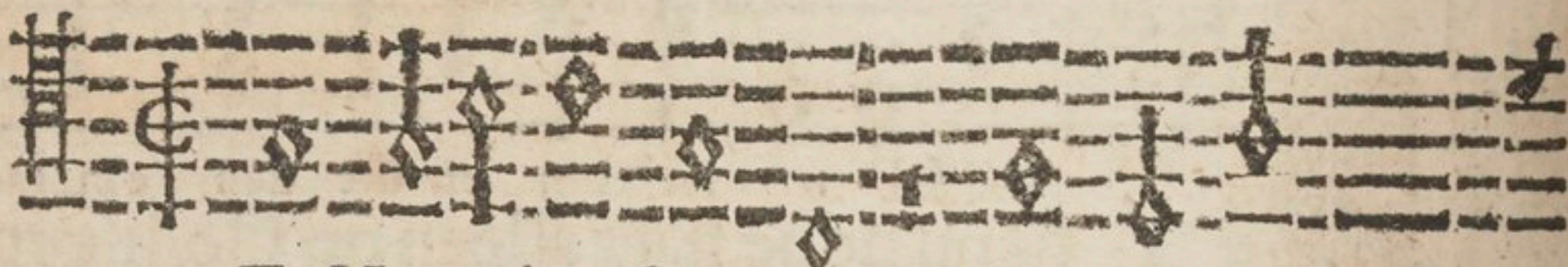
's Doods nood omving my deef' voorledē dagē, Stroomē der



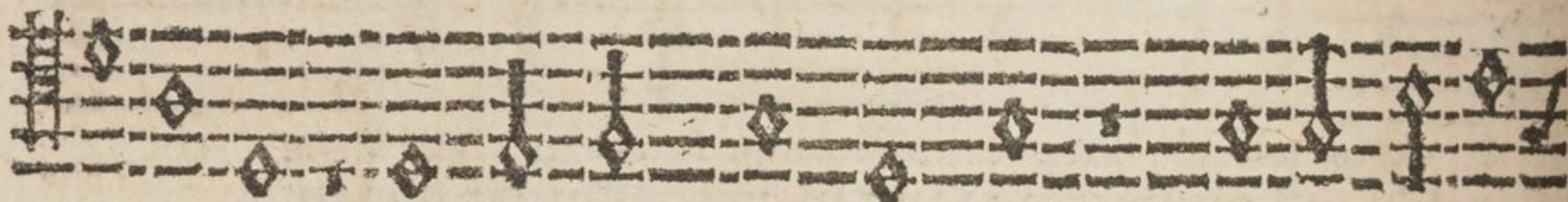
boosen maeckten't hert verflagen. De angst des grafs had-



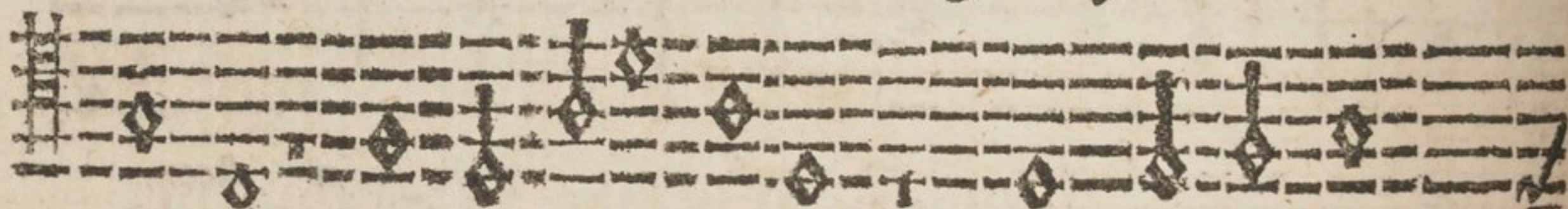
de my gants bevaē, Met dē strickē des doots was ik belaeen.

D

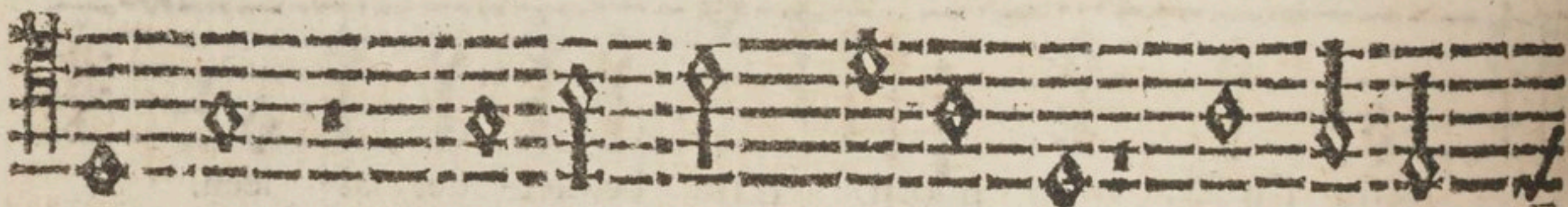
E Hemelen seer klaer Verkonden



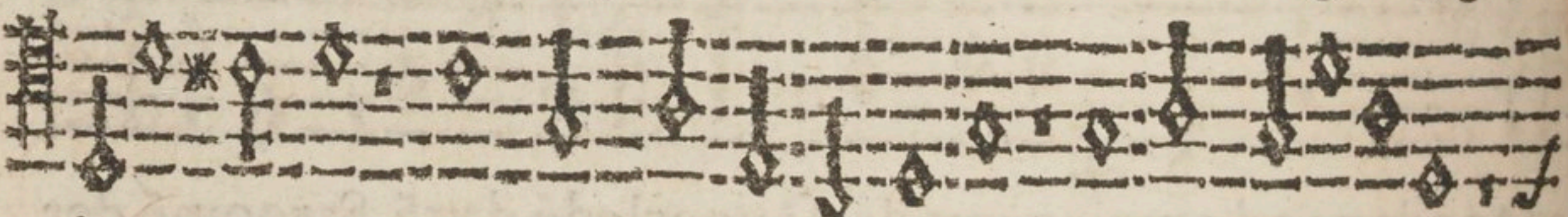
openbaer Des Heeren macht seer groot; 't Firmament vast



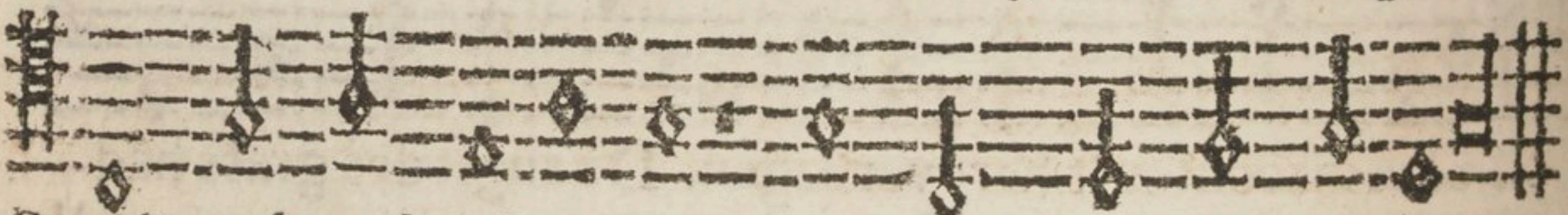
gestelt, Ons dagelickx vertelt 't Werck sijner han-



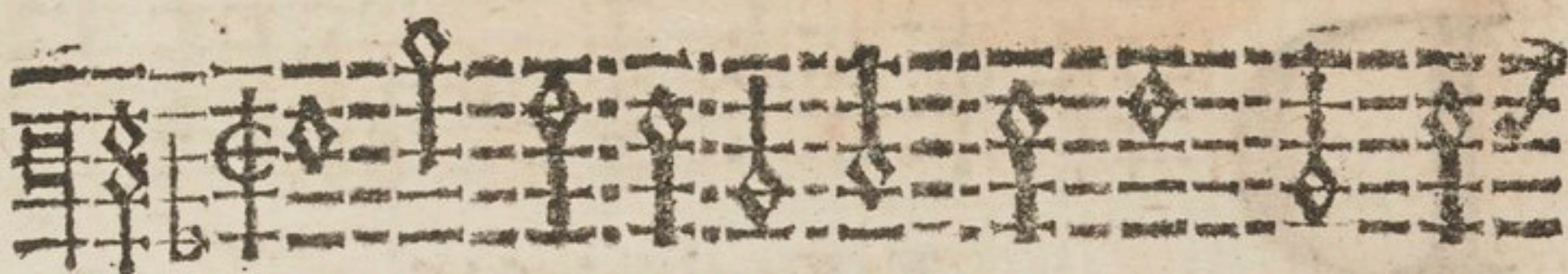
den [bloot.] D'een dag voor, d'ander naer, Geeft getuyg'-



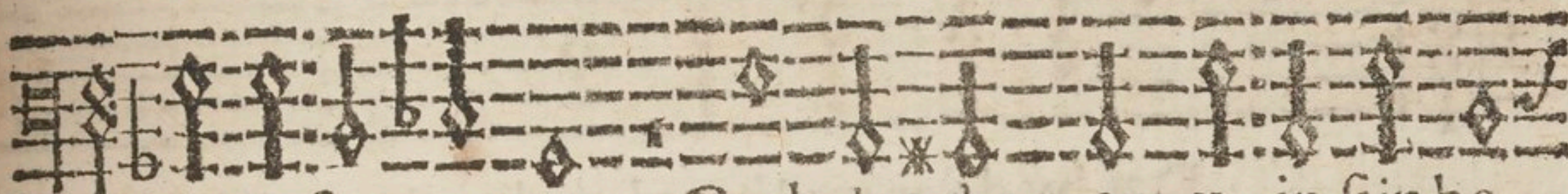
nis eenpaer Ons van God onse Heere; De nachtē algemeen



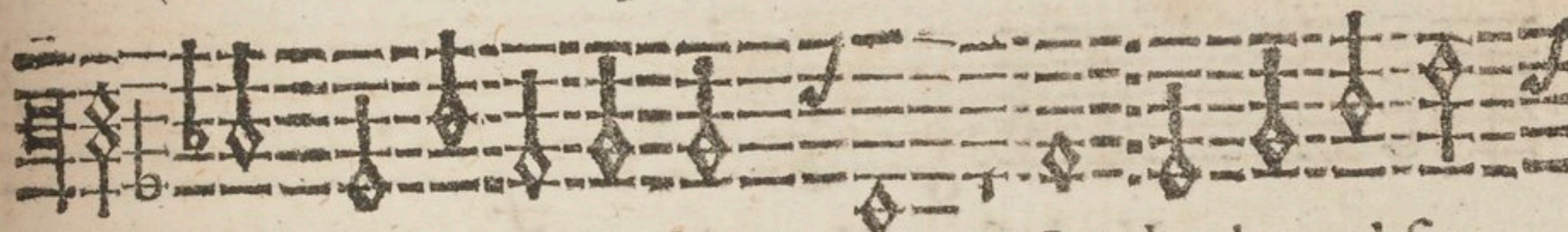
Steed's volgend' achter een, Van Godts wijsheyt ons leeren.



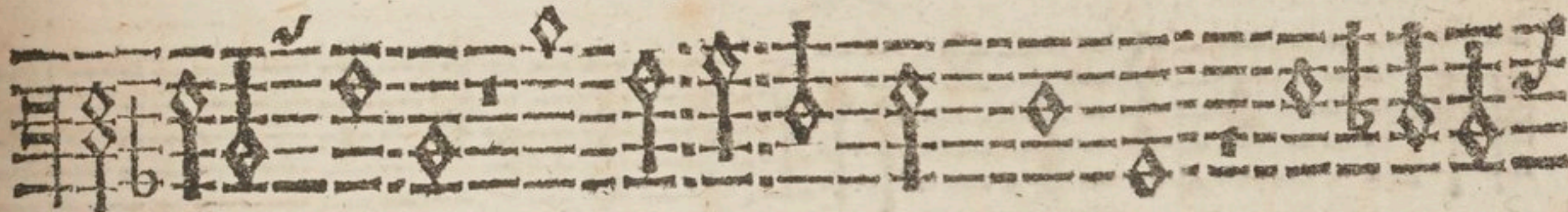
Odt verhoor u gebedt dat ghy doet In



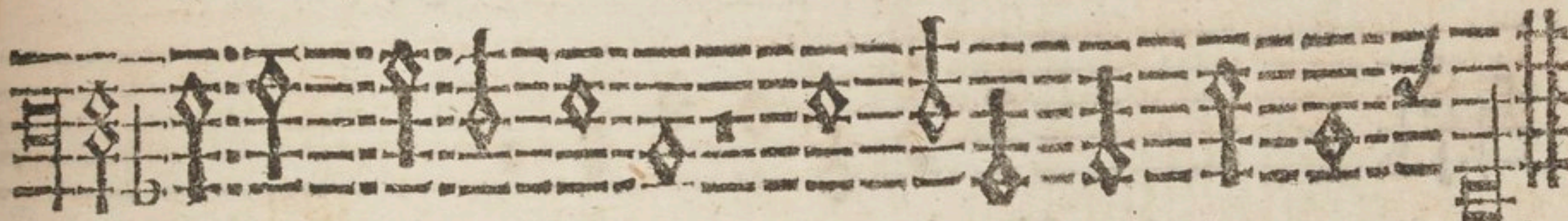
uwten swaren noot; Godt Jacobs neem u in zijn be-



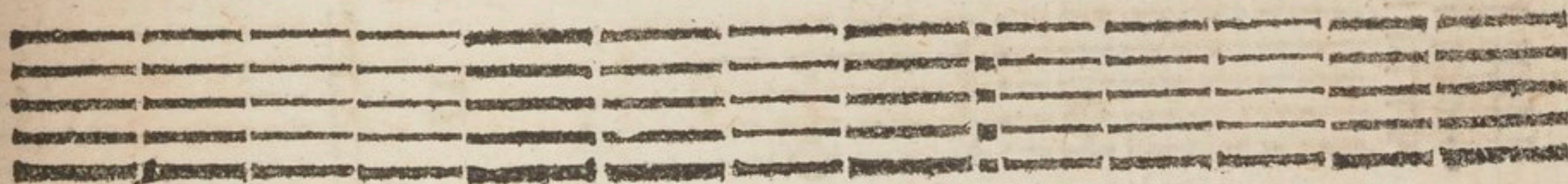
hoed, In den tegenspoet groot. Uyt den hemel sie



Hye lijden, En help u ook seer krachtig, Van Zion



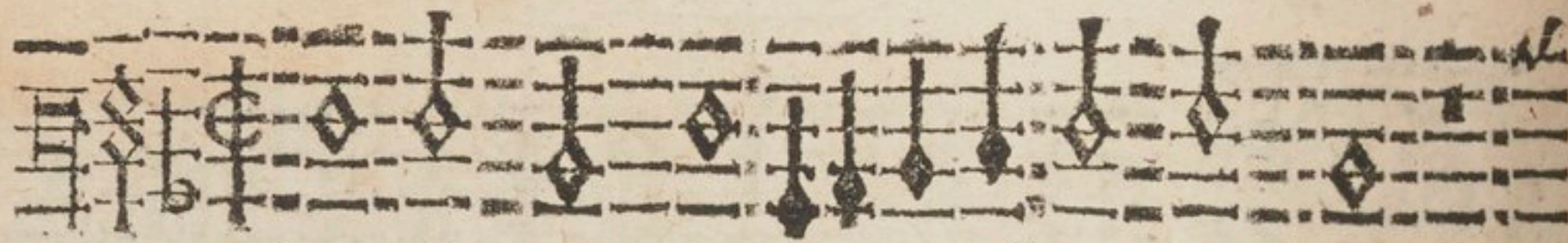
den bergh t'allen tijden Sterck' u sijn hant seer machtigh.



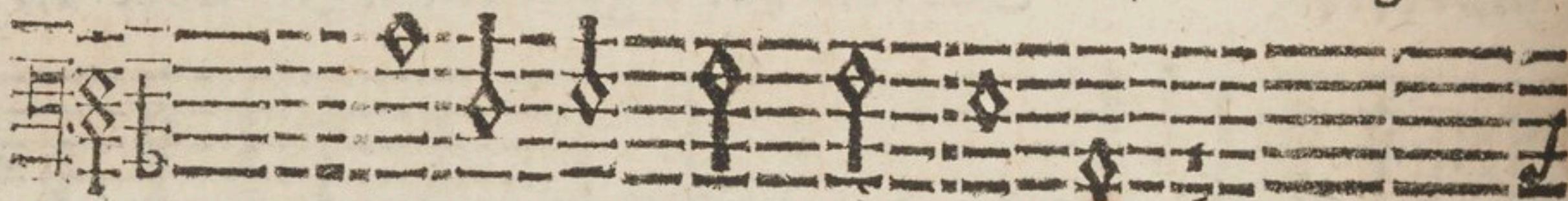
Bassus.

PSALM XXI.

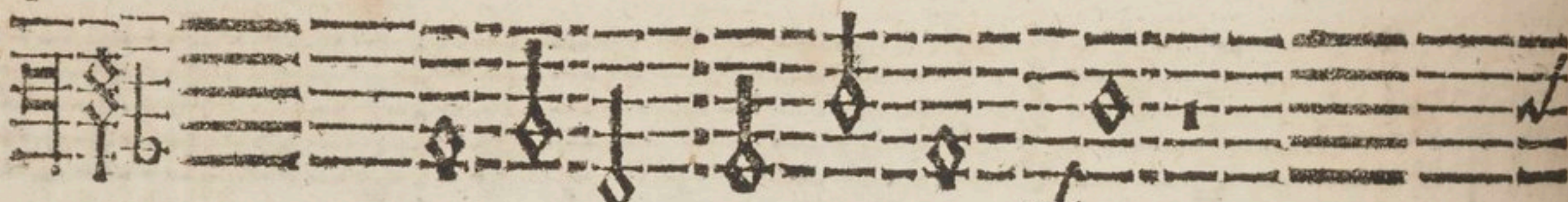
D



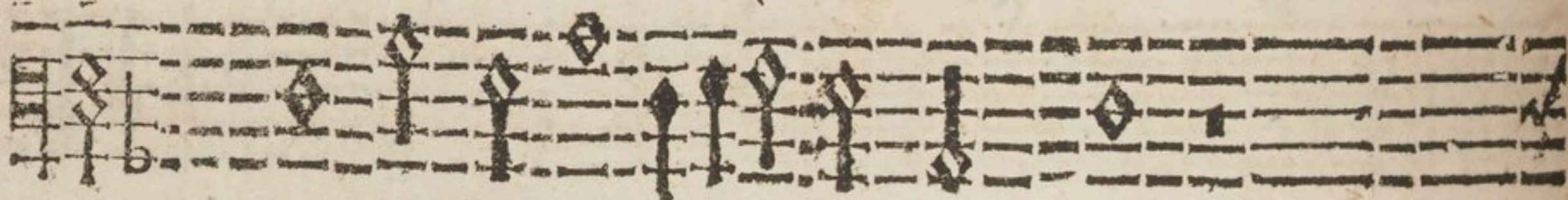
E Koningh sal seer zijn verheught,



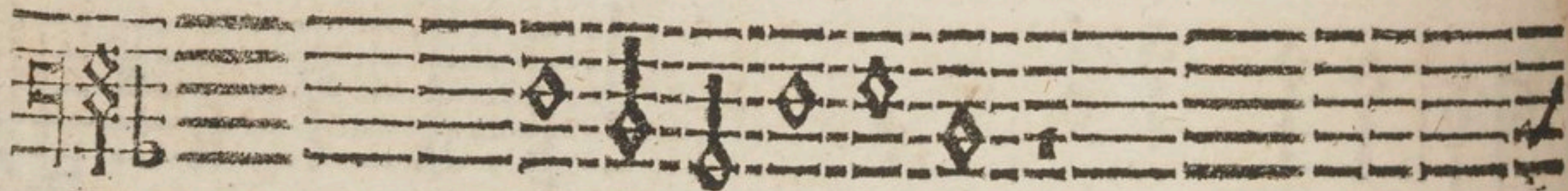
Dat hy door uw' hant krachtigh



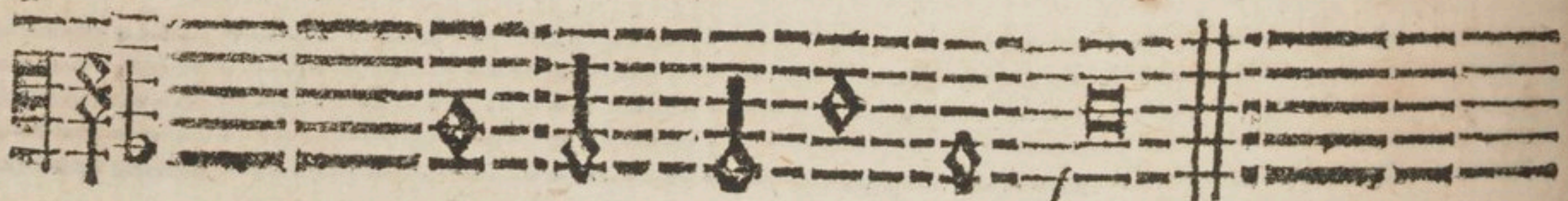
Verloft is, Heer almachtigh :



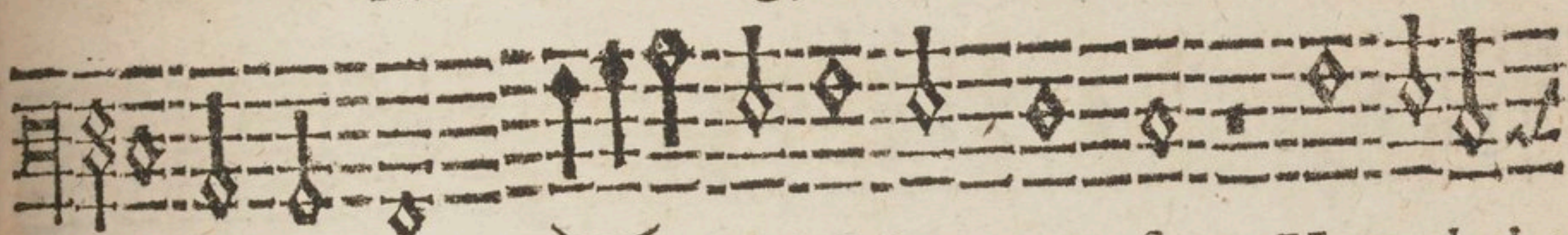
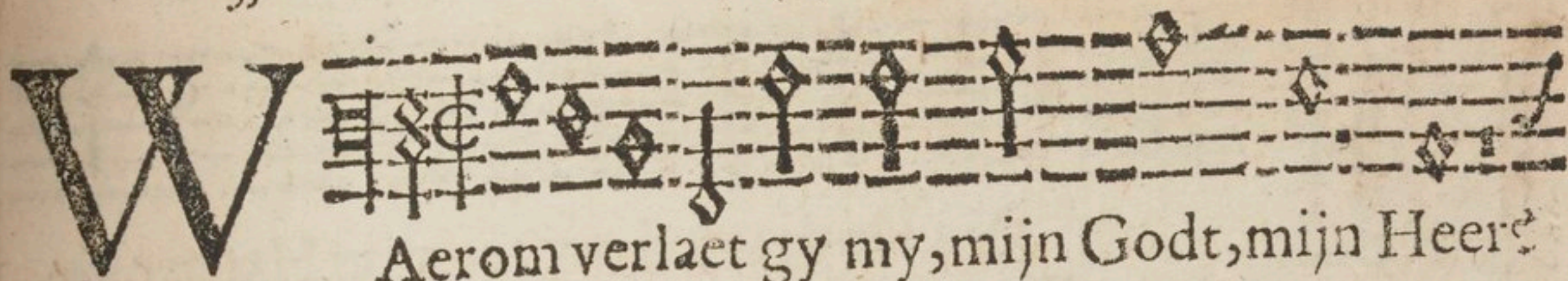
Hoe vol sal hy we- sen der vreughd,



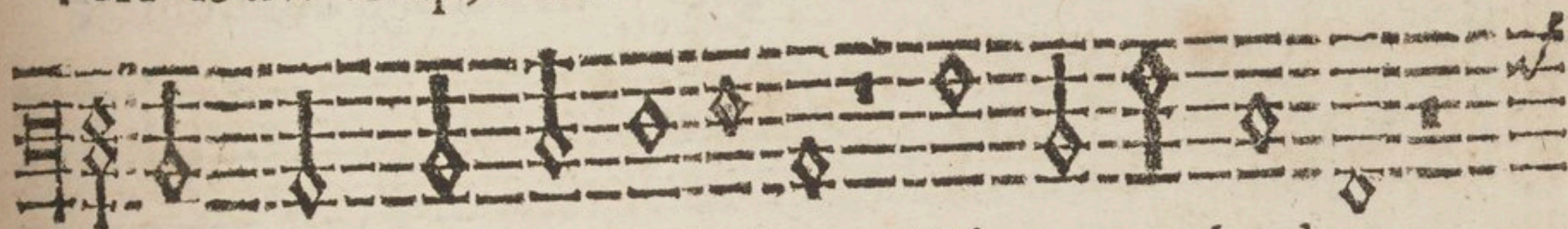
Siende dat hy gewis



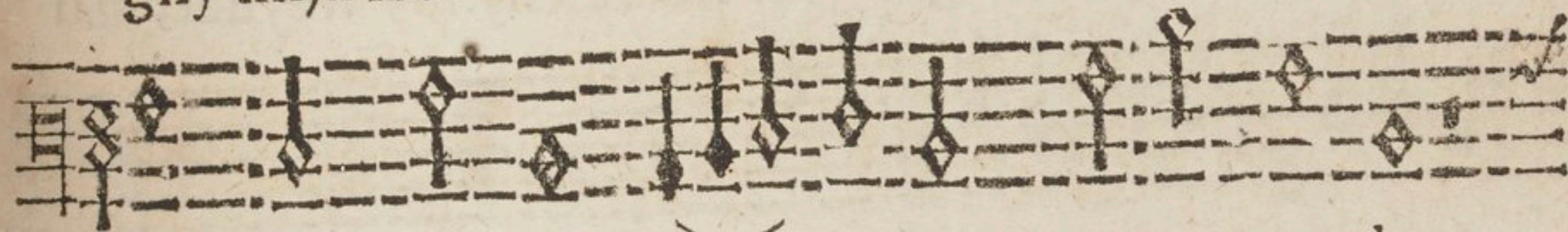
Door uw' kracht bevrijdt is :



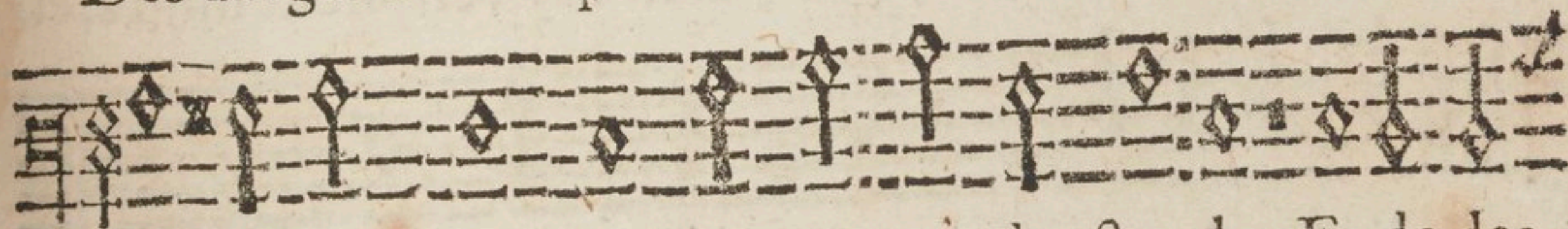
Verr' is uw' hulp, doch ben ick benouwt seer, Verre hebt



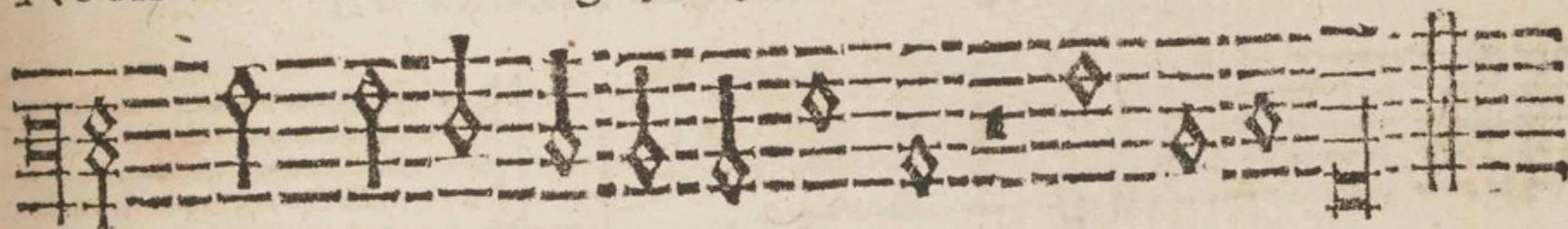
ghy mijn klachten verstecken, Die my uytbreken.



Des daeghs aen-roep ick u uyt 's herten gronde,



Nochtans antwoordt ghy my tot geender stonde, Ende des

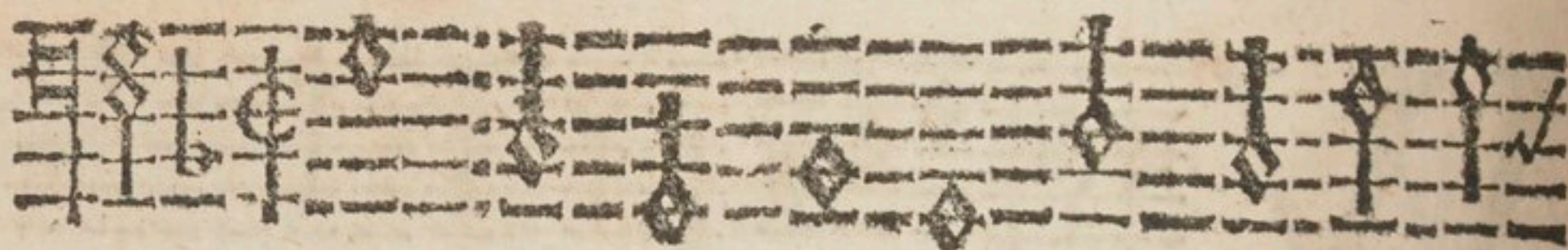


nachts laet ick niet af van klagen, Seer verflagen.

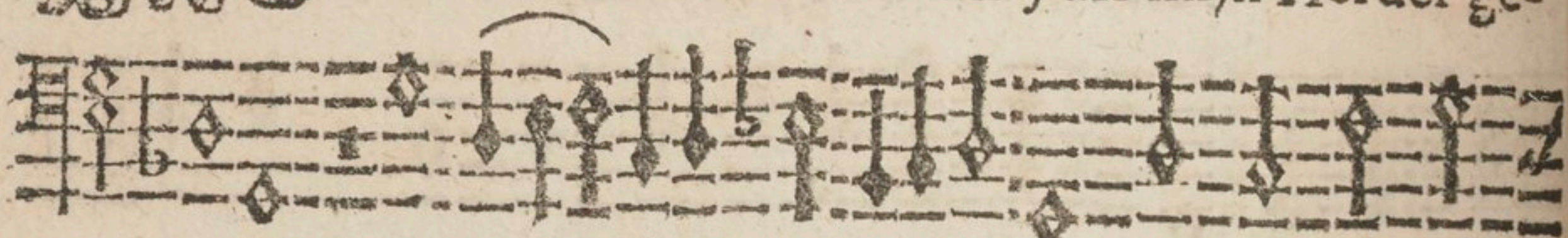
Bassus.

PSALM XXIII.

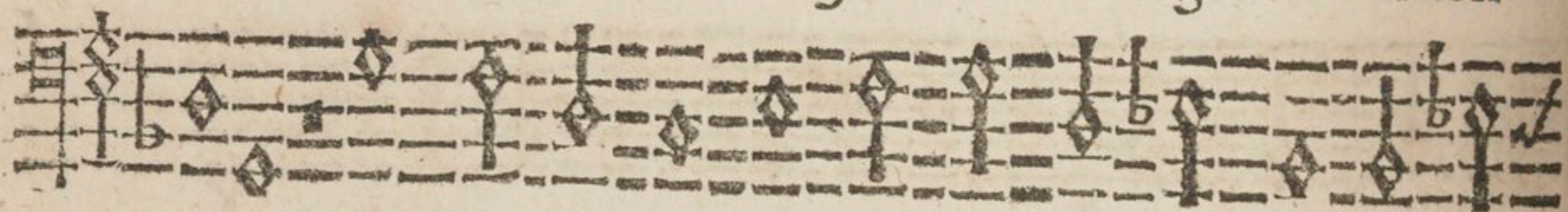
M



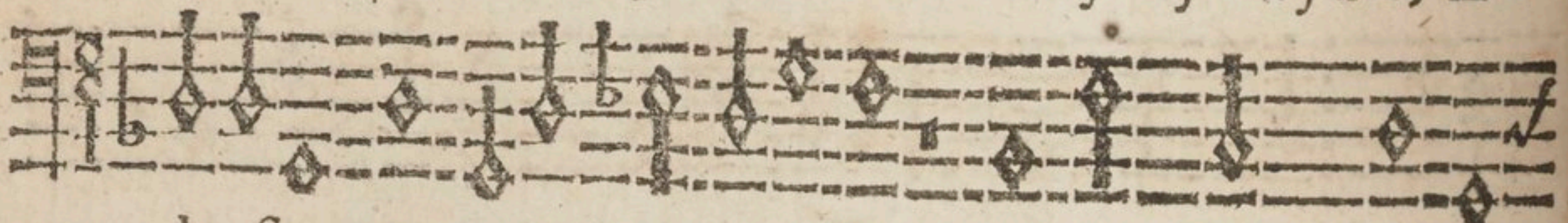
Yn Godt voed my als mijn Herder ge-



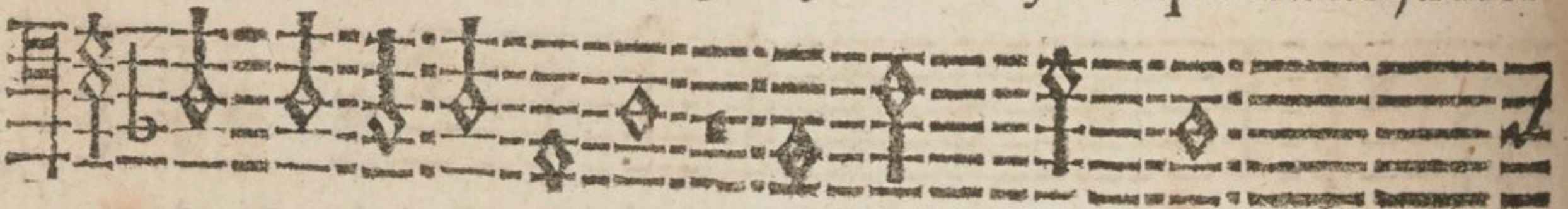
presen, Dies sal ick gee- nes dings behoeflick



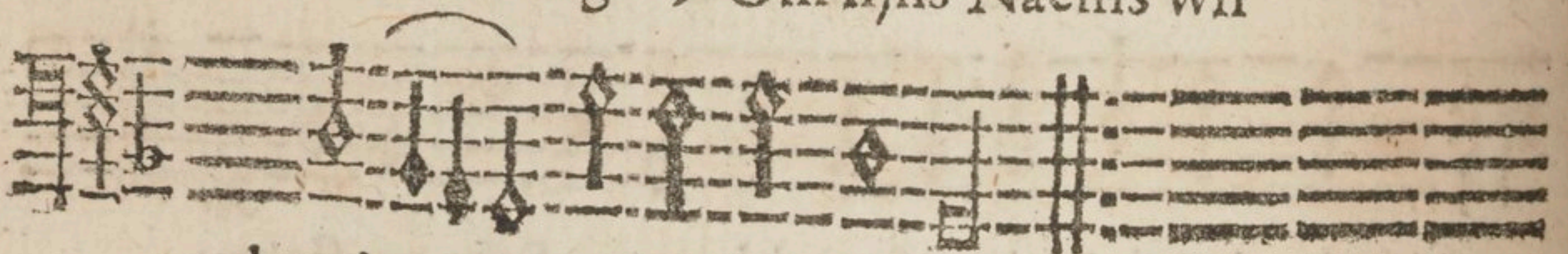
wesen. In 't groene gras seer lieflick hy my weydet, En



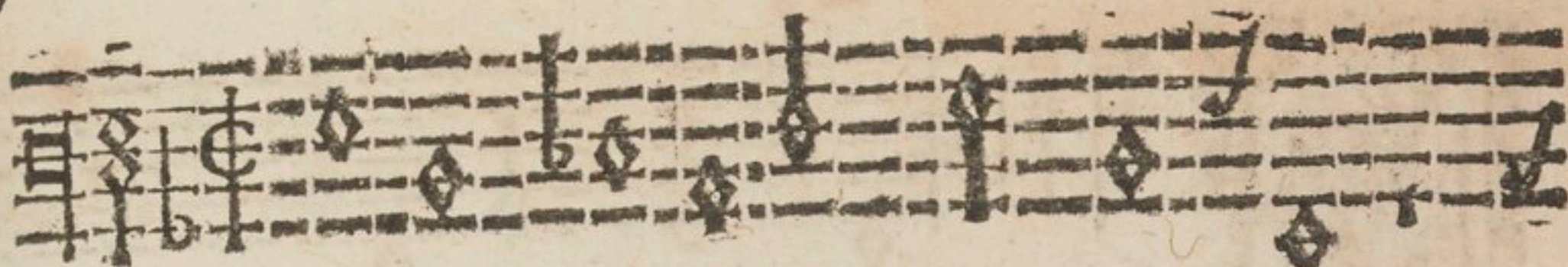
aen dat soet water hy my geleydet. Hy verquickt mijn ziel,



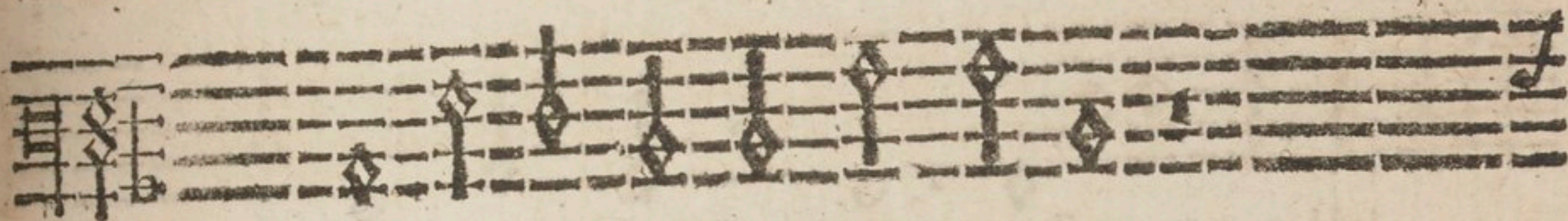
die seer is verslegen, Om sijns Naems wil



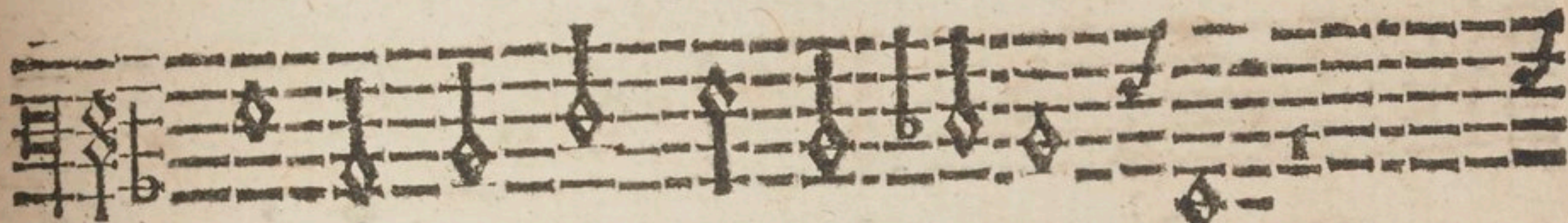
leyt hy my in sijn wegen.

D

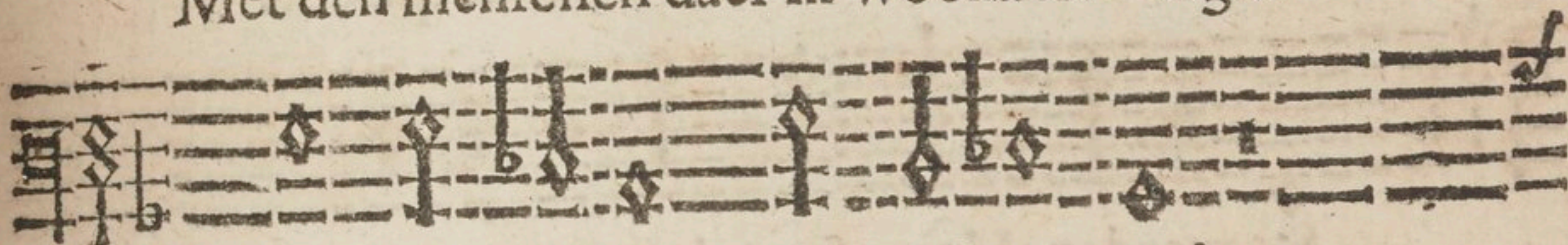
E aerd' is onses Godts voorwaer,



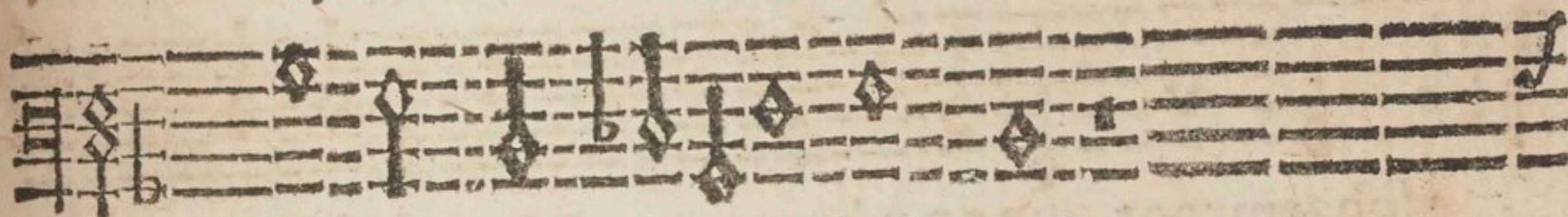
En wat sy begrijpt verr' en naer,



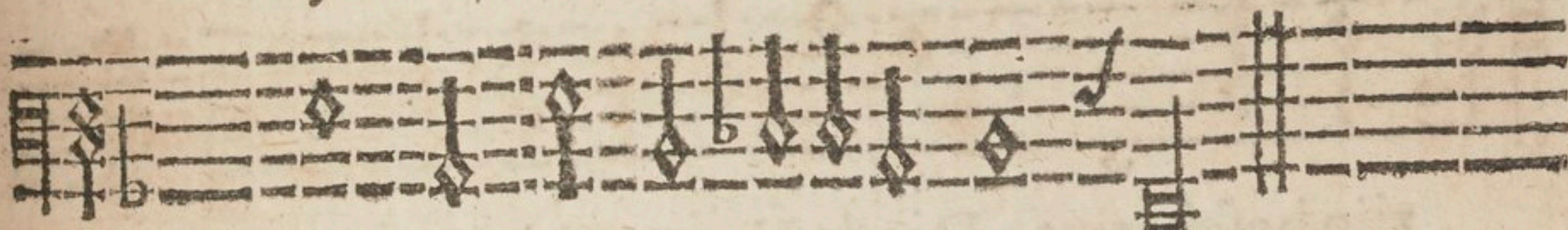
Met den menschen daer in woonach- tigh.



Hy heeft die op 't Meyr vast gegrondt,



Hy verrijckt die alsins in 't rondt

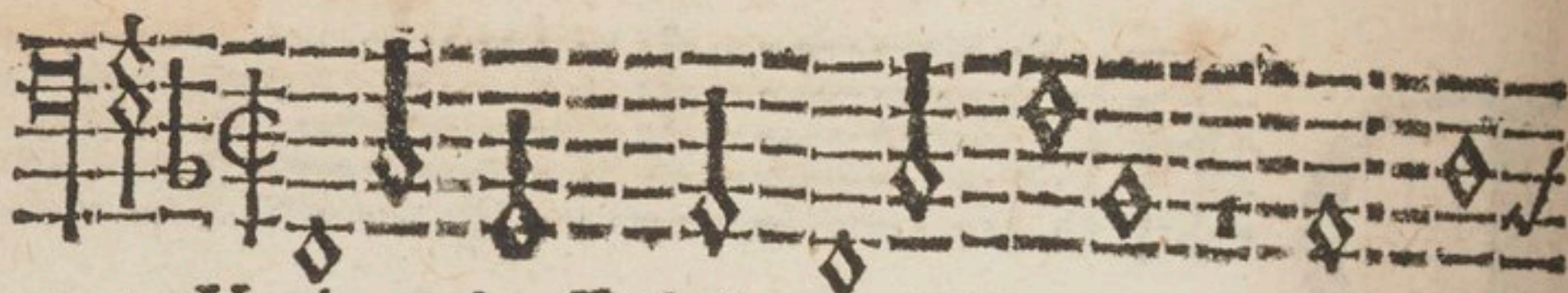


Met veel schoone rivieren krachtigh.

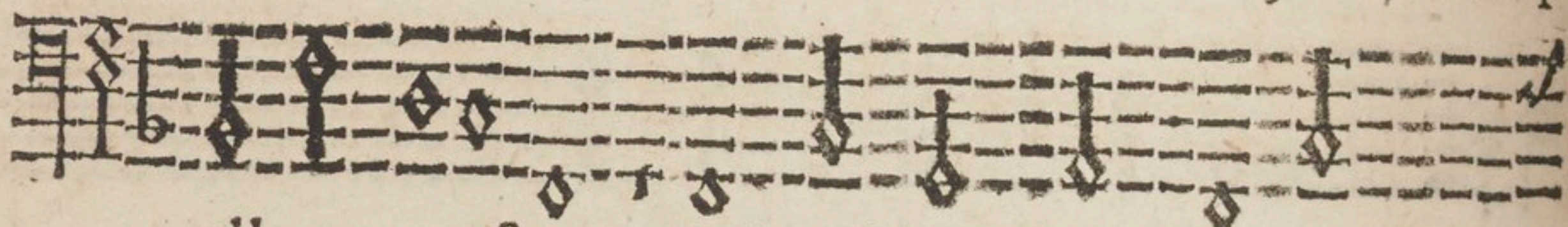
Bassus.

PSALM XXV.

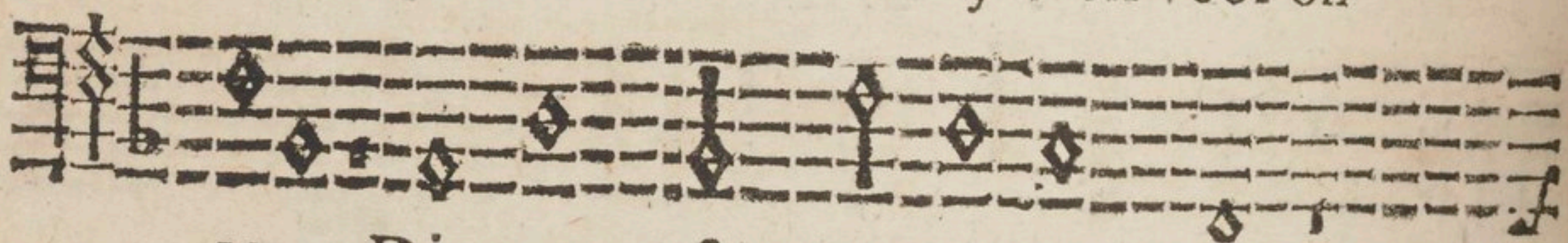
M



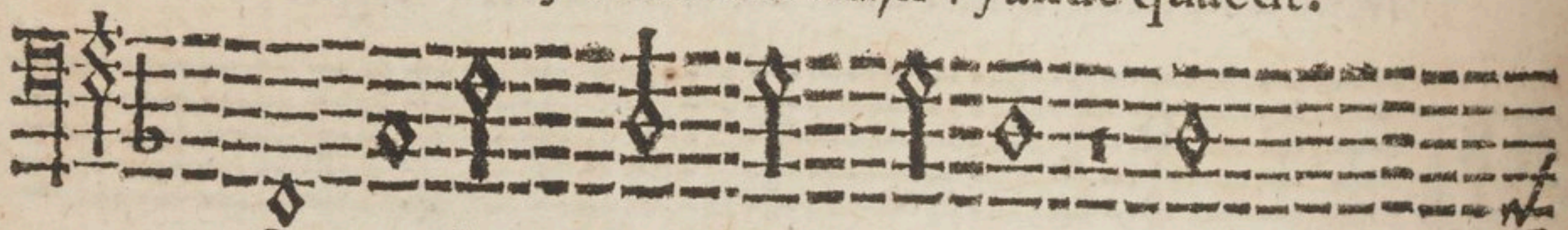
Yn hert heff' ick tot u Heere; Mijn hoop



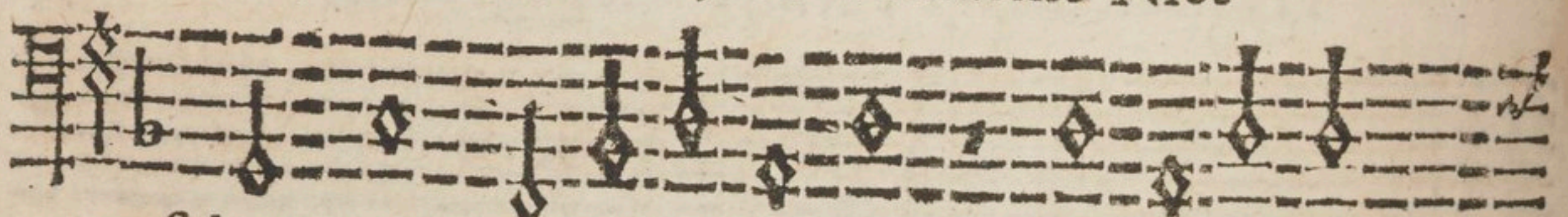
alleen op u staet: Behoedt my doch voor on-



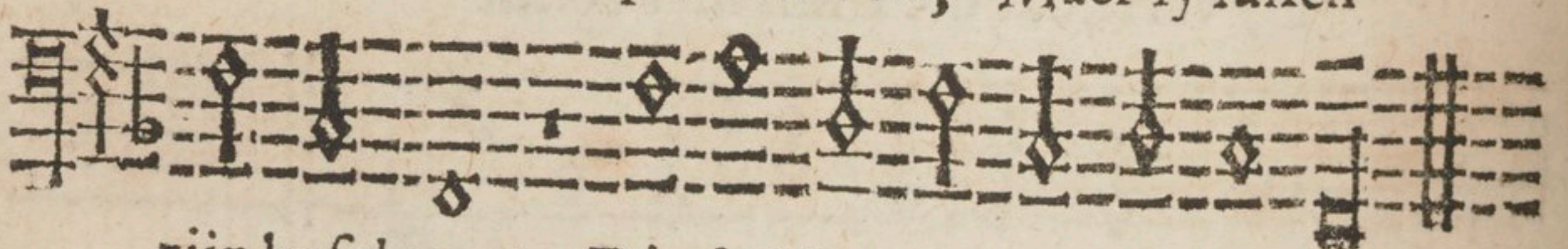
eere, Die my wenscht mijn vyandt quaedt.



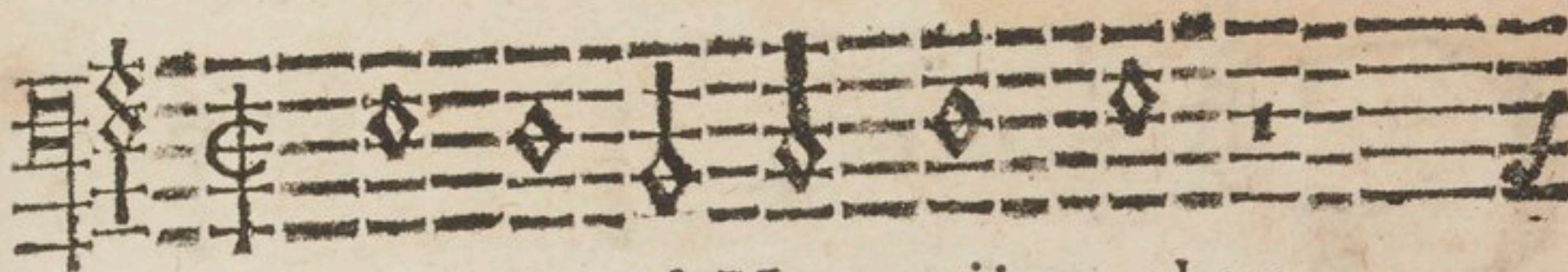
Sy werden, Heer, soo 't betaemt Niet



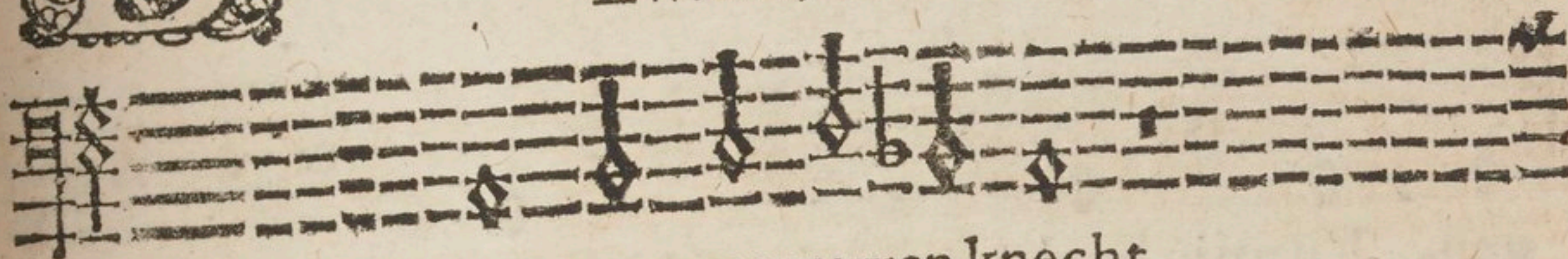
schaemroot, die op u bouwen; Maer sy sullen



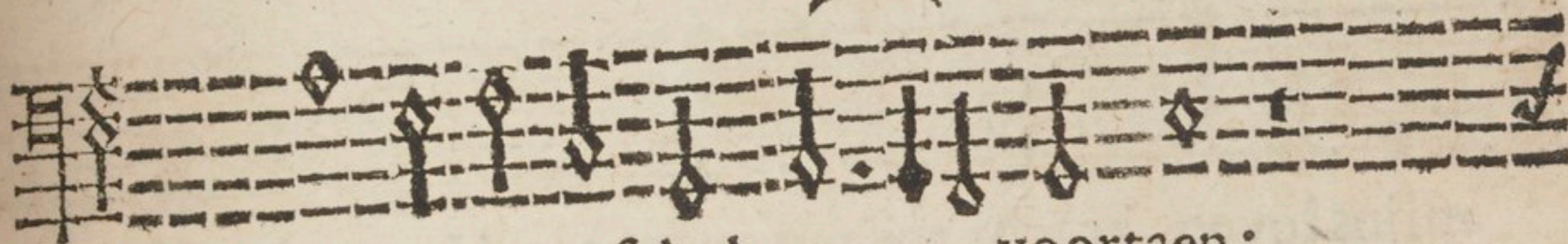
zijn beschaemt, Die de Vromen hier benouwen.



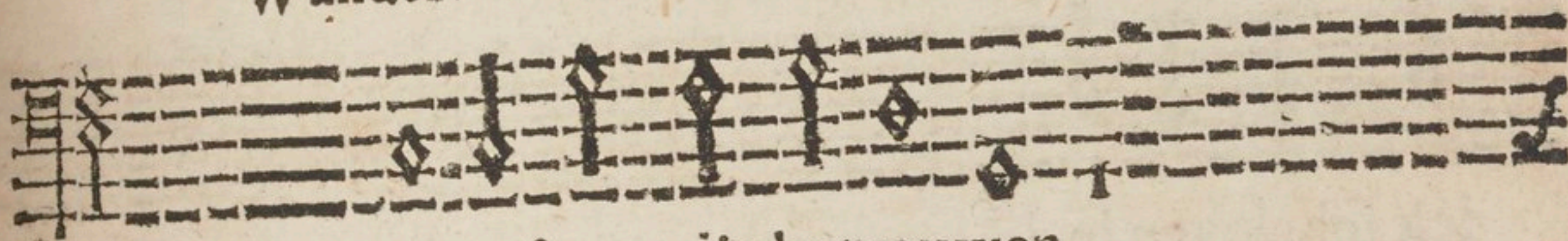
Ewaert, ô Heer mijn recht :



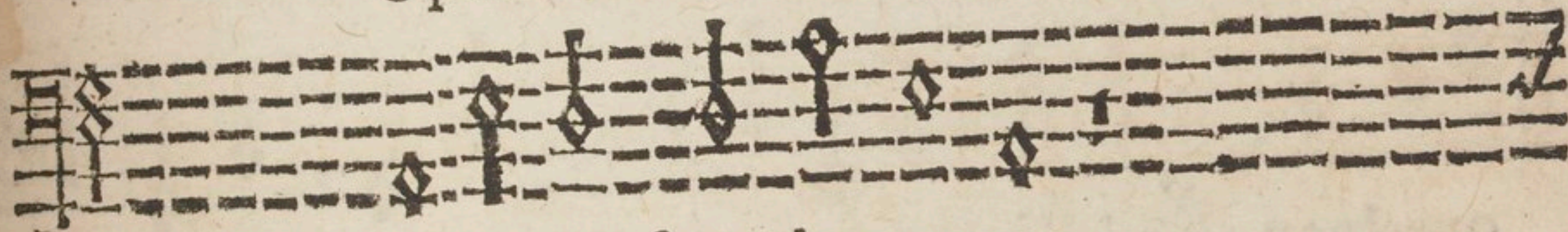
Want voorwaer uwen knecht



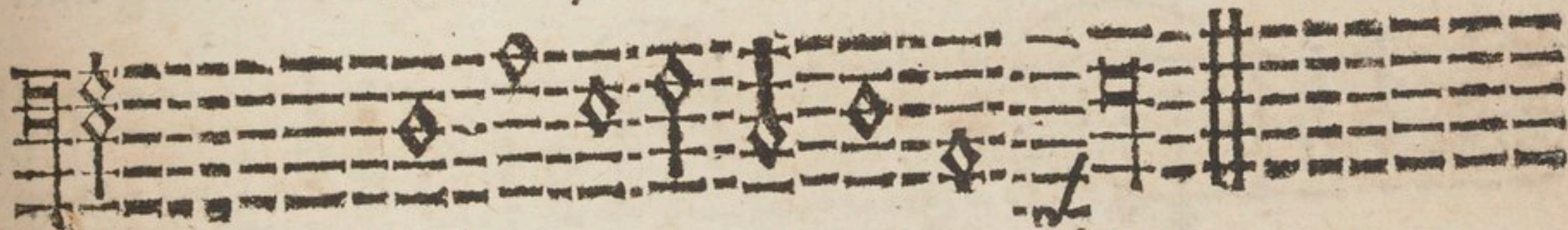
Wandelt in onschult nu voortaan :



Op u staet mijn betrouwen,



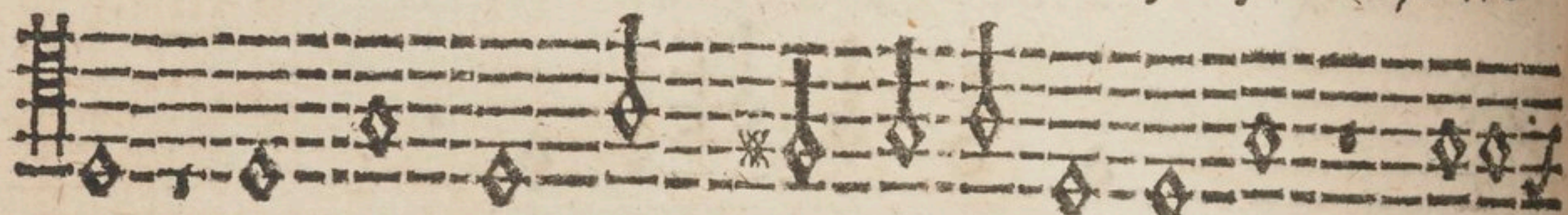
In al mijn swaer benouwen,



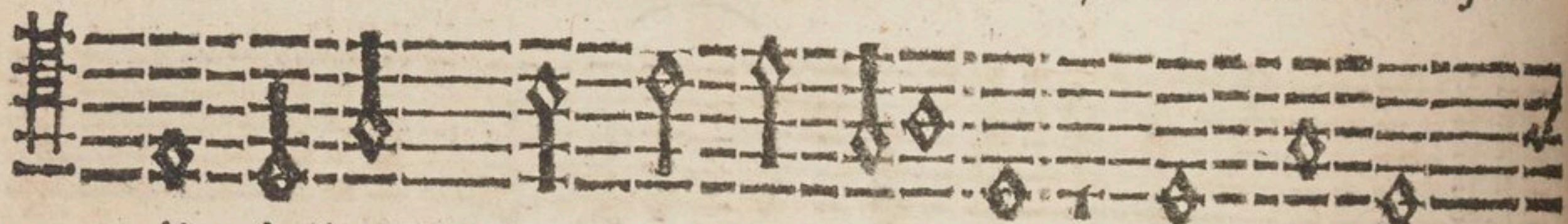
Daerom en sal ick niet vergaen.



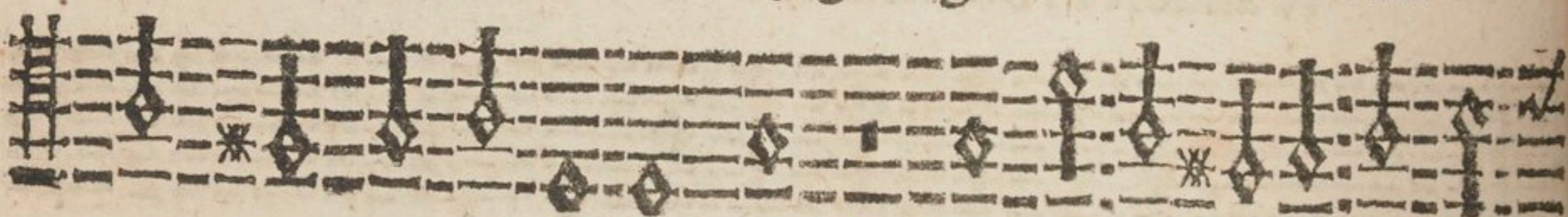
Odt is mijn licht, 't welck my leyt in sijn we-



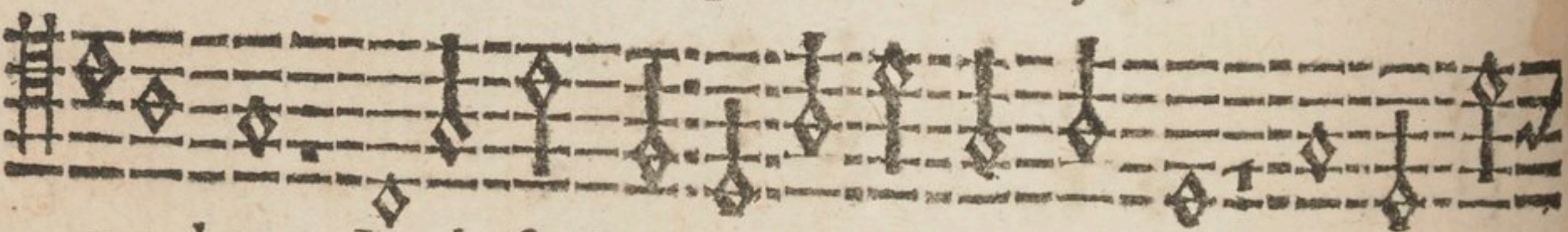
gen, En mijn heyl, voor wien sal ick zijn bevreeft: Hy is



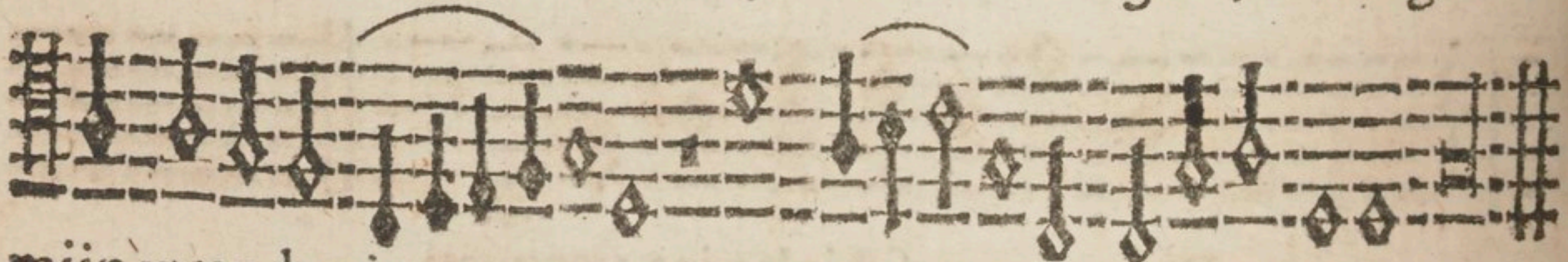
mijns levens kracht tot my genegen, Voor wien sal



ick schricken in dit tempeest? Als my de boose deden



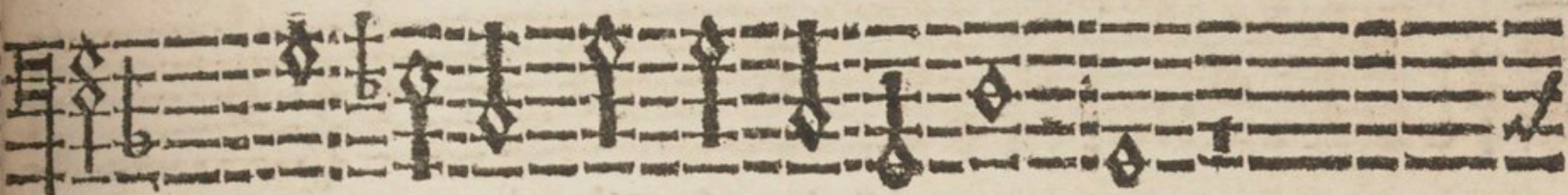
overloop, Ende sochtē my te verslinden gaer, Ick sag dan



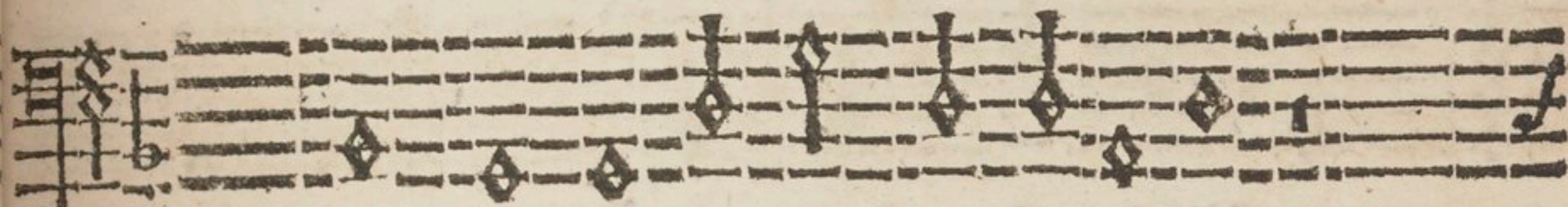
mijn vyanden in gevaer Struyke- lē en vallē al over hoop.



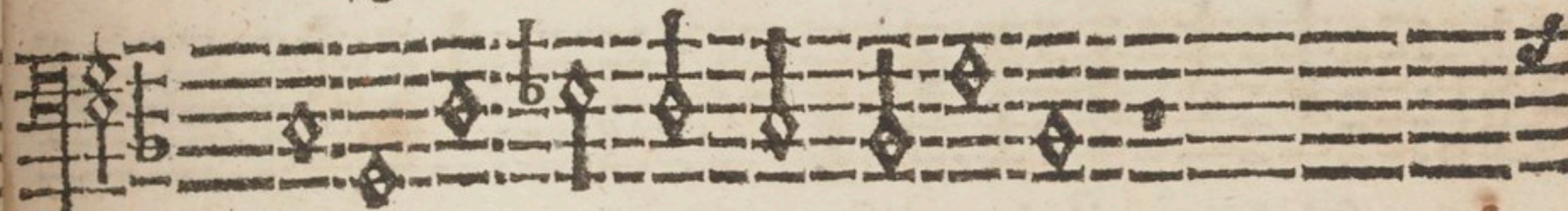
Heer, ghy zijt mijn sterckte machtigh,



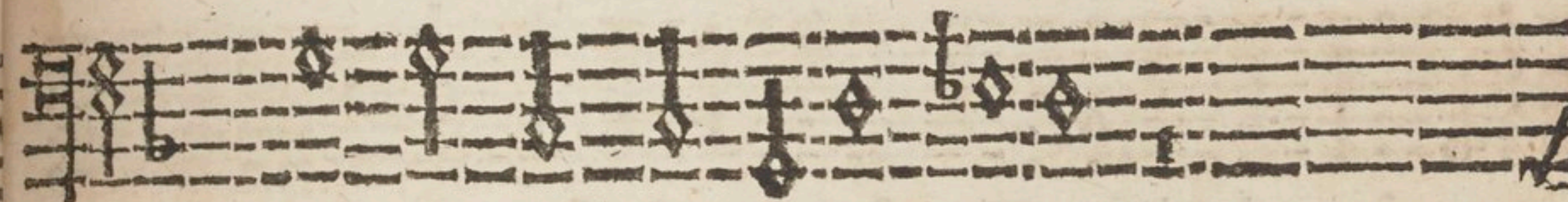
Tot u is 't dat ick bidde klachtigh :



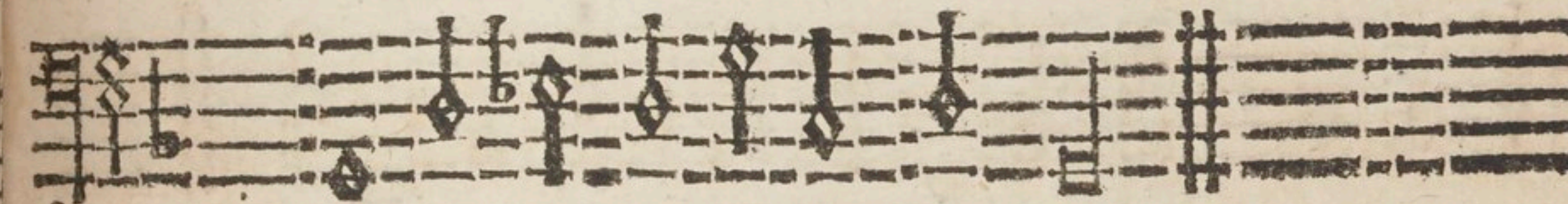
Swijght niet stil, ô mijn Godt gepresen,



Of anders soo moet ick nu wesen



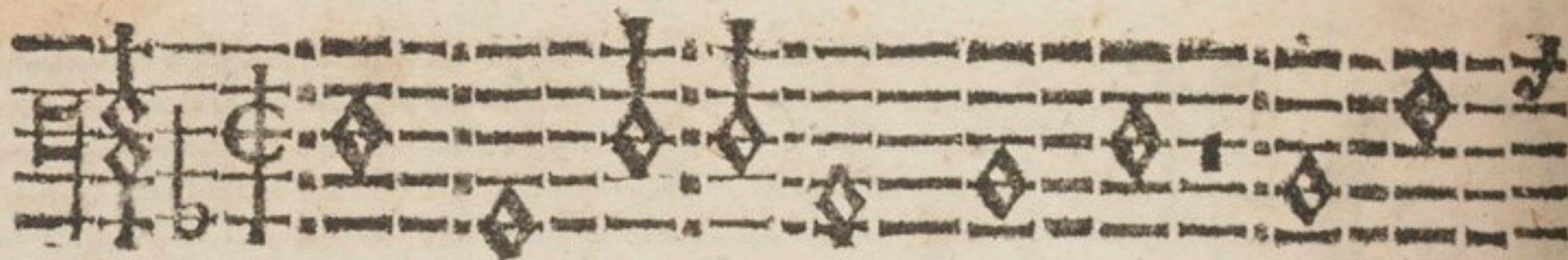
Een mensche gantschelick gelijk,



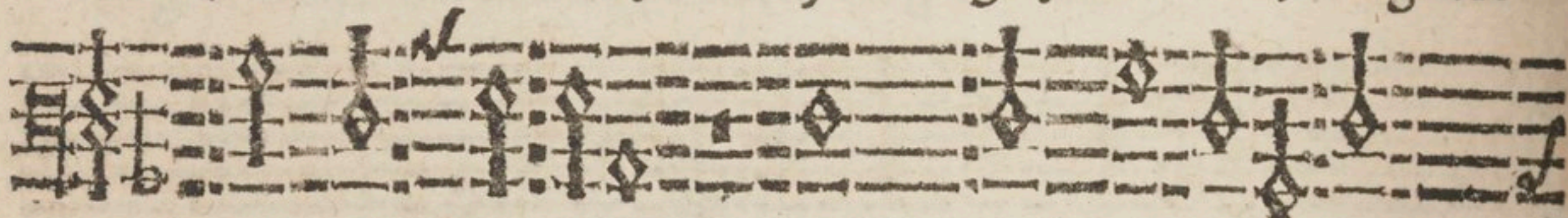
Die men begræft in dat aerdtrijck.

Bassus.

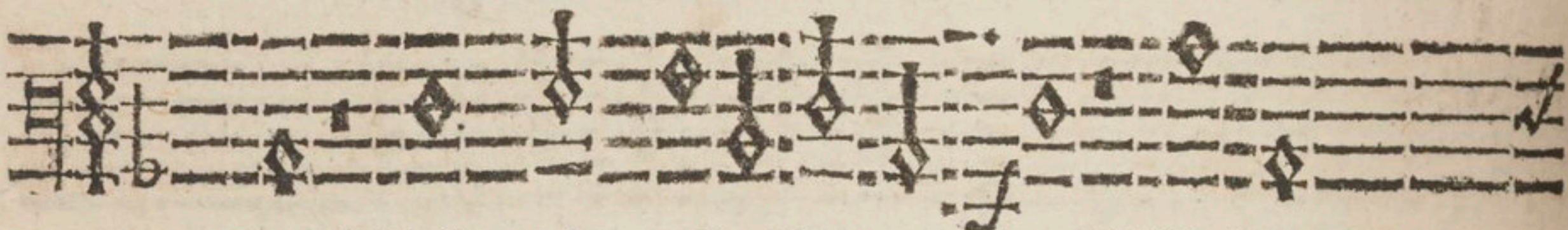
PSALM XXIX.



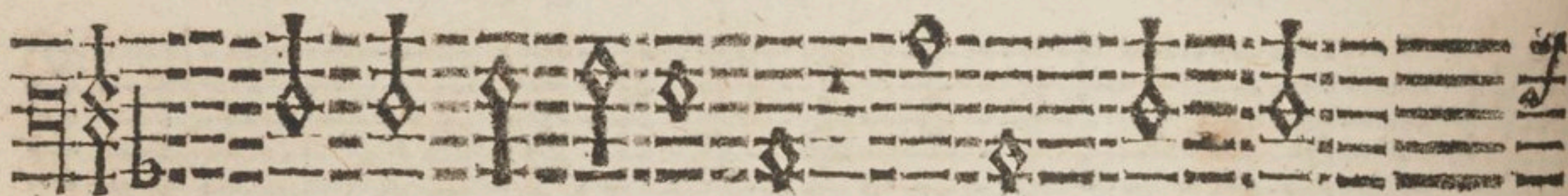
Hy Prinçen en ghy Heeren, Begaeft



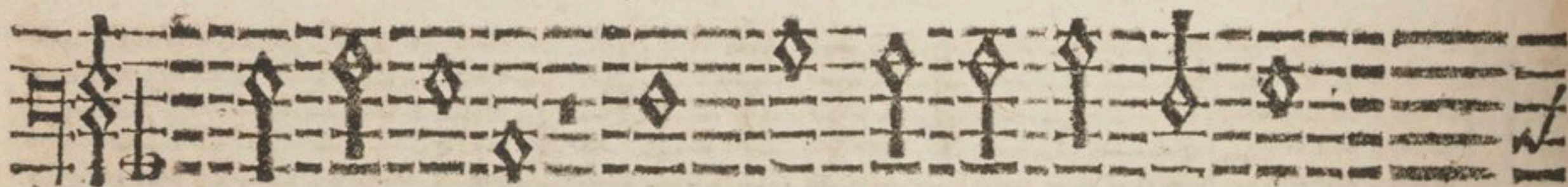
met grooter eeren, Schrijft Gedt toe alle t'sa-



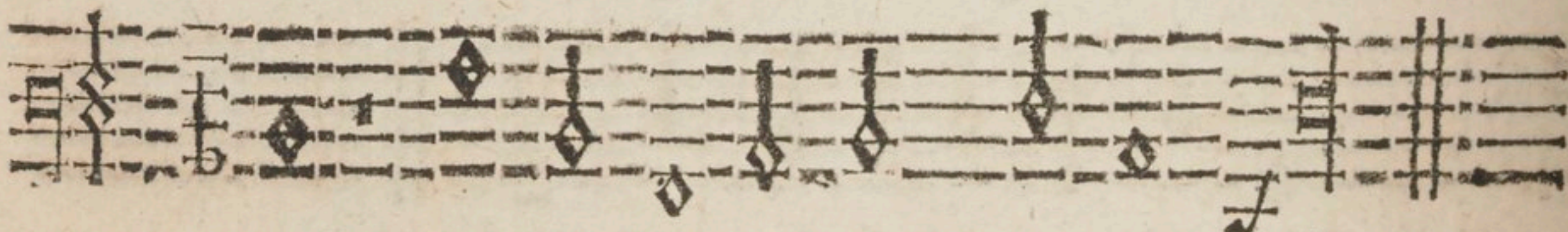
me Sijn kracht en lof bequame: Wilt hem



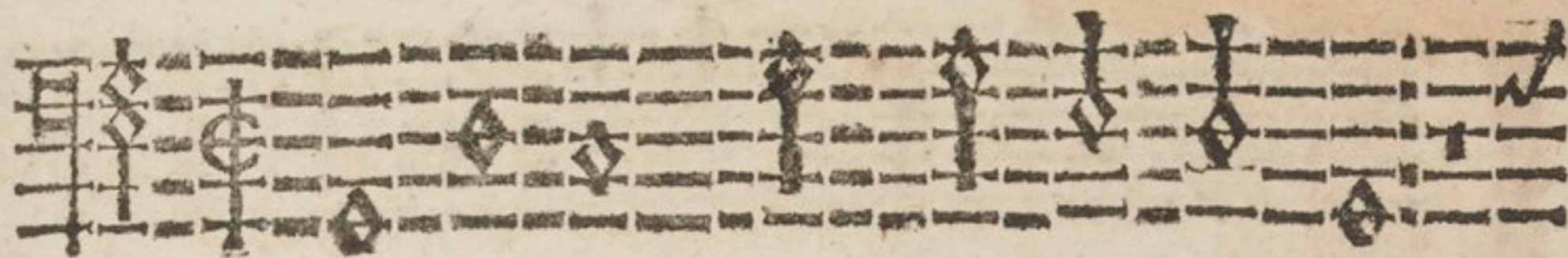
fulcken prijs bewijfen, Als sijn macht niet



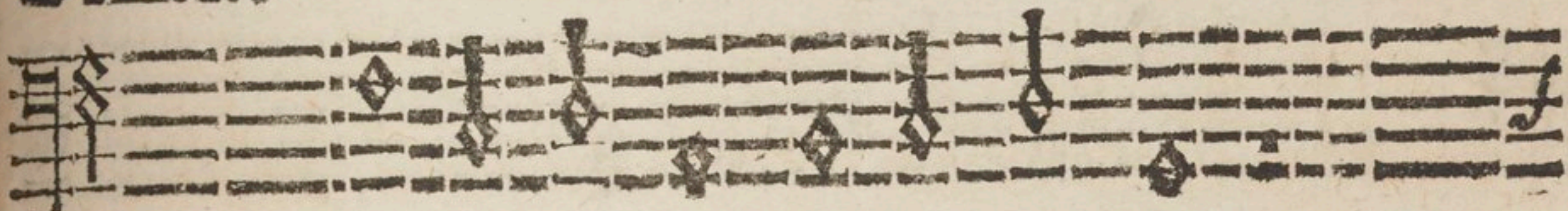
om volprijsen Toe-staet, en in sijn wooningh



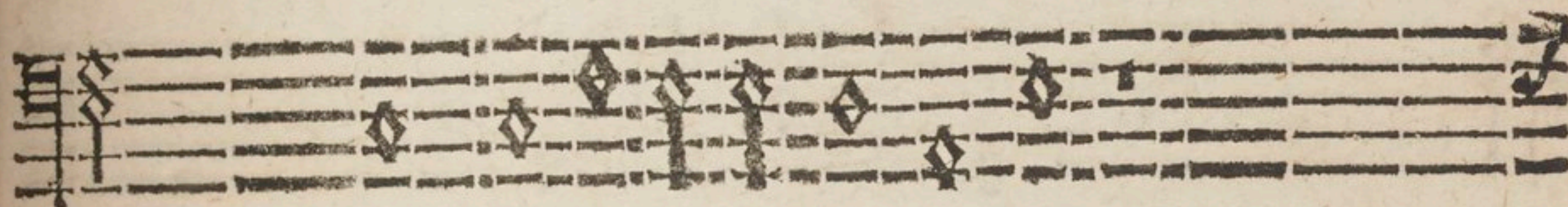
goedt Buyget hem de knyen met ootmoedt.



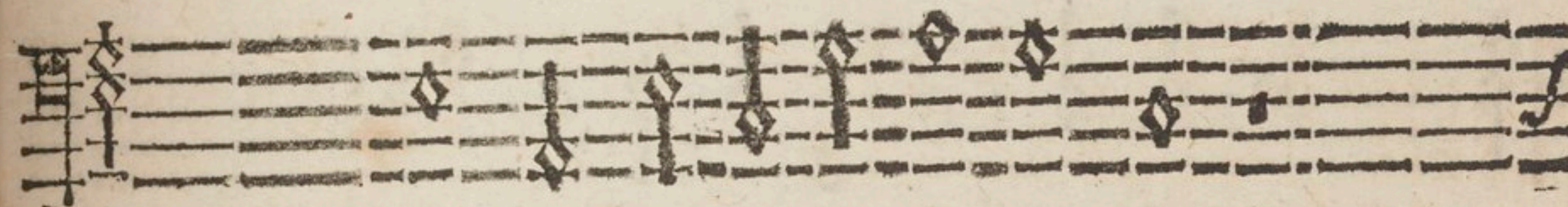
A dat ghy, Heer, my hebt bevrijdt,



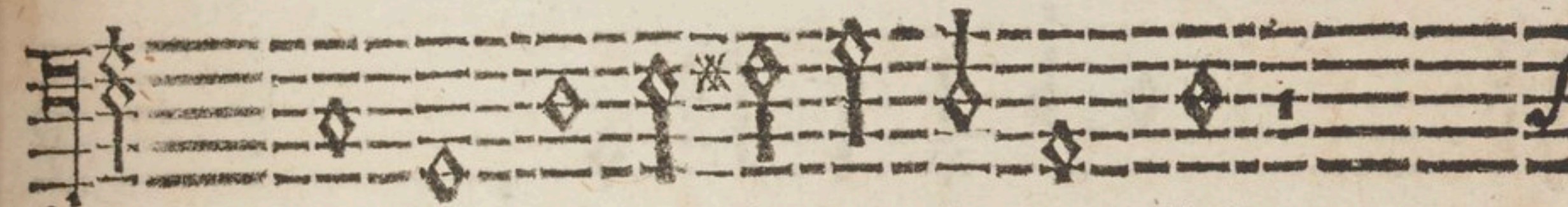
En dat ghy oock nimmermeer lijdt,



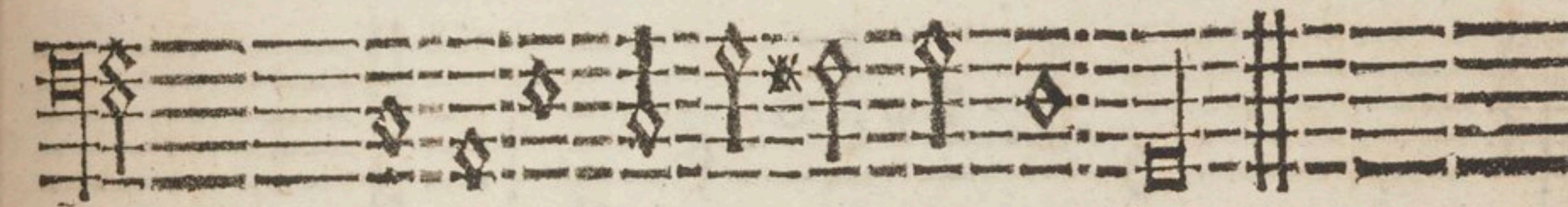
Dat mijn vyanden hebben vry



Oorsaeck om te spotten met my,



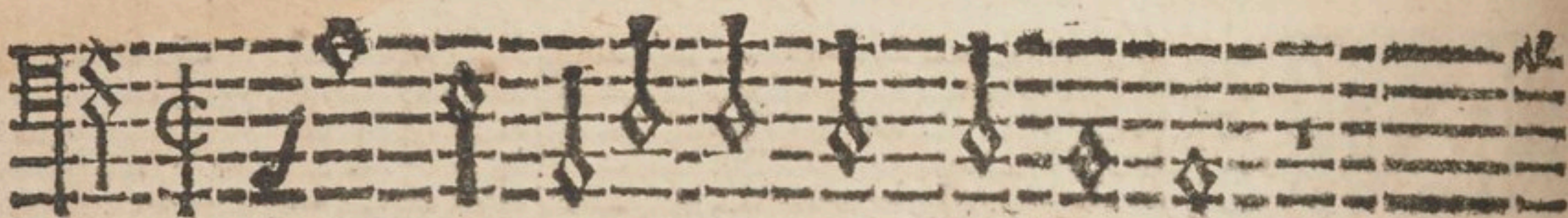
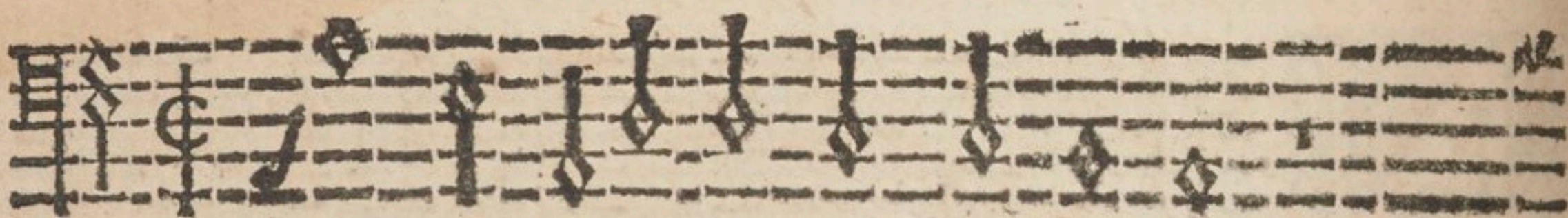
Den prijs die ghy hierom zijt weerdigh,



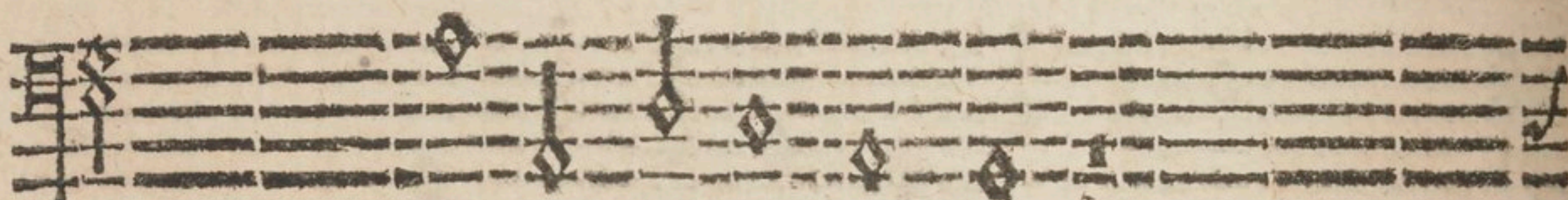
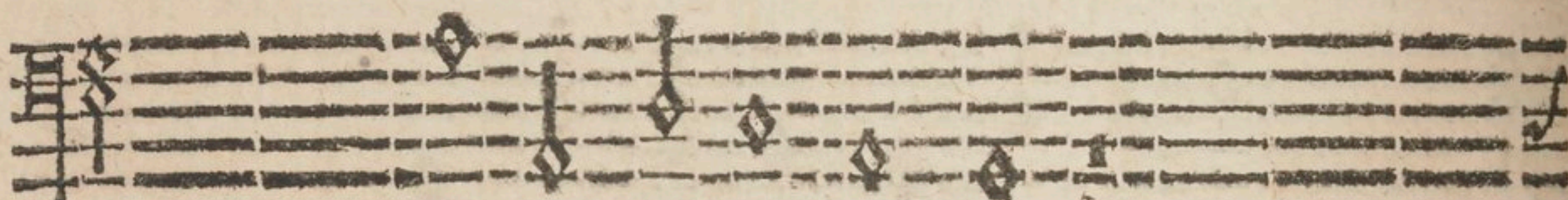
Te singen wil ick zijn volveerdigh.

Bassus.

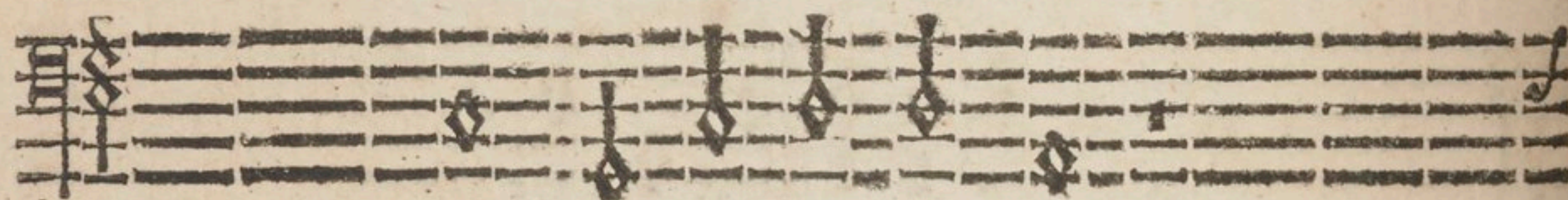
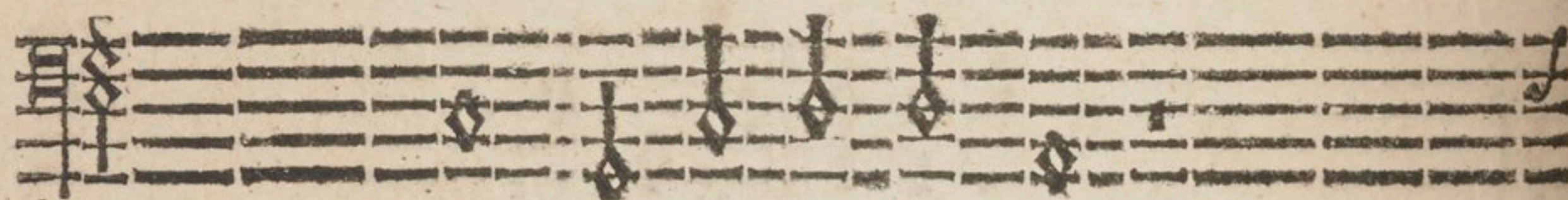
PSALM XXXI.

I  

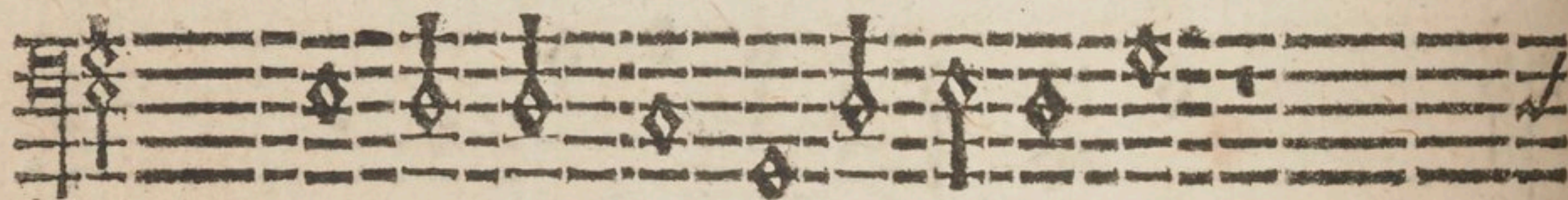
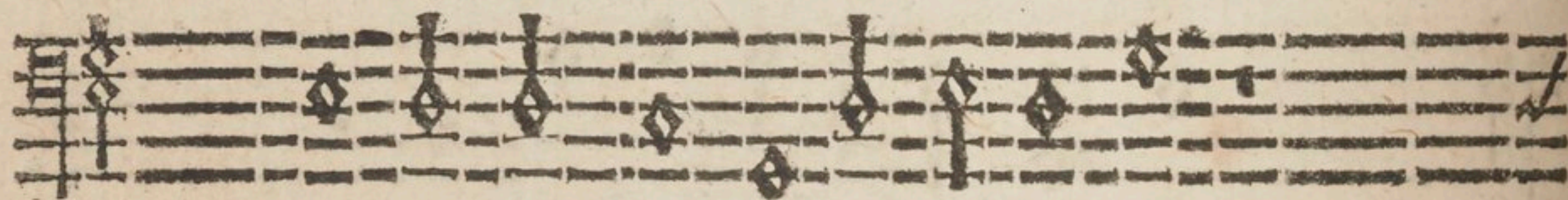
Ck stell' op u vast mijn betrouwen,

En laet my nimmermeer

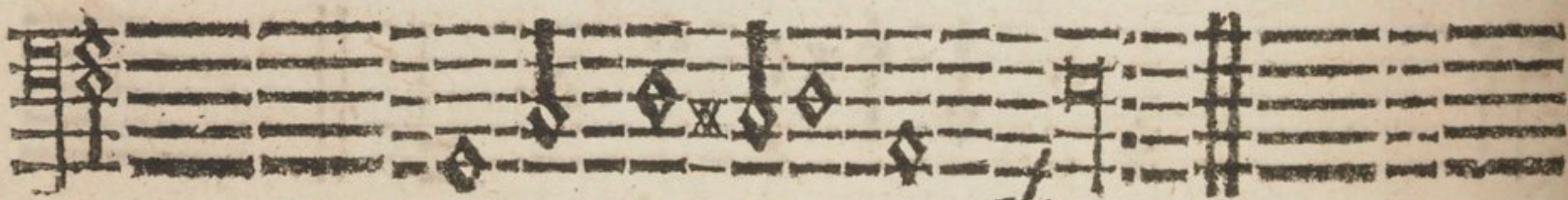
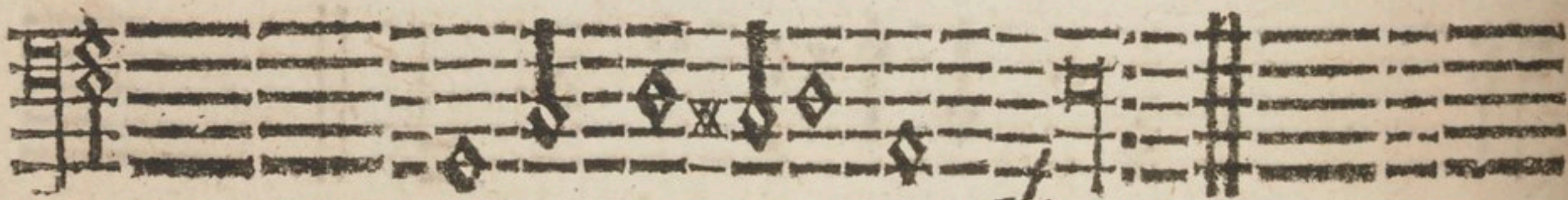
Tot schanden komen, Heer ;

Verlost my doch uyt dit benouwen,

Nauw' gerechtigheden,

Bekent in allen fieden.

W El hem die sijn misdaet, die hy bedrevē Heeft,

van Godt uyt genaden wert vergeven, Over wien Godt

sijn barmhertigheyt streckt, Daer door hy sijn boof-

heden gants bedekt. Hoe gelukfalg is die mens bevon-

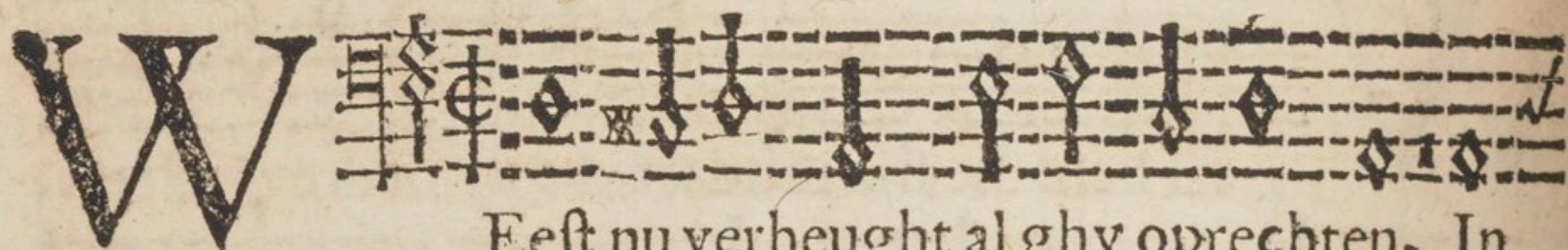
den Die God niet toe en reket sijne sonden ! In

wiens geeft niet woont eenige schalckheyt,

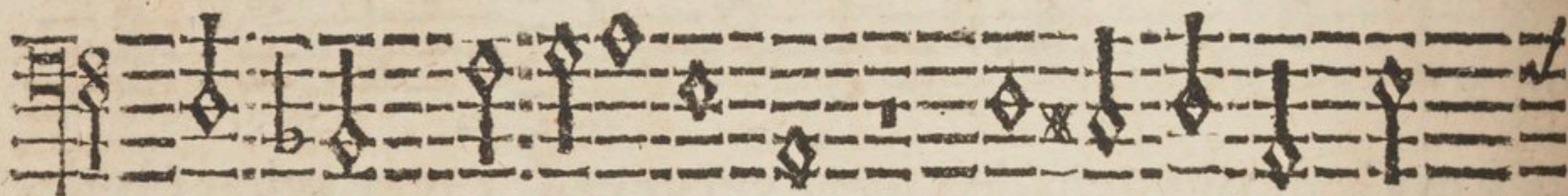
Noch geen bedrogh ofte geveynsdigheyt.

Bassus.

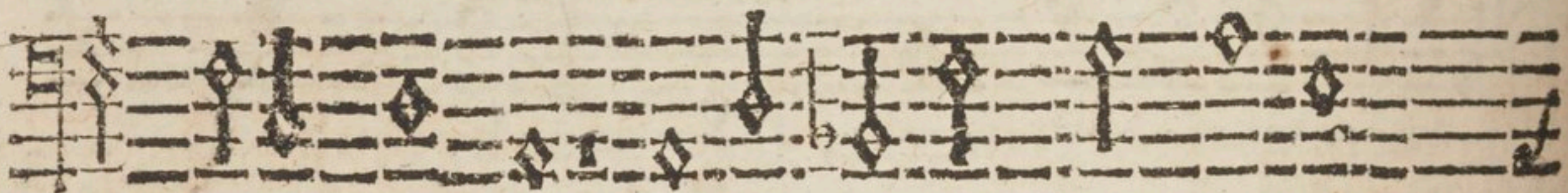
PSALM XXXIII.



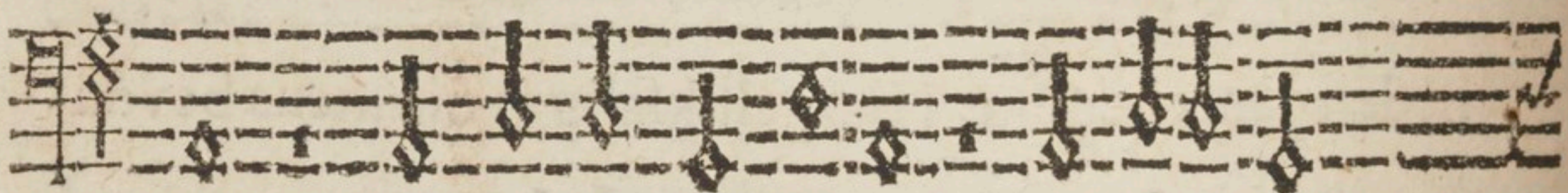
Eest nu verheught al ghy oprechten, In



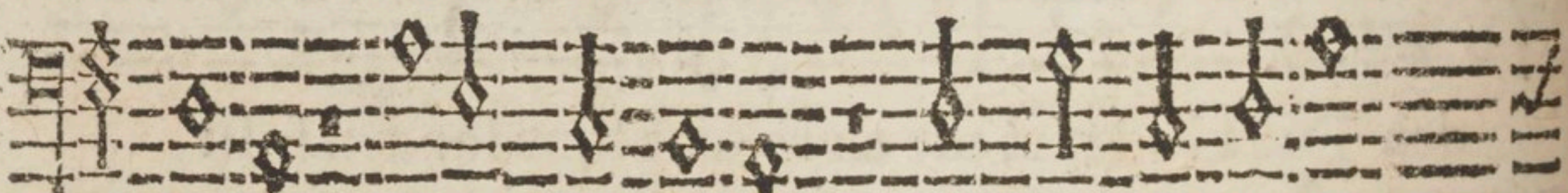
Godt den Heer u al verblijdt : Dat lof in den mond



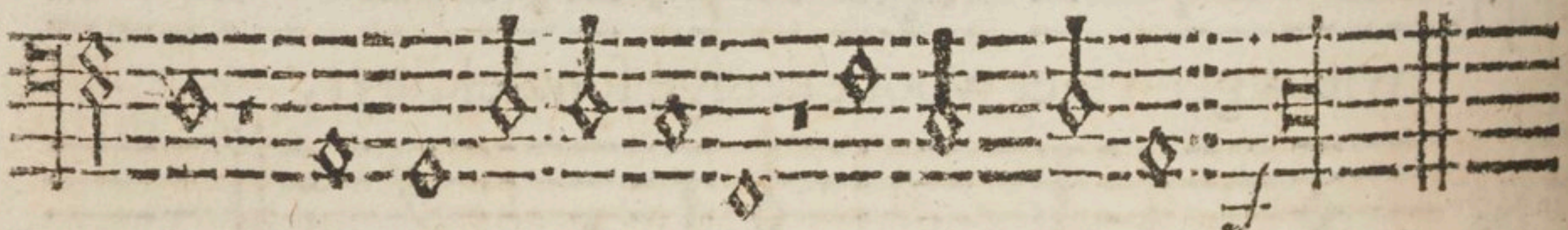
sijner knechten, Is heerlick en schoon t'aller



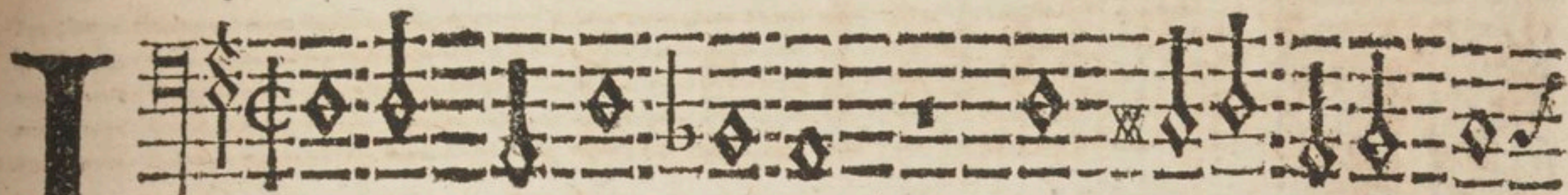
tijdt. Met harpen vol snaren, Wilt nu open-



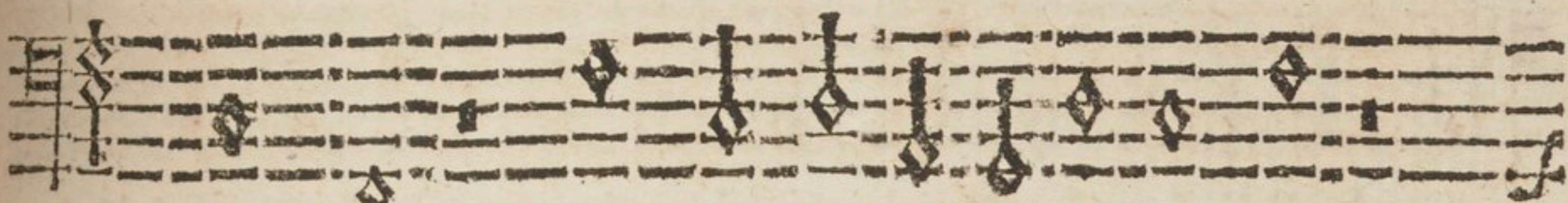
baren Sijnen prijs en eer : Dat Psalters en ke-



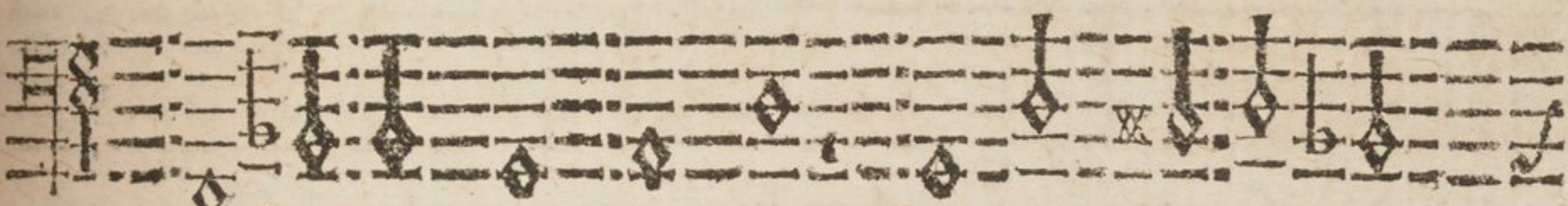
len Nu singen en spelen Onsen God en Heer.

I 

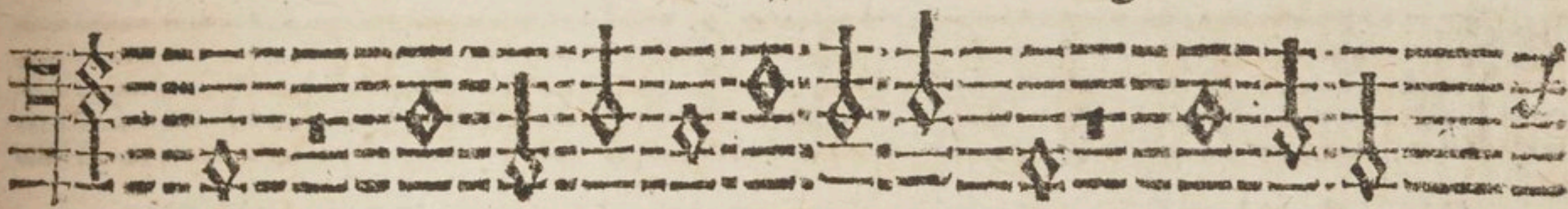
Ik wil (zijnde verblijdt) Godt prijzen ende ma-



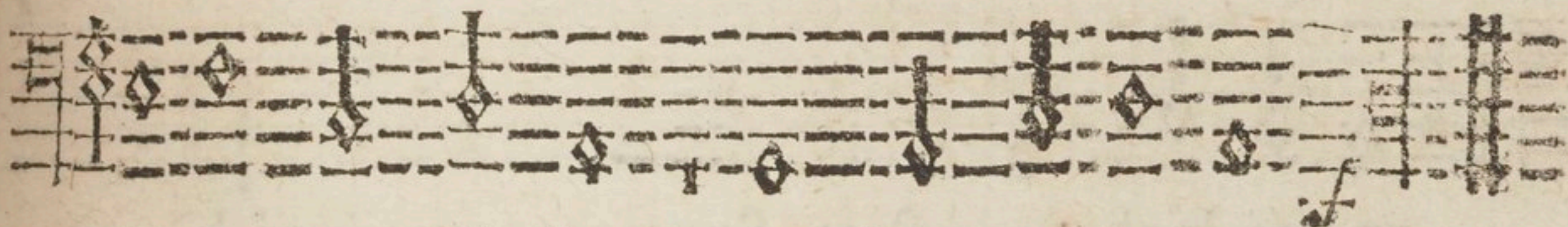
ken groot : Mijn mond sal nu sijnen lof bloot



Verkonden breedte en wijdt. Ick heb geen ander



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

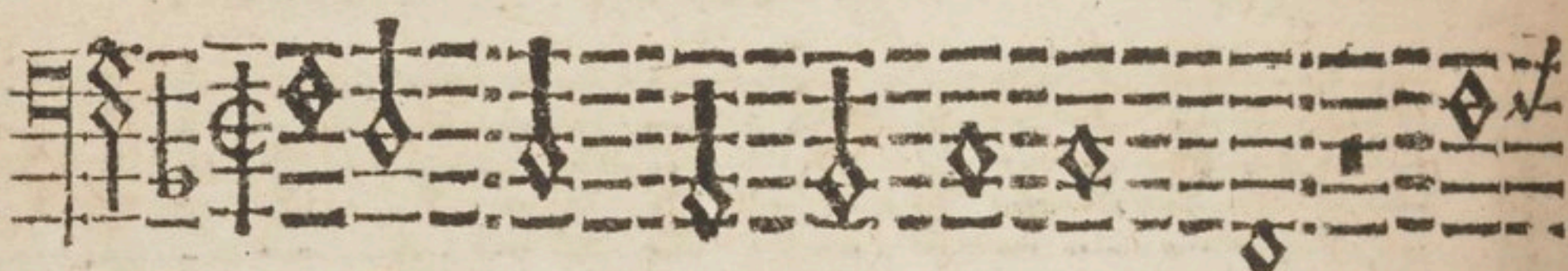


die benauwt zijn seer, Daer door werden verheugt.

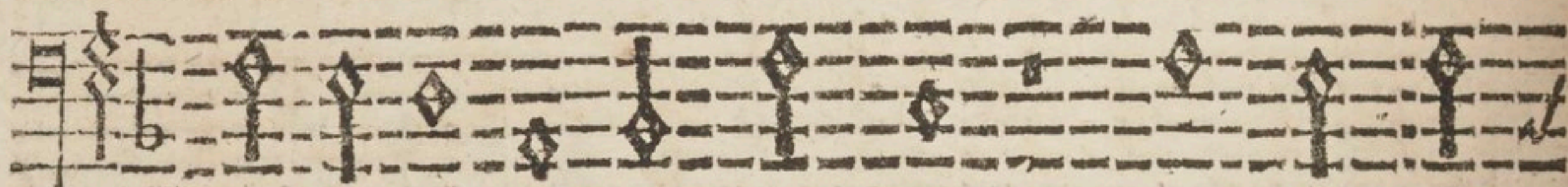
Handwritten musical notation at the bottom of the page, consisting of several lines of diamond-shaped notes on a five-line staff.

Bassus.

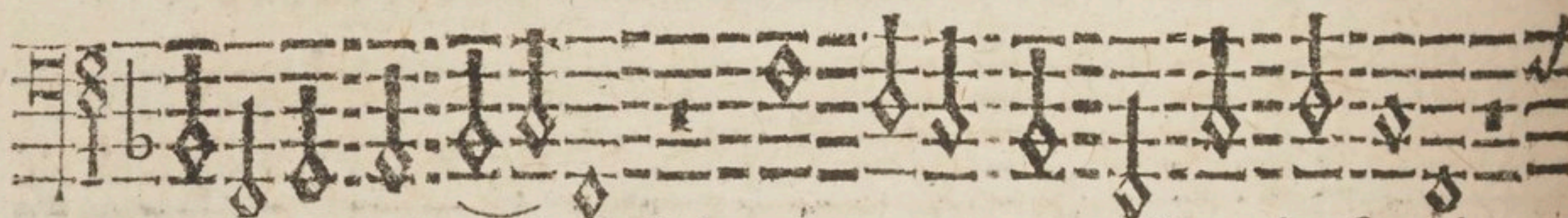
PSALM XXXV.



Wist, Heer, met mijn twisters vol pracht, Mijn



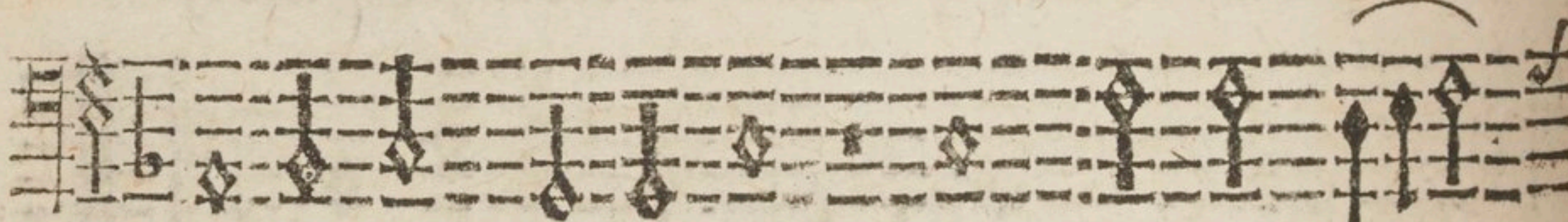
bestrijders bestrijdt met kracht; Grijpt den schild



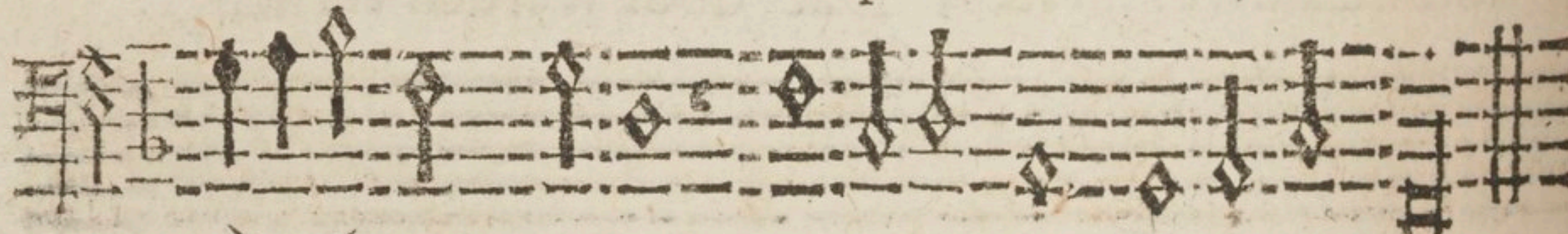
en wapen in handen, Maeckt u op tot mijnen bystande.



Treckt dat sweert uyt, voor my nu gaet, Hindertf'



en hen doch wederstaet, Spreekt tot mijn ziel,



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

D Es boosdoenders wille seer quaet Getuygt sekerlik

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

in't boose behaegt, 't Welk hy noch hatet noch beklaeft,

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

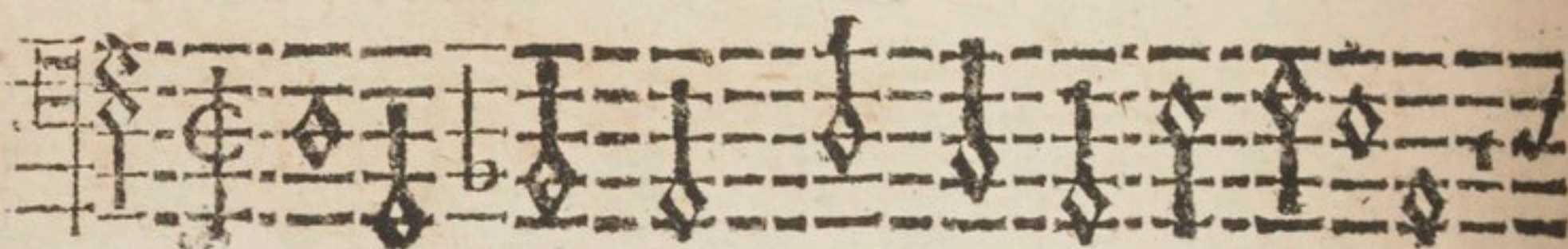
Vol van leugen ende fenijn, En hy laet hem niet leeren.

Des nachts denckt hy niet dan schalkheyt ; Hy wil blij-

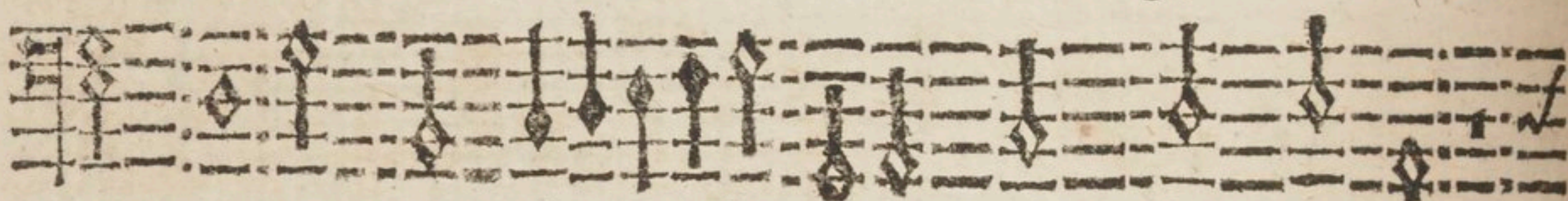
ven in der boos heyt, En van geen quaet hem keeren.

Bassus.

PSALM XXXVII.

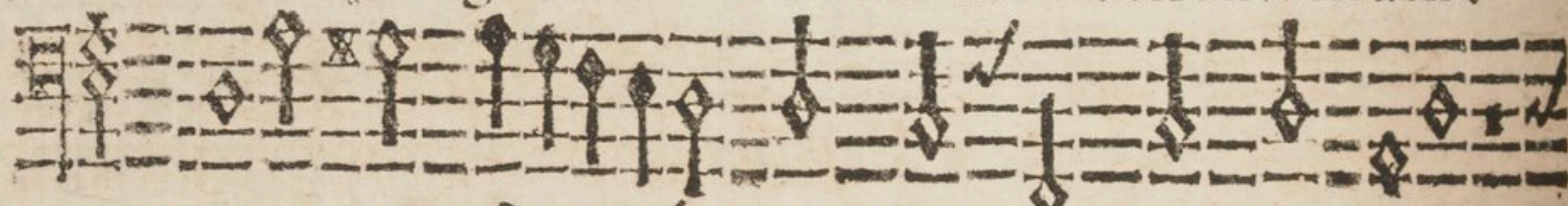


Uelt u daer med' niet soo gy in dit leven



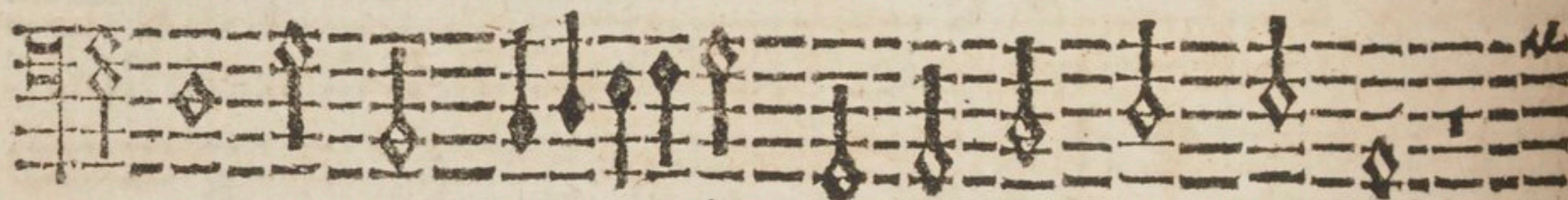
't Geluck der god-

loofen moet schouwen aen :



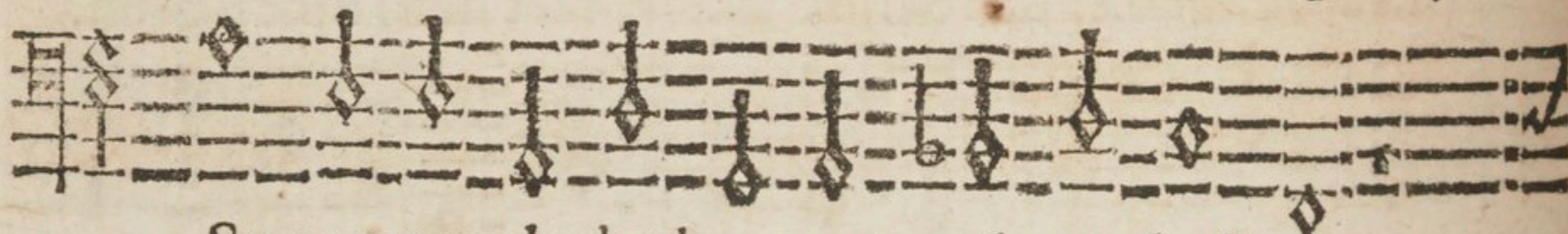
Den korten voor-

spoet die hem Godt wil geven

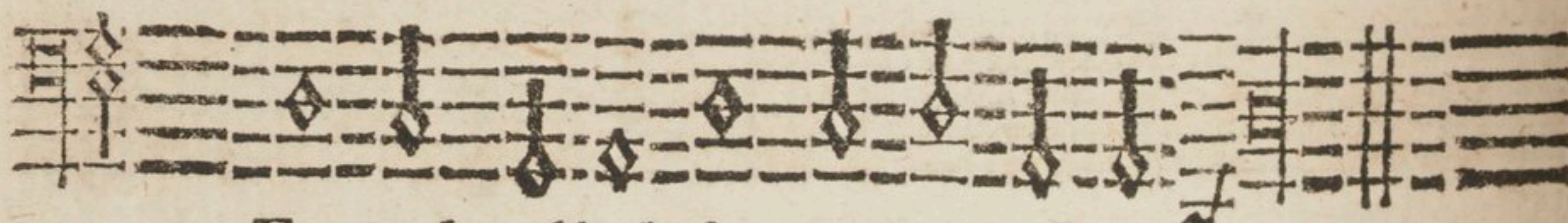


Misgunt hen niet,

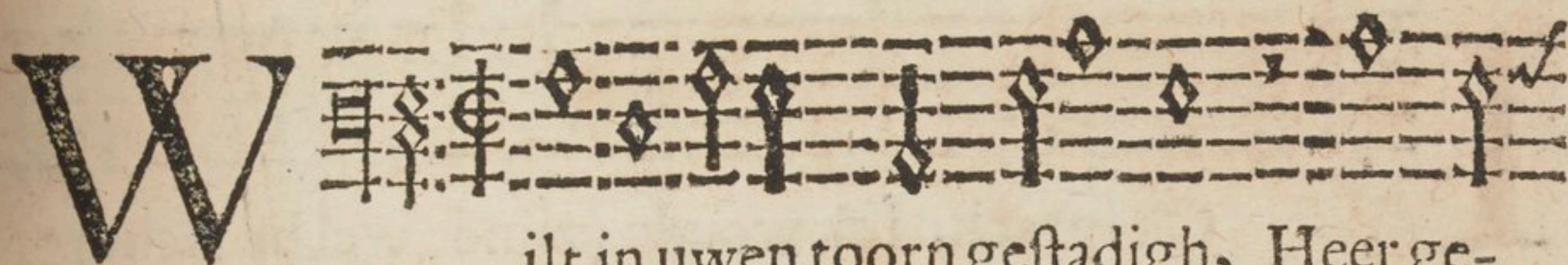
want sy seer haest vergaen ;



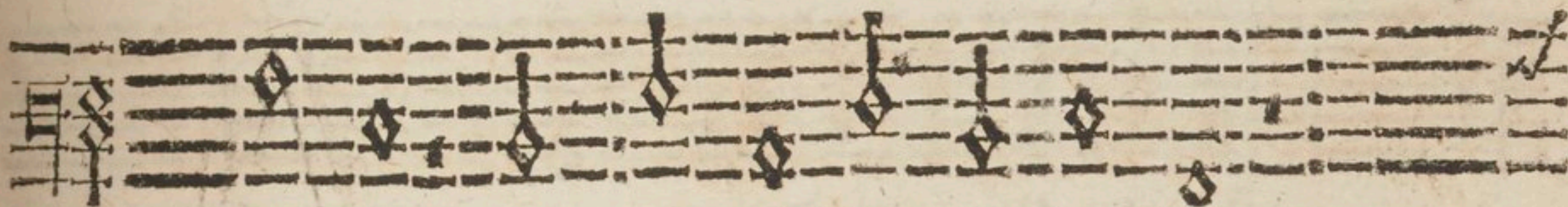
Sy moeten als dat hoy op 't velt verdwijnen,



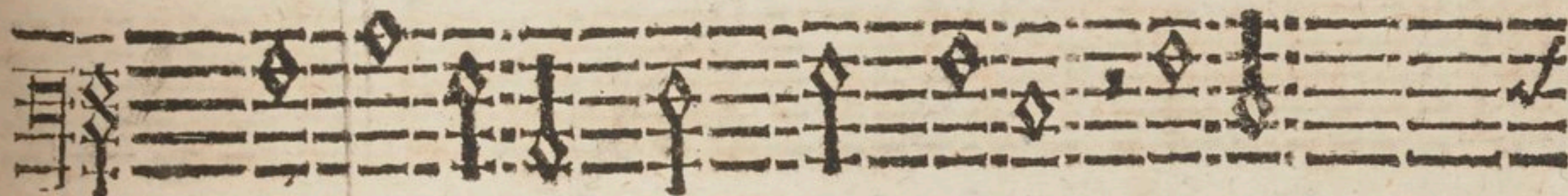
En oock gelijck dat gras verdorren saen.



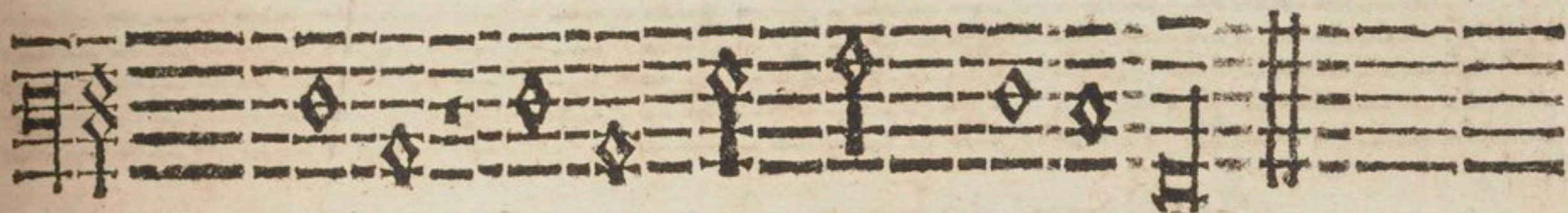
ilt in uwen toorn gestadigh, Heer ge-



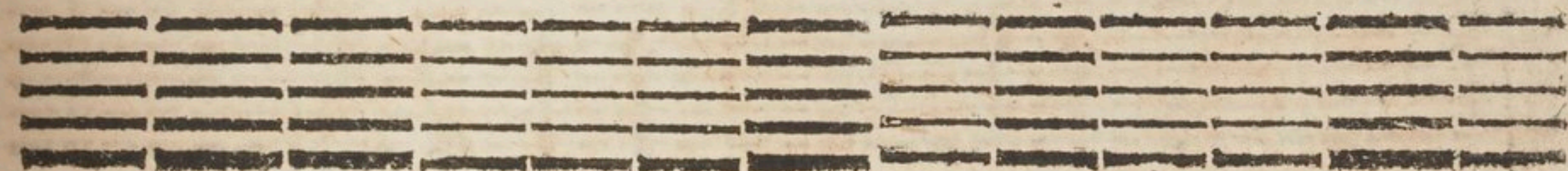
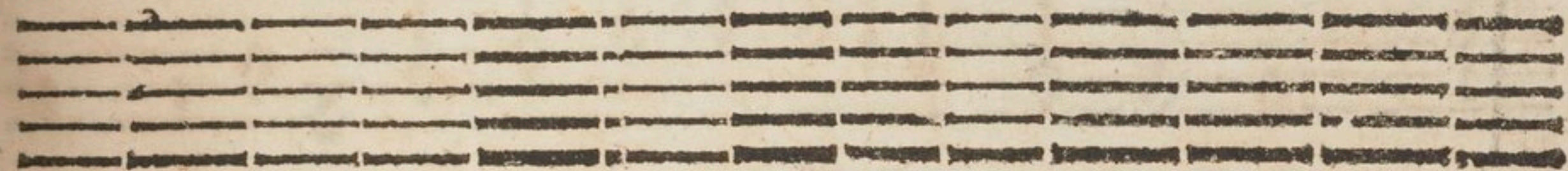
nadigh, My doch straffen niet soo seer,



De hitt' uwes toorns wilt keeren Van my,

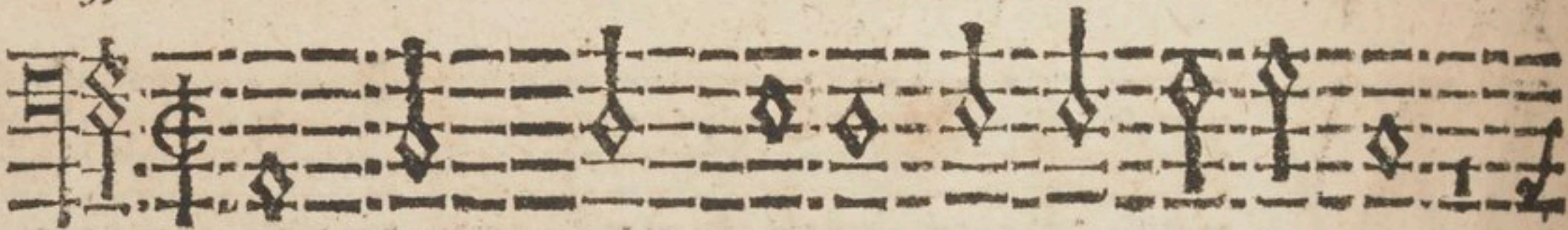


Heere, Die nu gaer swack ben en teer.

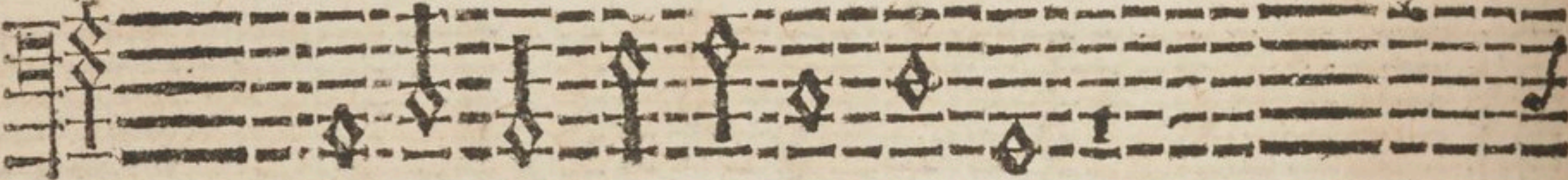


Bassus.

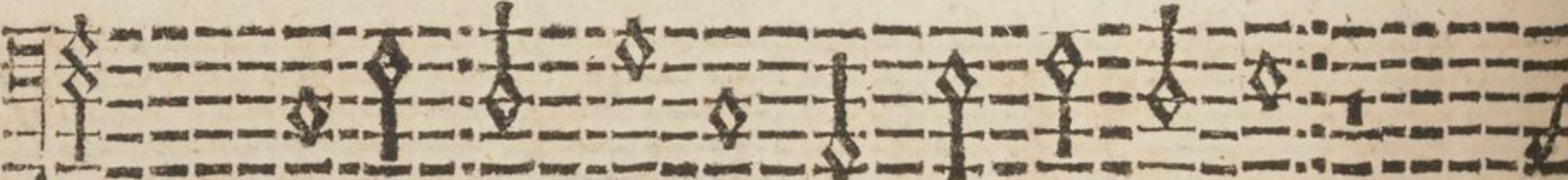
PSALM XXXIX.

I 

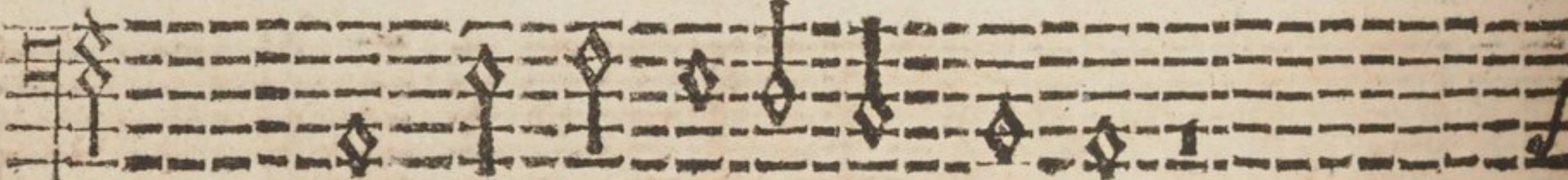
Eck sprack, Ick woude (zijnde wel bedacht)



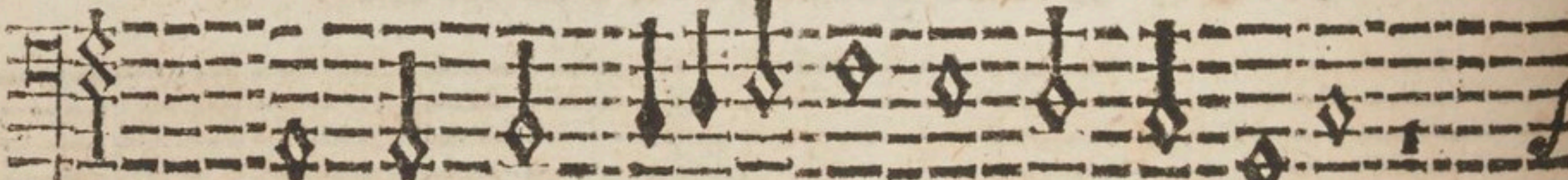
Op al mijn wegen nemen acht,



Dat ick met spreken niet misdeed' onvry,



Soo lang' de boose staen voor my :

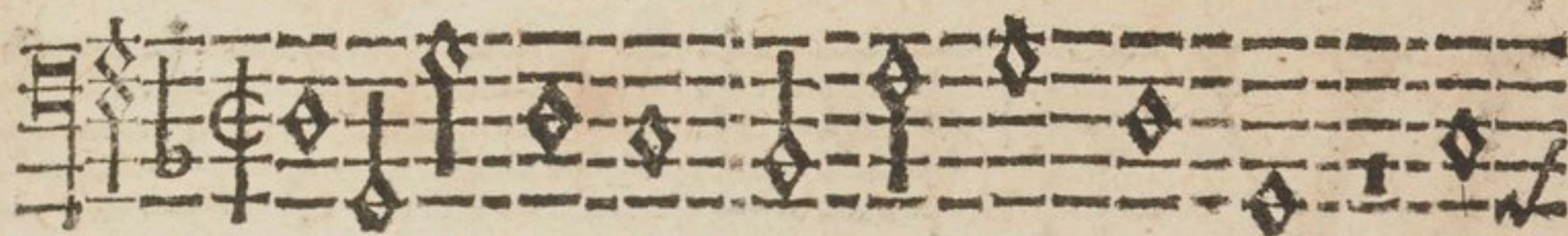


Al soud' ick moe- ten mijnen mont altijd,

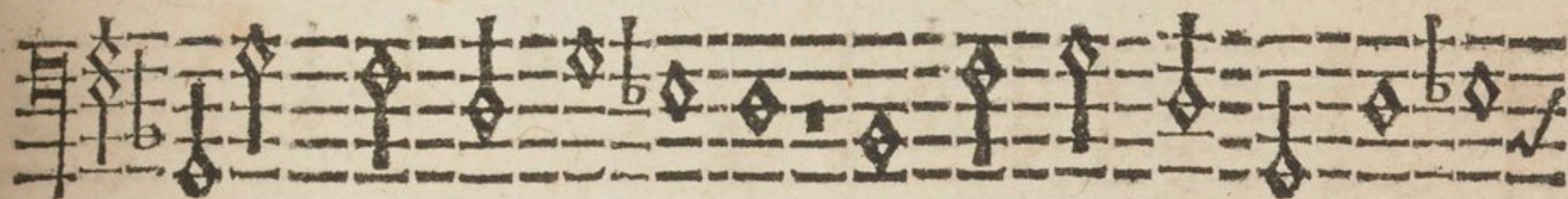


Met eenen toom houden bevrijdt.

N



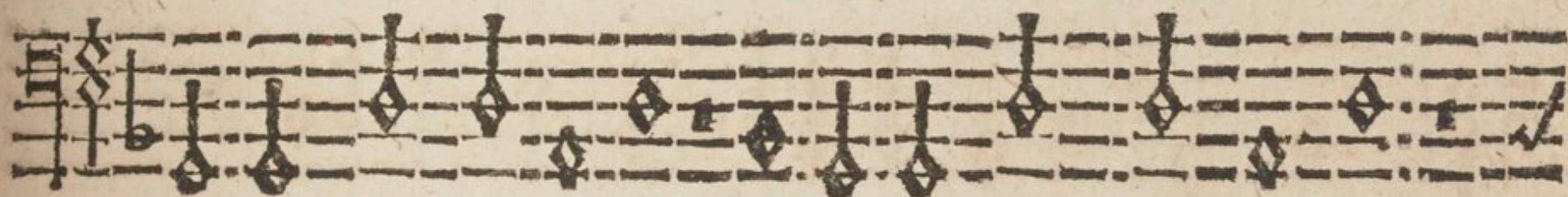
A dat ick langen tijd hebbe verwacht Den



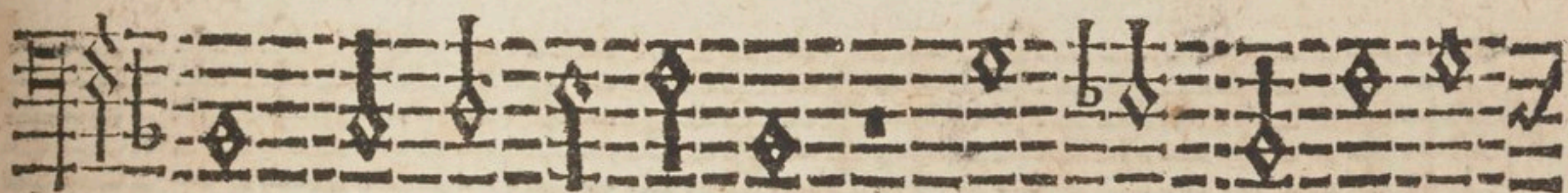
wille Godts in mijn elent, So heeft hy hem tot my ge-



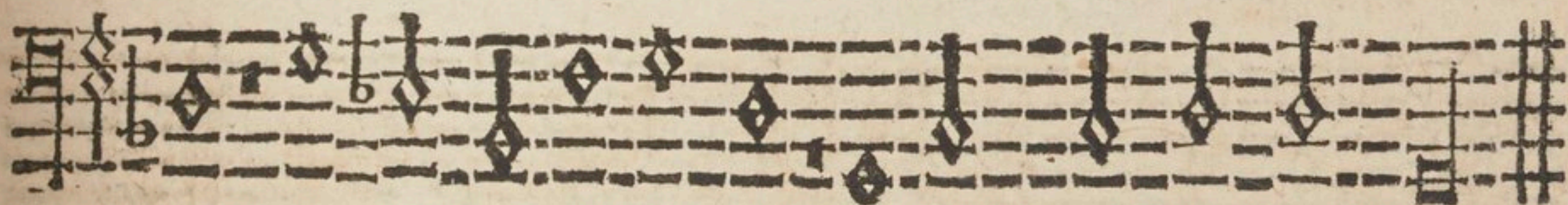
went, En heeft verhoort in den nood mijne klacht. Uyt



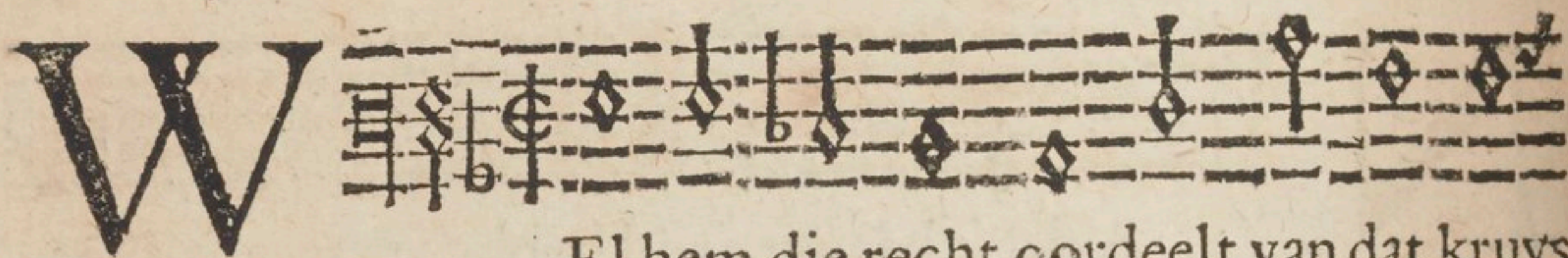
den slijck seer onreyne, En een afgront niet kleyne,



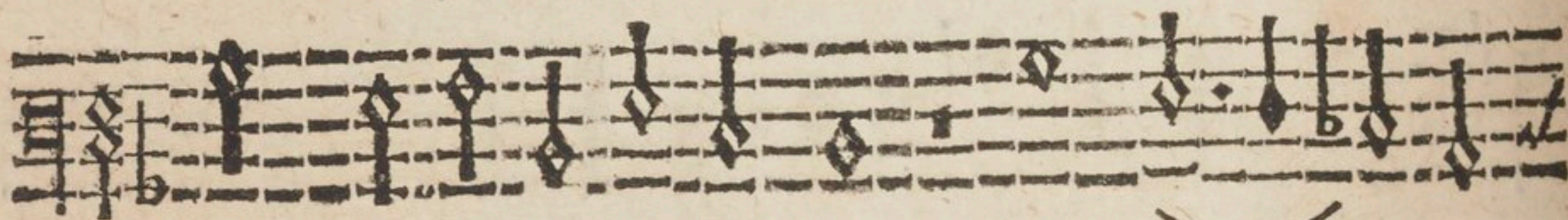
Met kracht hy my uyt toogh ; Hy heeft mijn voeten



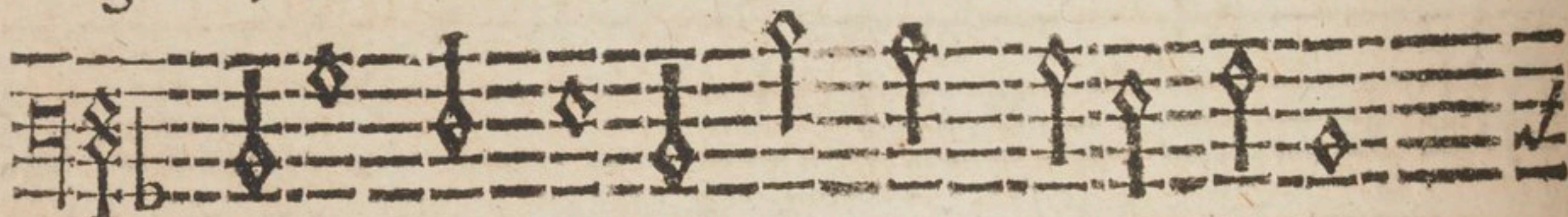
vast, Tot sijn wegen gepast Op een steenrotz seer hoogh.



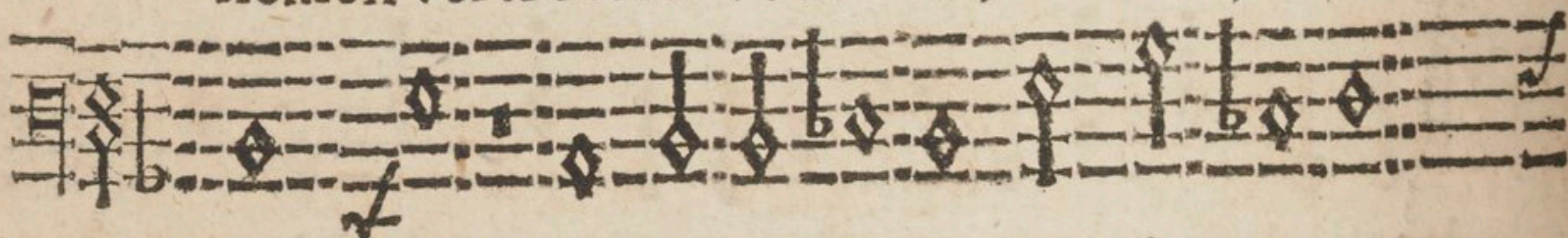
El hem die recht oordeelt van dat kruys



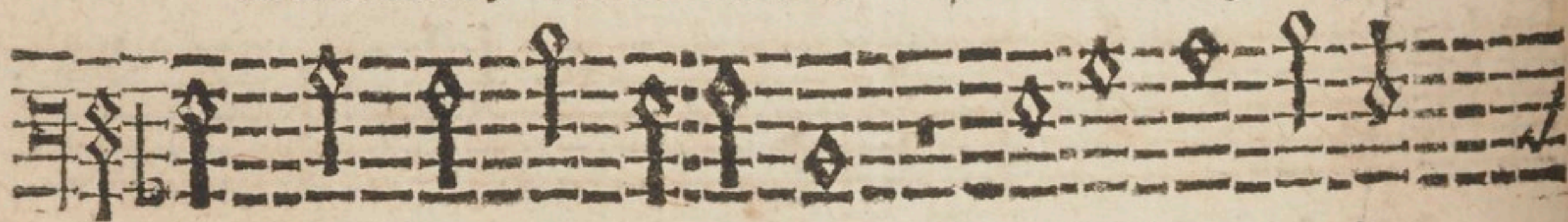
groot, Des armen in den noot : Godt sal dien



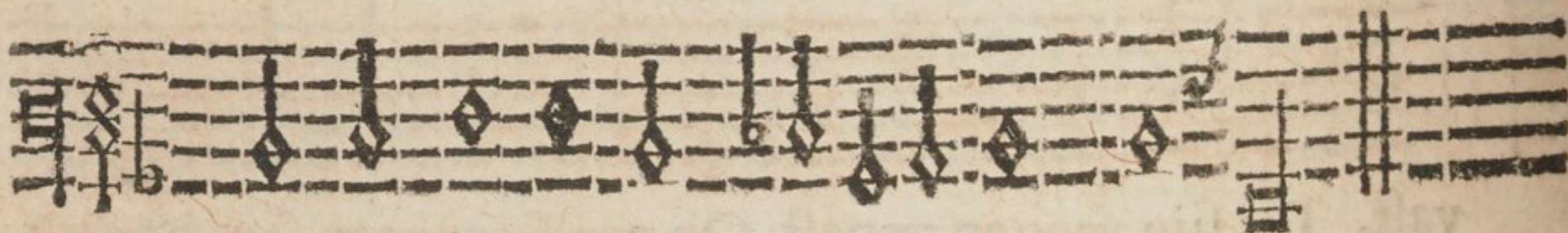
lieflick vertroosten voorwaer, In all' sijn lij-



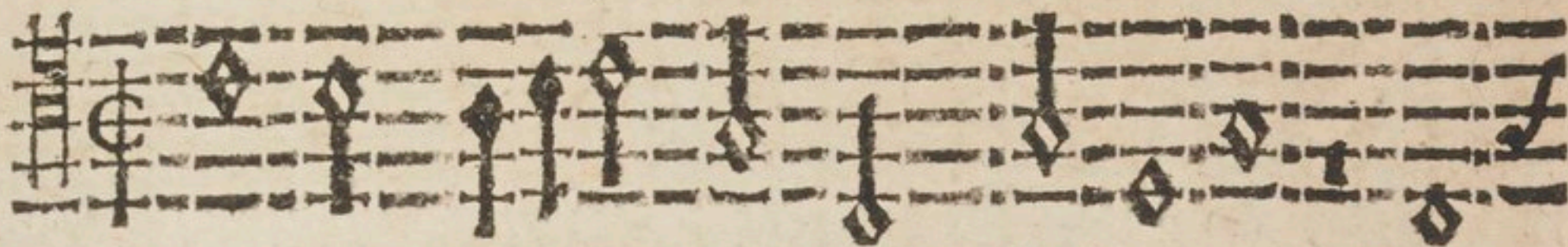
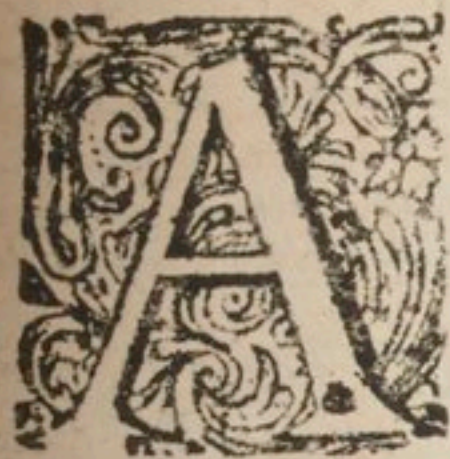
den swaer, En hem laten zijn wel fraey en ge-



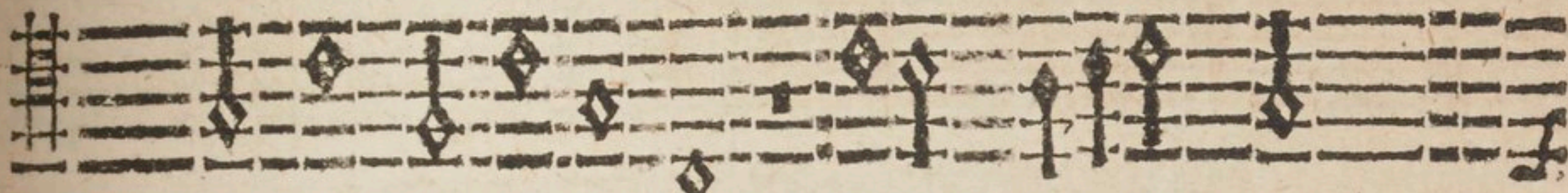
font, Ja bloeijen t'aller stont : Hy sal hem na den



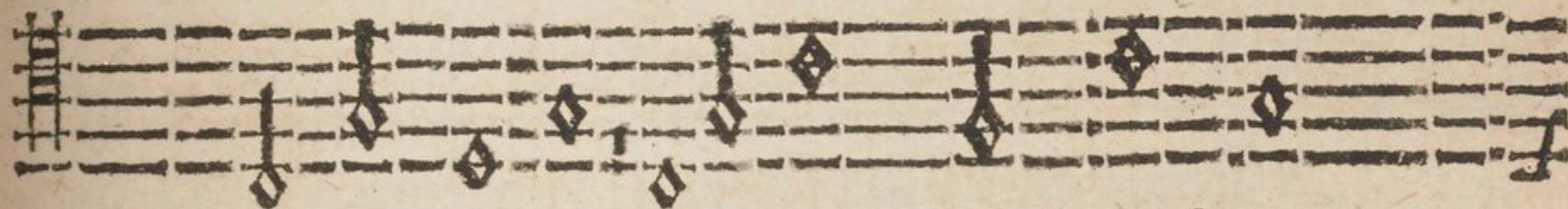
wil der boosen niet Verlaten in 't verdriet.



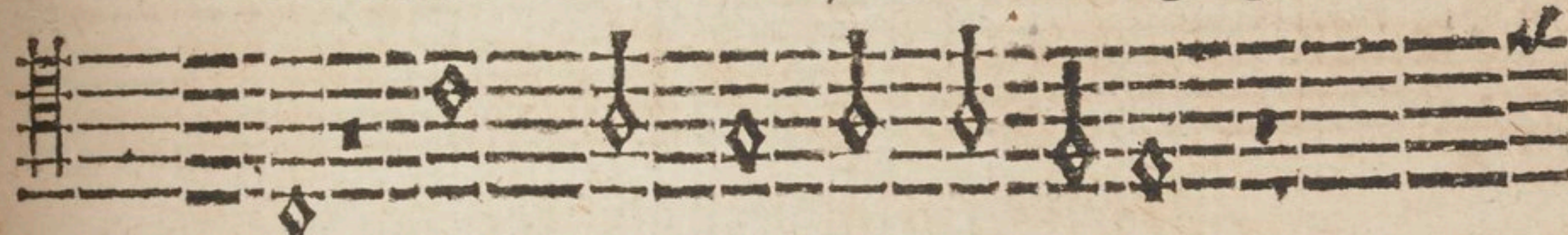
Ls een hert gejaeght, ô Heere, Dat



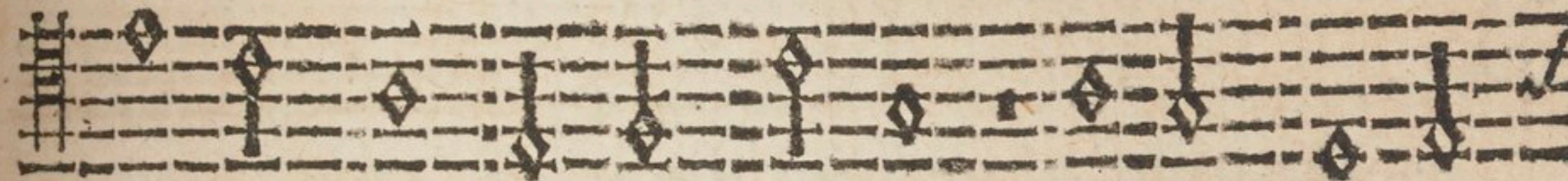
versche water begeert; Alsoo dorst mijn



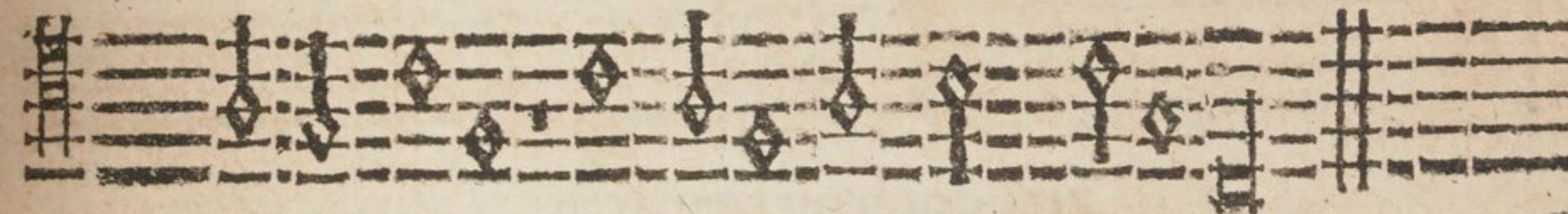
ziel oock seere Na u mijn Godt hoogh ge-



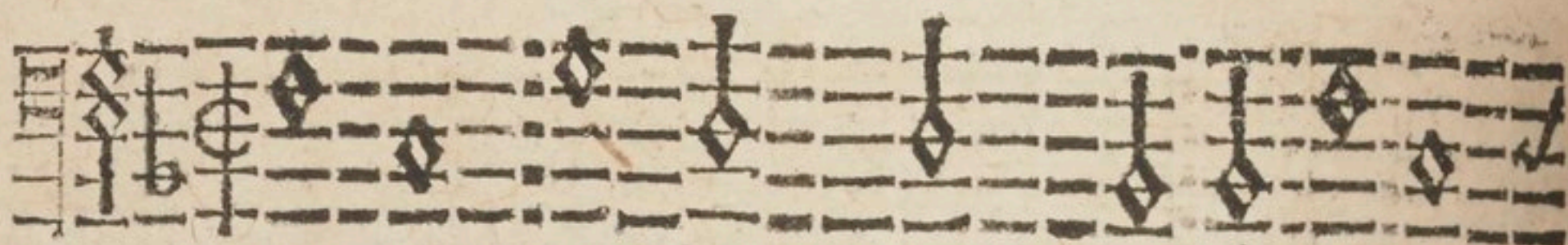
eert, En spreeckt by haer met geklagh,



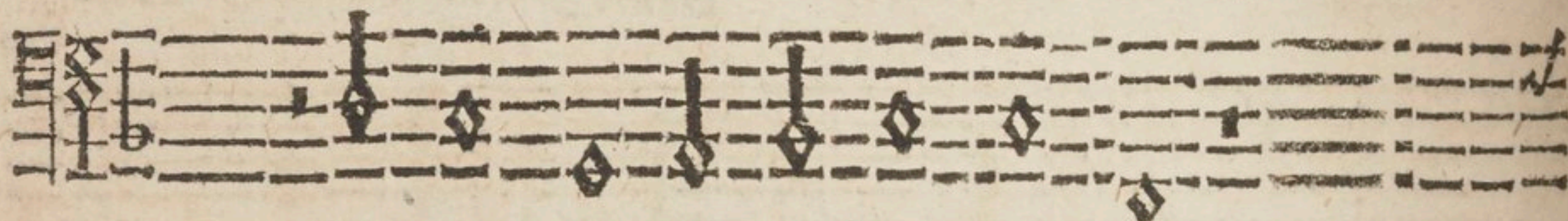
O Heer, wanneer komt dien dagh, Dat ick doch by



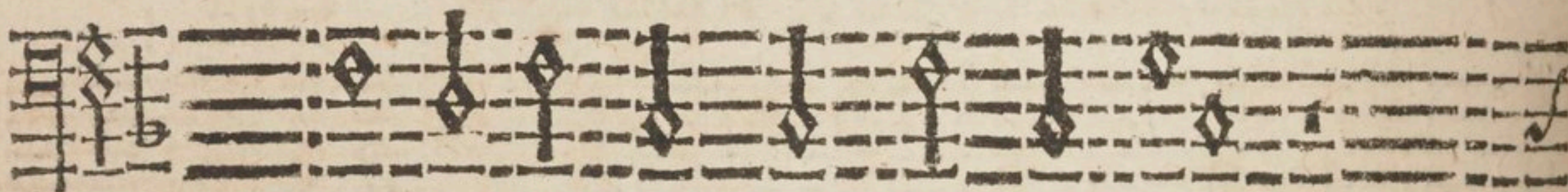
u sal wesen, En sien u aenschijn gepresen ?



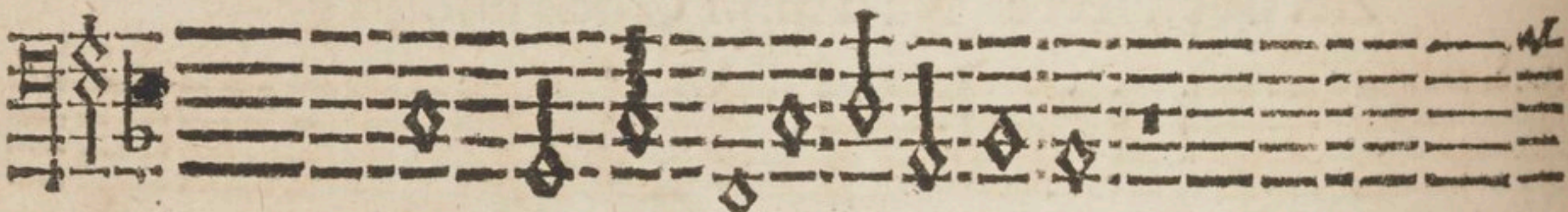
Eemt mijn saeck aen, wreeckt my ô Heere,



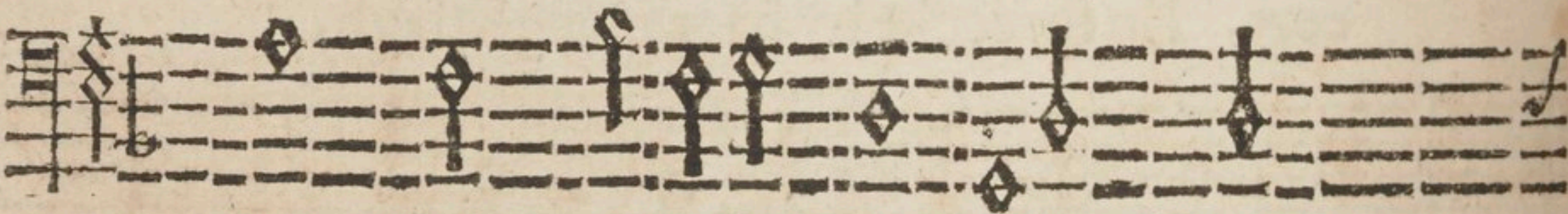
Na uw' groote goetheyt vermaert :



Van hen die valsch en wreet zijn seere,



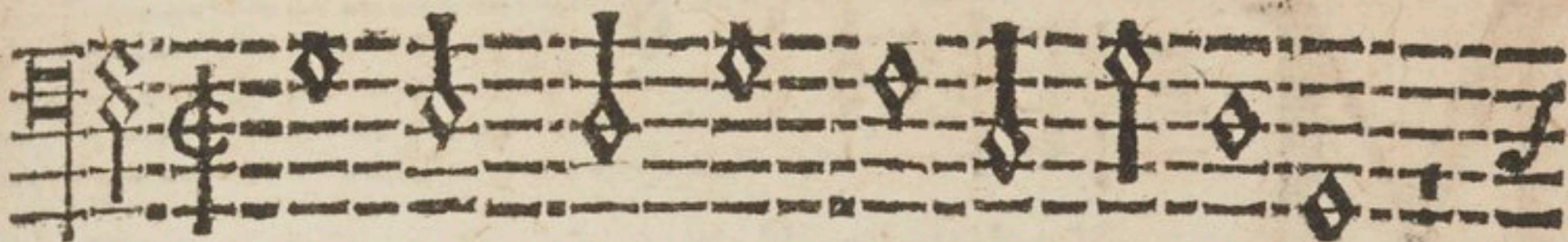
Ja oock vol listen en oneere,



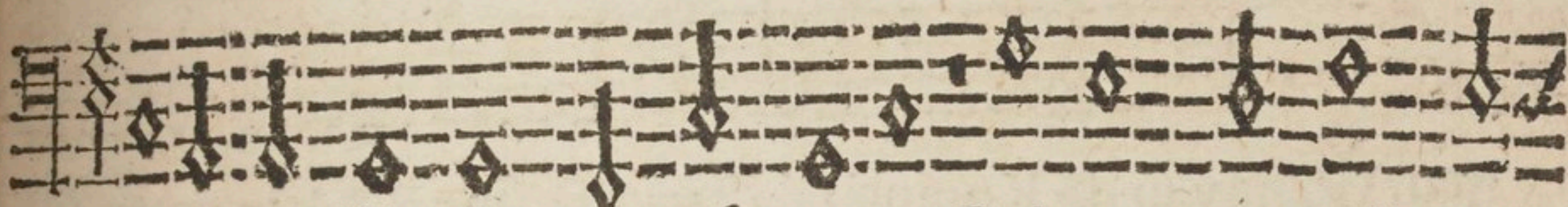
Die gantsch booffelick zijn geaert, Mijn



ziel doch nu bewaert.



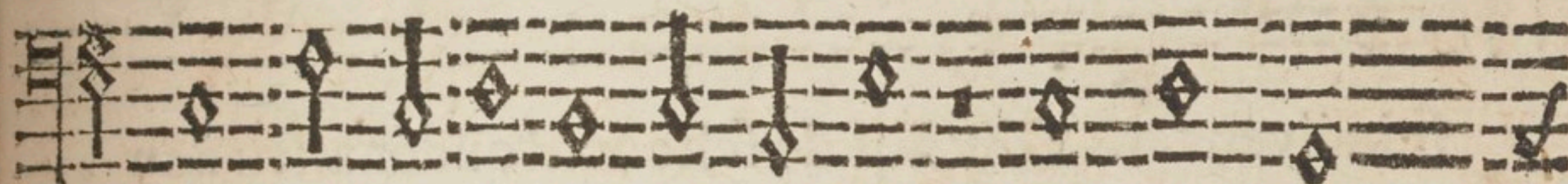
Eer, uw' wonder wercken verkoren



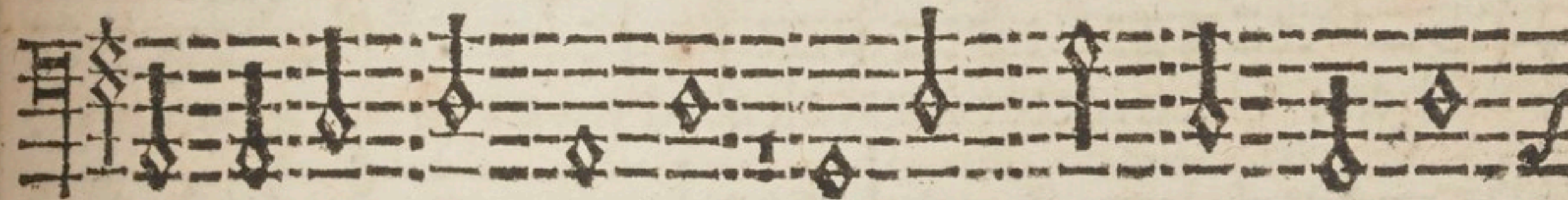
Hebben wy dikwils met onf' ooren Gehoort van onf' voor-



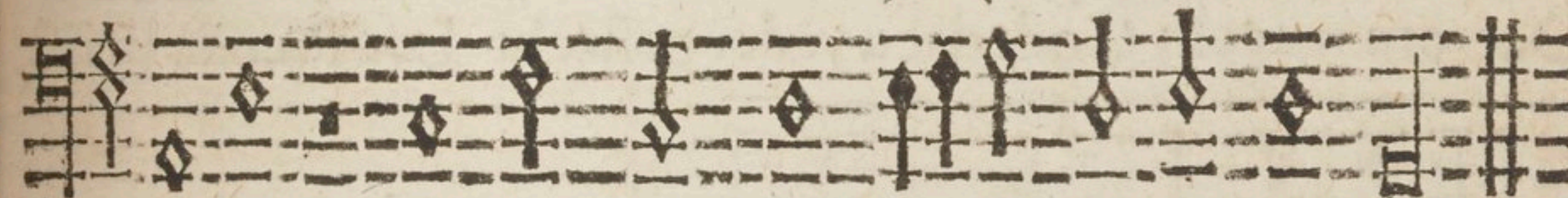
Vaders goet, Die ghy voortijds deed' en noch doet.



De volckeren verdreef u hand, Ghy deed' onf'



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



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

Bassus.

PSALM XLV.

M

Yn hert wilt nu een seer schoon lied voortbrin-

gen. Want van dē Koning sal ik vrolik singē, Mijn tong'sal

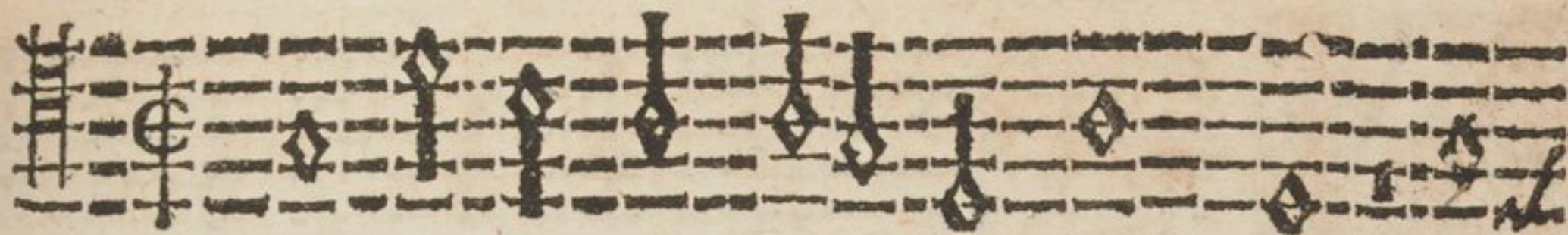
sijn lof melden over al, Snelder dan een schrijver die't

schrijven sal. Ghy zijt de schoonst' onder allen den

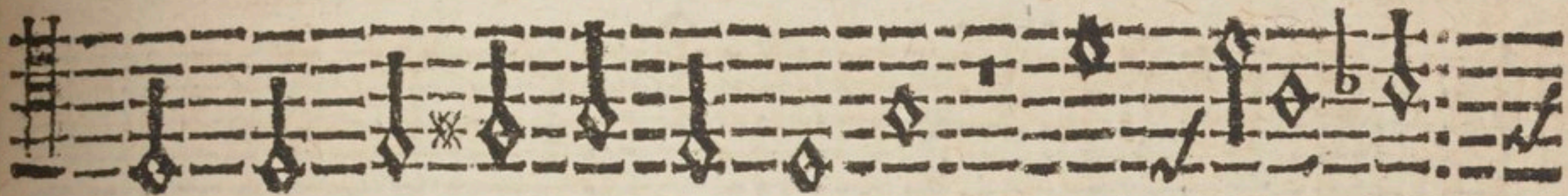
menschen: Geen soeter spraek als d'uwe kan mē wenichen:

Daerom maect Godt dat u yeder geslacht Looft ende prijst

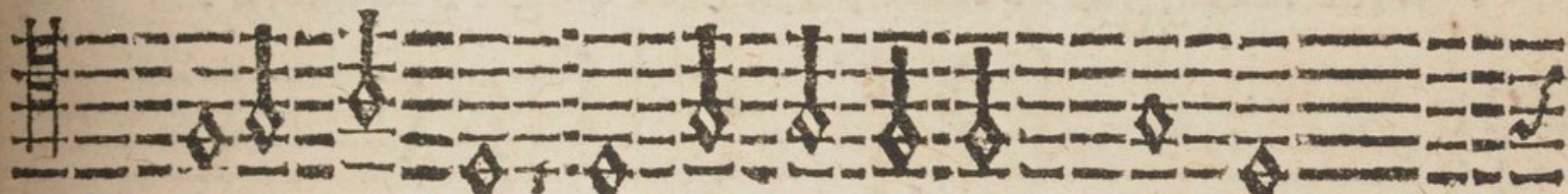
eeuwighlick dagh en nacht.

A

Ls ons de noodt overvalt krachtigh, Onf'



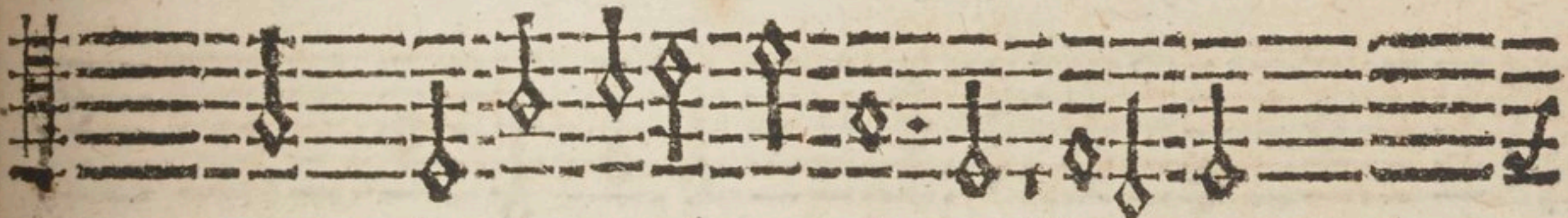
borcht en heyl is Godt almachtigh: Sulcx bevinden



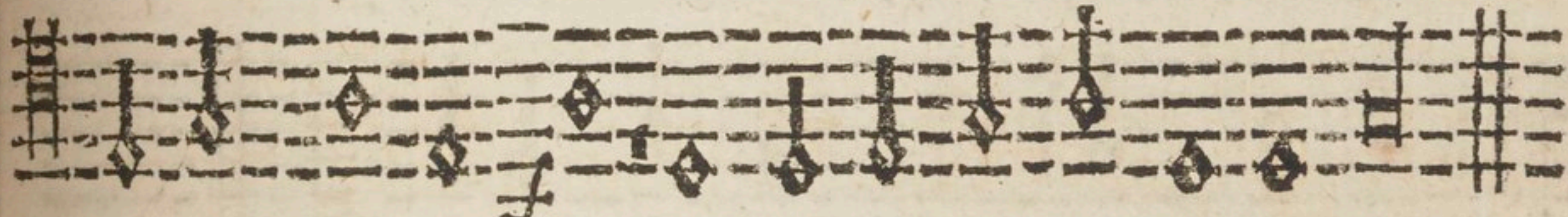
wy in den noot, En hebben in hem troost seer



groot. Dies vreesen wy in geenen dinge, Al



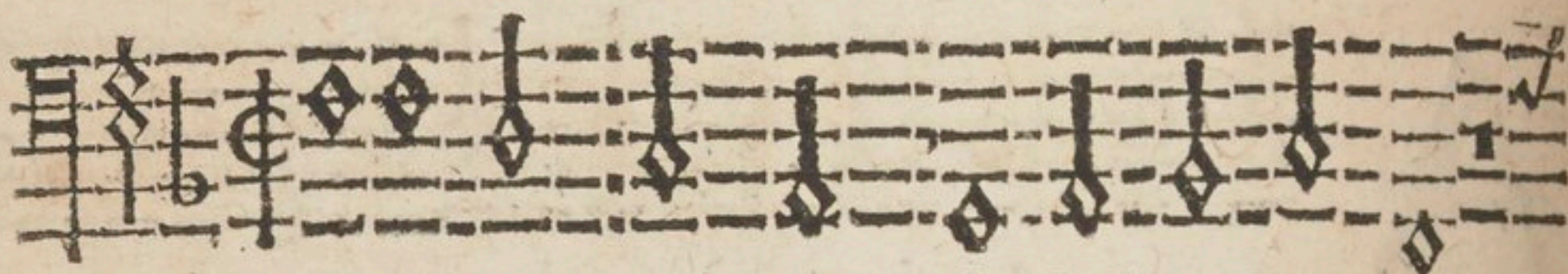
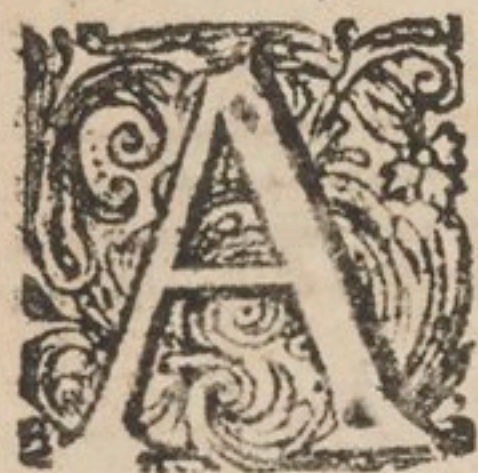
waer 't dat de werelt verginge, En de ber-



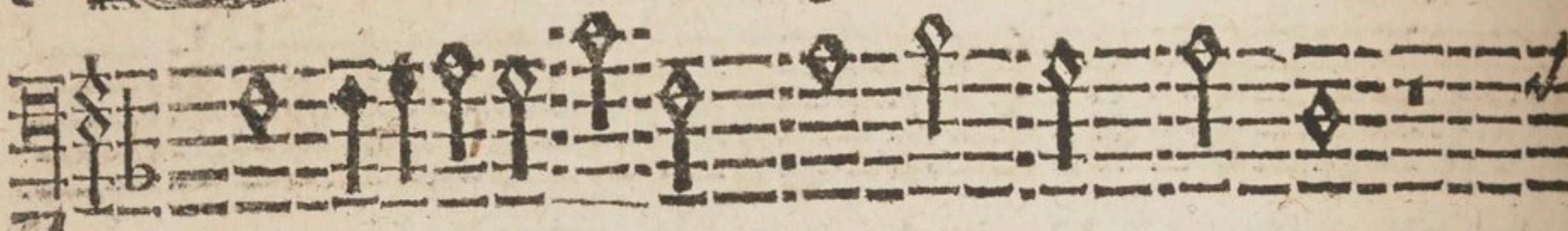
gen hen wierpen snel In 't midden der zee diep en fel.

Bassus.

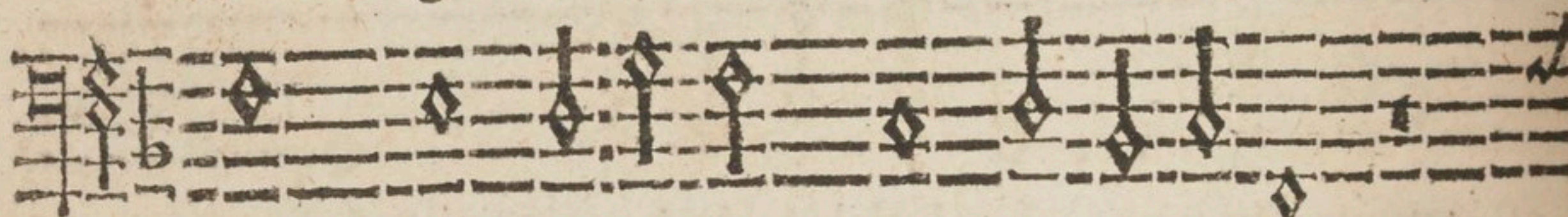
PSALM XLVII.



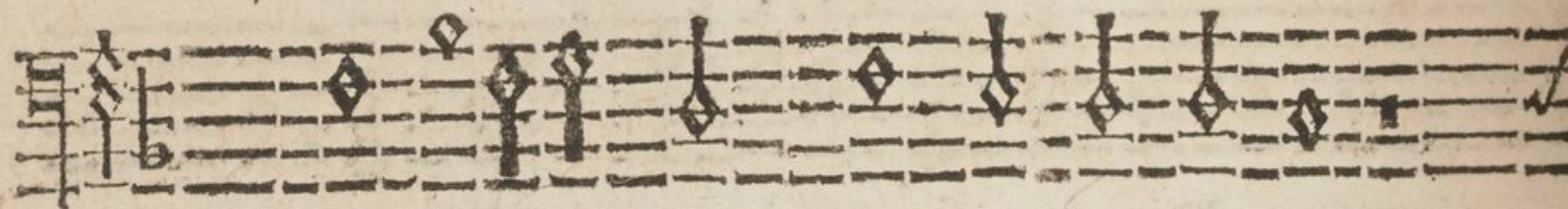
Lle volck gemeyn, Sla de handen reyn,



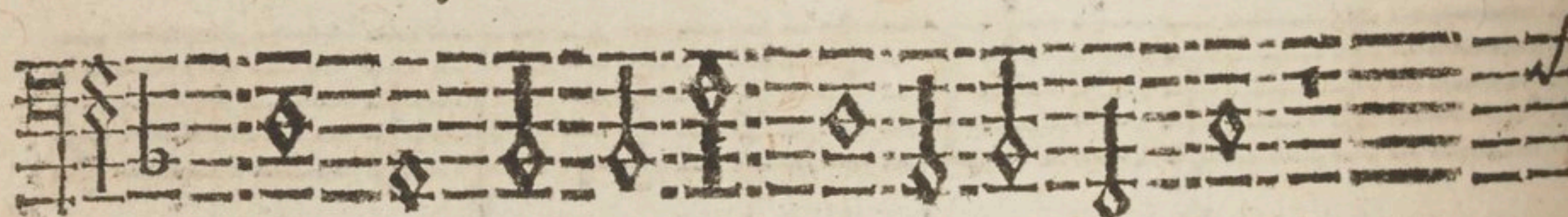
Met vreughde te saem, En met sangh bequaem :



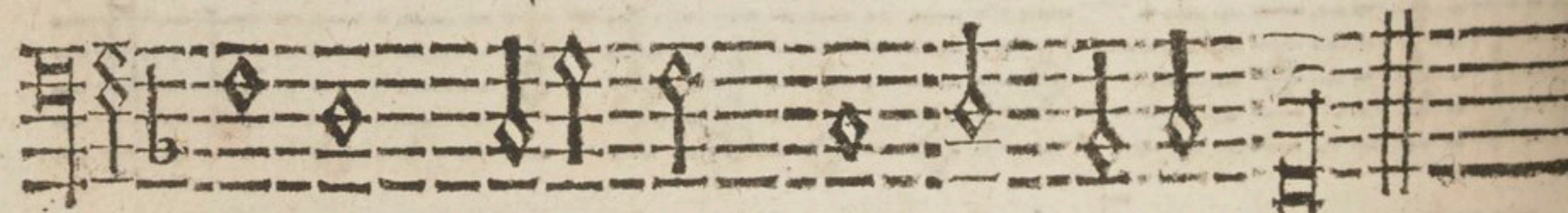
Prijft Godts name goet, Met hert en gemoet :



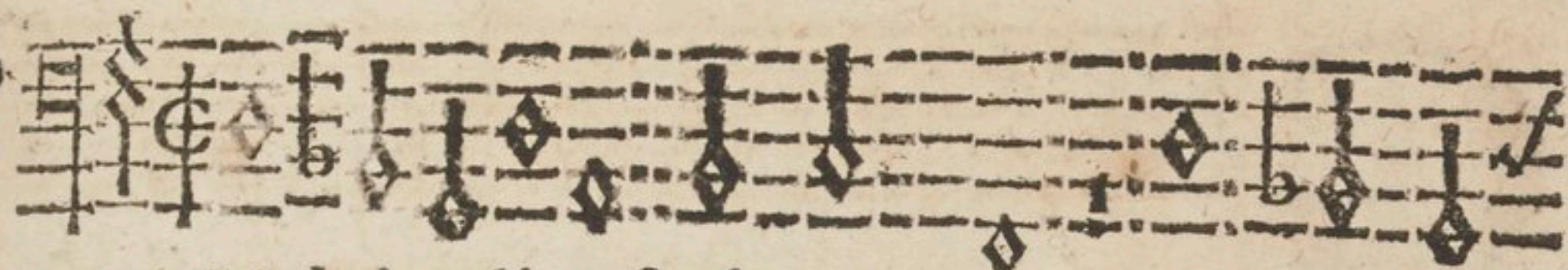
Want hy is de Heer, Dien wy vreesen seer :



Een Koningh is hy, Die alfins toont vry,



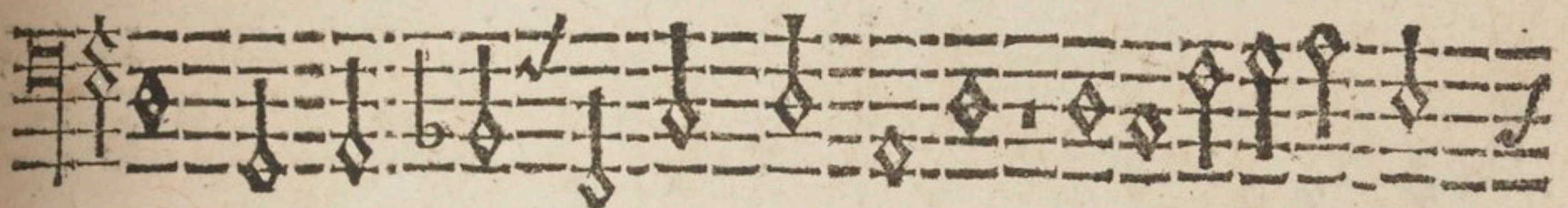
Sijn seer stercke kracht, En sijn groote macht.



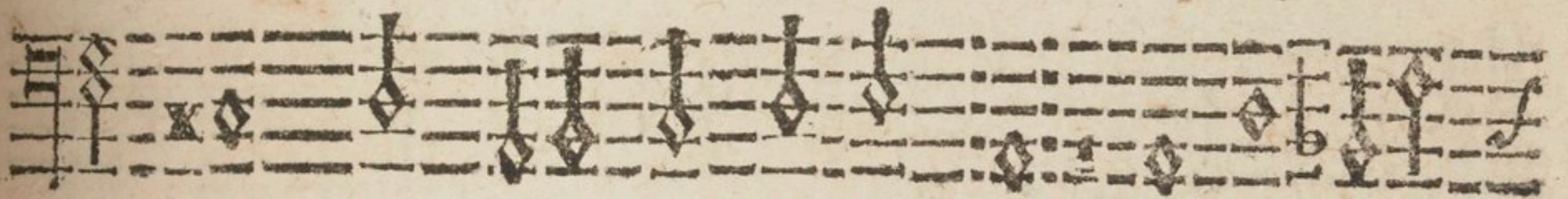
N de heylige stad voorwaer, Die God hem



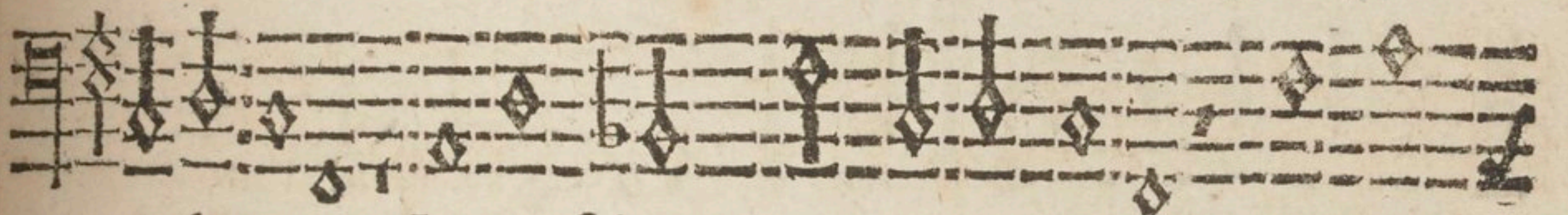
verkieft openbaer, Is 't dat hy fteedts ons wil bewijfen,



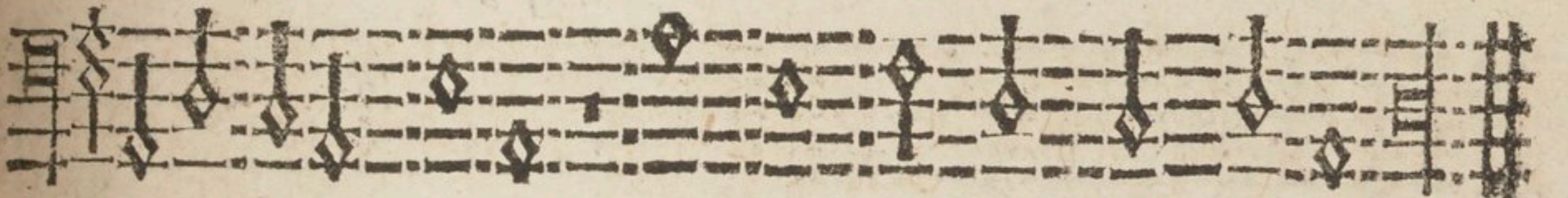
Sijn heerlickheyt niet om volprijsen. Zion gelegen in 't



Noort, Heeft onse Godt van nu voort Hem geheyli-

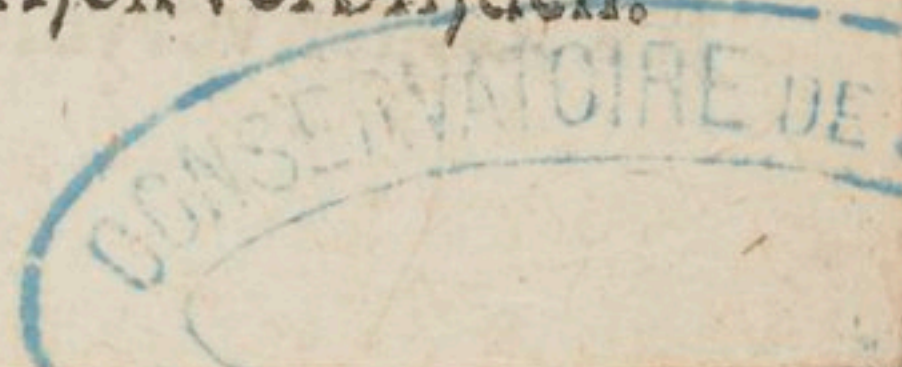


get al voren, In een fchoon lant uytverkoren ; Daer in



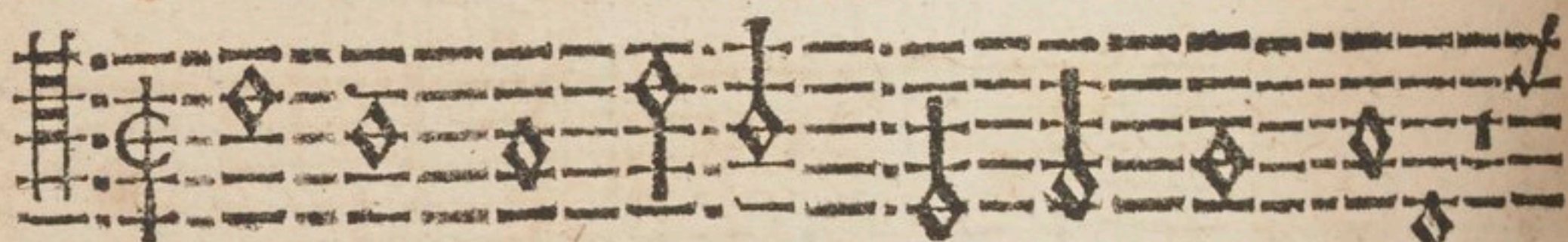
alleen t'allen tijden Moet hem dat aerdtrijck verblijden.

D

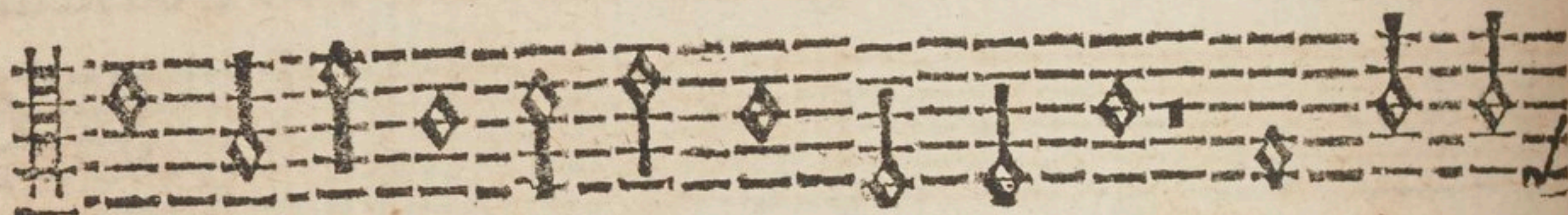


Bassus.

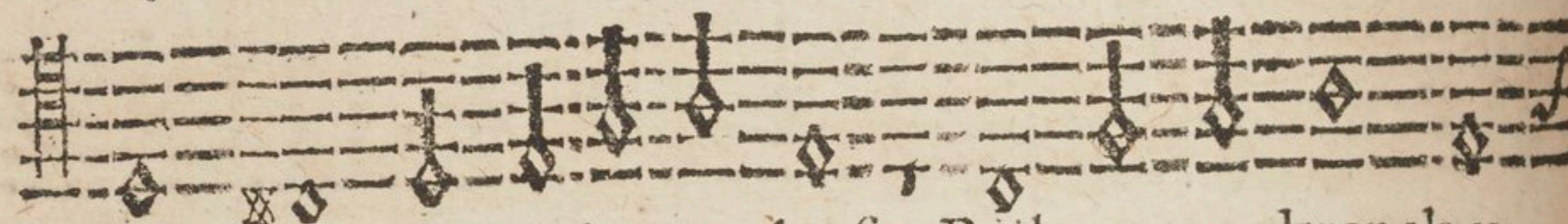
PSALM XLIX.

G 

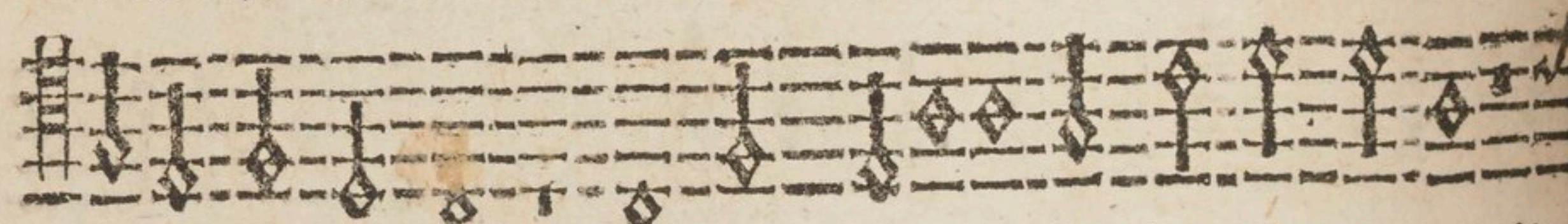
Y menschen al, hoort, en wilt doch verstaen :



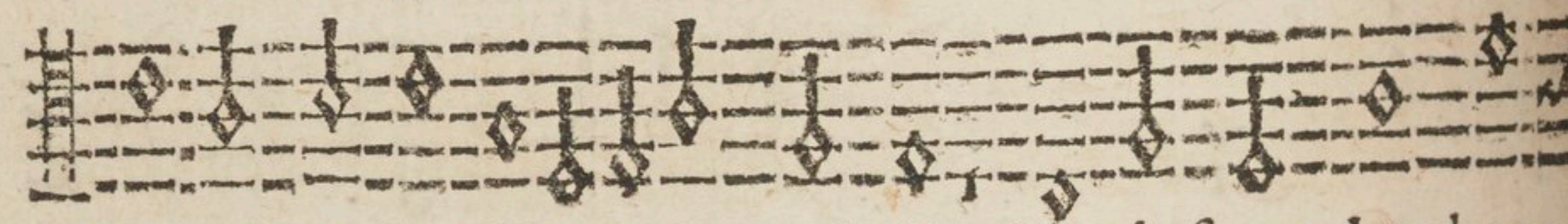
Ghy volcken al, komt en treet hier voor aen, Ghy gemeen



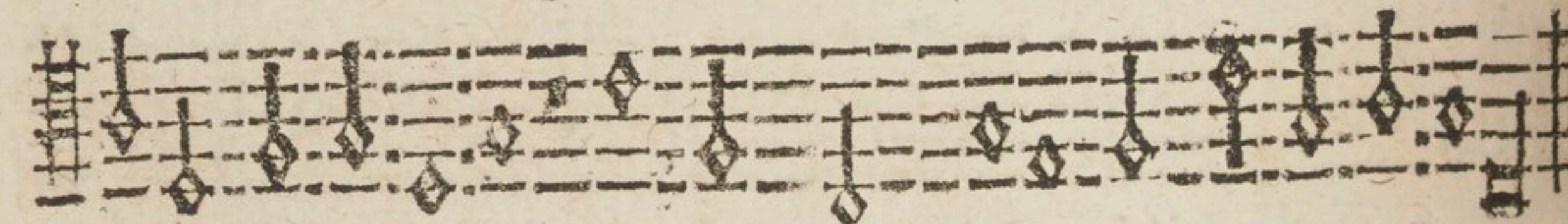
volck, oock die als heeren leeft, Rijk, arm, en kranck, u



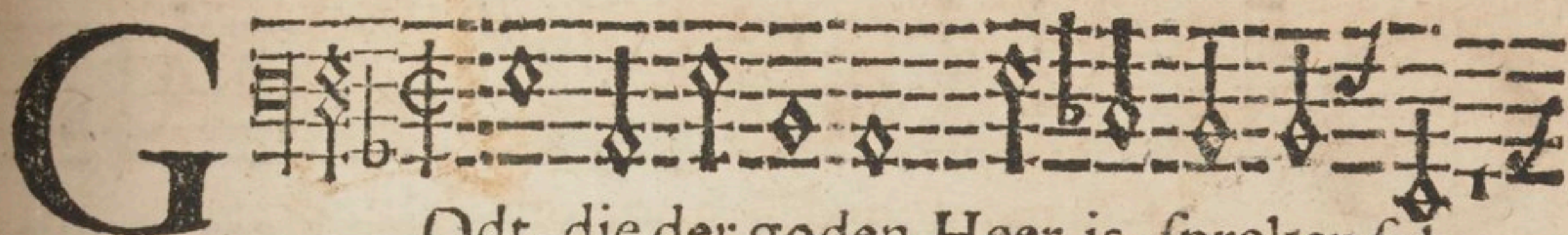
tot hooren begeeft, Wijf heyt sal u uyt spreken de mont mijn,



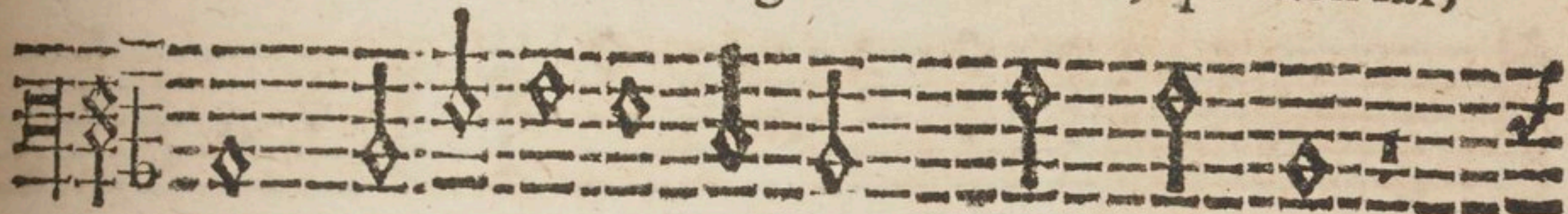
En van verstandige reden vol zijn. Goede spreucken hoor



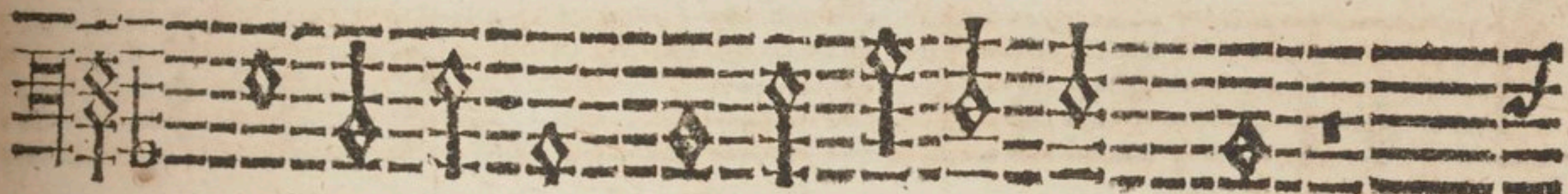
ick sonder vervelen, Op mijn harp wil ik groote dingē spelen.



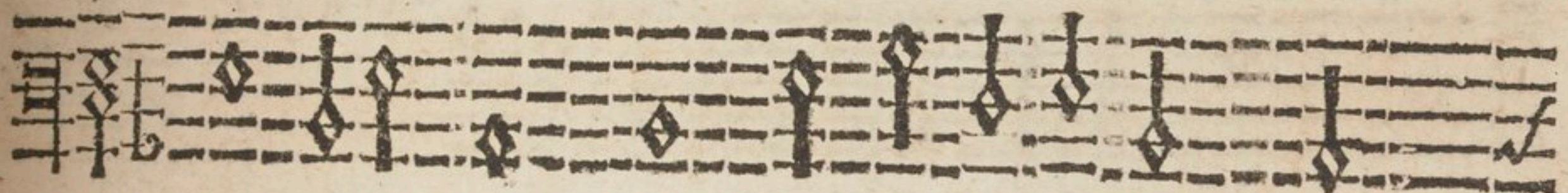
Odt, die der goden Heer is, spreken sal,



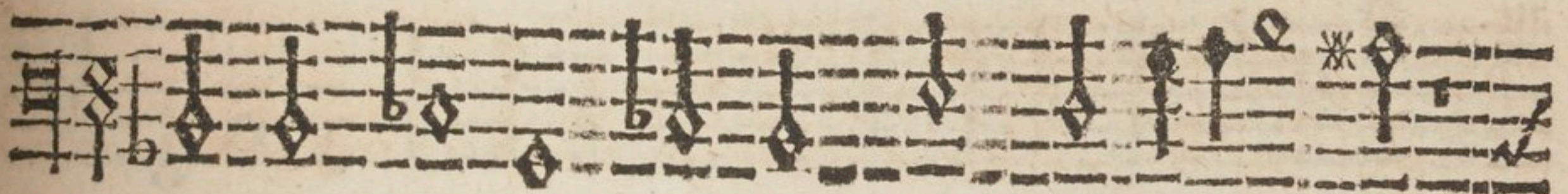
En t'famen roepen dat gantsch aerdtische dal,



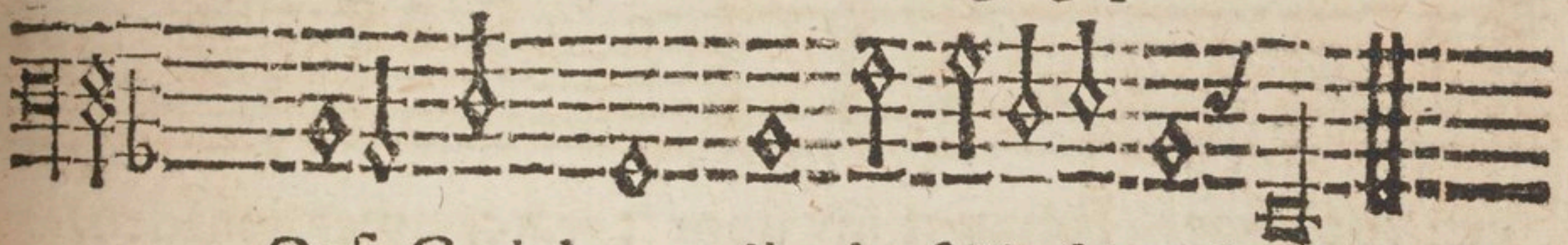
Van den opgangh tot den nedergangh breedet,



Uyt Zion komt Godt, die daer is bekleedt Met



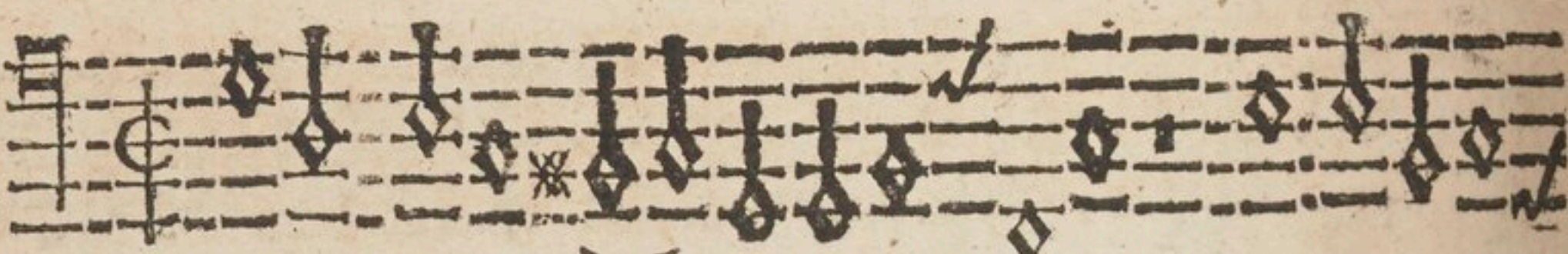
heerlickheyt, en schoonheyt hoogh gepre- fen.

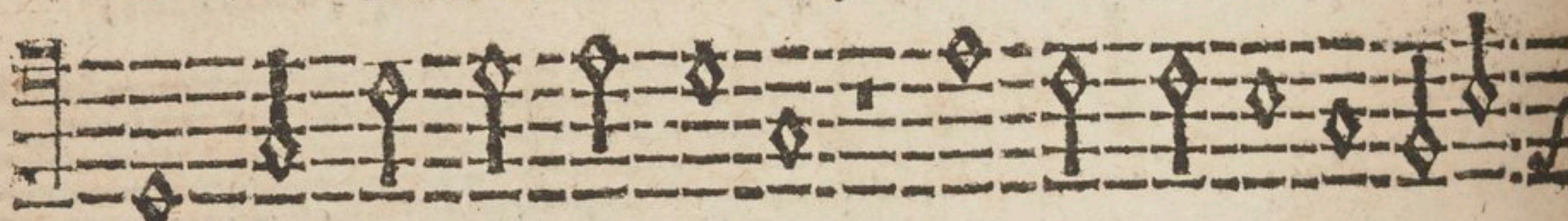


Onse Godt komt, die niet stille sal wesen.

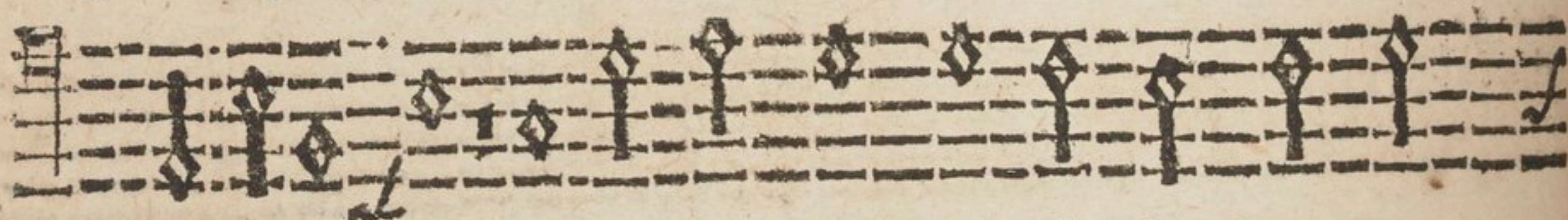
Bassus.

PSALM LI.

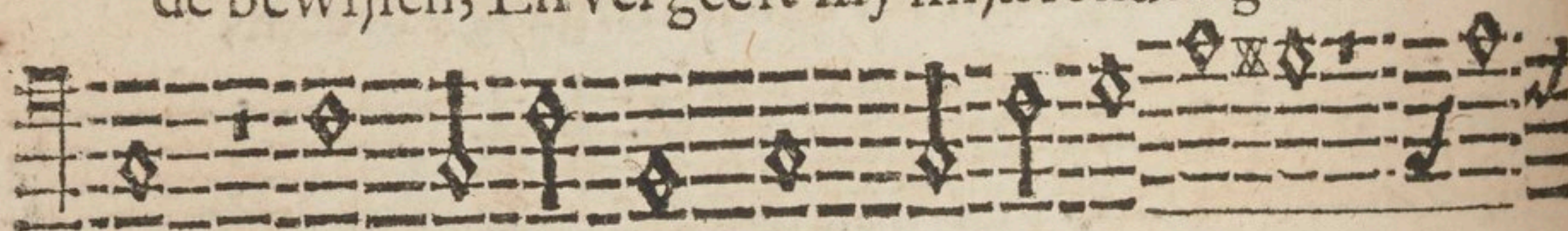
O 
Ntfermt u over my arme fondaer, Heer na uwe



goetheyt niet om volprijsen ; Wilt my ditmael u gena-



de bewijfen, En vergeeft my mijn sonden groot en



swaer. Wascht my, ô God, maekt my suyver en klaer Van



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



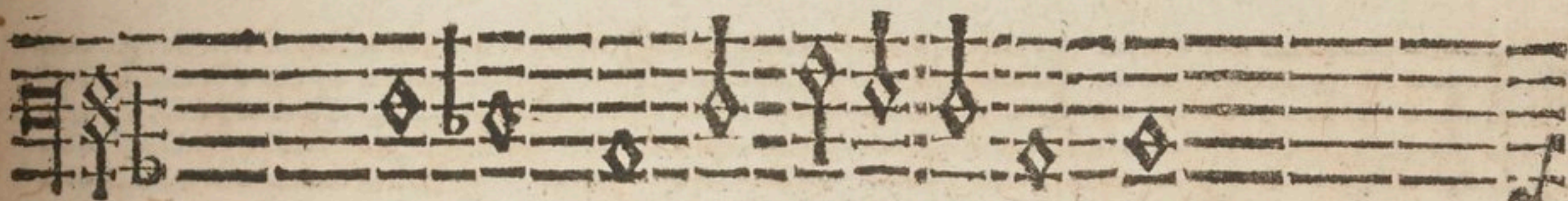
ken voorwaer, Reynigt my door 't water uwer genaden.



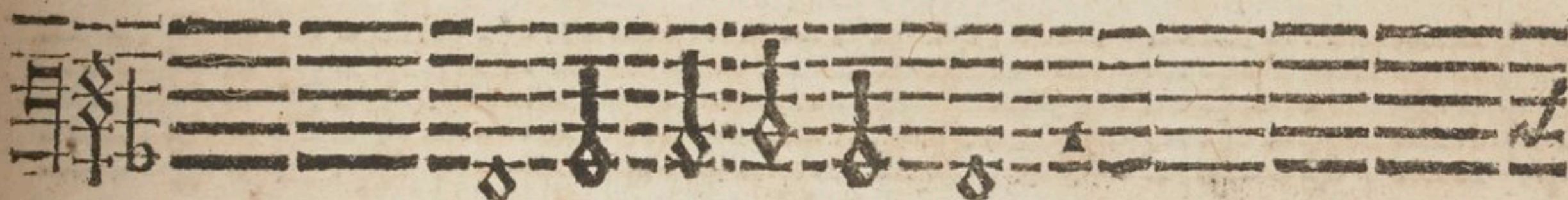
Egt gy Tyran, waer op ghy bouwet



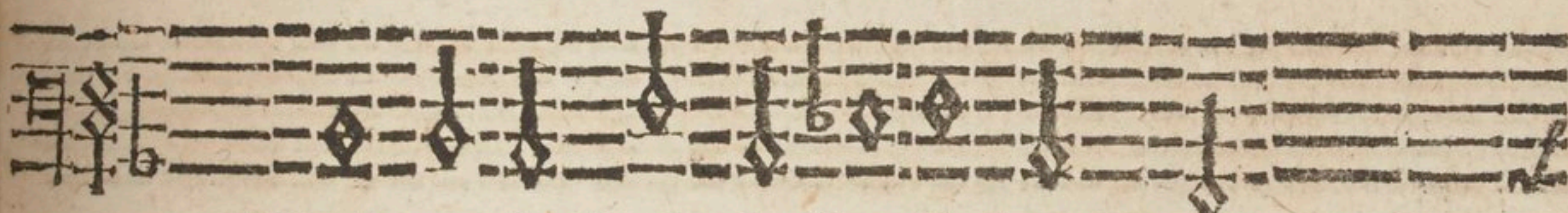
Met gewelt en boofheyt?



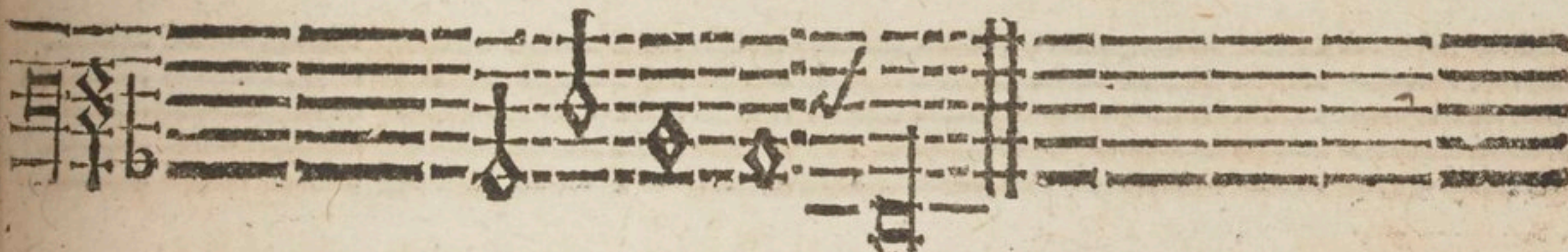
Hoe staet ghy soo, ende betrouwet



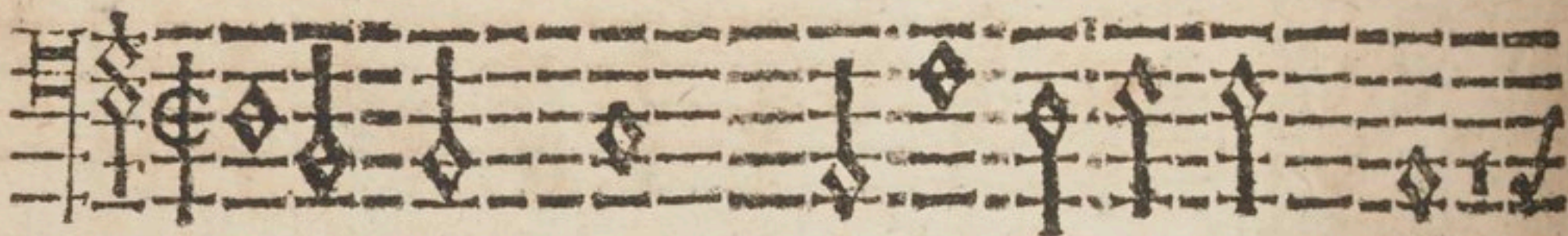
Op uw' ongerecht'heyt?



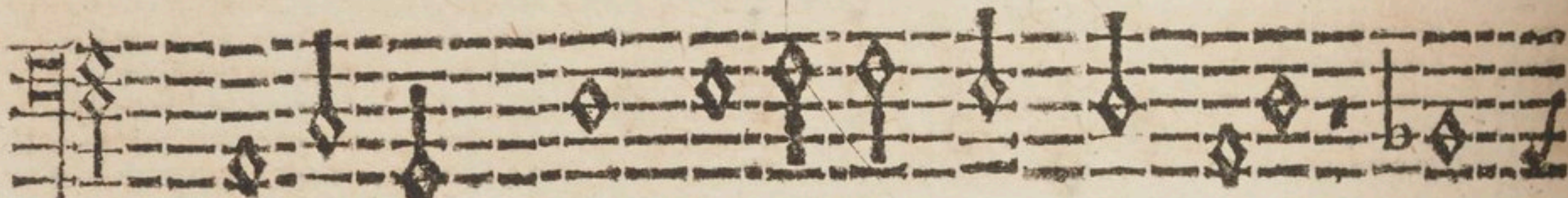
Nochtans is Godts bystandigheyt Ons



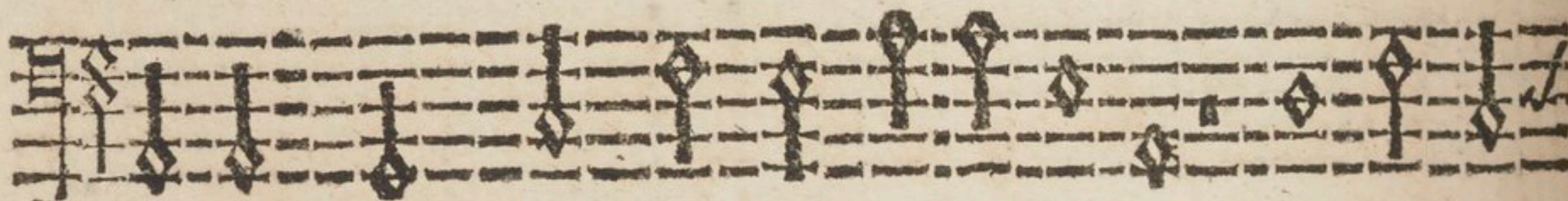
dagelicks bereyt.



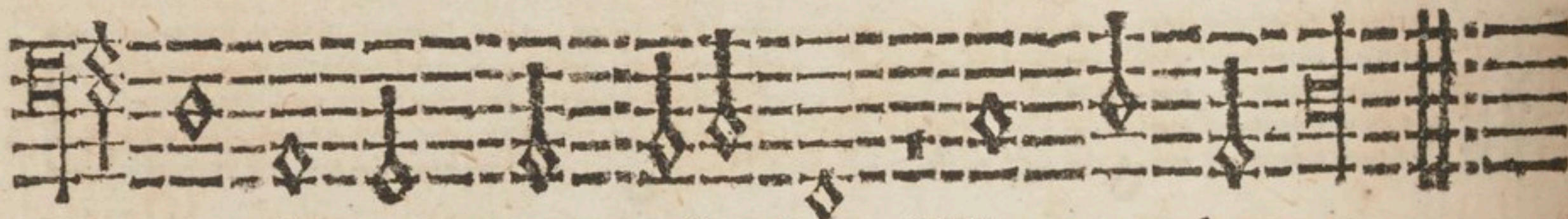
E dwaes die spreekt in sijn herte seer quaet,



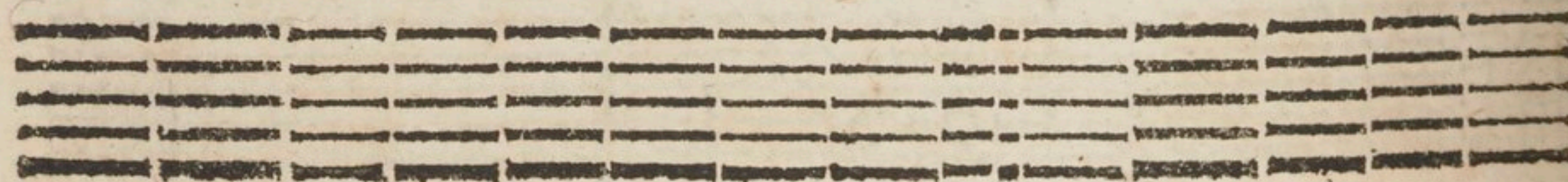
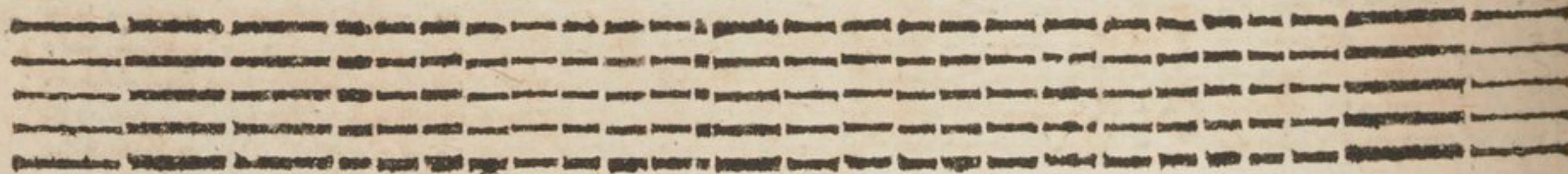
Daer is geen Godt, en hy verwoest mits desen Sijn

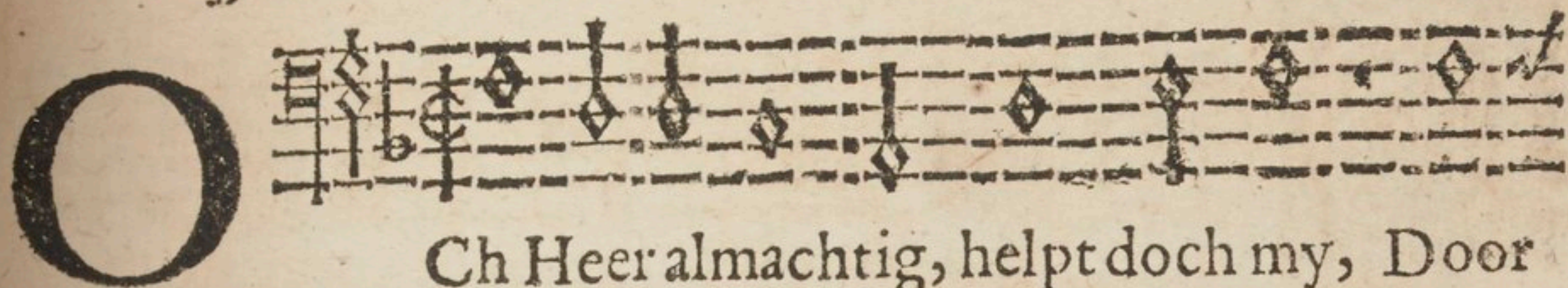


leven gantsch door sijn grouwelick wesen, Daer is niet

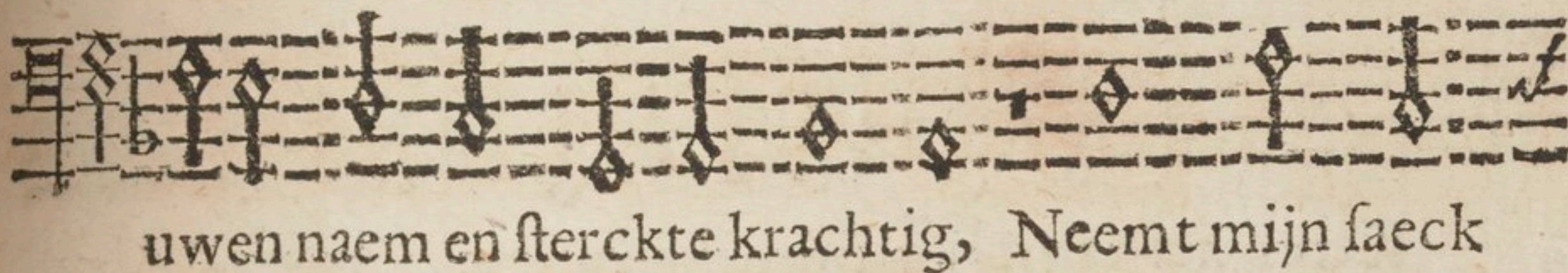


een die met woort ofte daet Wat goets begaet.

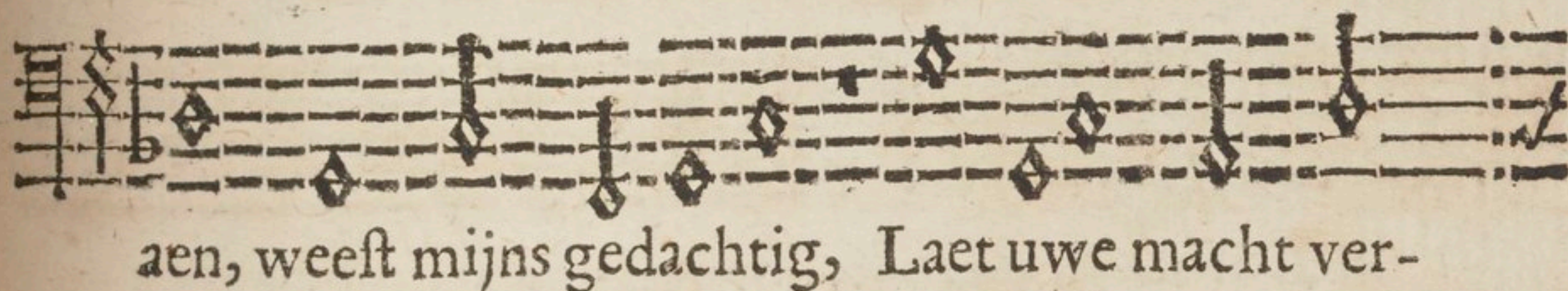




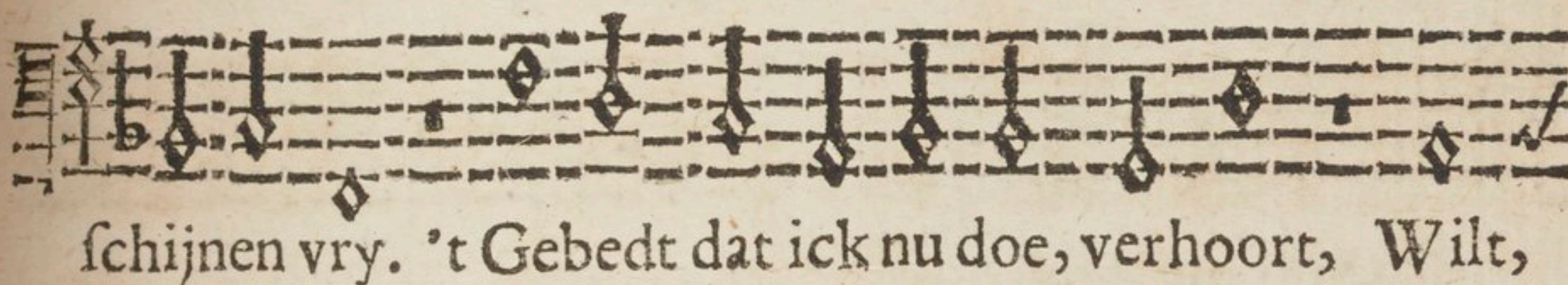
O Ch Heer almachtig, helpt doch my, Door



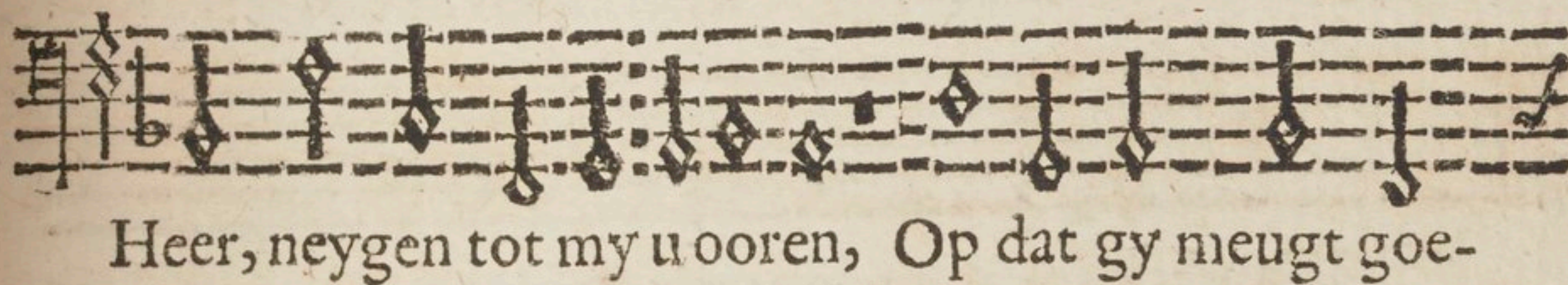
uwen naem en sterckte krachtig, Neemt mijn saeck



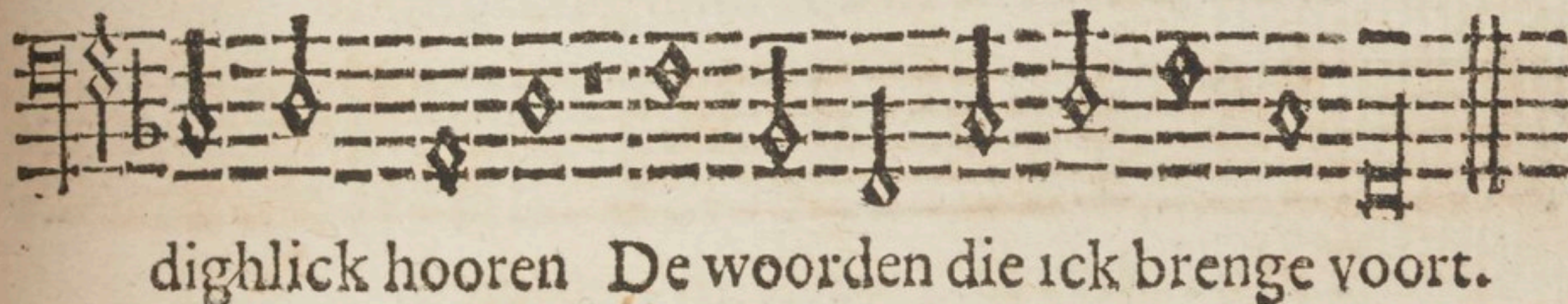
aen, weest mijns gedachtig, Laet uwe macht ver-



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



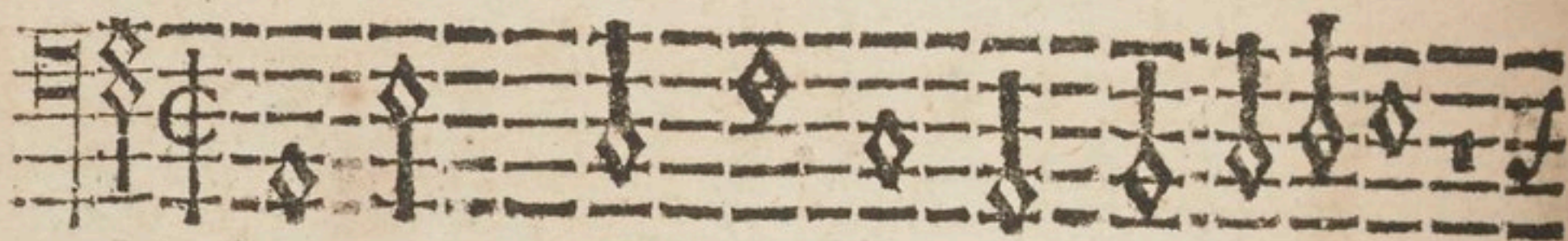
Heer, neygen tot my u ooren, Op dat gy meugt goe-



dighlick hooren De woorden die ick brenge voort.

Bassus.

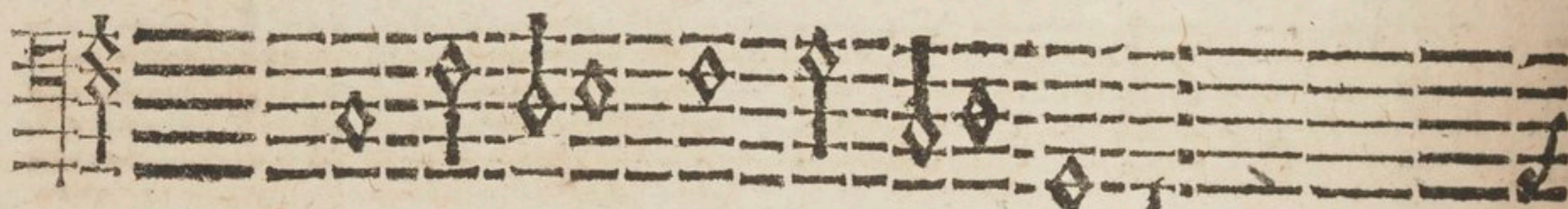
PSALM LV.



Heer, wilt mijn gebedt verhooren:



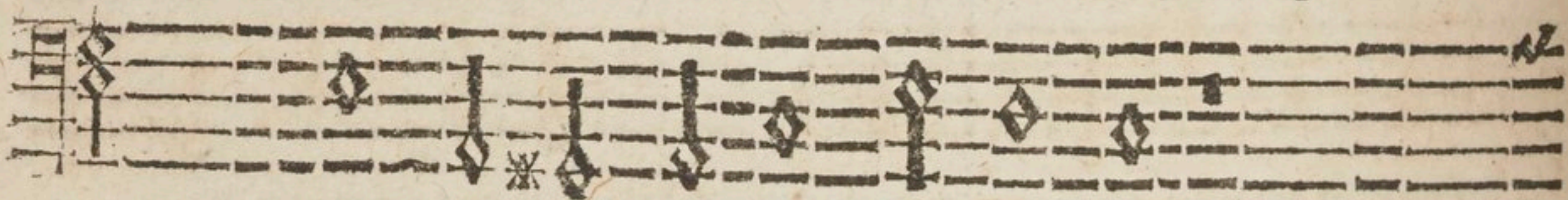
Keert niet van mijn smeecken uw' ooren,



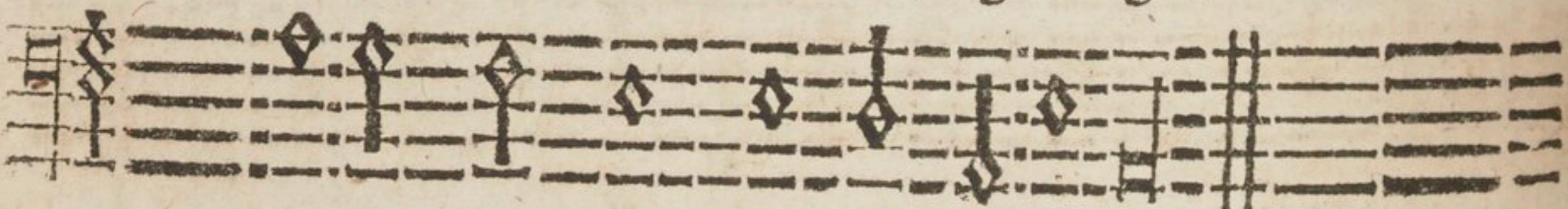
Dat ick u, ô Godt, doe gestadigh.



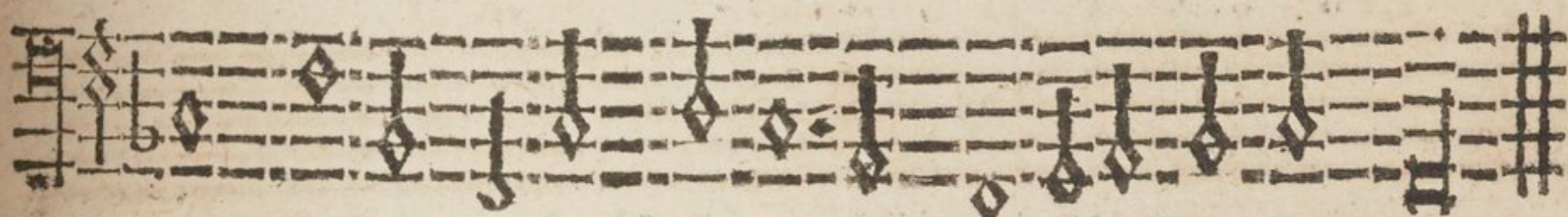
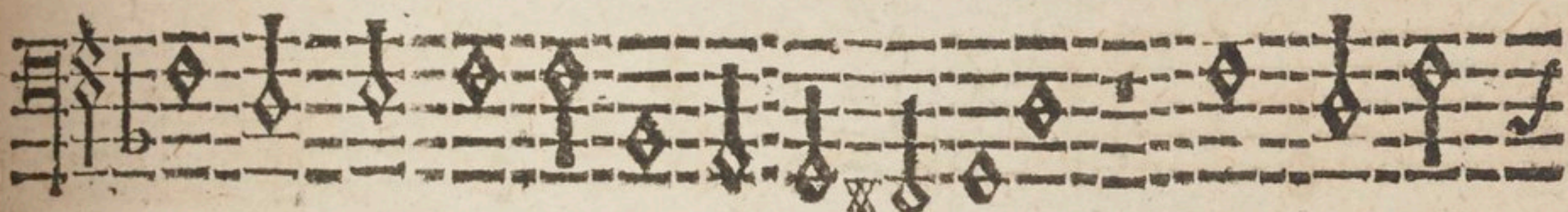
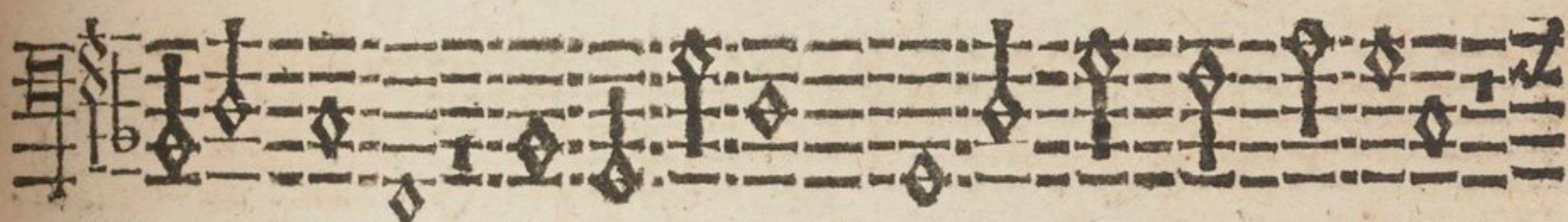
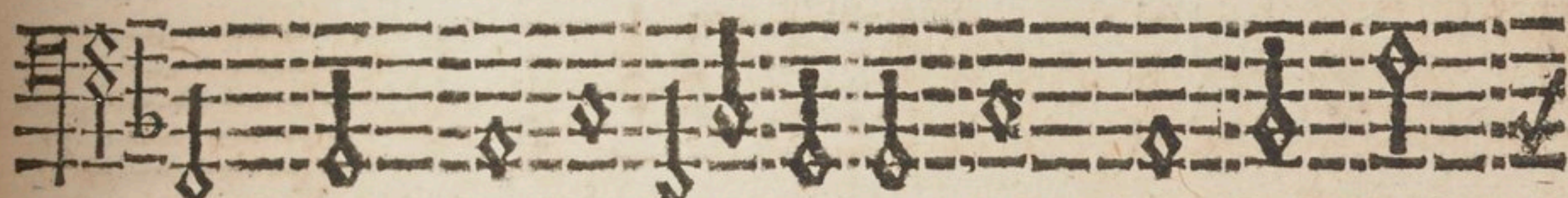
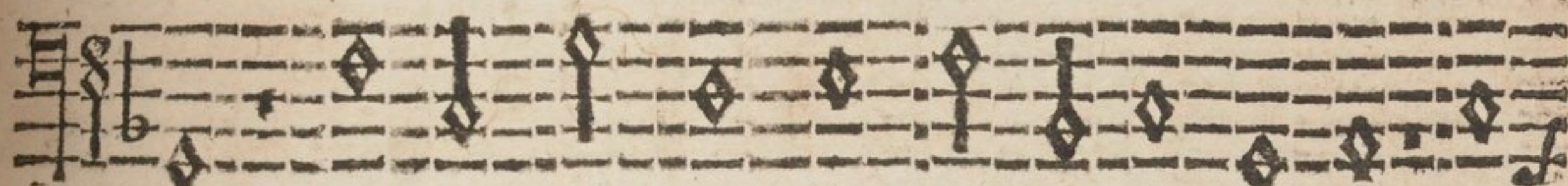
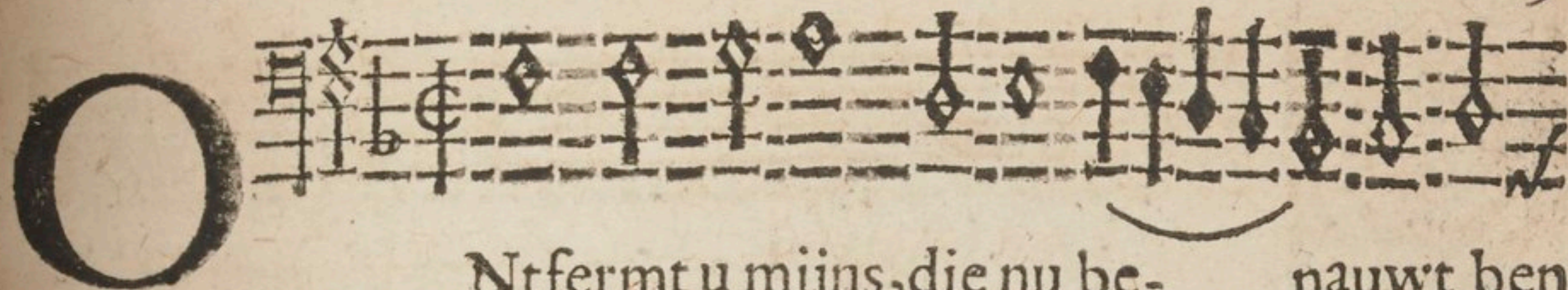
Siet my doch aen, hoort mijn gewagh:



Want ick sucht en doe mijn geklagh,

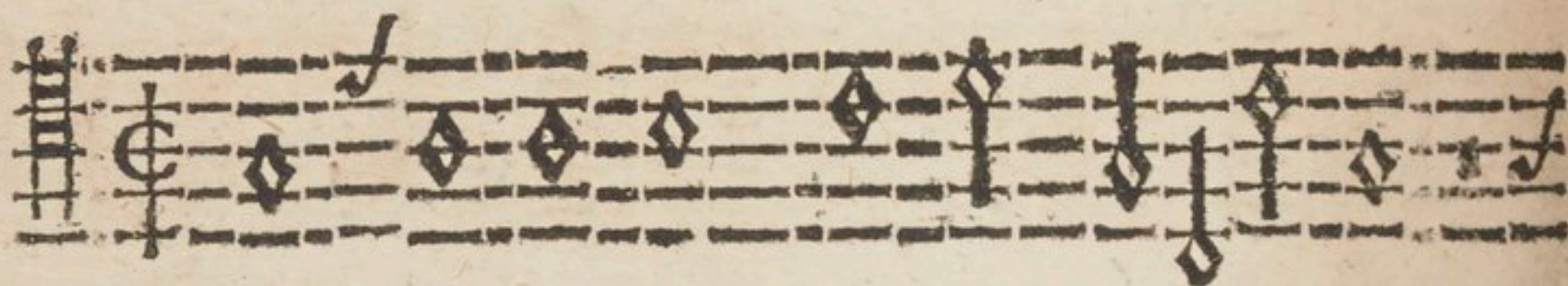


Tot u schrey ick, weest my genadigh.

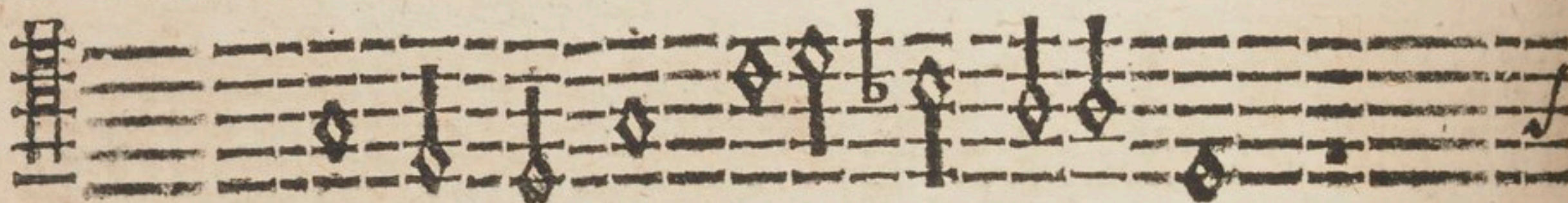


Bassus.

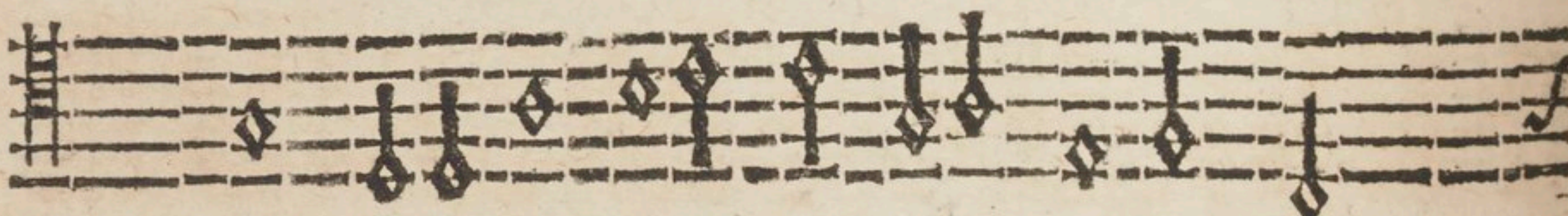
PSALM LVII.



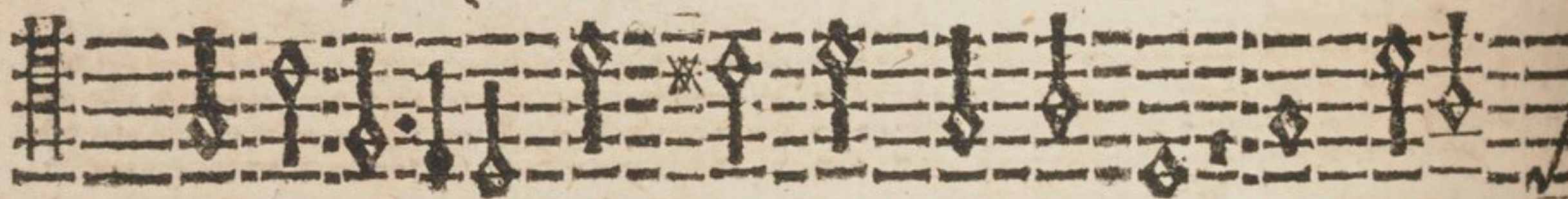
Ntfermt u Heer, ontfermt u over my ;



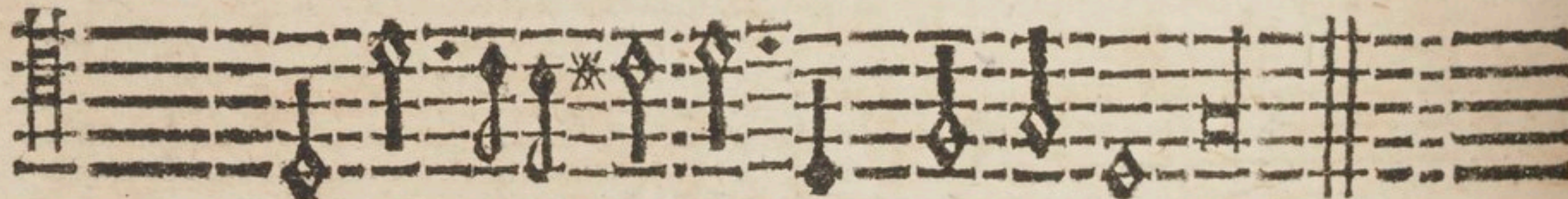
Want ick betrouw op u met herten bly :



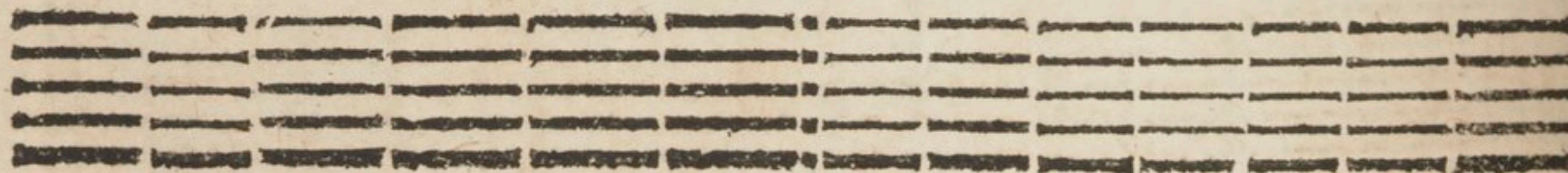
Tot dat de boose vergaen sullen wesen, Sal

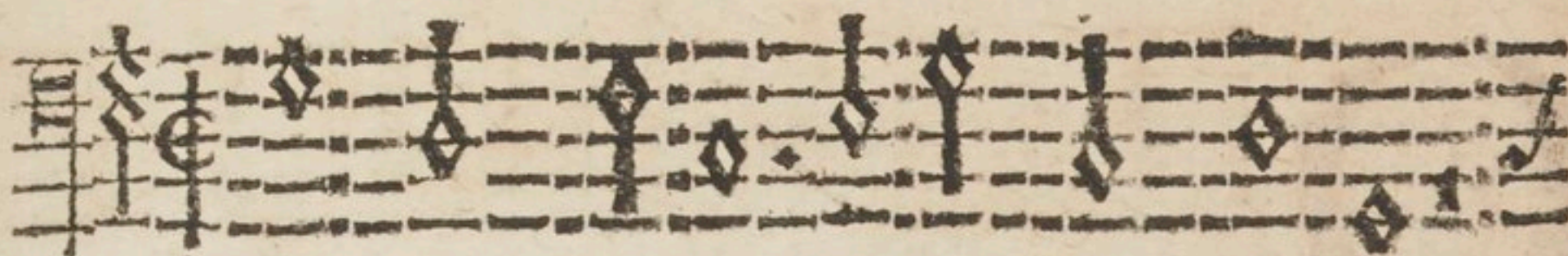


ick altijt mijn toevlucht nemen vry Onder u-

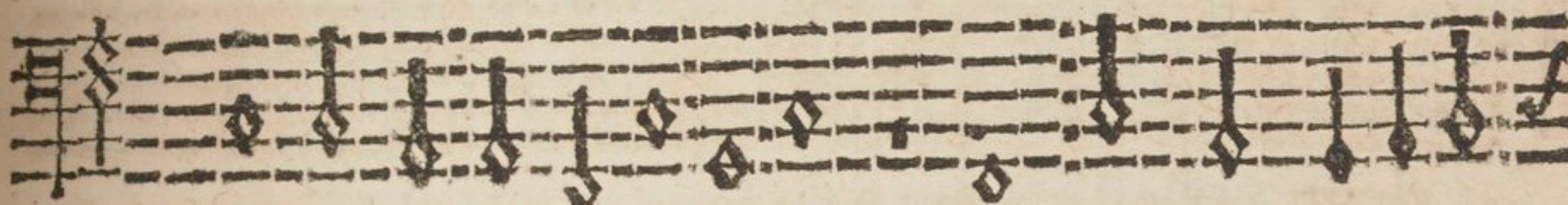


we vleu- gelen, Heer gepresen.

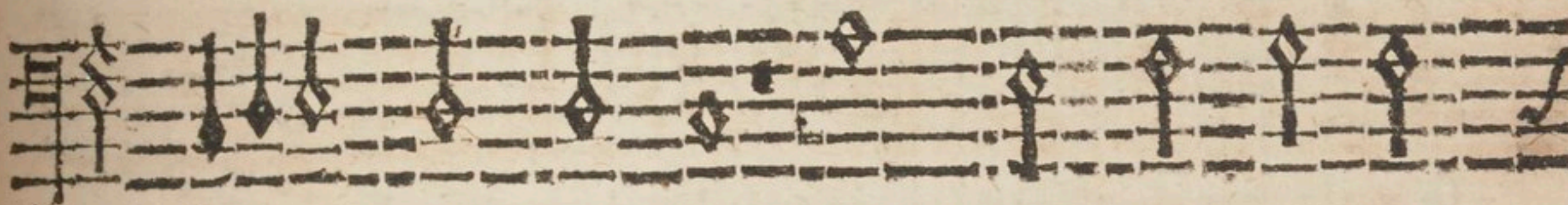




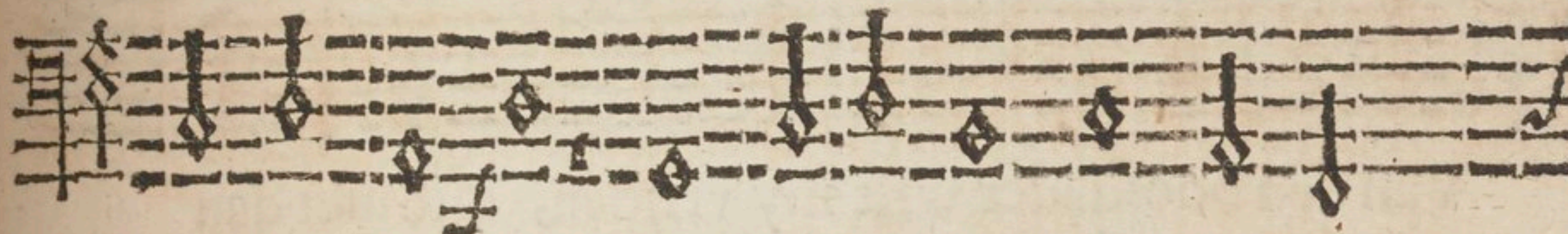
Hy Raetſheeren laet my doch hooren,



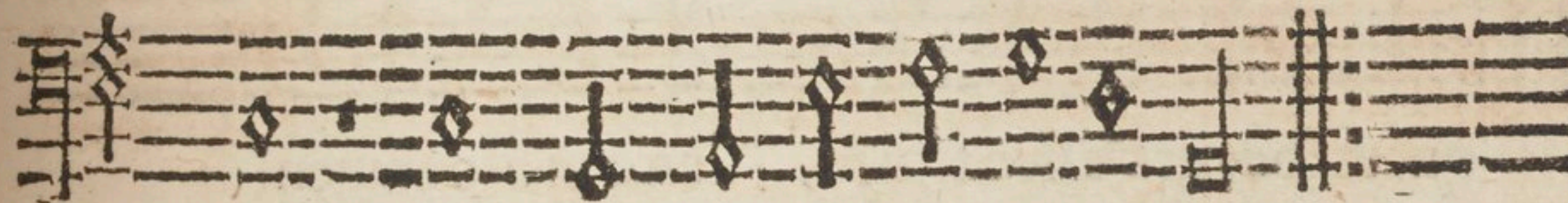
Die my tegen zigt allegaer : Seght my eens ter



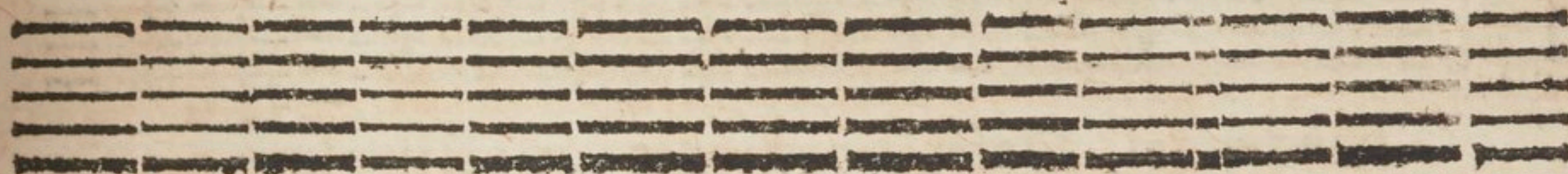
trou- wen voorwaer, Is 't oock recht dat ghy

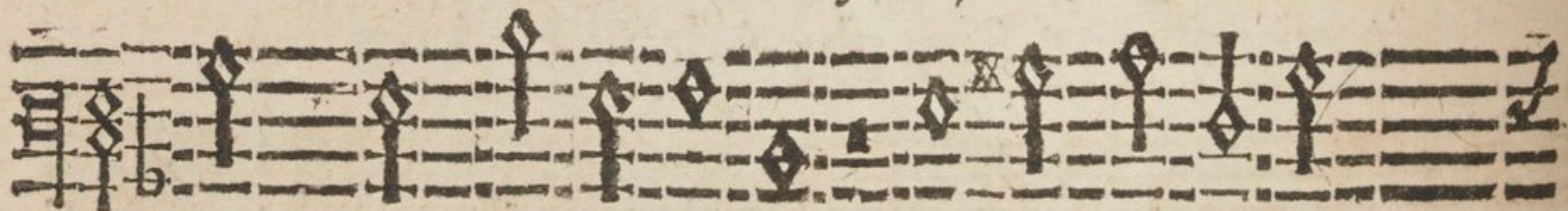
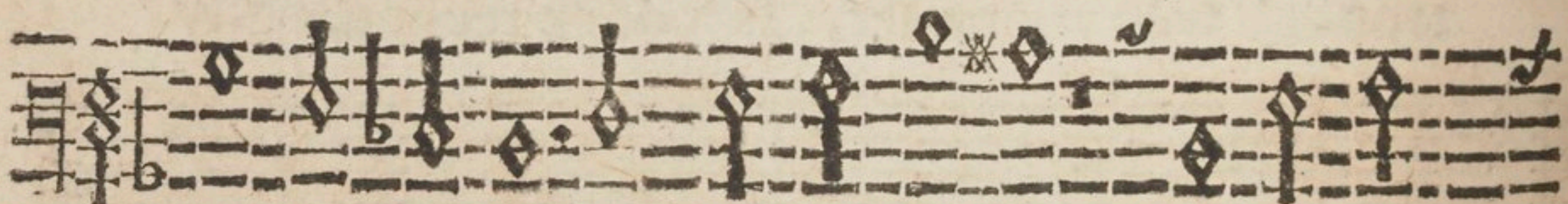
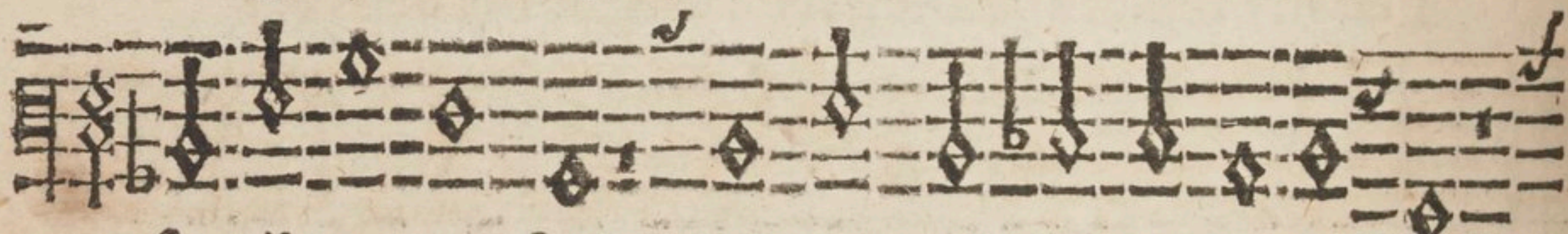
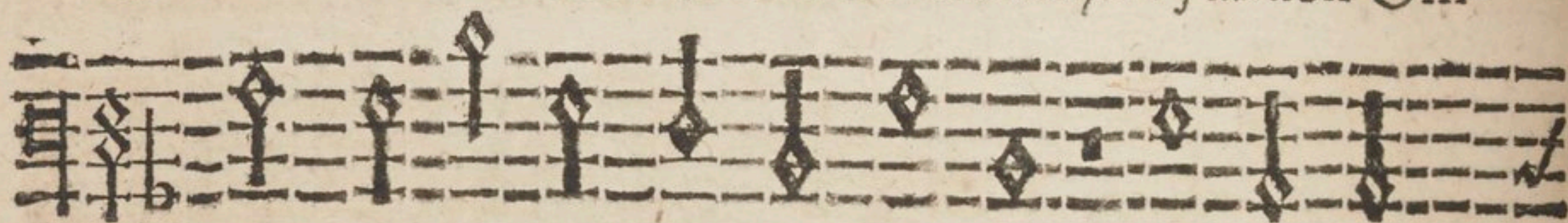
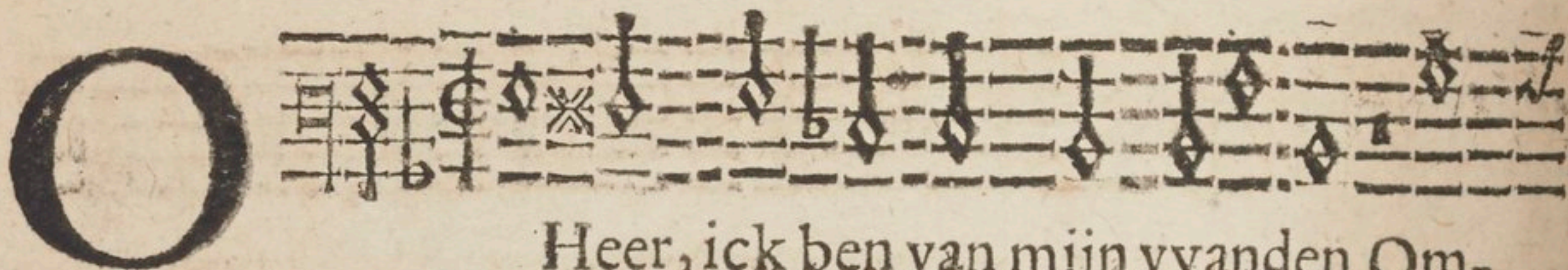


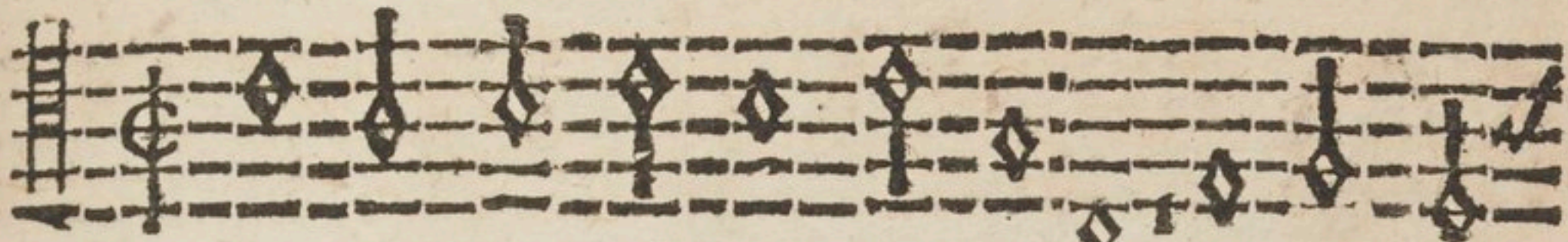
u neemt voren? Segt ghy Adams kind'ren wel

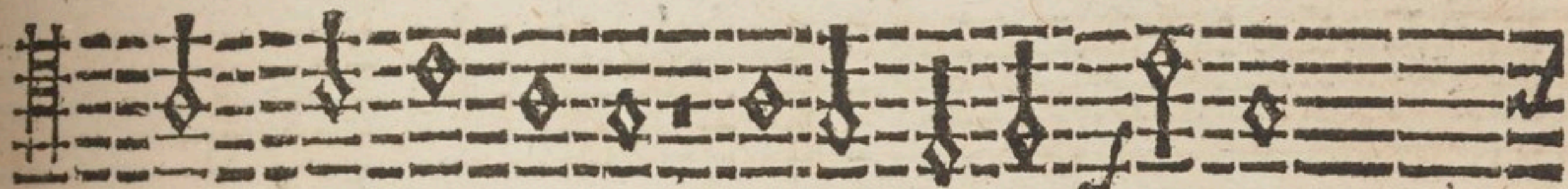


a'n, Soeckt ghy recht te doen yeder man?

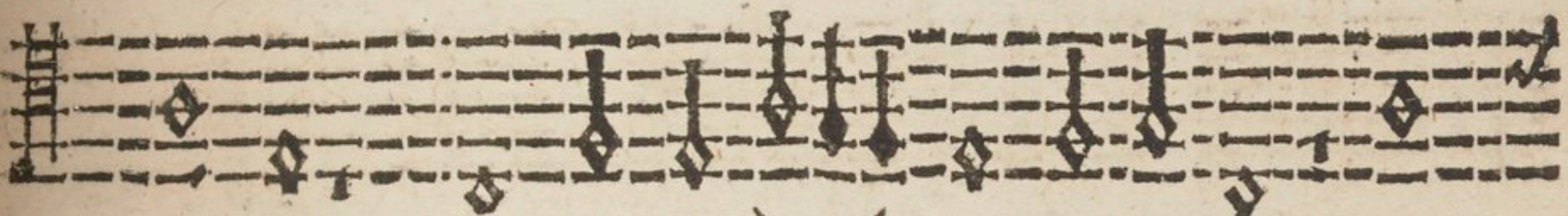




H 
Eer, die ons hebt verstootten al, En verstroyt



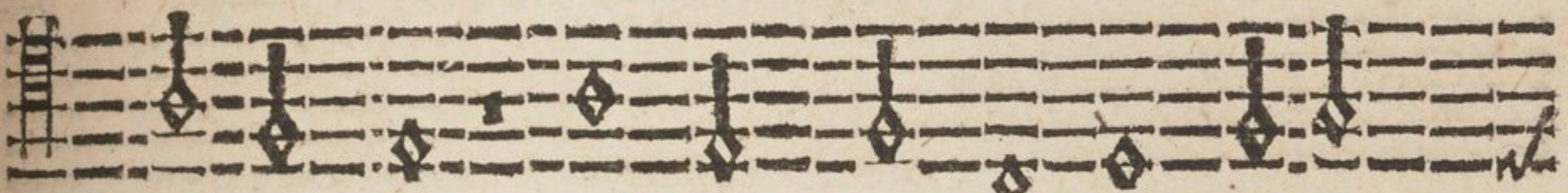
in 't kruys en misval, Die op ons toornigh ge-



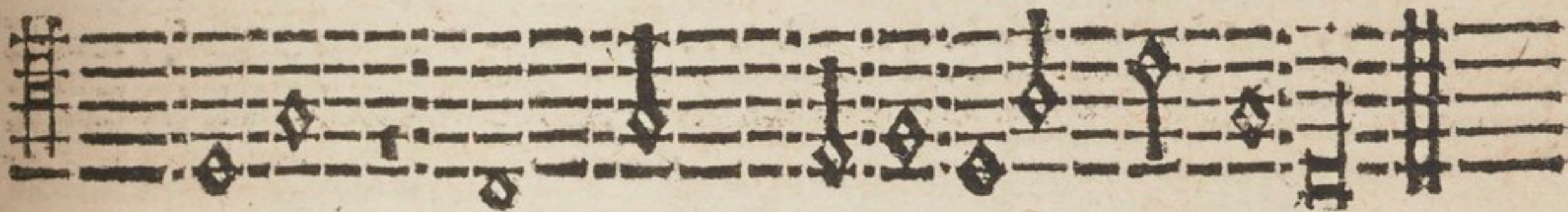
weest zigt, Troost ons weder- om nu ter tijt. Ghy



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



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

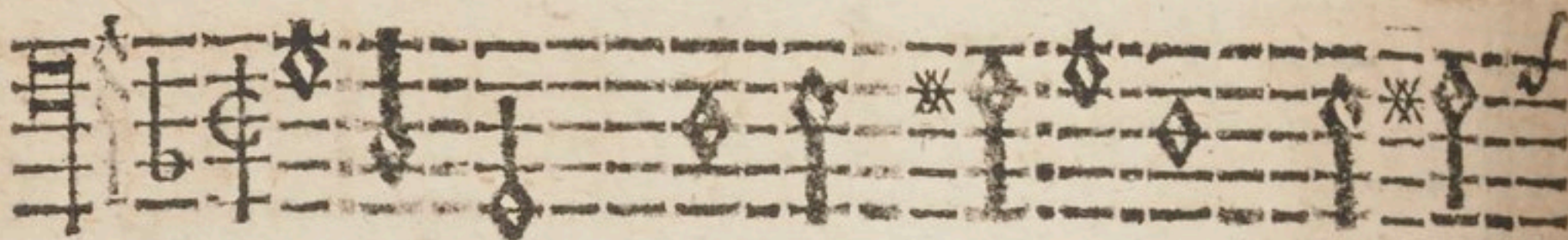


neseu : Want gantsch vervallen is haer wesen.

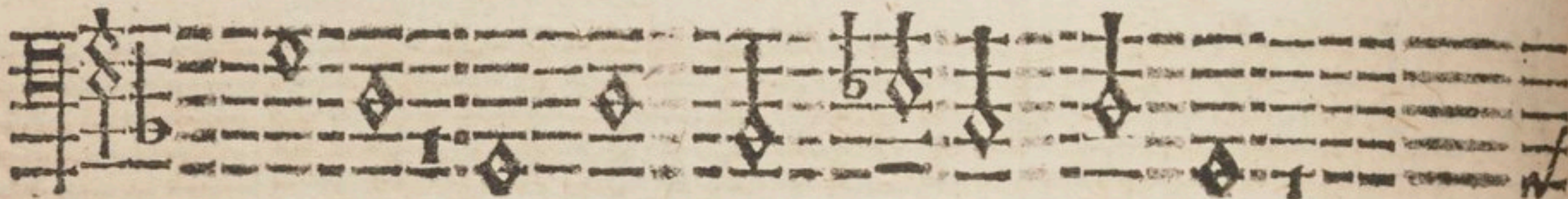
Bassus.

PSALM LXI.

A



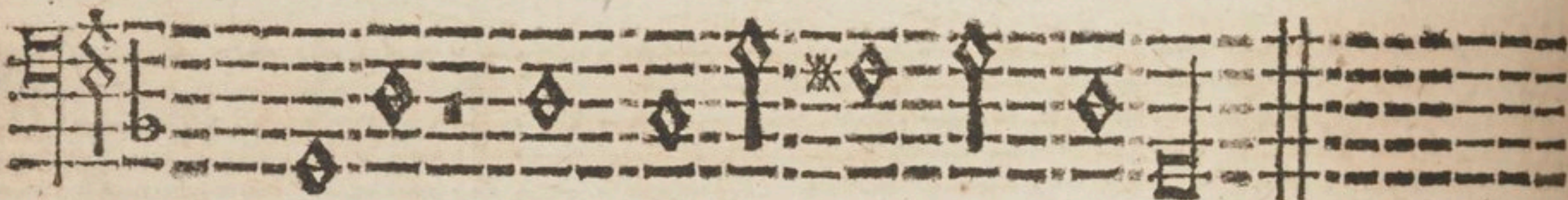
Ls ick roep, verstaet mijn reden, Mijn ge-



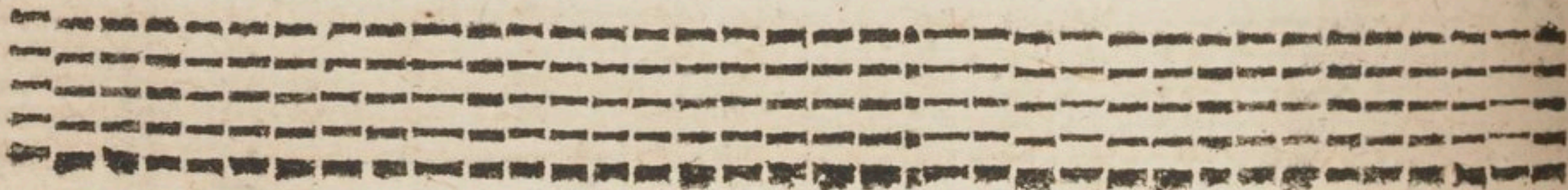
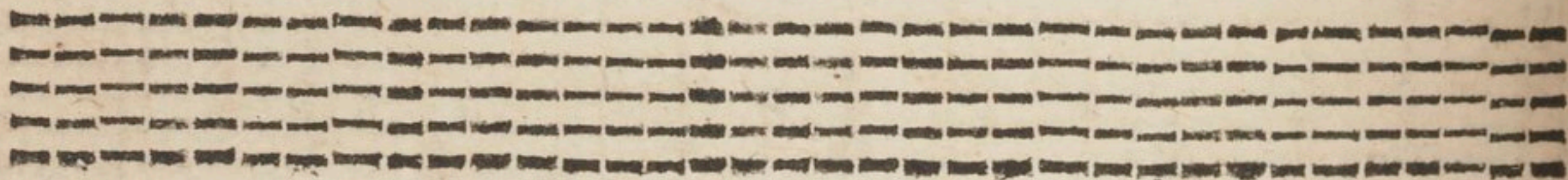
beden, O Godt, verhoort in 't gemeen.

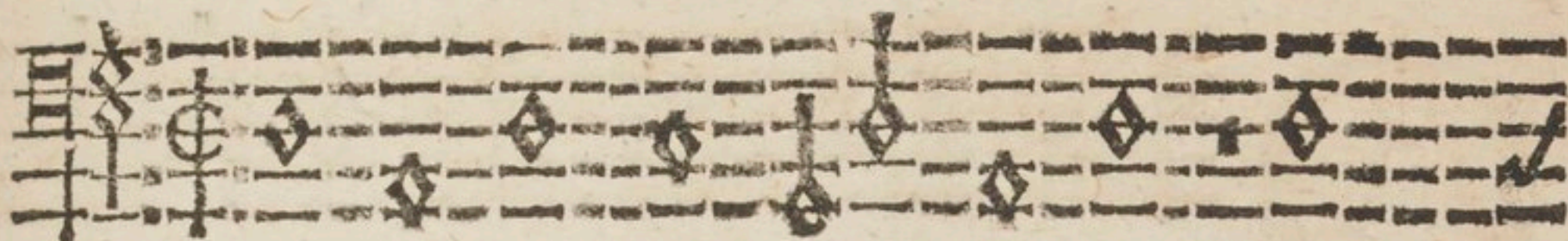


Mijn ziel met angst beswaert seere, Tot u,

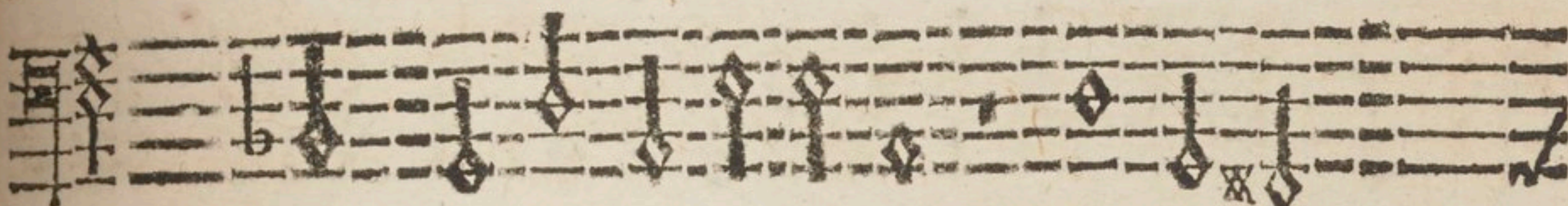


Heere, Heeft haren toevlucht alleen.

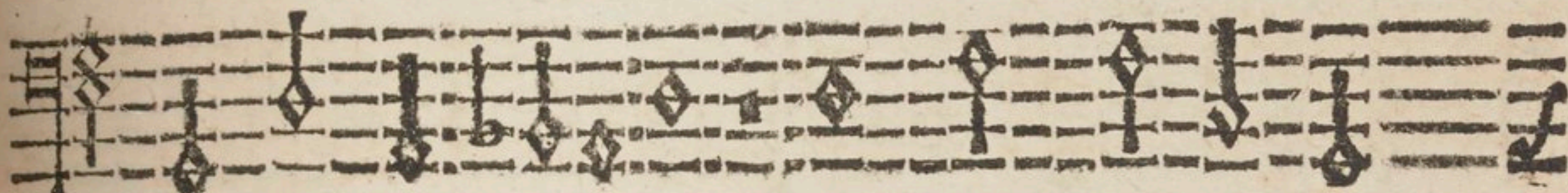




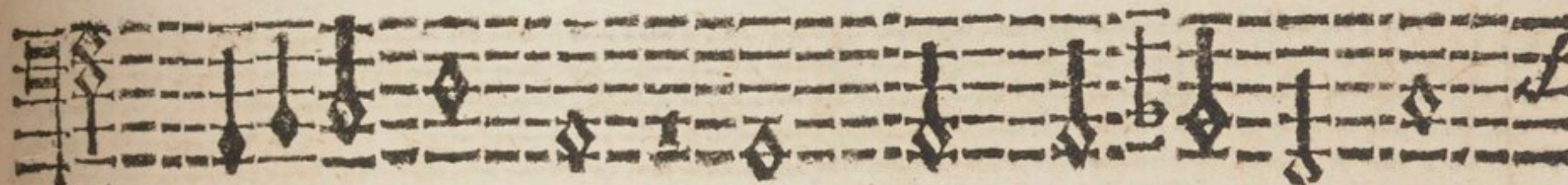
Oe seer dat mijn ziel is gequeelt, In



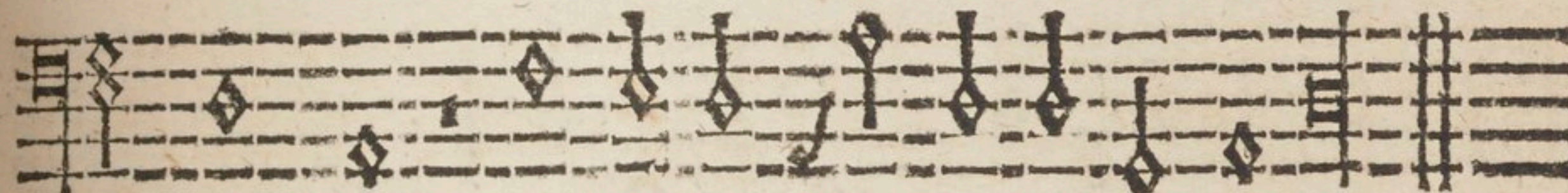
Godt werdt sy geruft gestelt : Want hy is



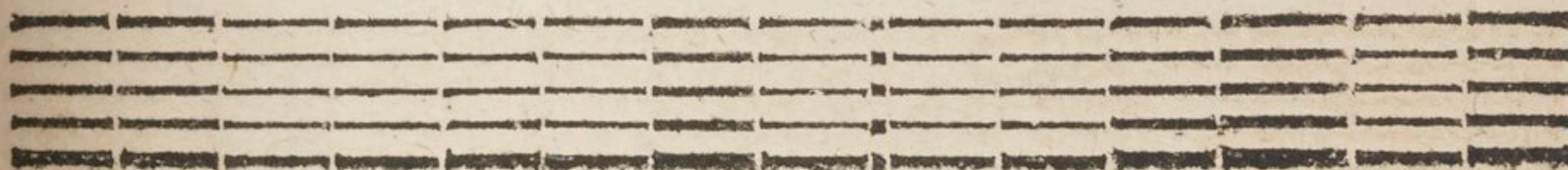
mijn toevlucht alleene, Mijn troost, mijn bystant



in der noot, Mijn kracht, die my voor den

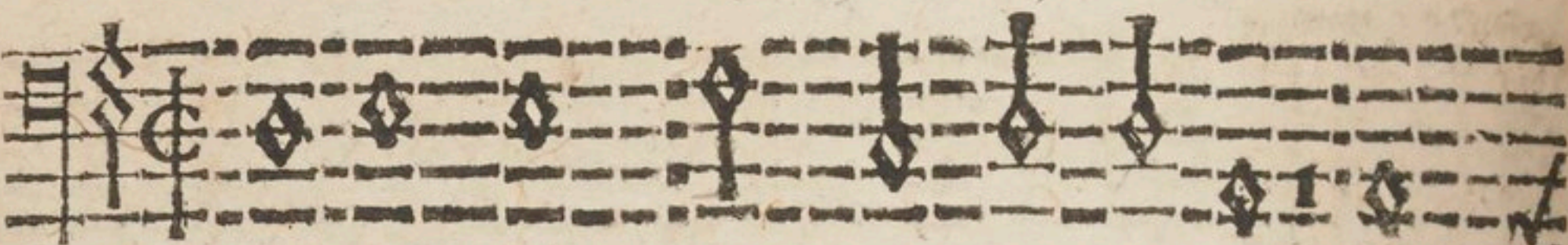


val groot Seer wel bewaert, en anders geene.

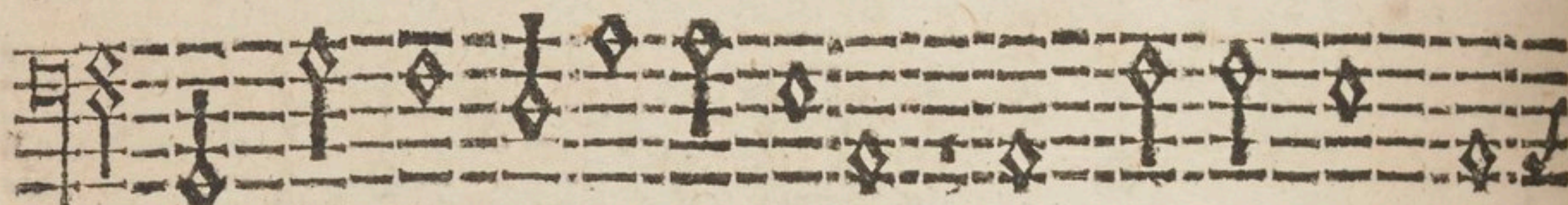


Bassus.

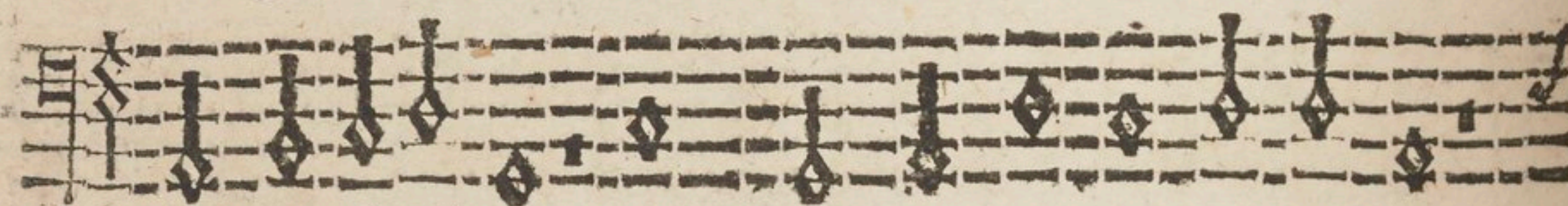
PSALM LXIII.

O 

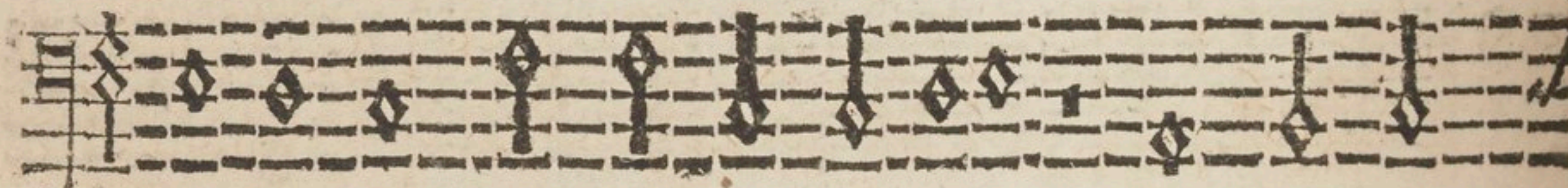
Godt, geen Godt heb ick dan u, Van



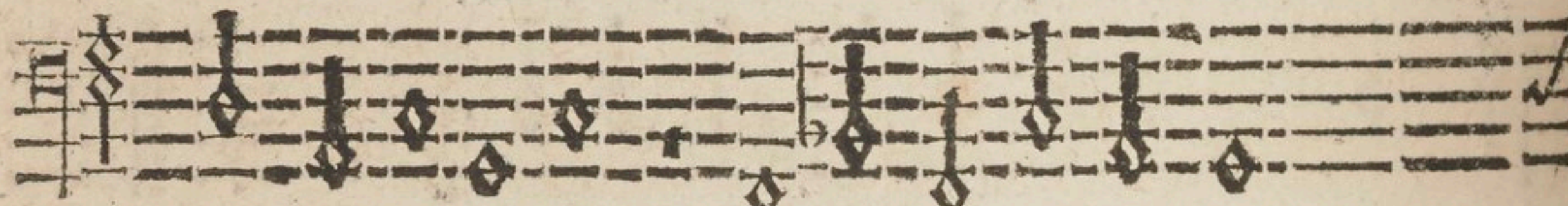
's morgens aen bid ick u, Heere, Mijn ziel verlanght na



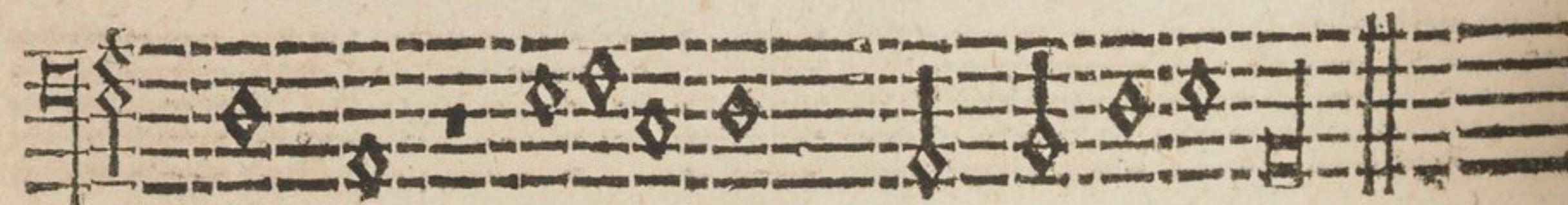
u gaer see- re, Die gantsch in my versmeltet nu ;



Geheel verdroogt is mijn lichame, Mijn krachten



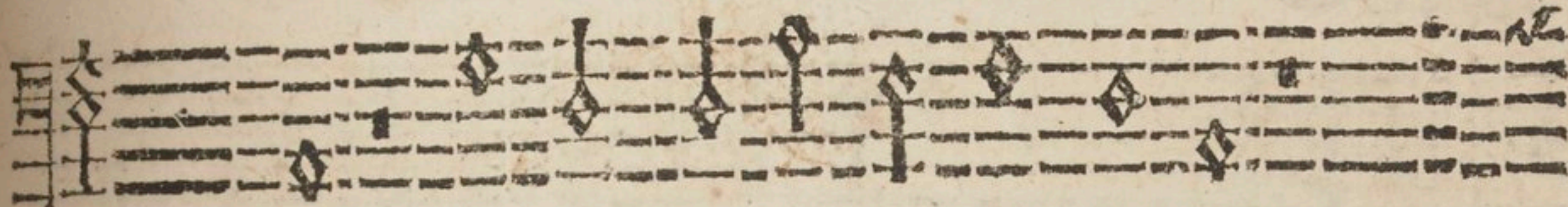
vergaen al'gelijck, My dorstet als een dorr'



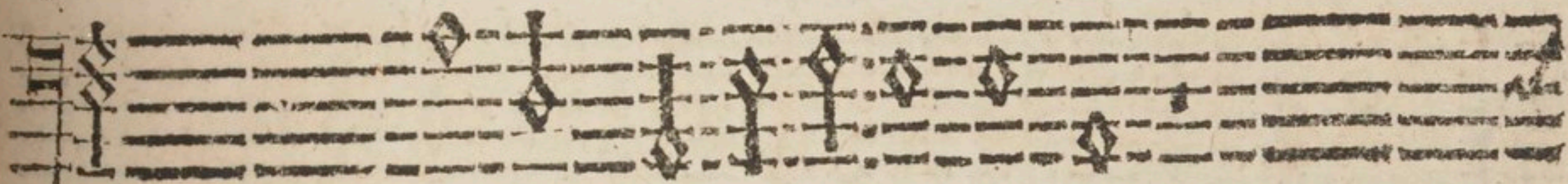
aerdtrijck Na u in dees' plaets onbequame.



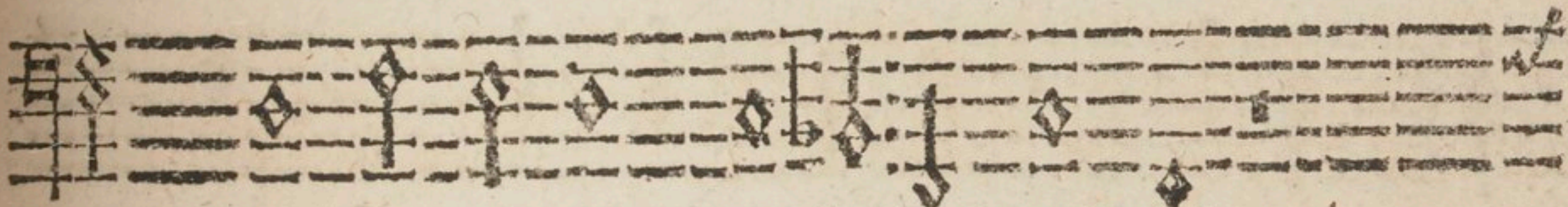
Als ick roep, Heer, hoort mijn stem klach-



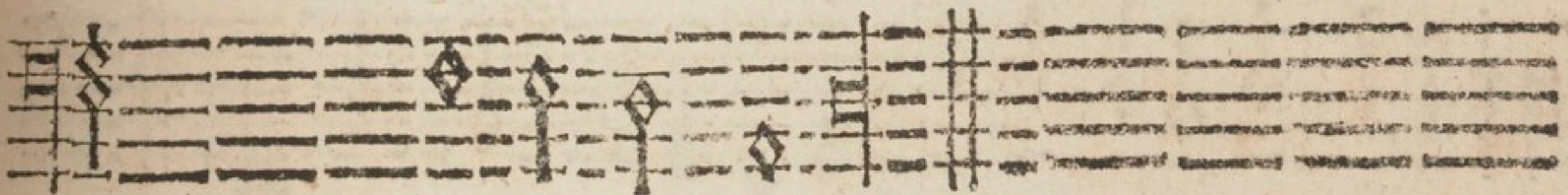
tigh, En helpt my dan uyt mijn gequel;



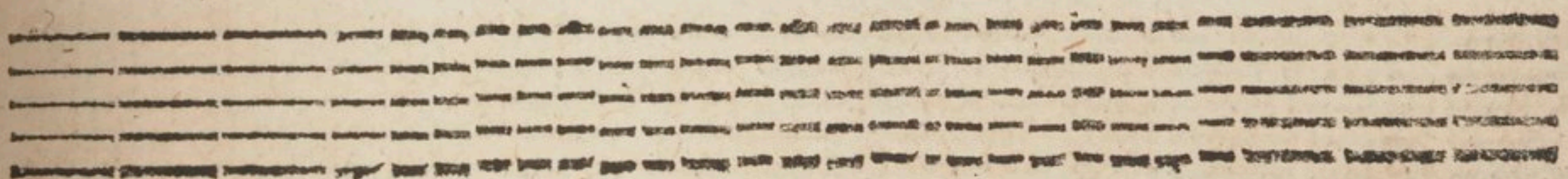
Op dat mijn vyanden seer fel



My niet dooden, want sy zijn krachtigh,

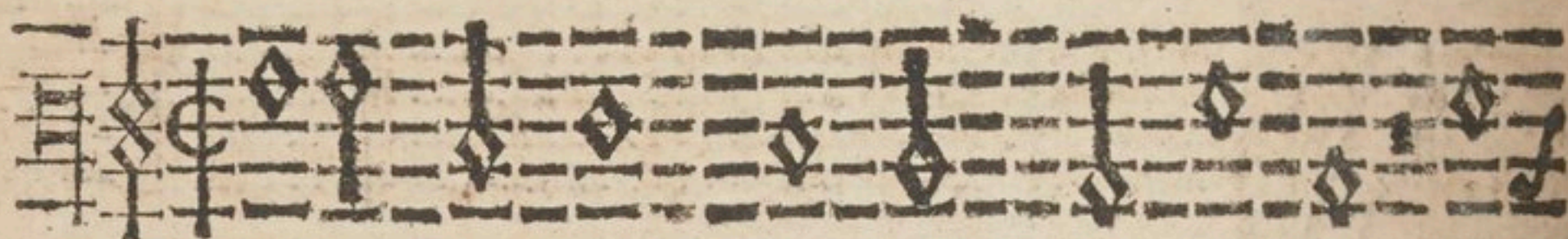


O Heer almachtigh.

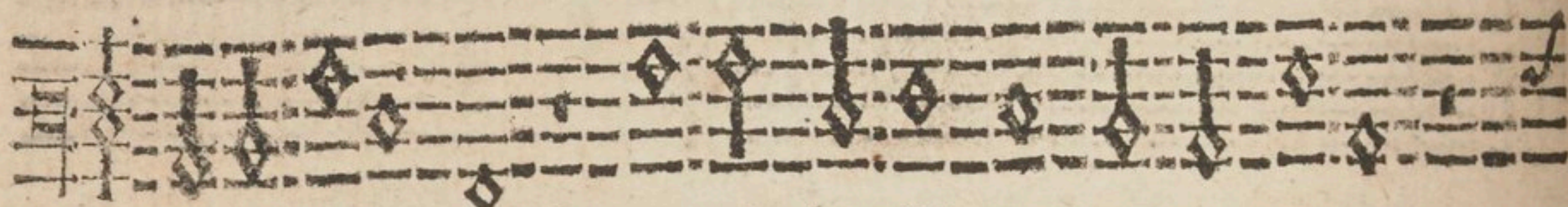


Bassus.

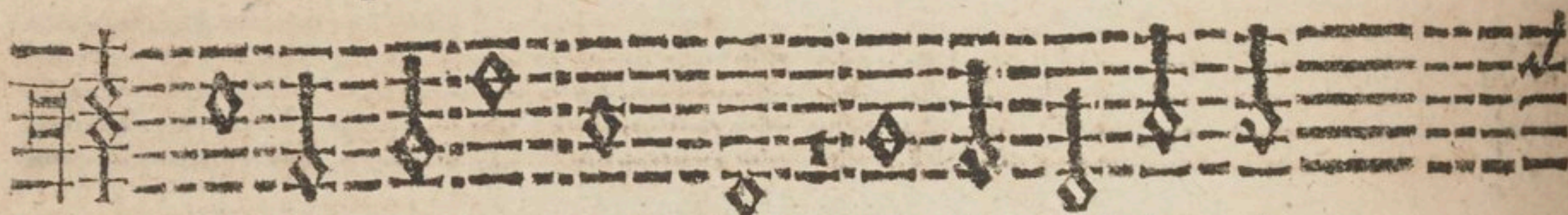
PSALM LXV.



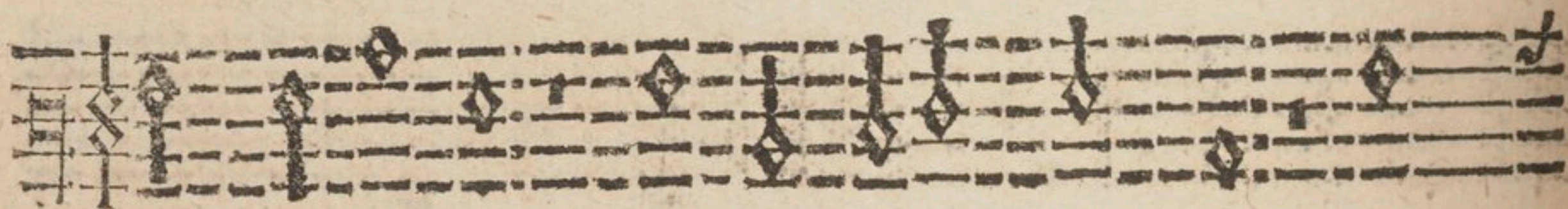
En looft u, Heer, met stemmen reyne, Tot



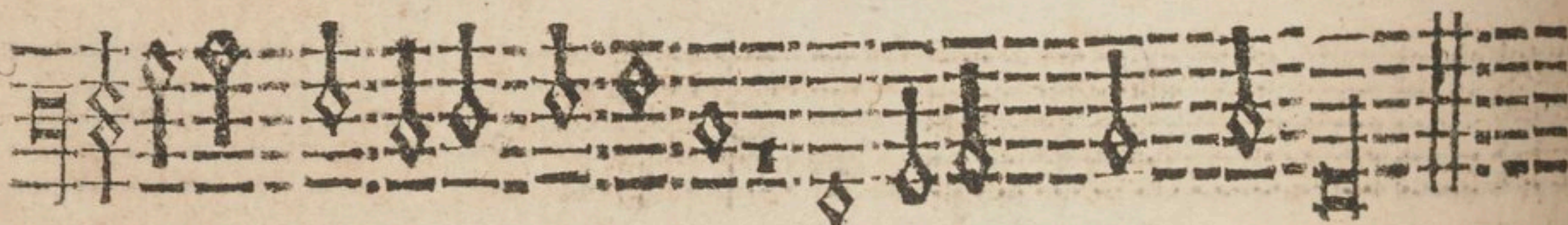
Zion openbaer ; De beloofde gaven gemeyne



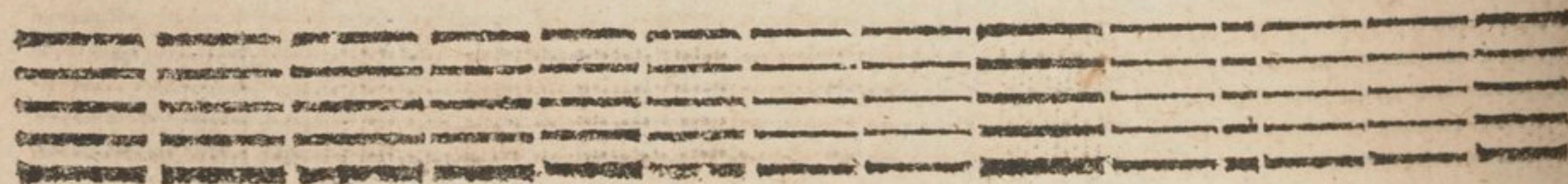
Betaelt men u oock daer, En dewijl dat ghy

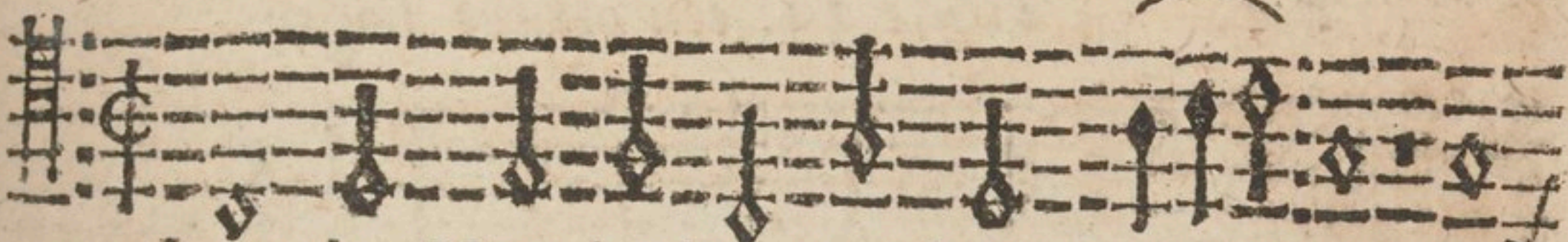


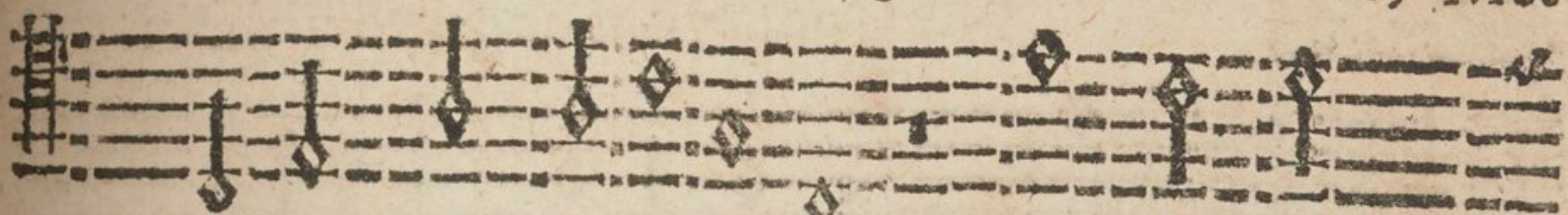
daer wilt hooren 't Gebedt uwes volcx goet, Soo

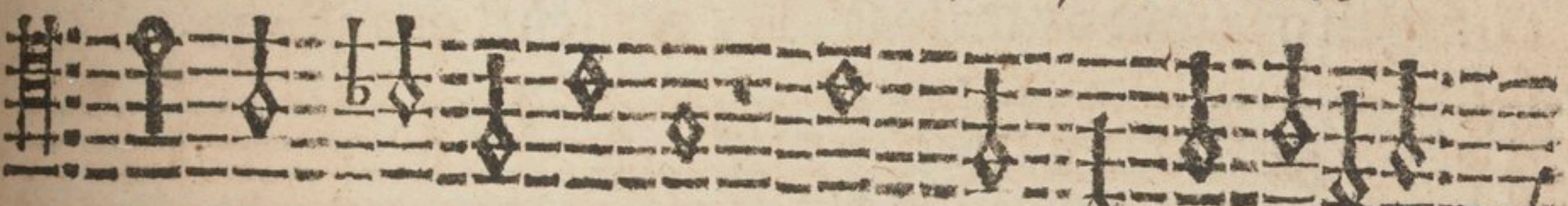


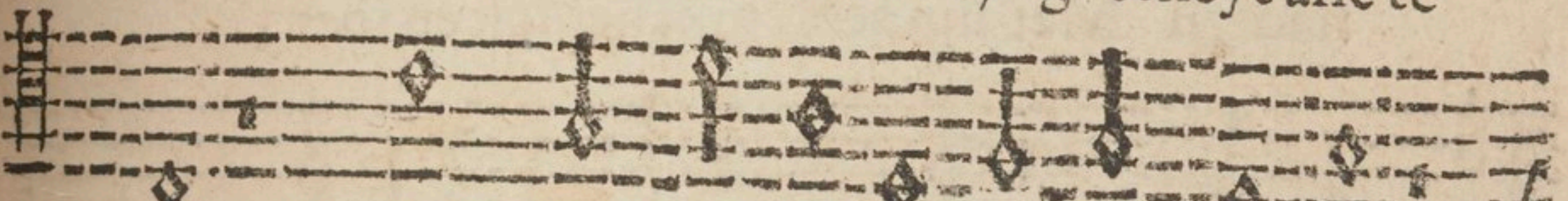
sullen daer u uytverkoren U vallen, Heer, te voet.

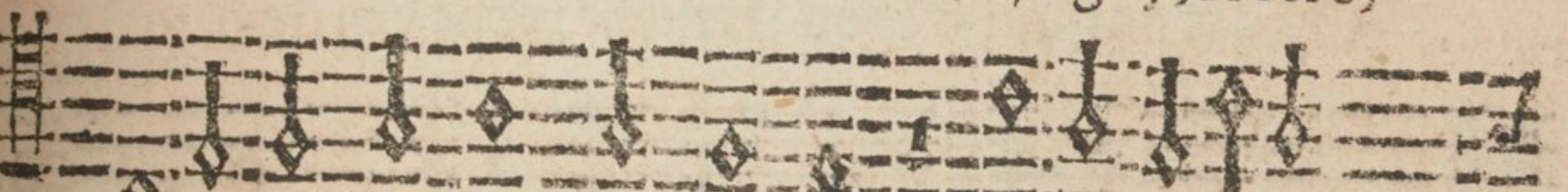


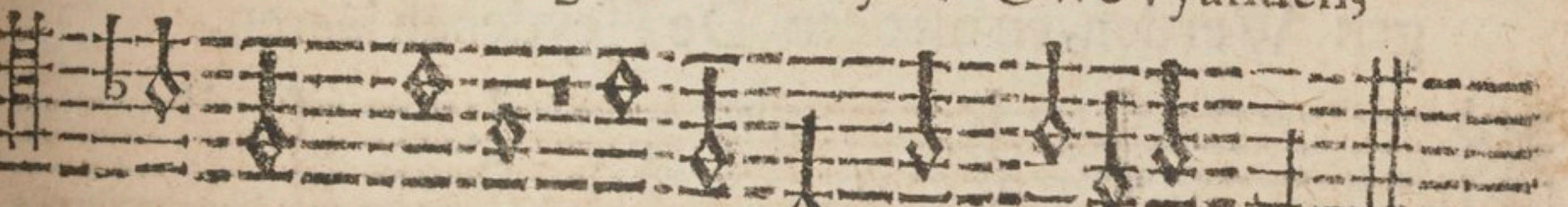
S 
 Ingt den Heer in den gantschen lan- de, Met


 gefangh 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,

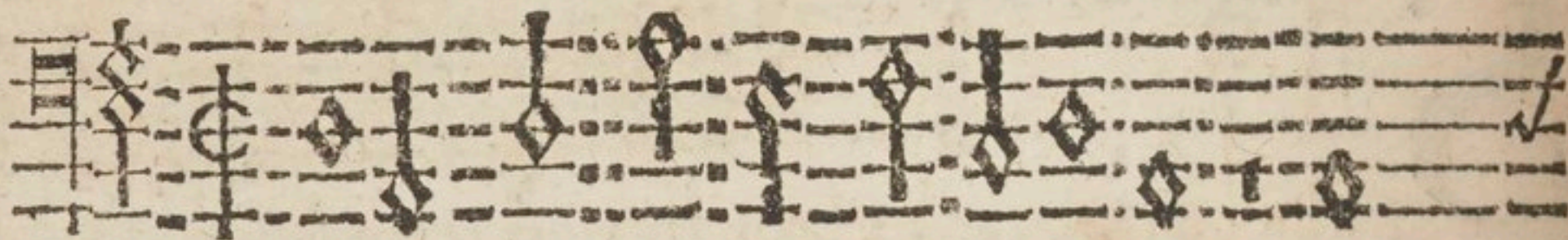

 beschaemt seere, Bidden om vreed' alle gemeyn.

Bassus.

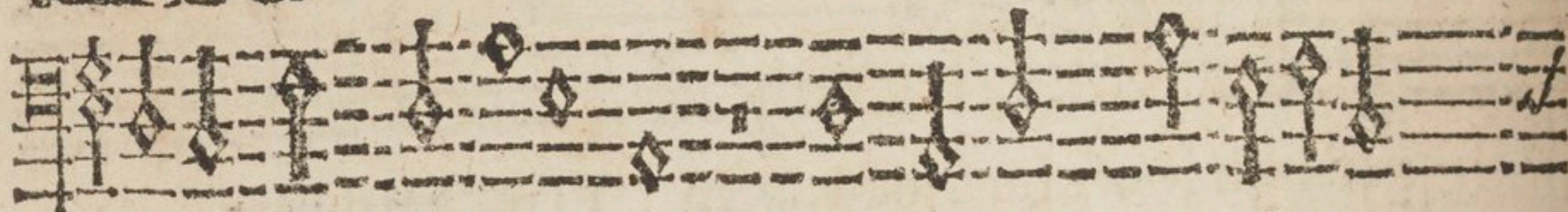
PSALM LXVII.

a 5.

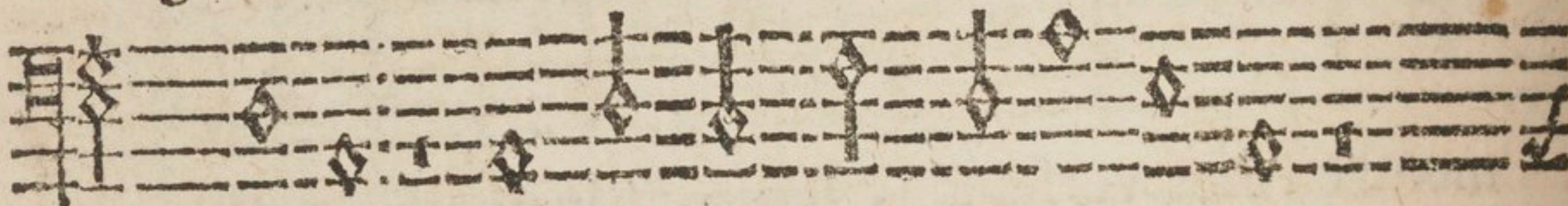
Wijse 33. een octave hoger.



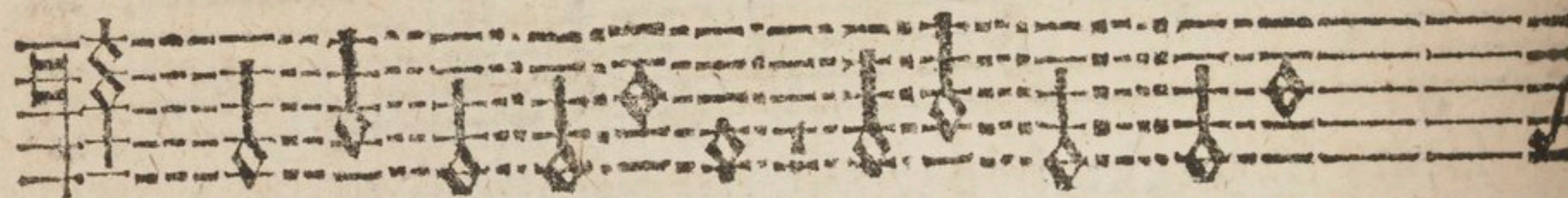
Nse Godt zy ons nu genadigh, En



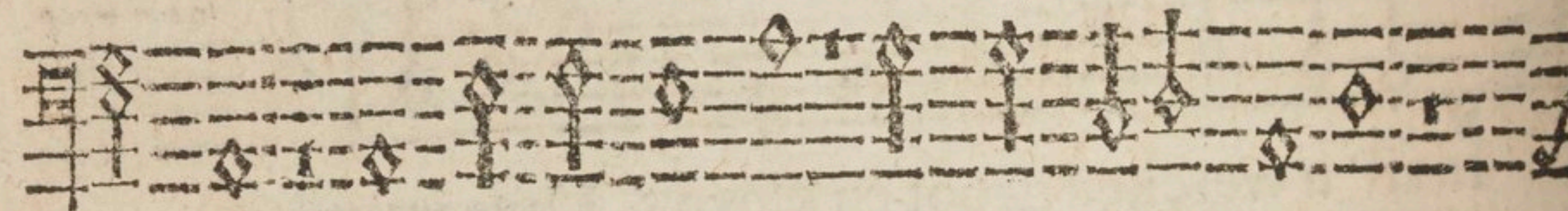
zegen ons met overvloed ; Hy verlicht' ons alle ge-



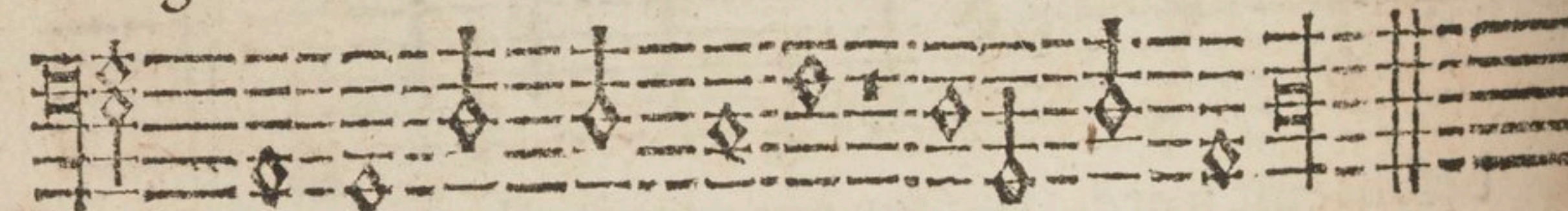
stadigh Met sijn aenschijn lieflick en soet ;



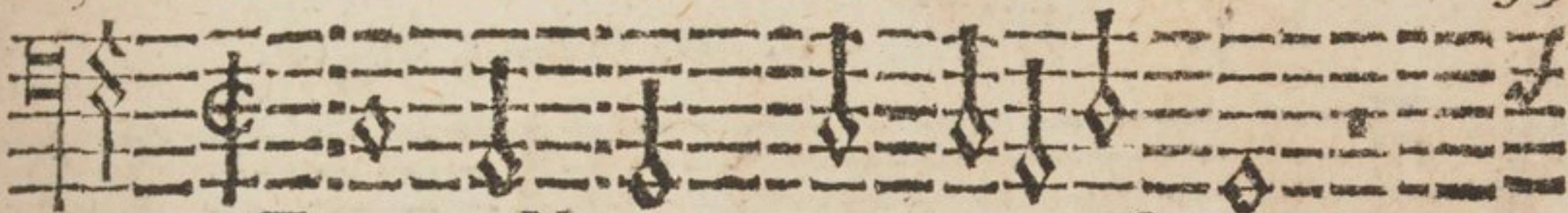
Op dat ons sijn wegen Bekent recht van de-



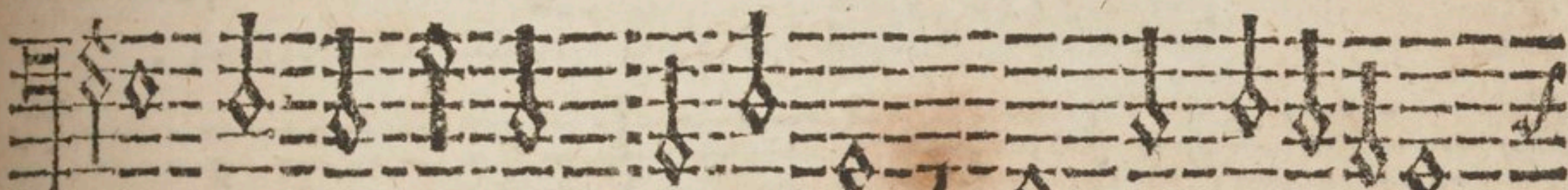
gen Werden, en met een De Heydenen leeren,



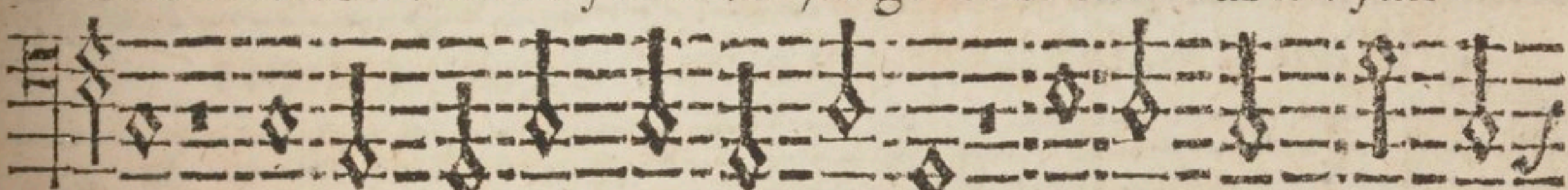
Hen tot den wegh keeren Onses heyls alleen.

S 

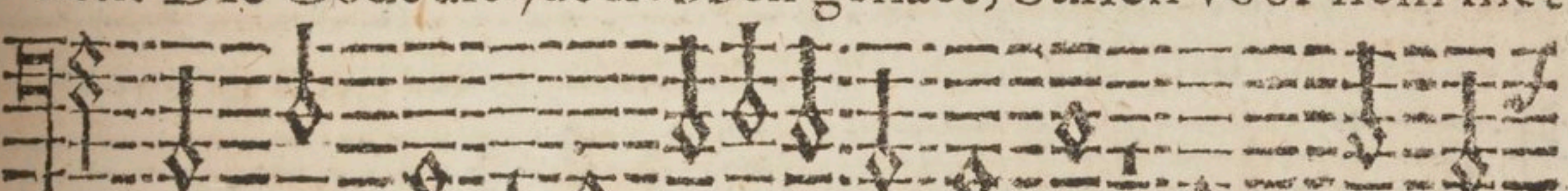
Taet op, Heer, toont u onvertfaeght,



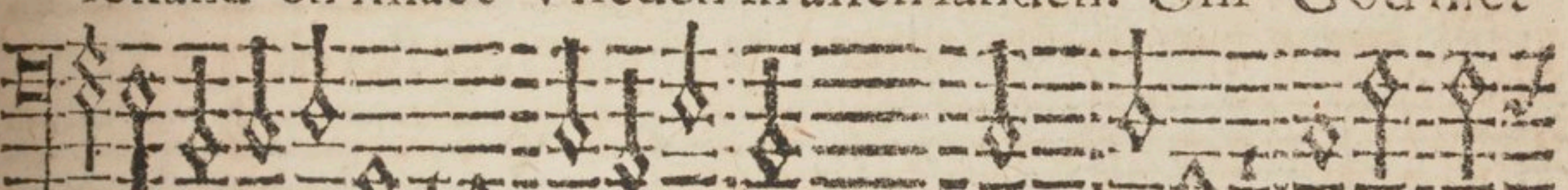
Soo werden verstroyt en verjaegt Seer haest al u vyan-



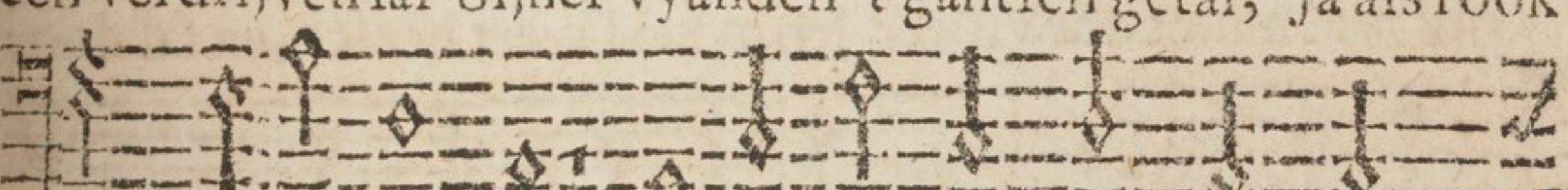
den: Die Godt altijd hebben gehaet, Sullen voor hem met



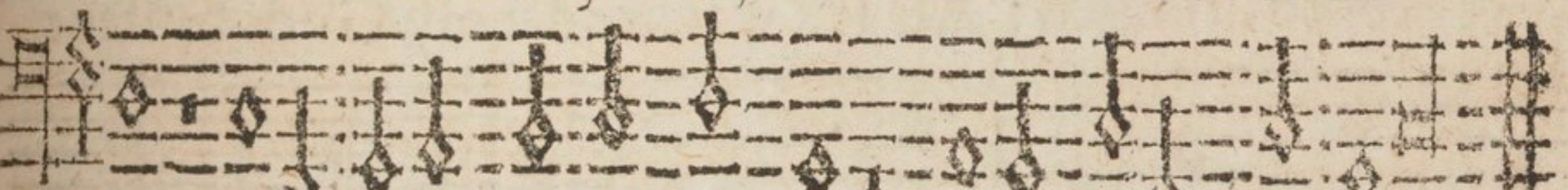
fchand' en smaet Vlieden in allen landen. Onf' God met



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



doen verswinden; Gelijck dat was smelt voor dat



vyer, Sal hy allen godloosen hier Verteeren en verslinden.

Bassus.

PSALM LXIX.

a 5. Wijse 51. een octave hoger.

Ick 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

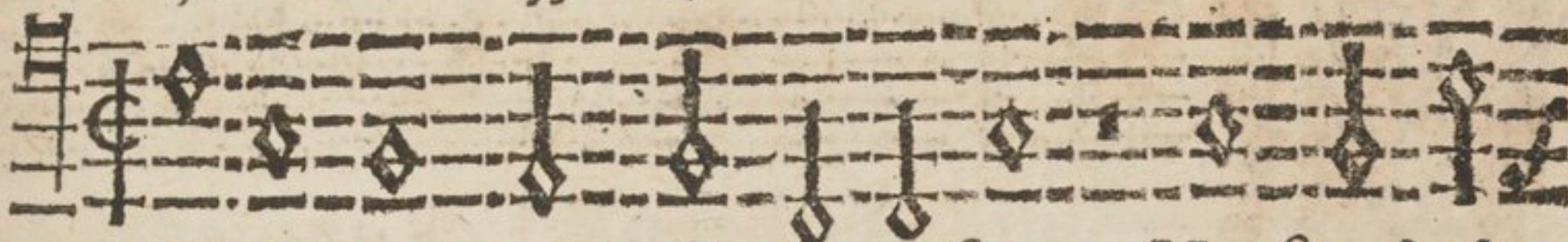
't roepen droogen : Als ick wachte dat my Godt bystant

doet, Vergaen is my dat gesicht mijner cogen.

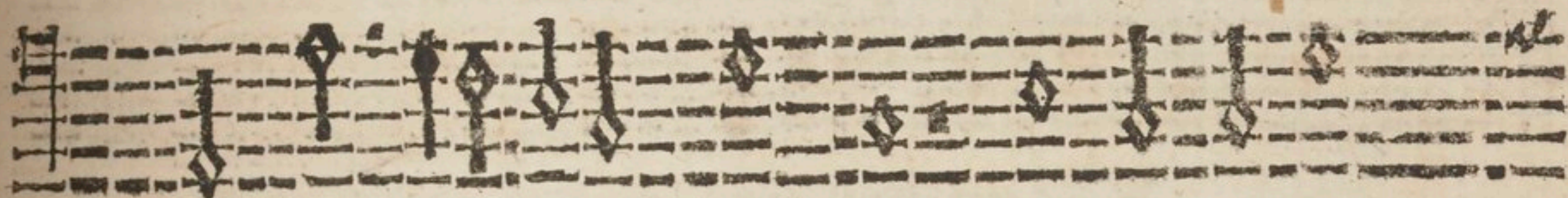
a 5.

Wijse 17.

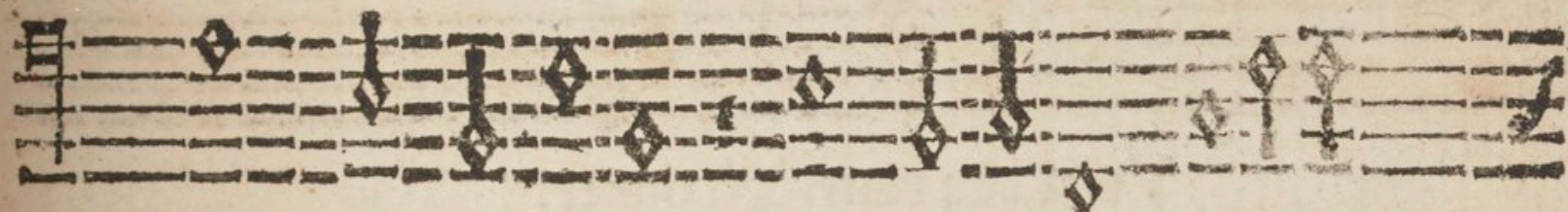
O



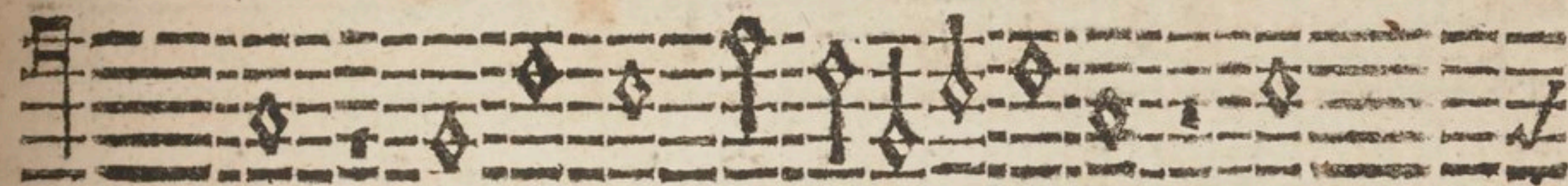
Godt, op wien mijn hope staet, Haest u, help



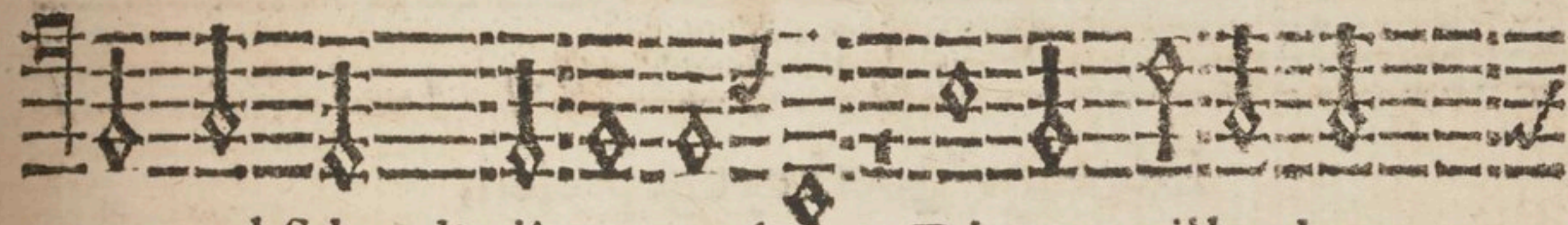
my, vrijdt my van schanden : Tot mijnen by-



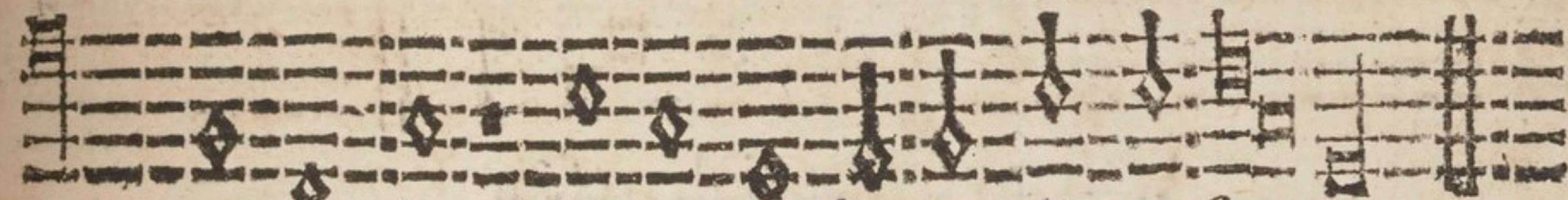
stant streckt u handen, Verdoet al mijn vyanden



quaet. Die na mijn ziel listelick jagen, Moe-



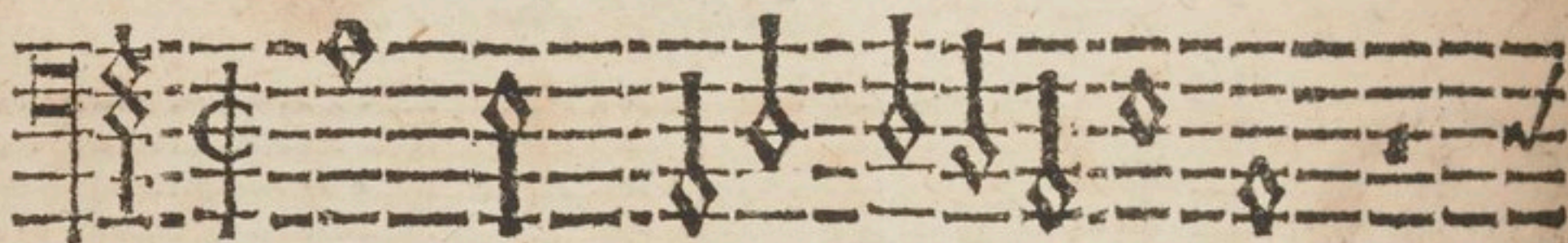
ten vol schand' zijn en verdriet : Die my willen bren-



gen tot niet, Moeten vlieden, en zijn verslagen.

Bassus.

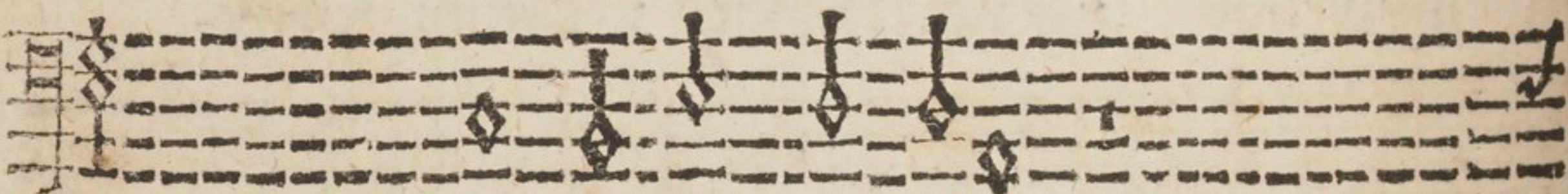
PSALM LXXI.



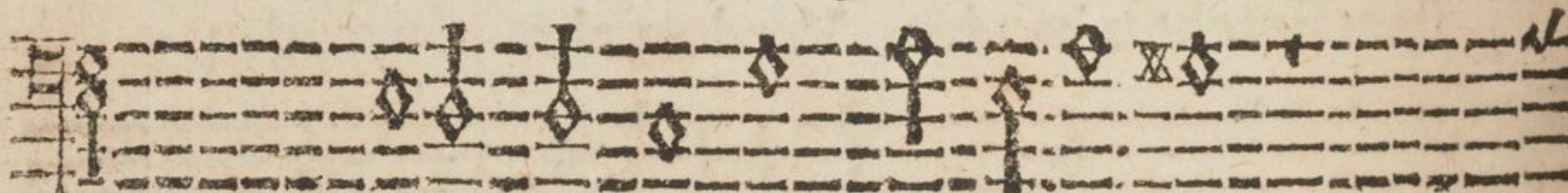
Yn hoop stelick op u gestadigh :



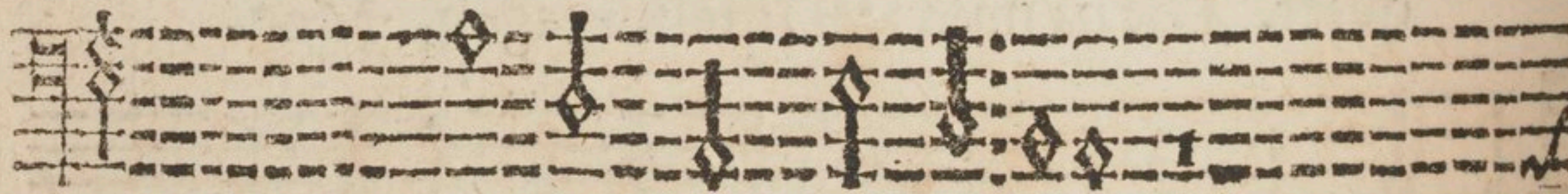
Wilt my bewaren Heer ,



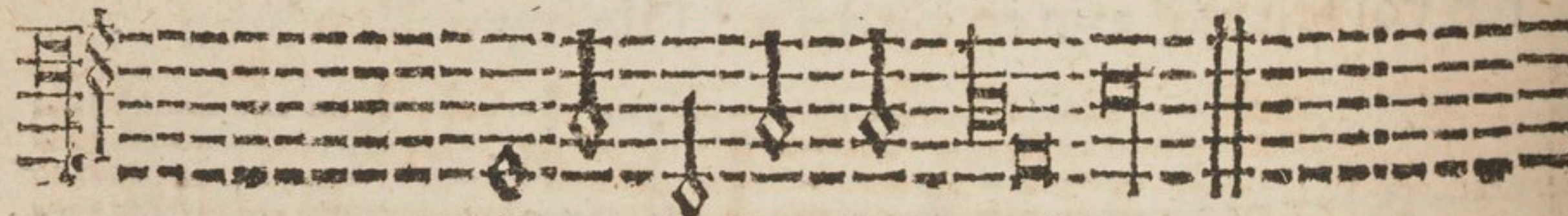
Voor een eeuwigh oneer.



Verlost my, ô mijn Godt genadigh ,



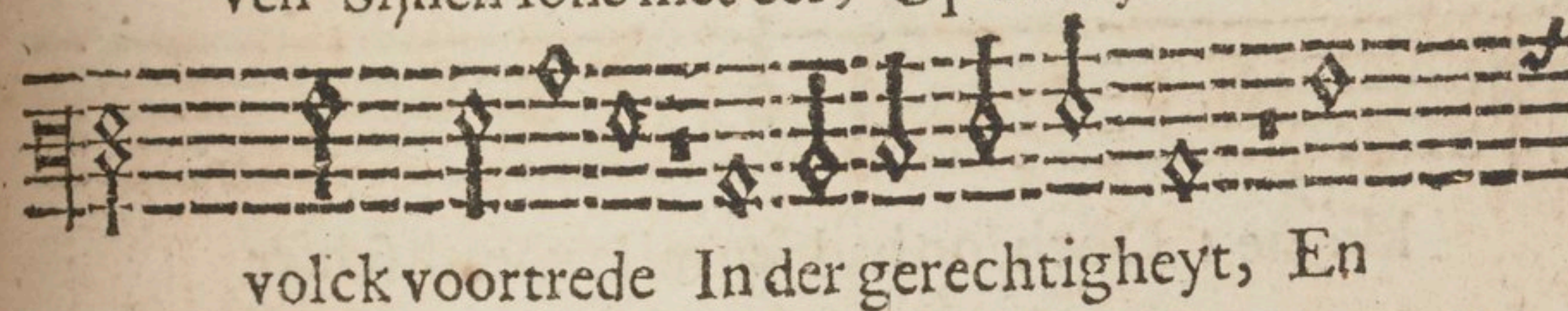
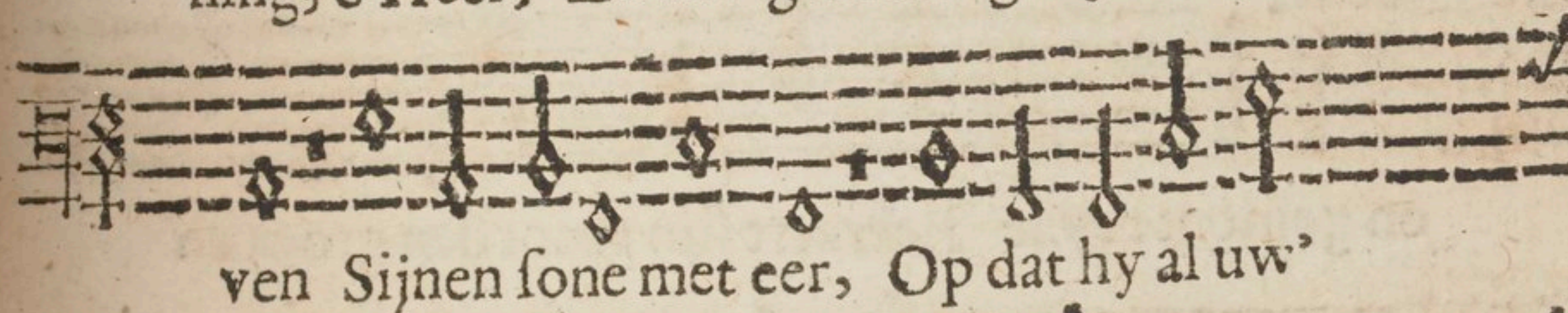
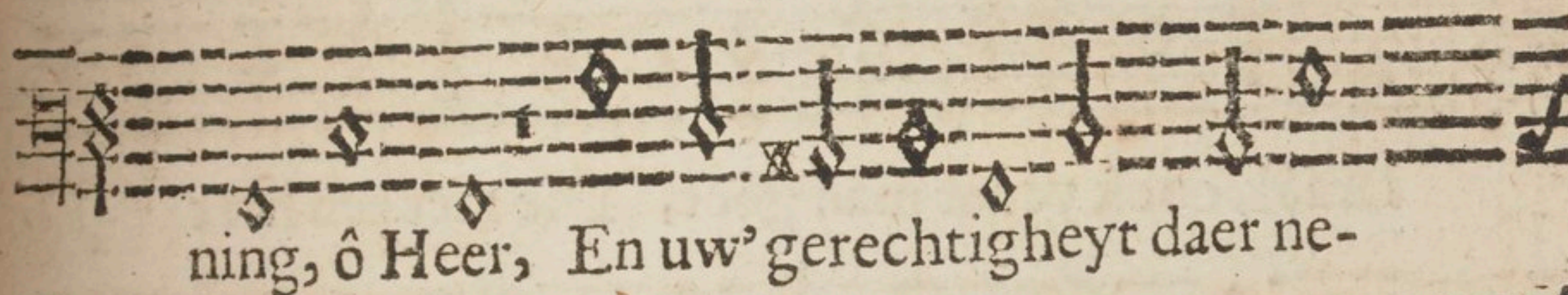
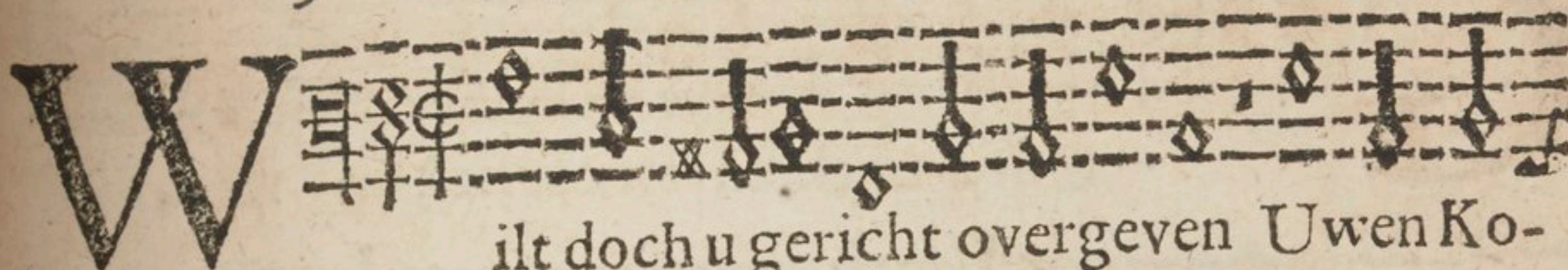
Door uw' goetheyt gepresen,

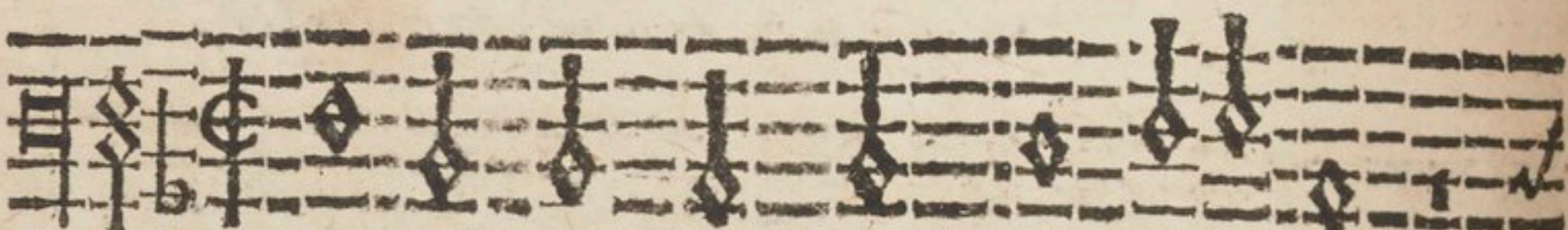


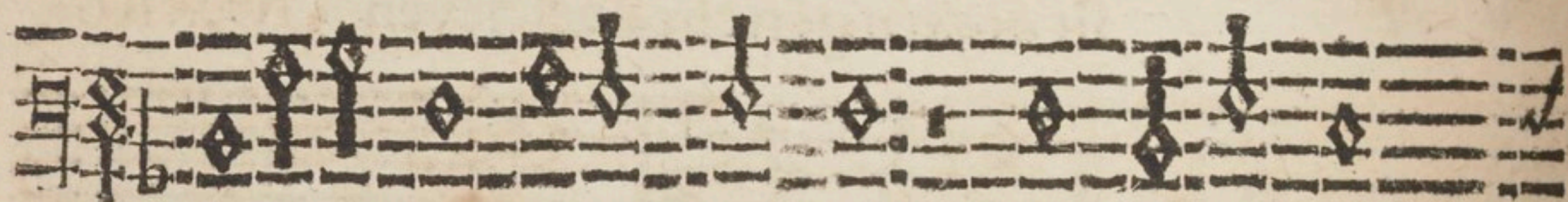
Wilt my bystandigh wesen.

a 5.

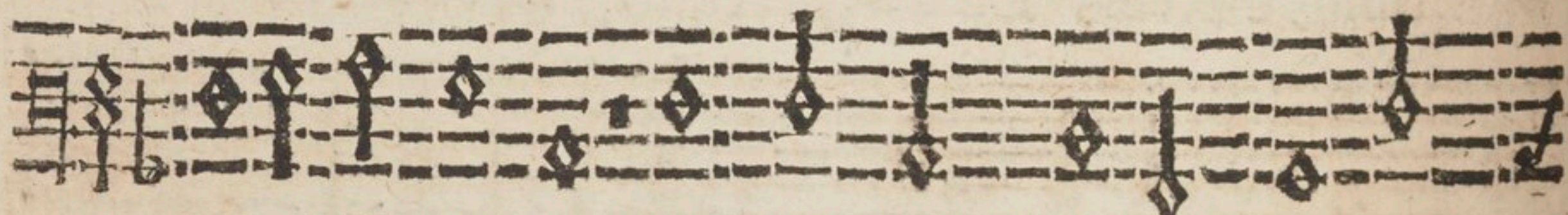
Wijse 65. een octave hoger.



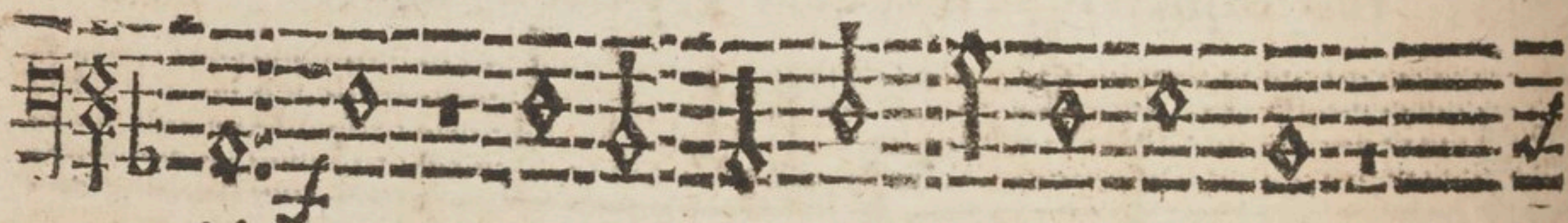
G  Odt is nochtans trooft'lick en soet,



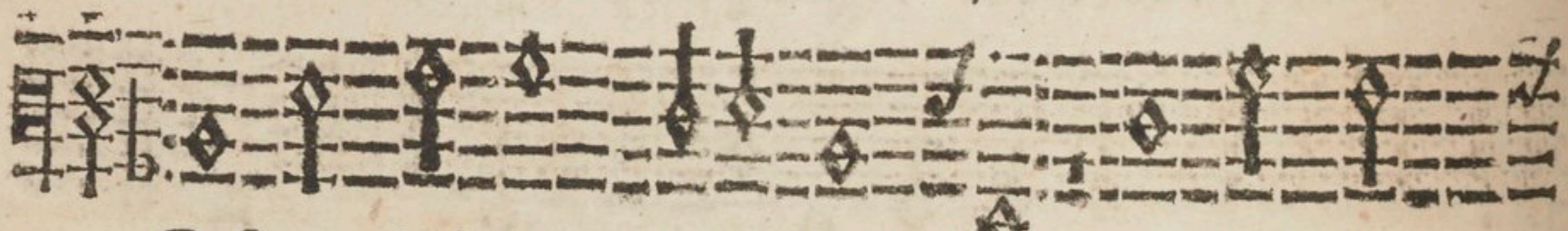
Israël, oock yeder man goet, Die met een hert



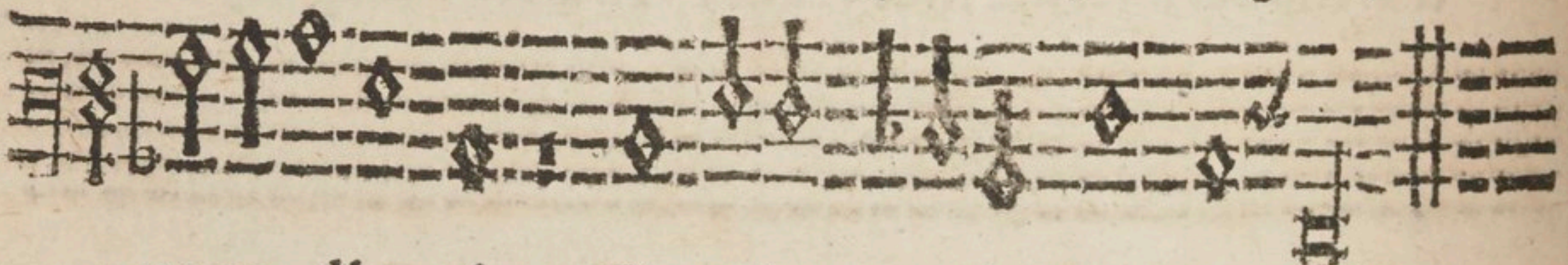
en gemoet reyne Bewaert sijn woorden groot en



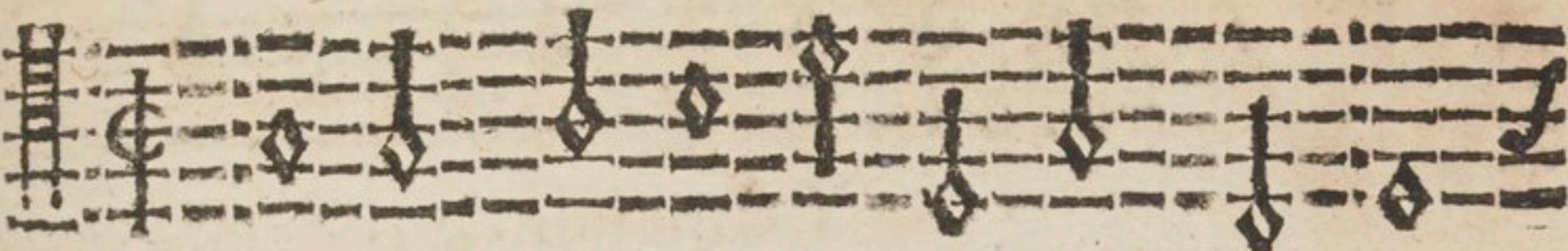
kleyne : Doch soo hadden mijn voeten schier



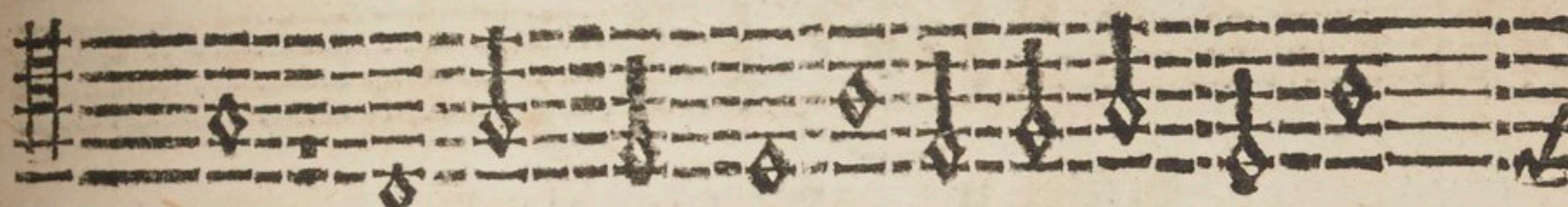
Gestruyckelt uyt mijnen wegh hier ; Ick lagh by-



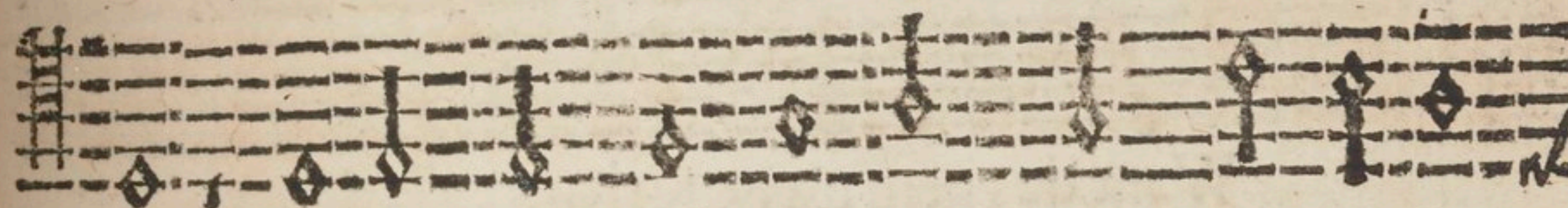
na gevallen plat, Geweken uyt den rechten padt.

H 

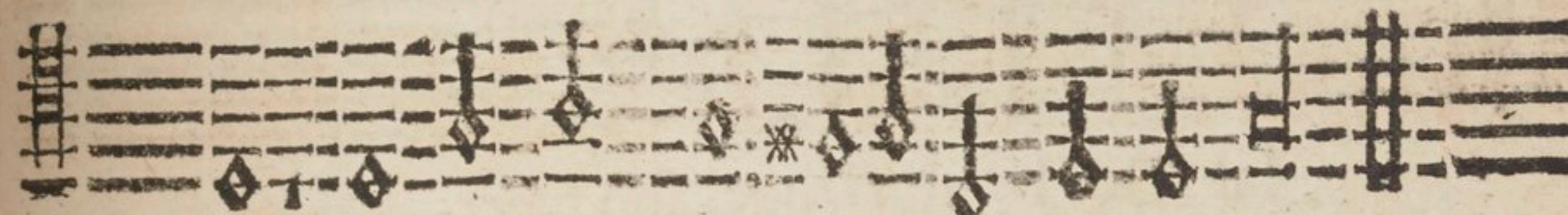
Oe komt dat ghy ons verstroyt, ô Godt



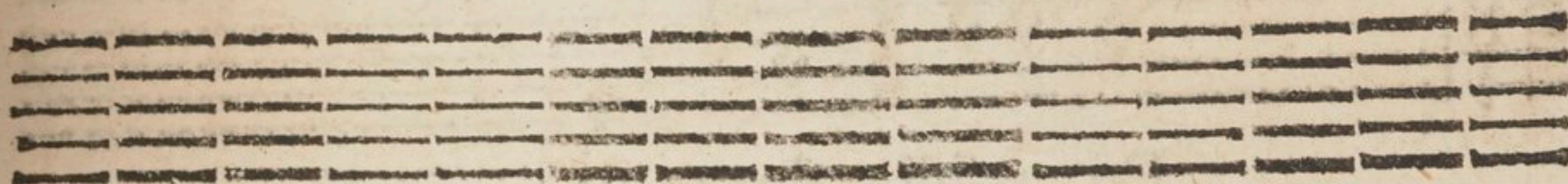
mijn? Dat uw' gramfchap over ons feer ontfte-

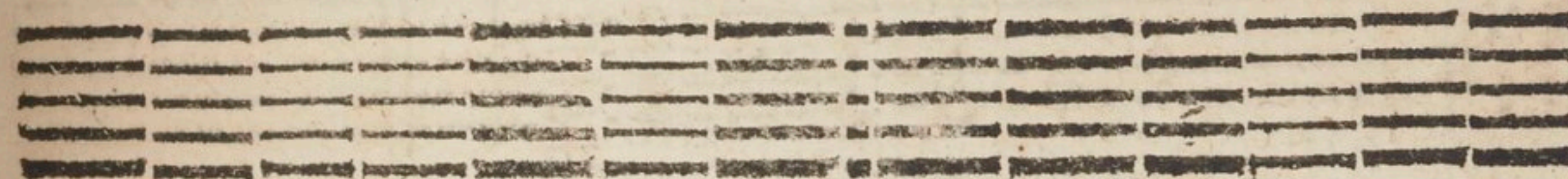


ken, Dicken roock uytwerpt, soo 't hier heeft geble-



ken, Die wy doch fchapien uwer weyden zijn?

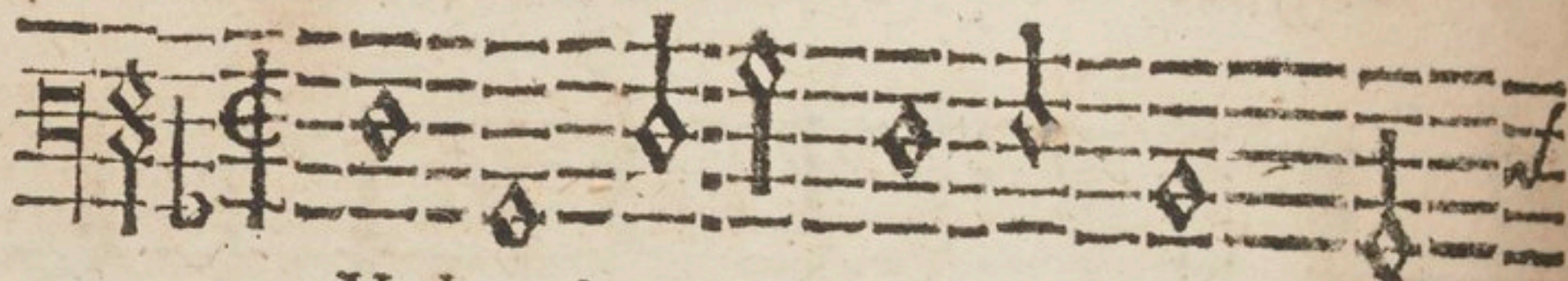




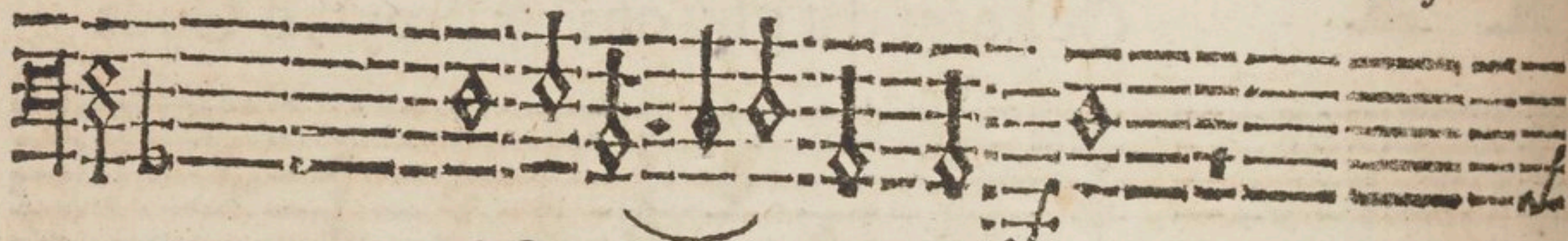
Bassus.

PSALM LXXV.

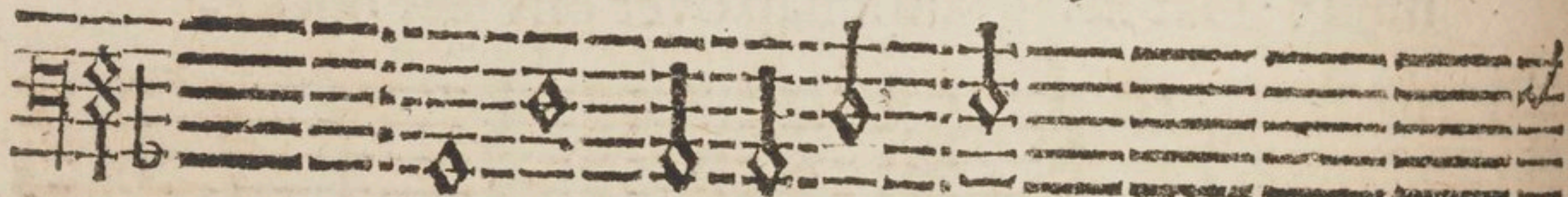
W



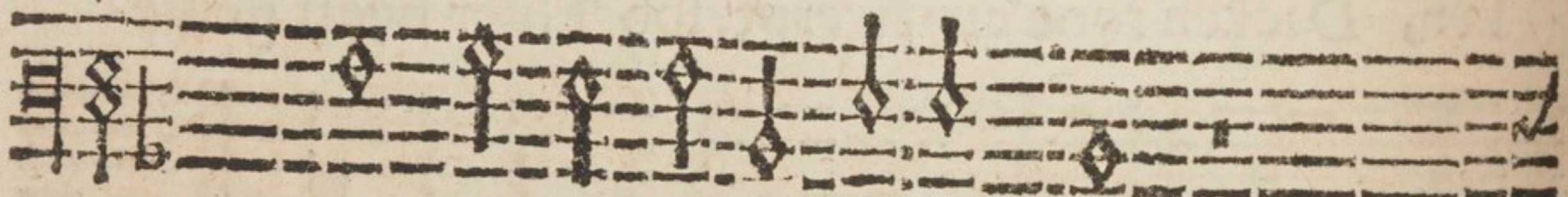
Y dancken u Godt en Heer, Wy



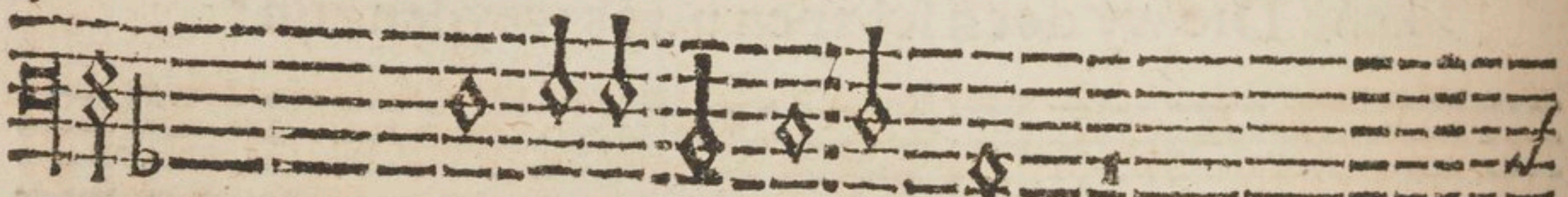
prijfen u wercken al ;



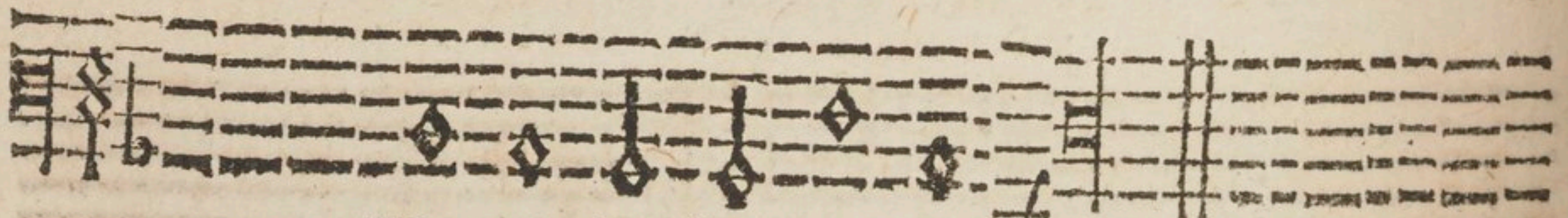
Want de roem uwes Naems



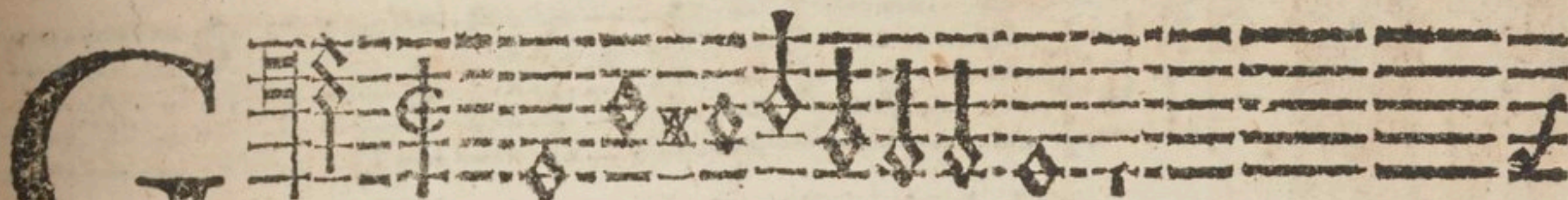
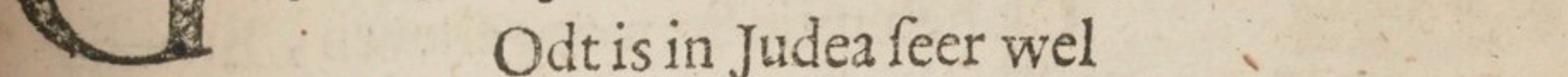
sal Ons by zijn langes soo meer,



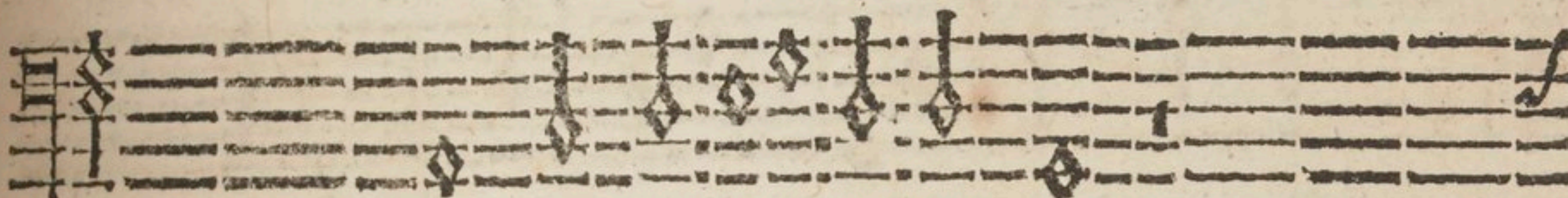
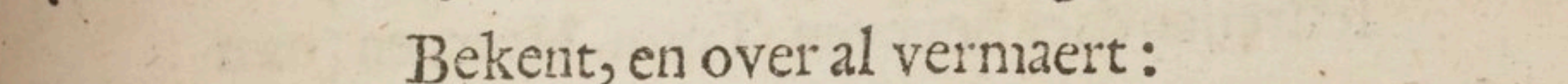
En wy sullen singen klaer



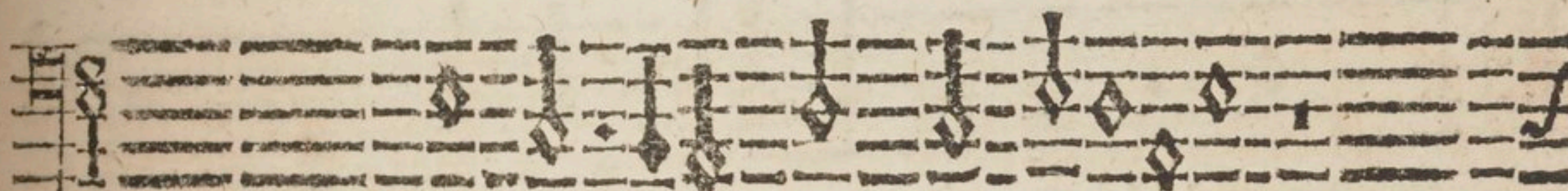
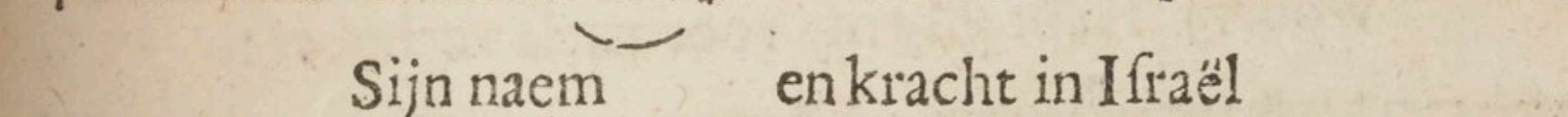
Uw' daden seer wonderbaer.

G  

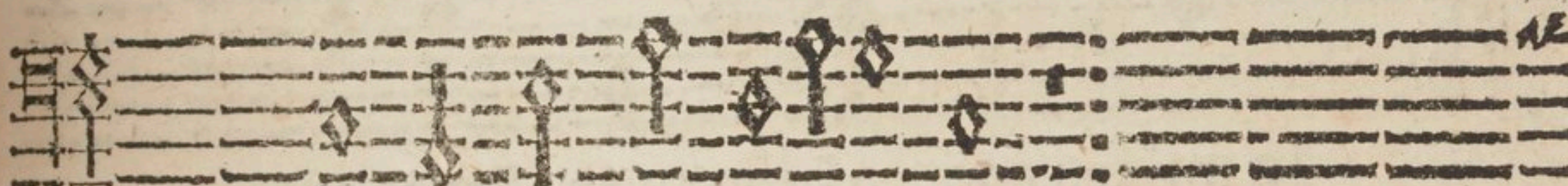
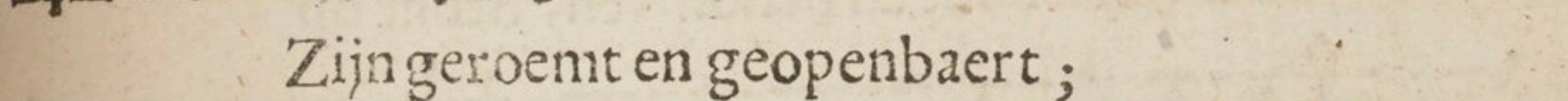
Odt is in Judea seer wel

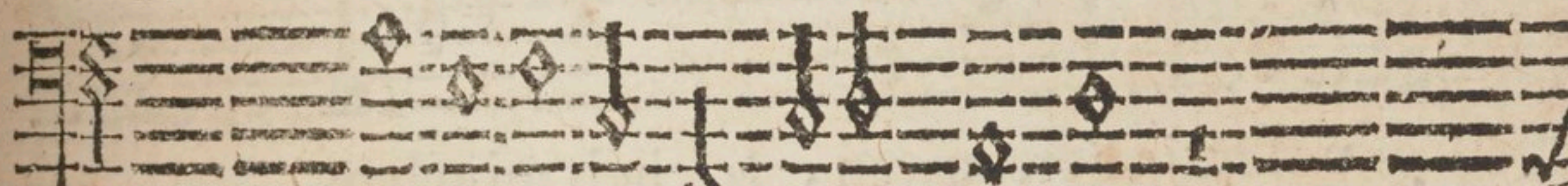
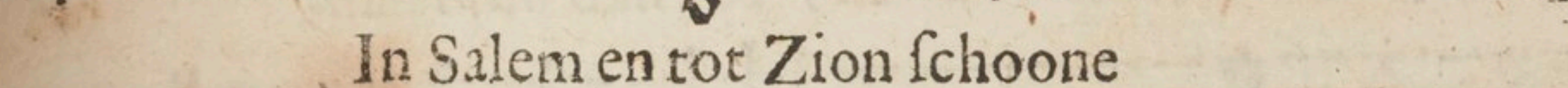
Bekent, en over al vermaert :

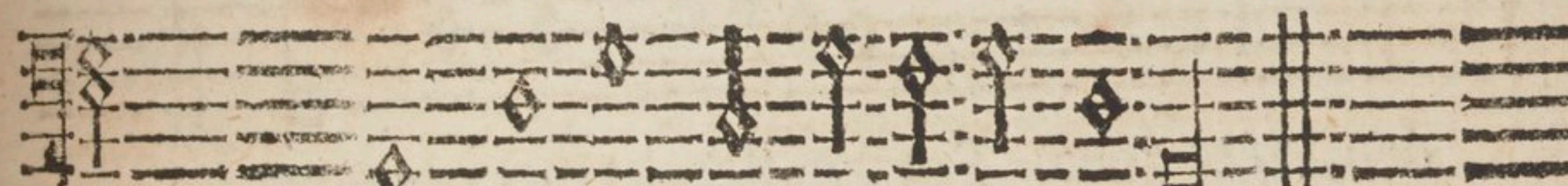
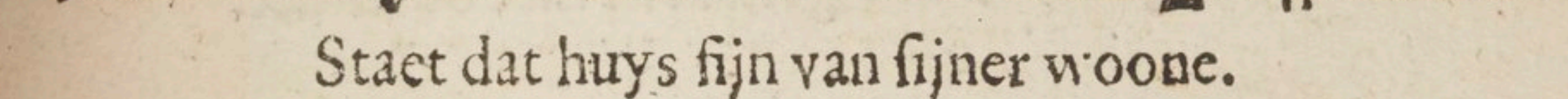
Sijn naem en kracht in Israël

Zijn geroemt en geopenbaert ;

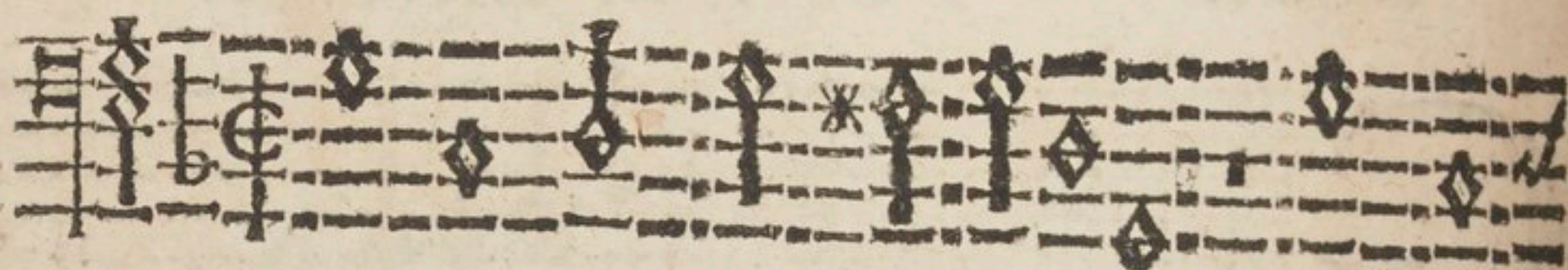
In Salem en tot Zion schoone

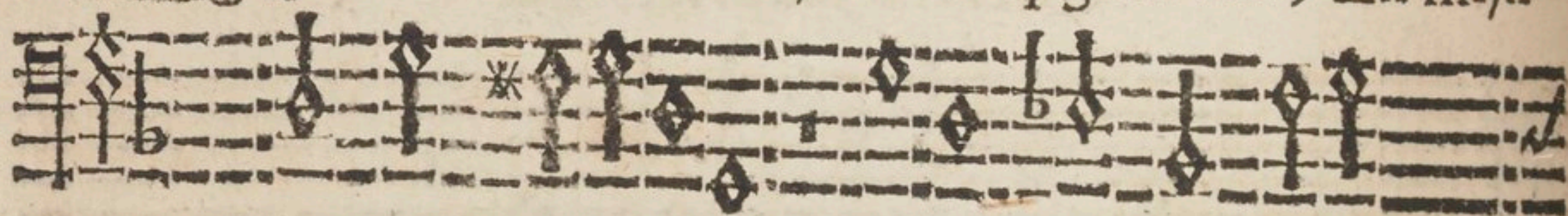
Staet dat huys sijn van sijner woone.

Bassus.

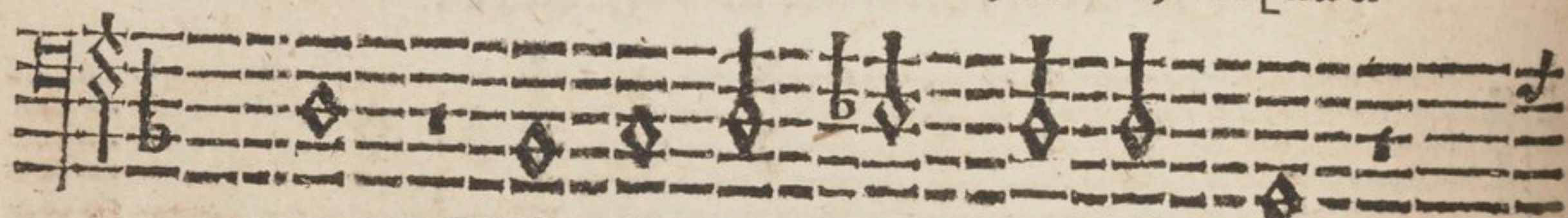
PSALM LXXVII.



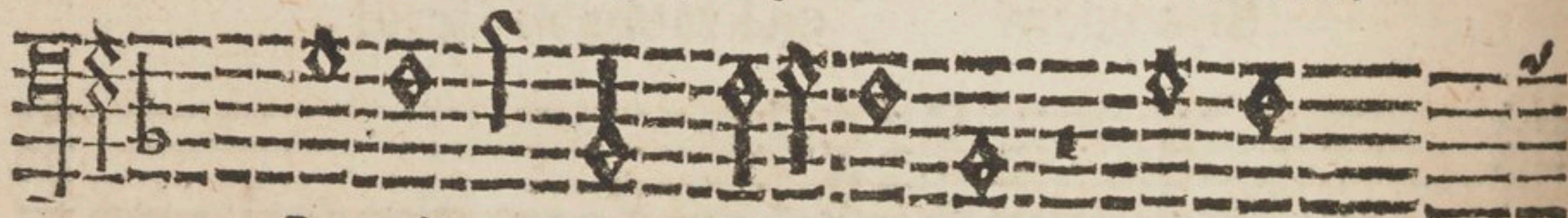
Ick heb mijn stem opgeheven, En mijn



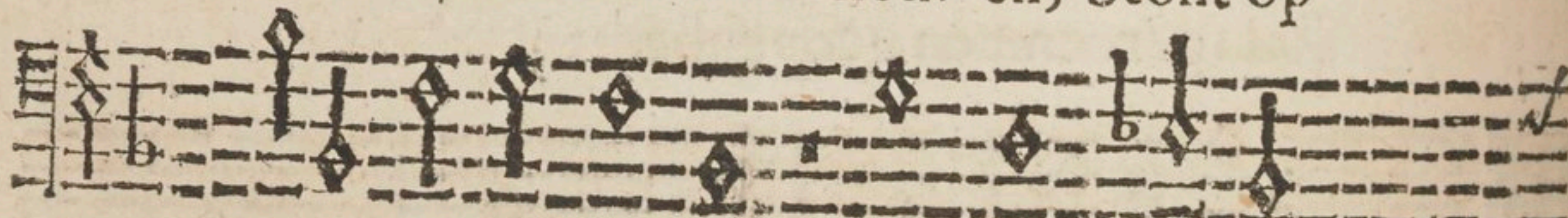
schrijven daer beneven Tot u, Heer, en [na u



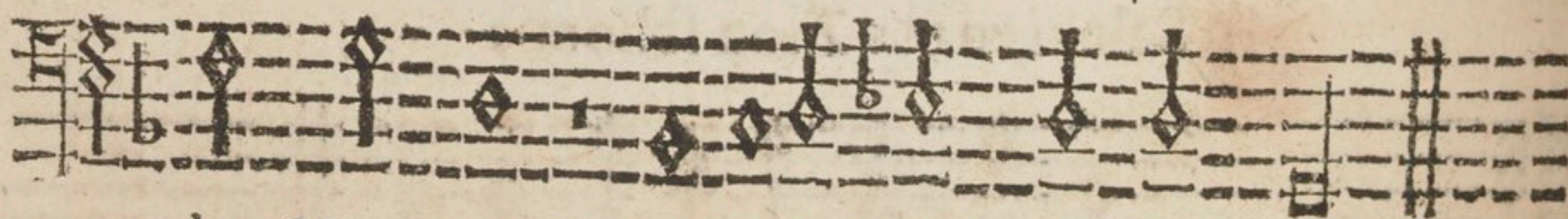
woort] Hebt ghy my voormaels verhoort:



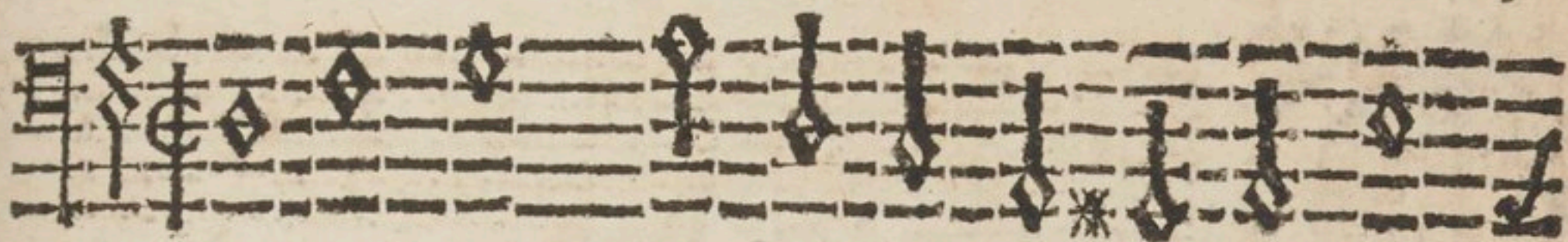
In mijnen noot en benouwen, Stont op



u al mijn betrouwen, Ick heb mijn han-



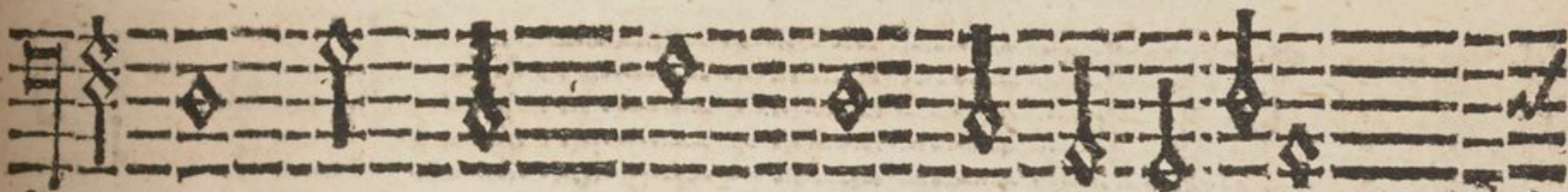
den, Heer goet, Tot u gestreckt met ootmoet.



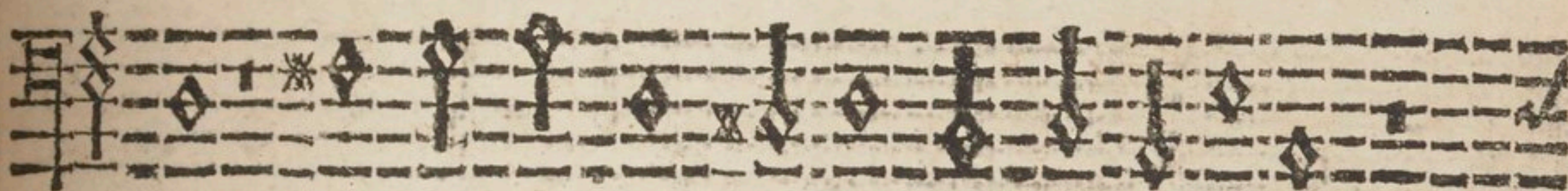
Mijn volck wilt mijn leering nu aenhoo-



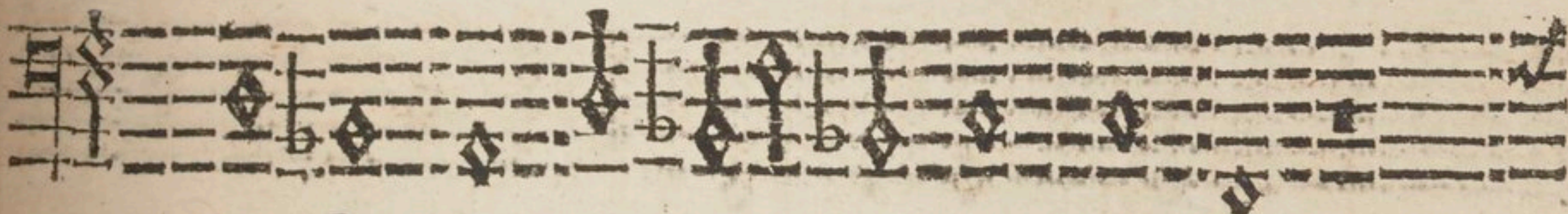
ren ; Neyght u verstant, wilt open doen u ooren,



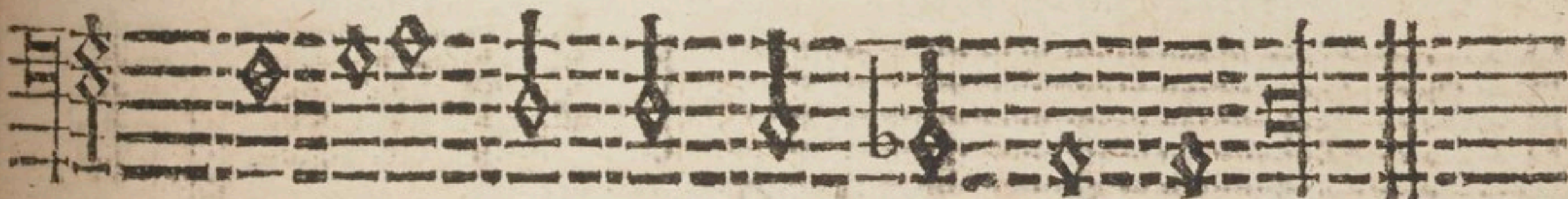
Verneemt mijns monts schoon en heerlicke re-



den ; Van my werden Godes wercken beleden,



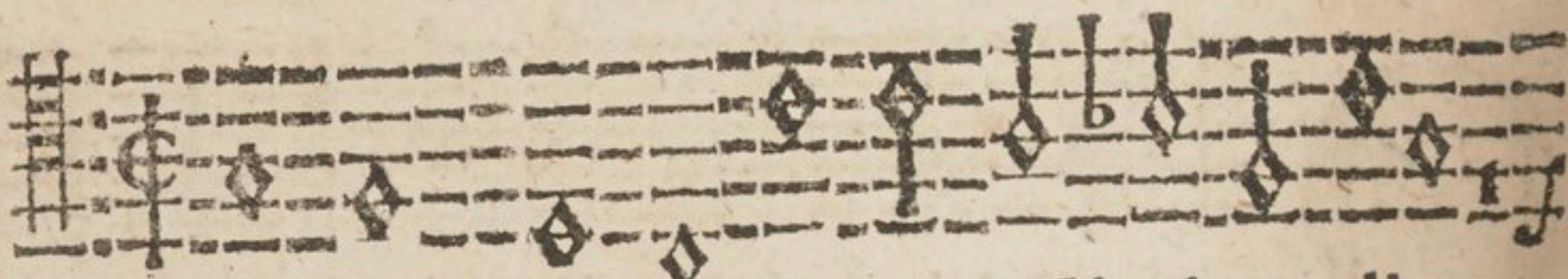
Van sijn groot-daden wil ick doen vermaen,



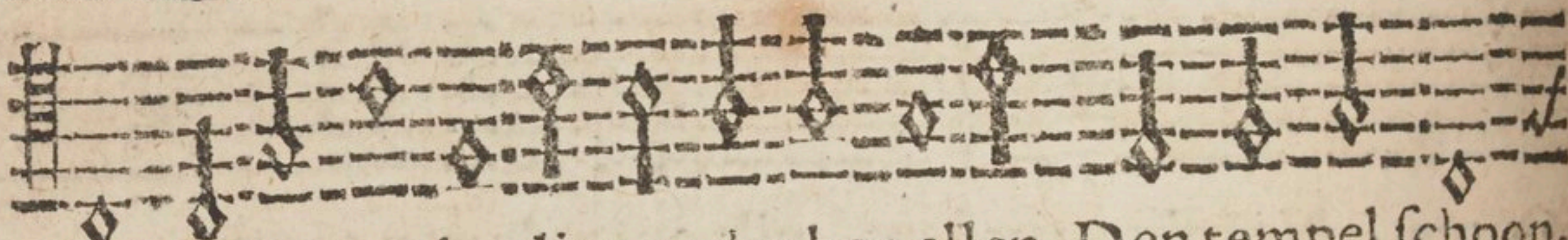
Die onse Godt hier voormaels heeft gedaen,

Bassus.

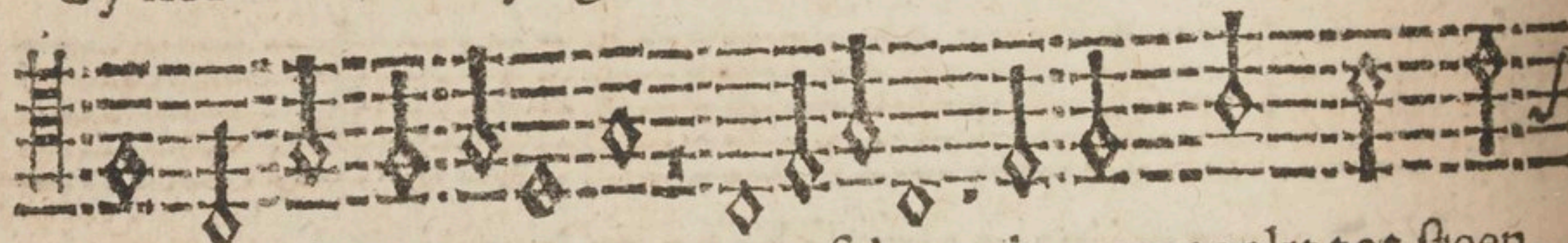
PSALM LXXIX.



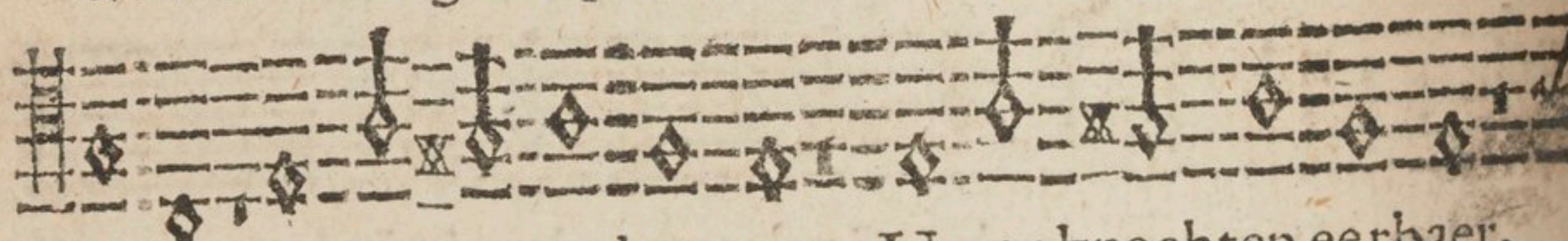
E Heyd'nen zijn in uw' erfdeel gevallen,



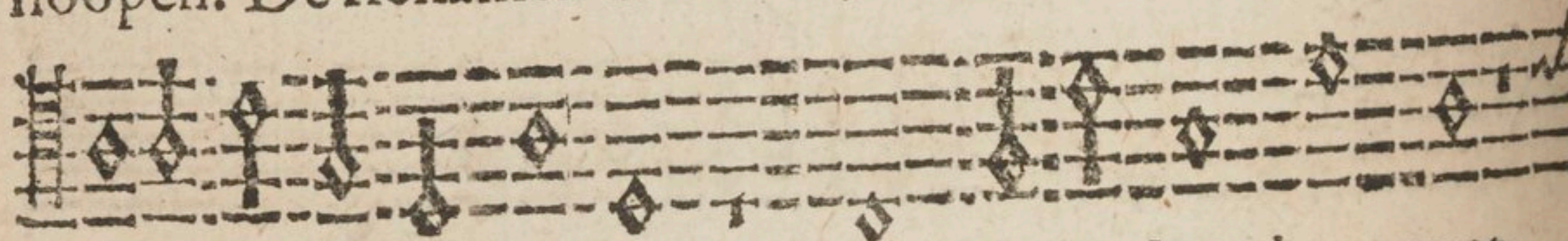
Sy hebben ontheyligt onder hen allen Den tempel schoon,



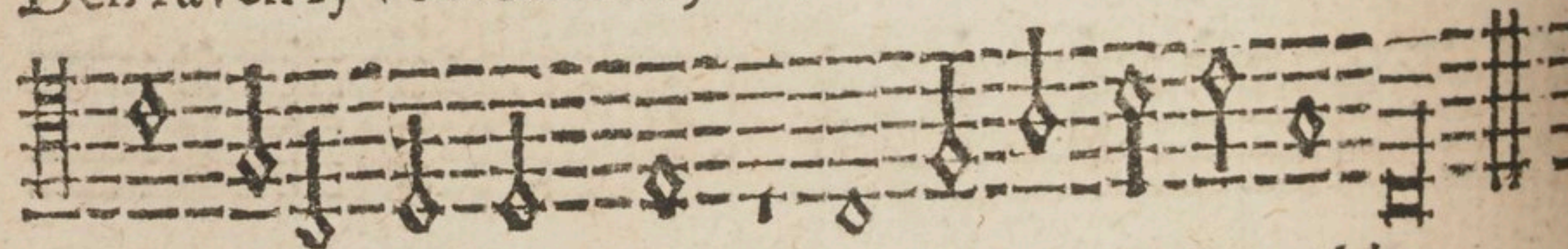
en daer toe afgeloopen Jerufalem, ja gemaect tot steen-



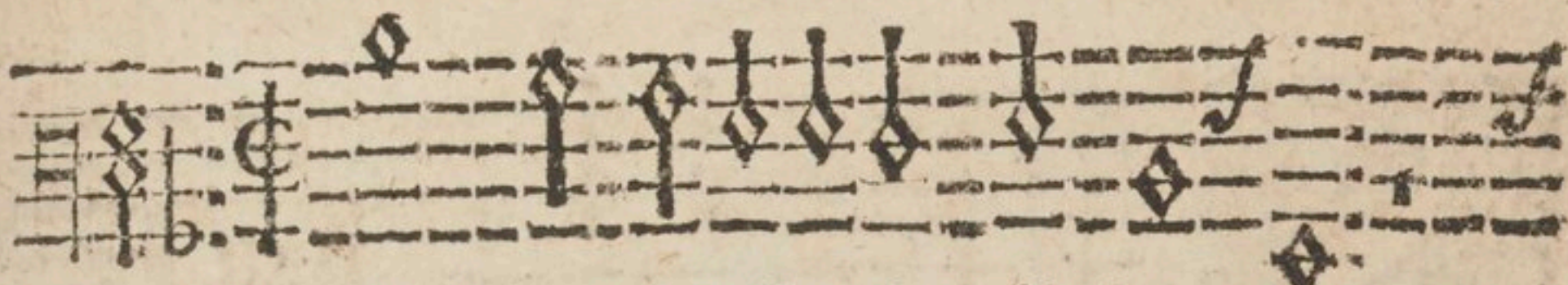
hoopen. De lichamen daer naer, Uwer knechten eerbaer,



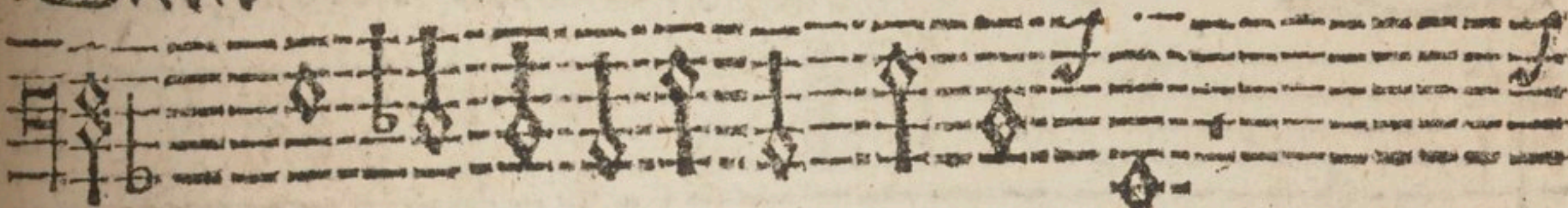
Den raven sy voorstelden; 't Vleesch uwer knechten goet,



wierpense met hoogmoet Den dieren op den velden.



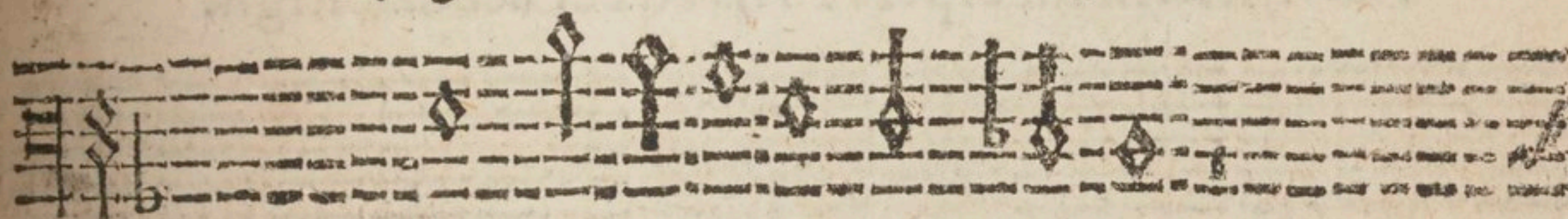
Hy Herder Israëls wilt hooren,



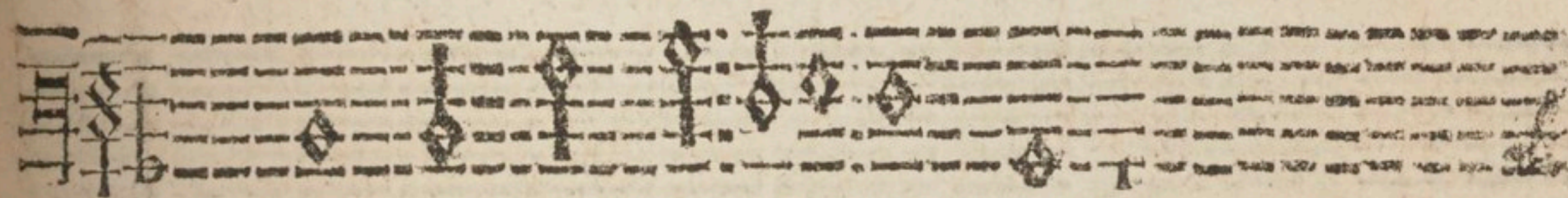
Die de kudde Josephs verko- ren,



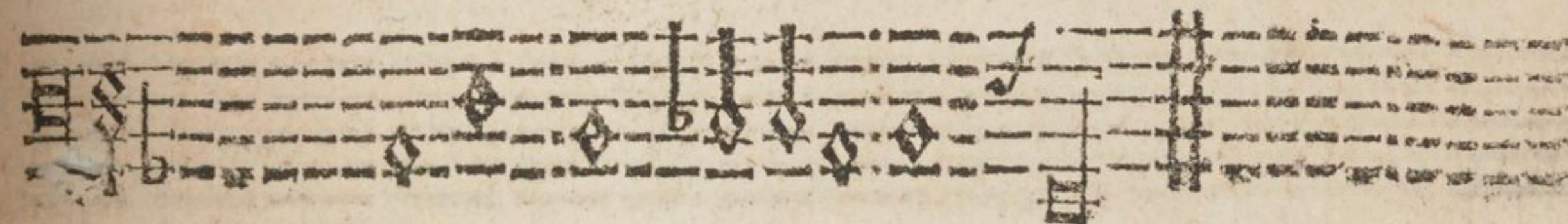
Uytgevoert hebt als schapen goet,



Toont ons u lieflick aenschijn soet,



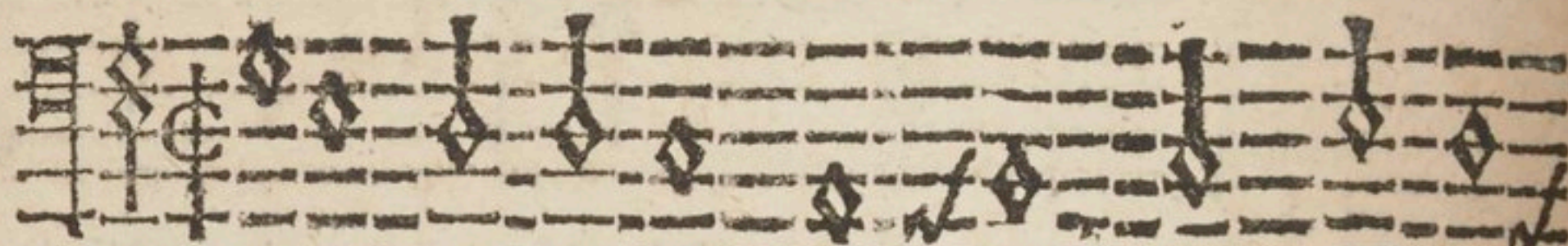
Ghy die hoogh sit in uwen Throon



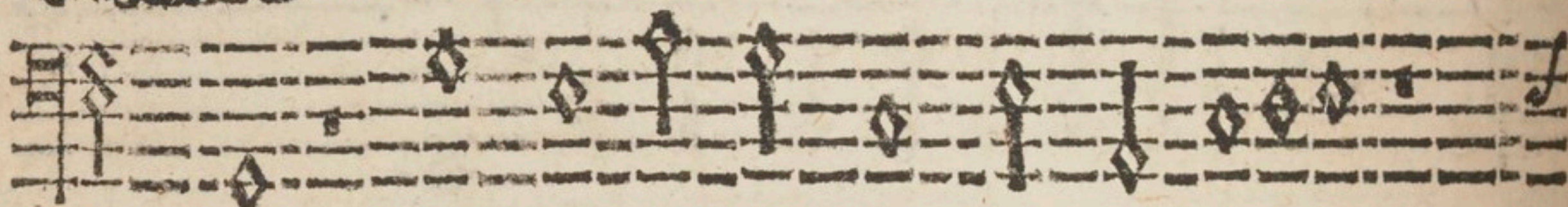
Boven den Cherubinen schoon.

Bassus.

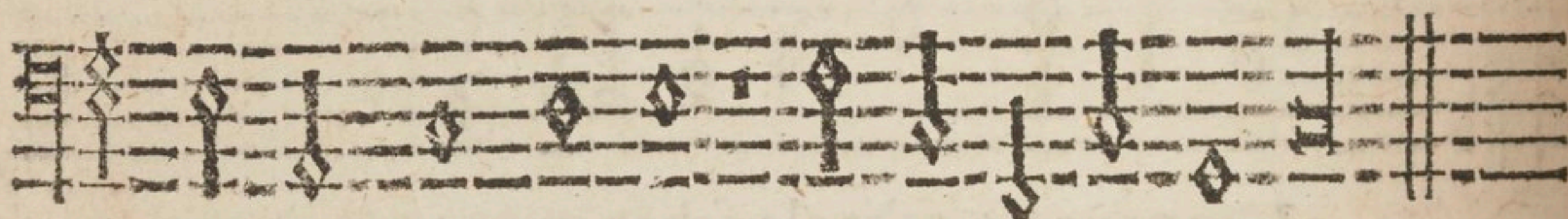
PSALM LXXXI.



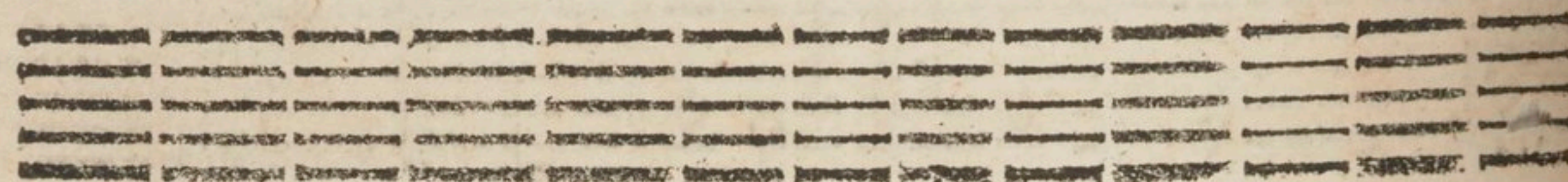
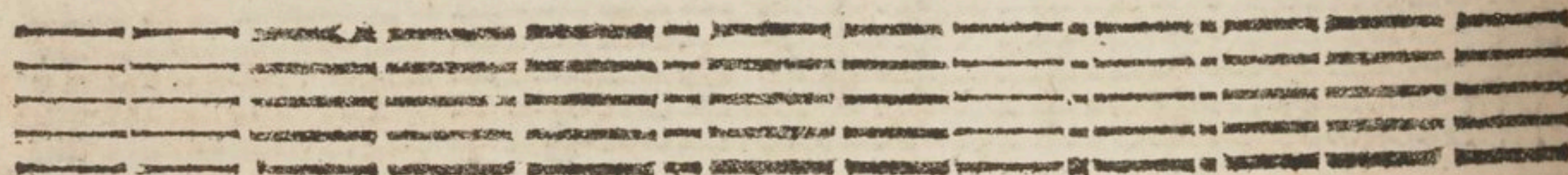
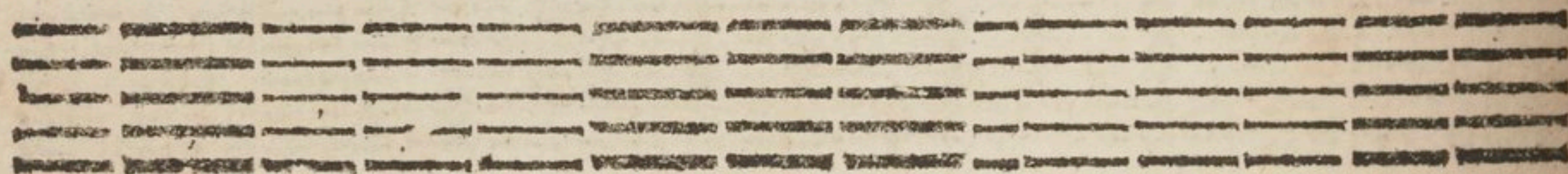
Ingt den Heere bly, Die onf' sterckt is krach-



tigh : Verheugt u oock vry In Godt Israël,

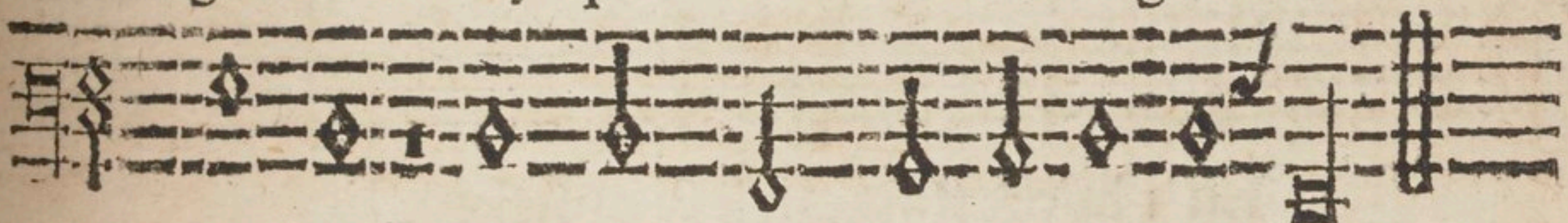
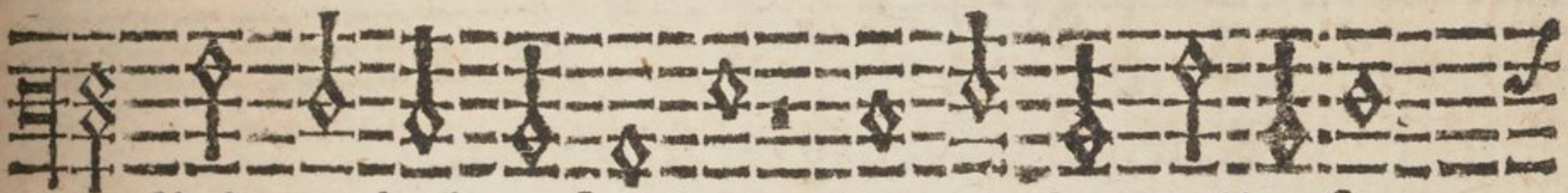
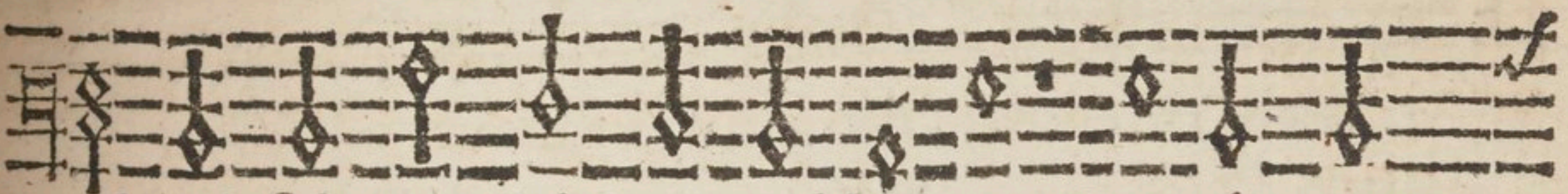
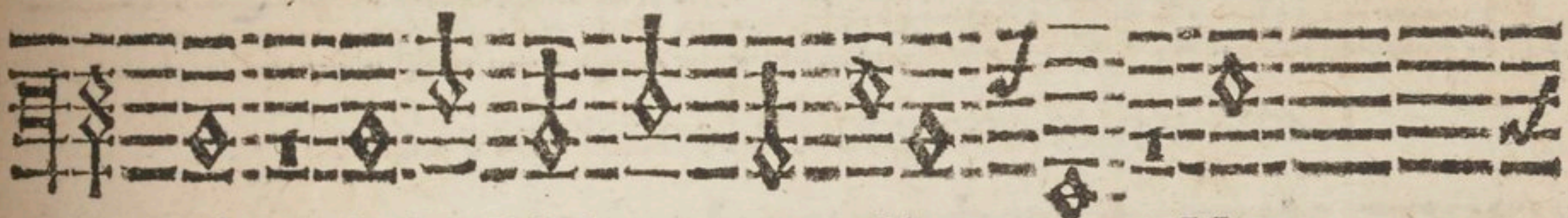
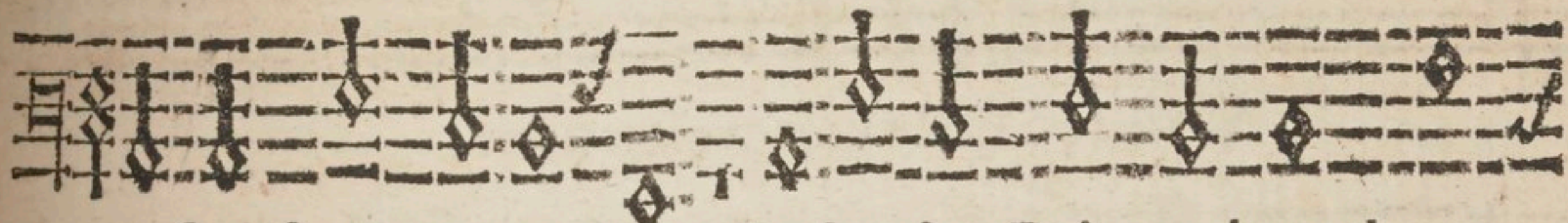
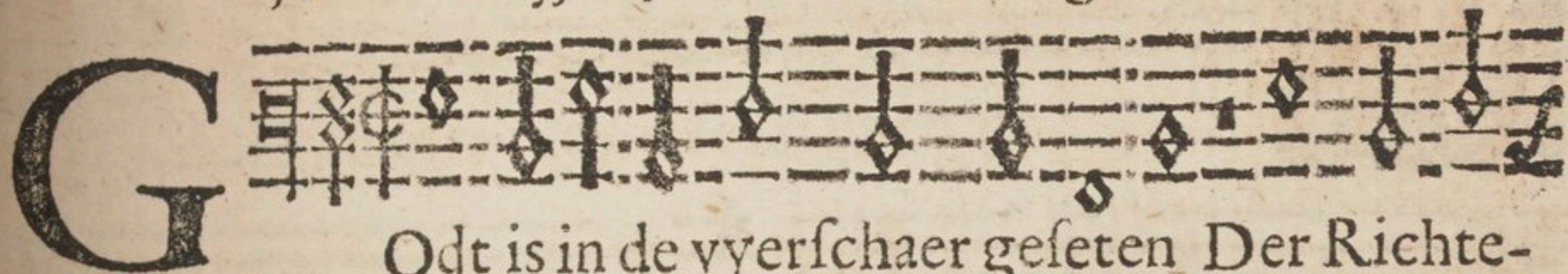


Bewijst hem met spel Prijs en eer aendachtigh.



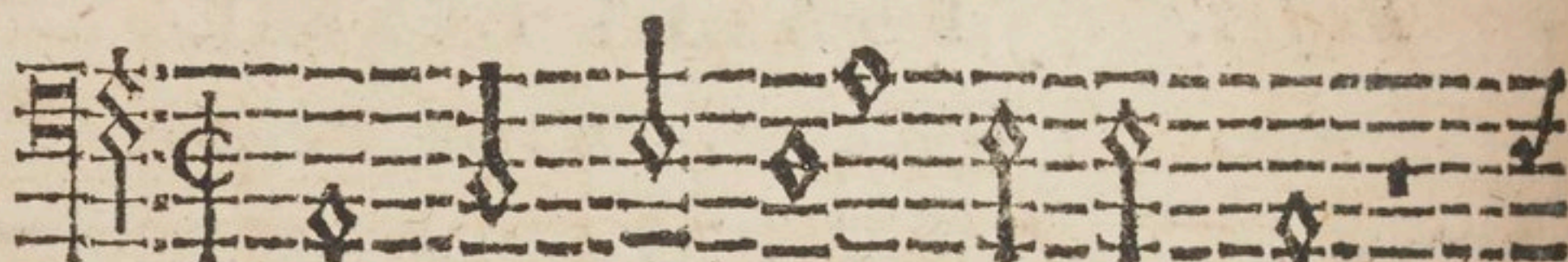
a 5.

Wijse 46. een octave hoger.

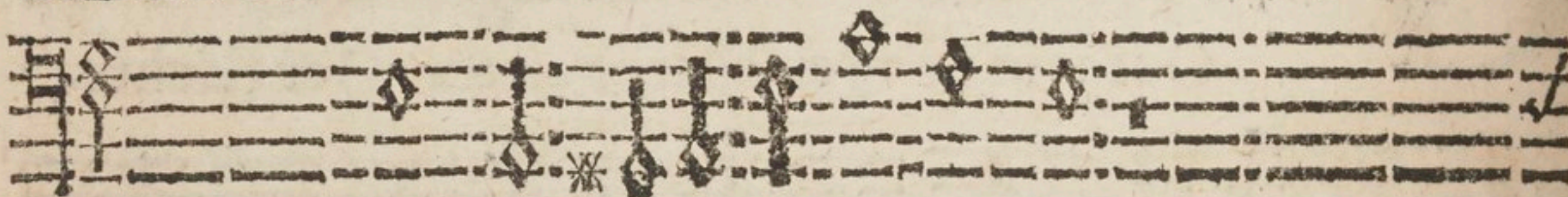


Bassus.

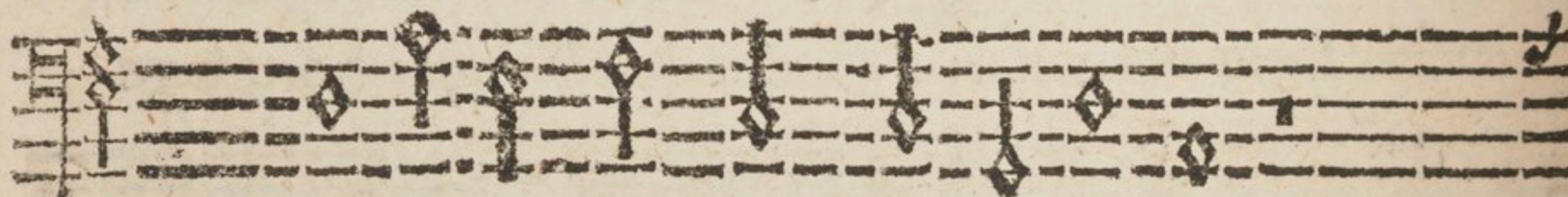
PSALM LXXXIII.



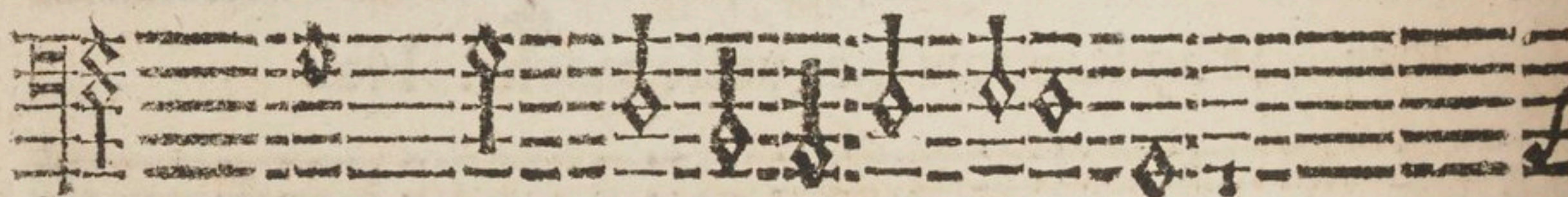
ilt doch niet langer swijgen, Heer,



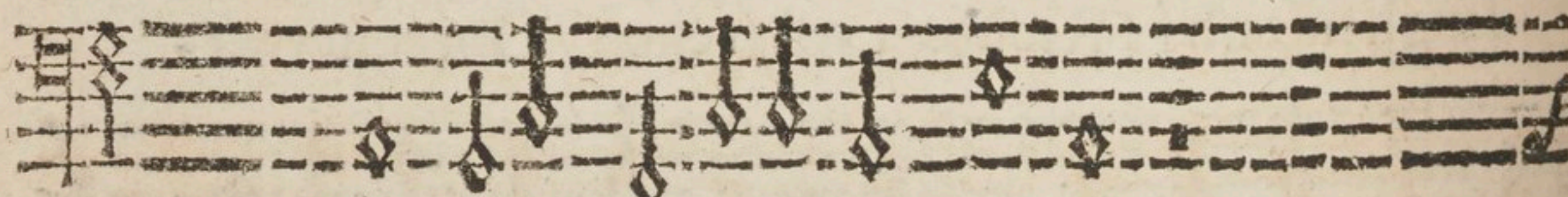
Wilt soo stille niet wesen meer,



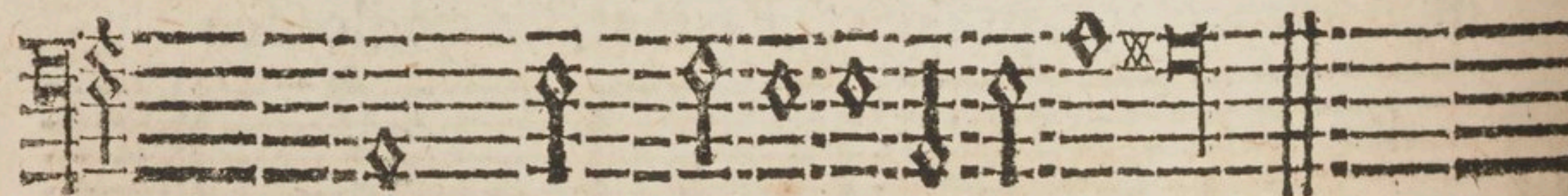
Houd u niet soo gansch sonder spreken :



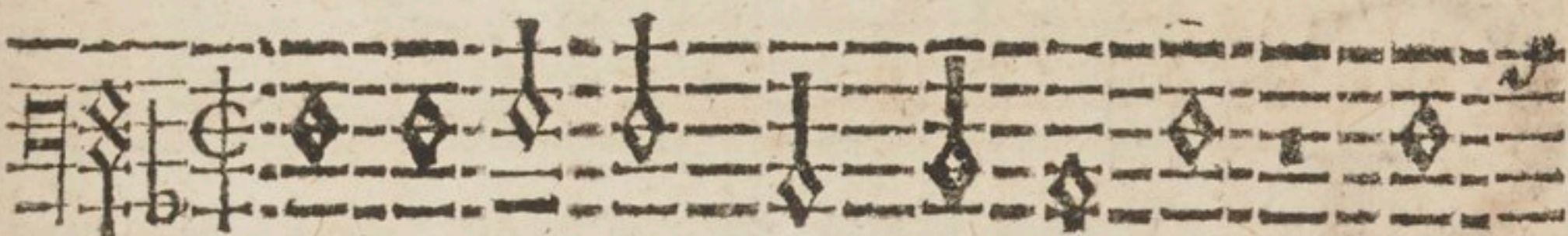
Want t'saem woeden al uw' vyanden,

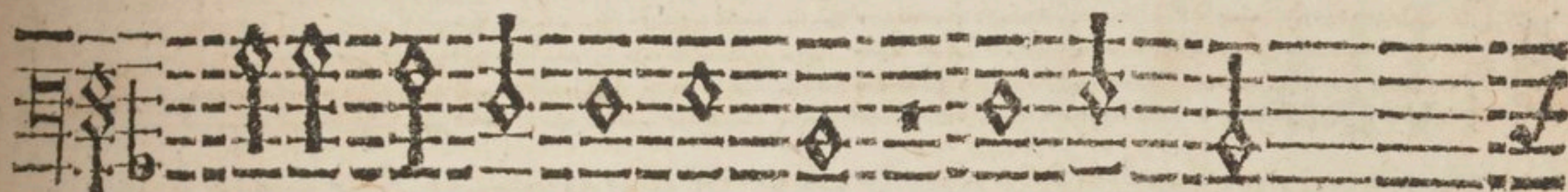


Rasende maken sy ter schanden,

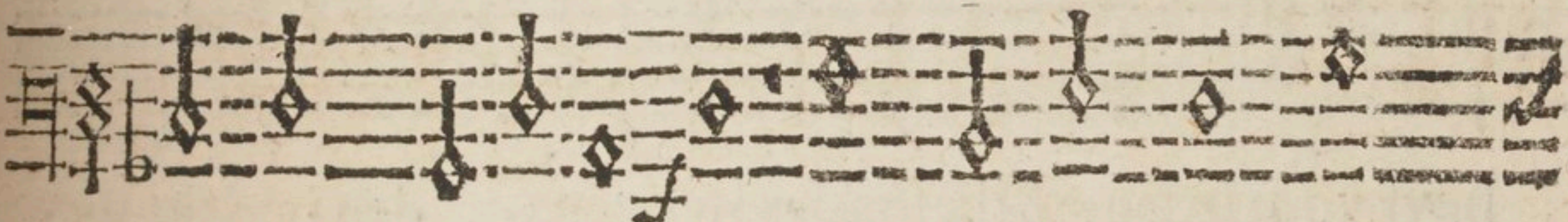


En't hoeft stoutelick sy opsteken.

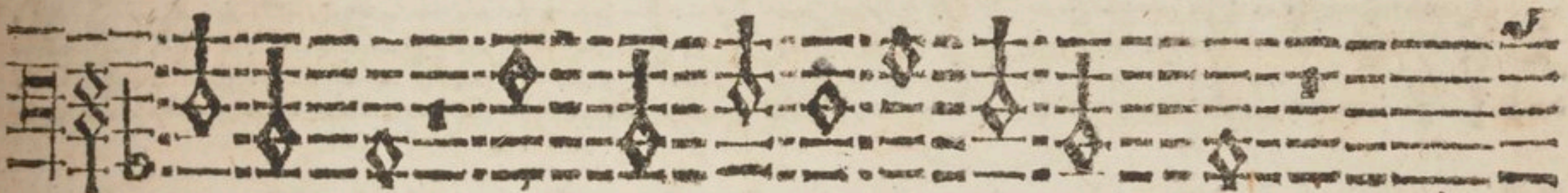
H  Oe lieflick, ô Heer, [en hoe reyn] Zijn



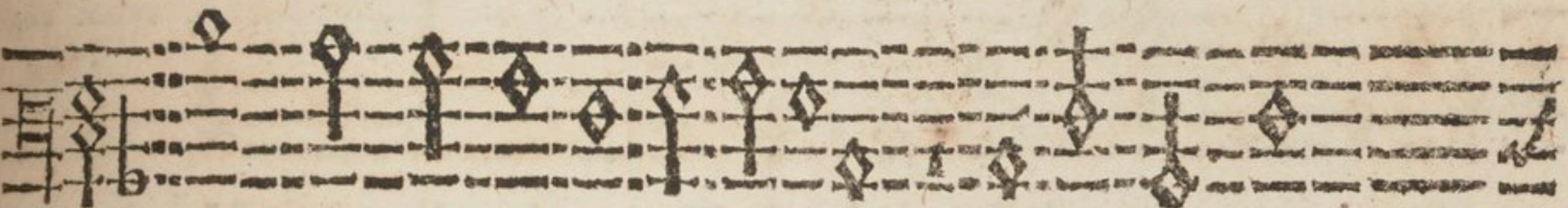
uwe wooningen niet kleyn ! Lustigh zijns



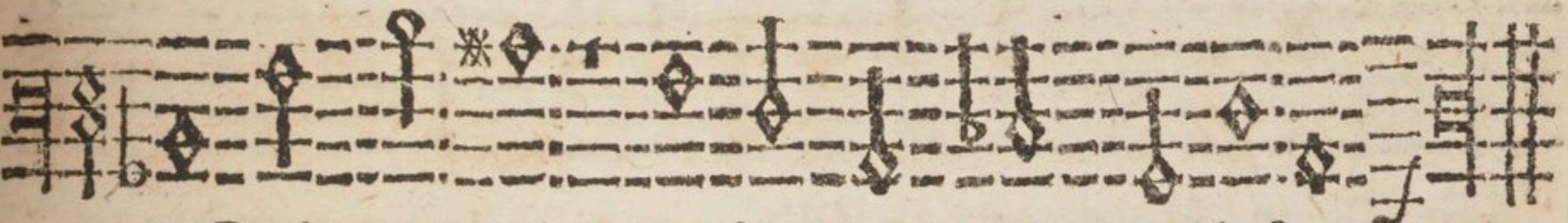
en schoon boven mate. Mijn hert verlaught met



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.

Bassus.

PSALM LXXXV.

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

vangen en maect gy oock vry, En vergeeft des volcx boos-

heyte voorleden, Sijn sonden uyt gena- den bedekt gy;

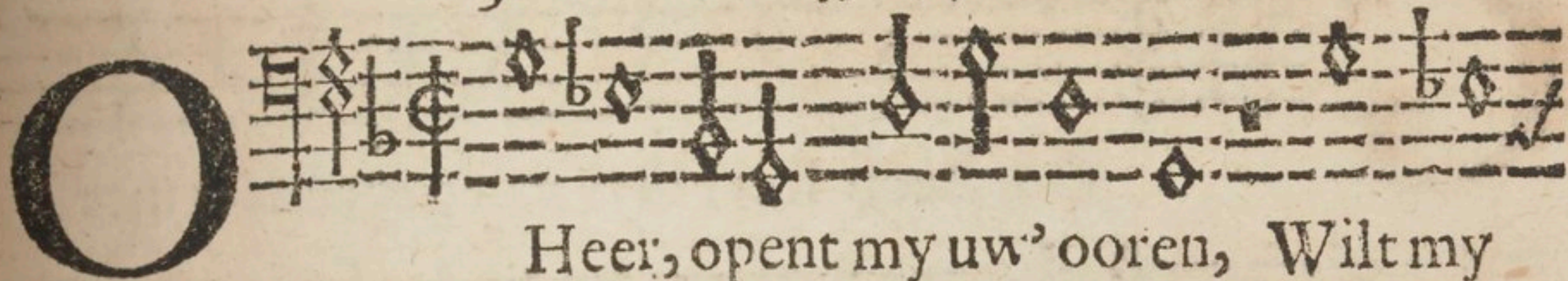
Uwe gramschap doet gy van hen seer wijd, En matigt

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

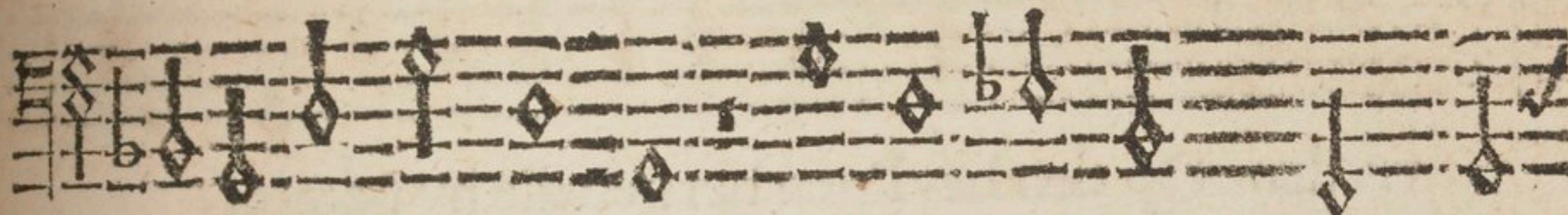
zijt alleyn, Helpt ons op, stilt uwe gramschap niet kleyn.

a 5.

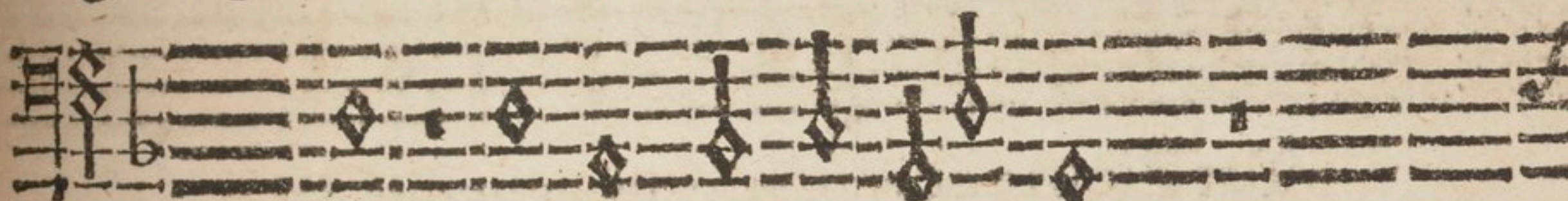
Wijse 77.



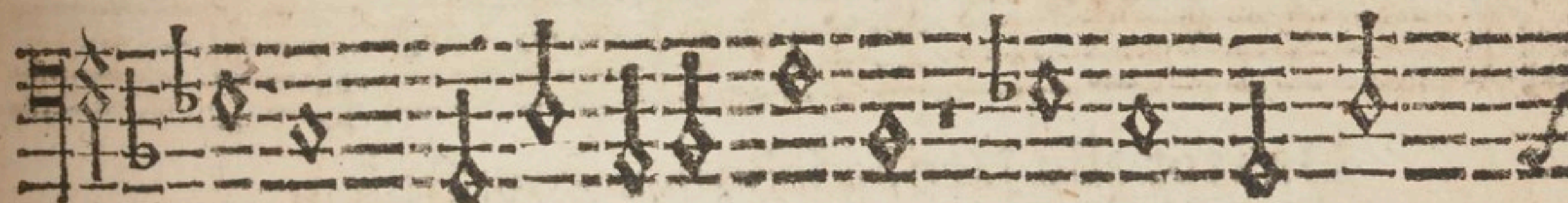
O Heer, opent my uw' ooren, Wilt my



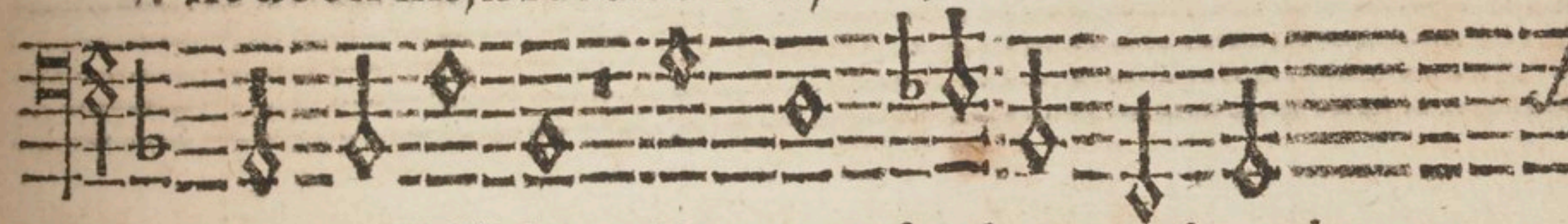
goedighlick verhooren, Want ick vermach gantsch niet



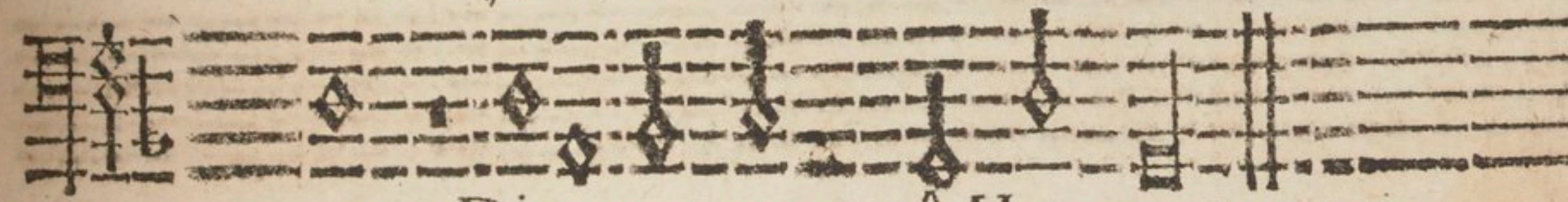
meer, Benauwt zijnde nu soo seer,



Wilt doch mijn leven bevrijden, Ick wil wel doen



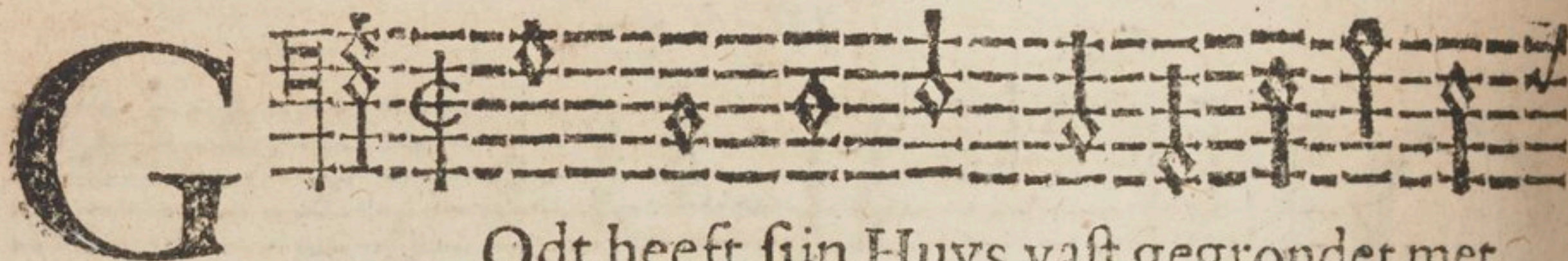
met verblijden, Bewaert doch uwen knecht



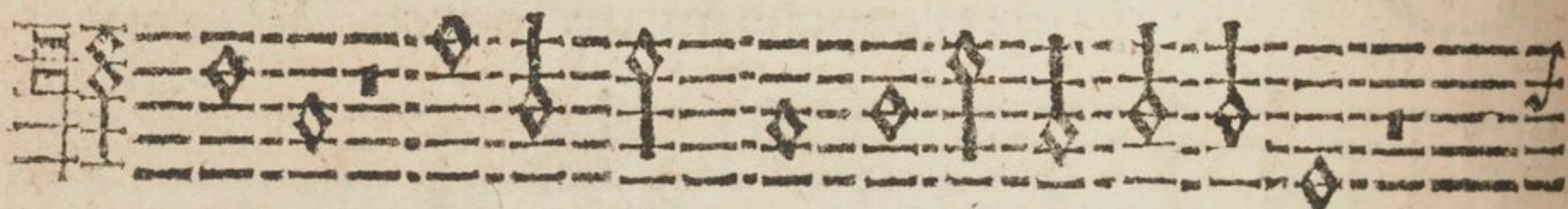
vroet, Die u vertrouwt, ô Heer goet.

Bassus.

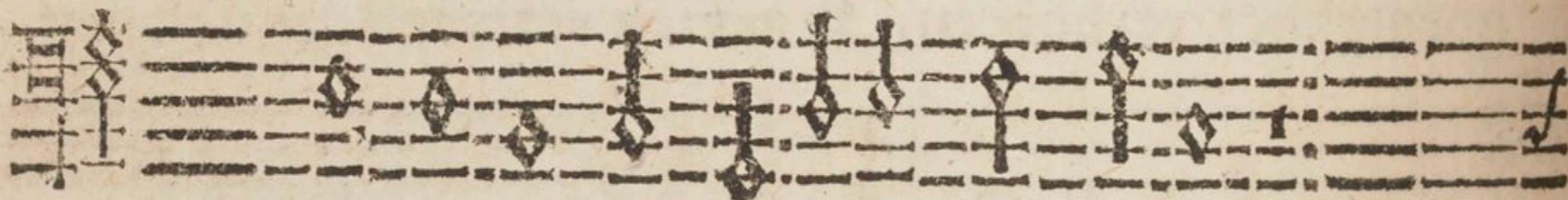
PSALM LXXXVII.



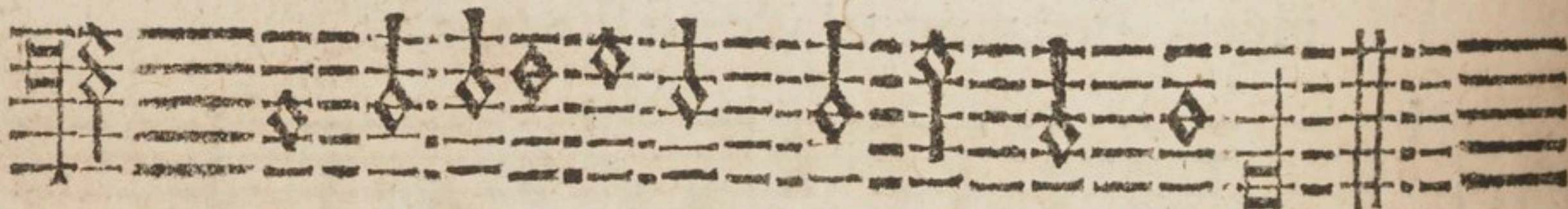
Odt heeft sijn Huys vast gegrondet met



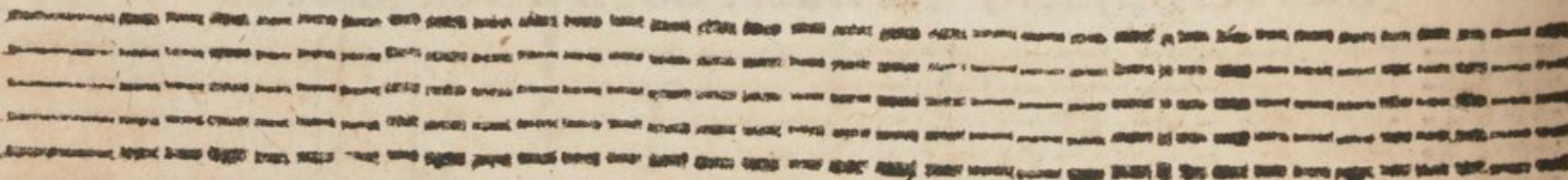
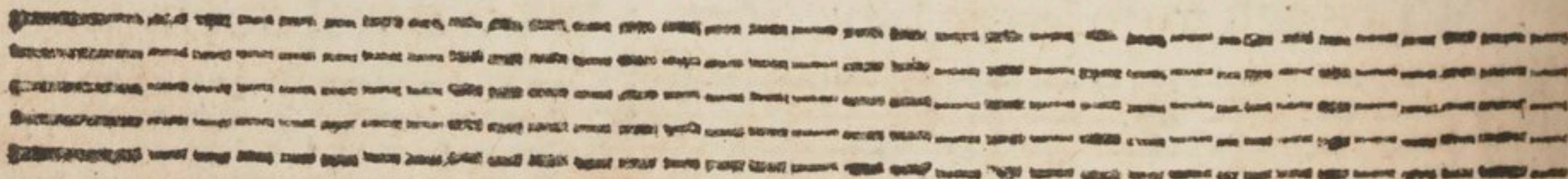
vreden Op den heyl'gen bergen die hy bemint,

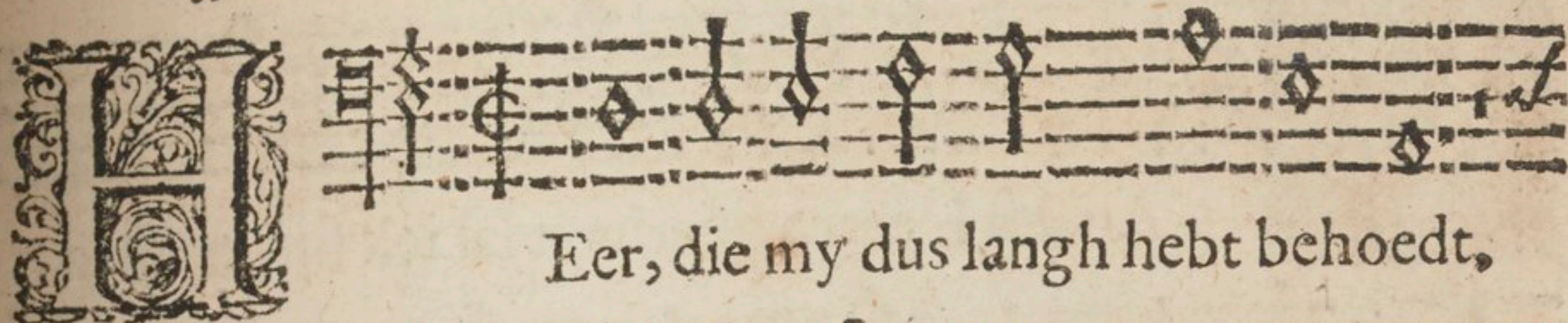


Tot Zions poorten is hy meer gesint

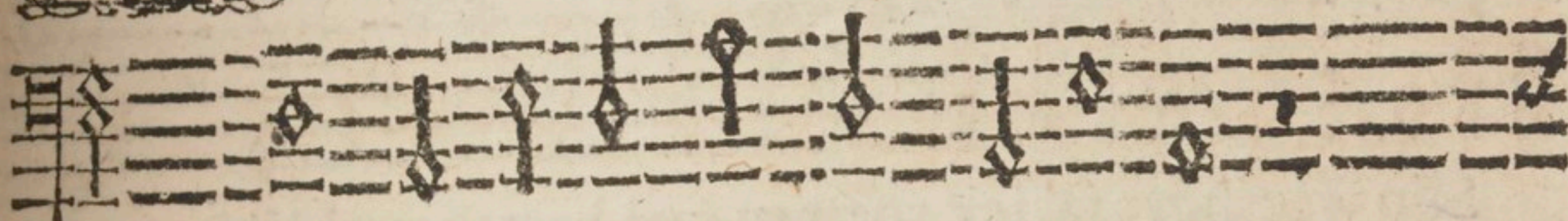


Dan tot alle Jacobs schoone woonsteden.

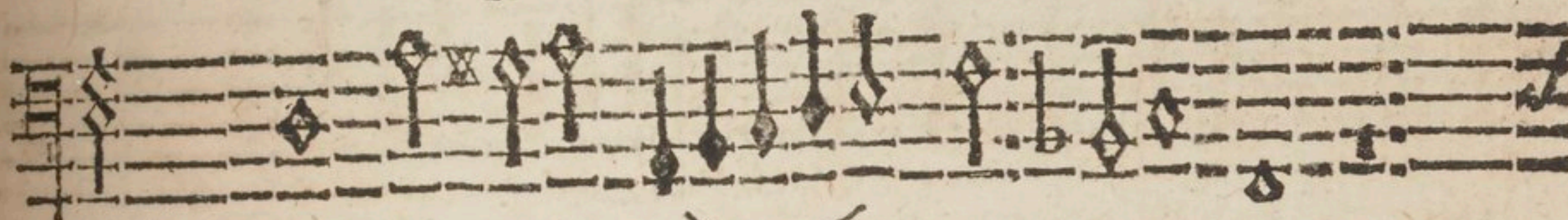




Eer, die my dus langh hebt behoedt,

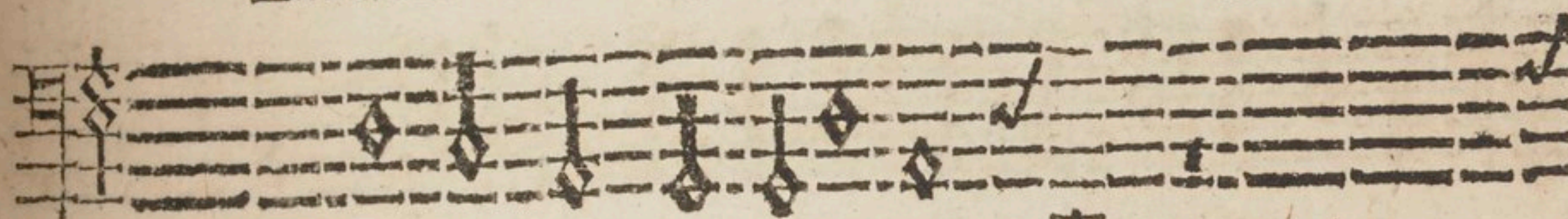


Ick roep altijd' met groot verlangen,

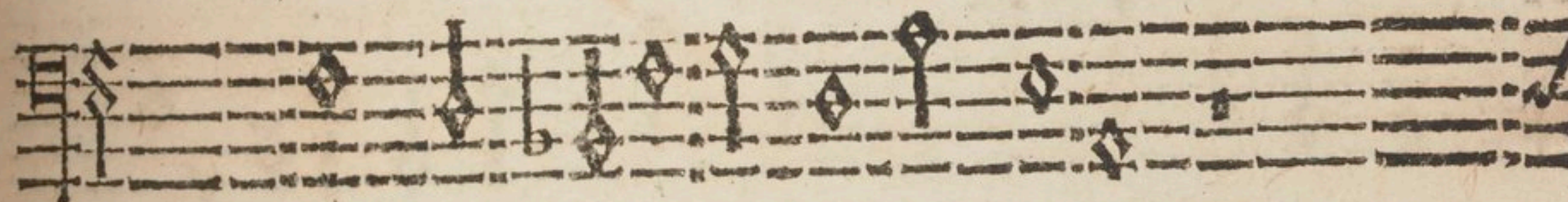


Laet tot u komen,

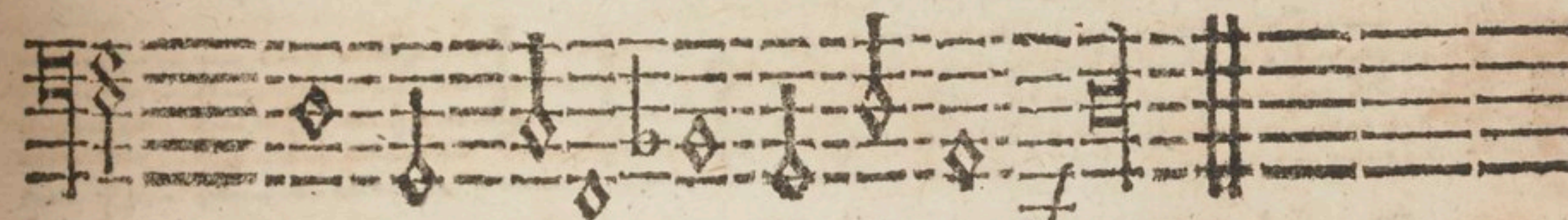
wilt ontfangen



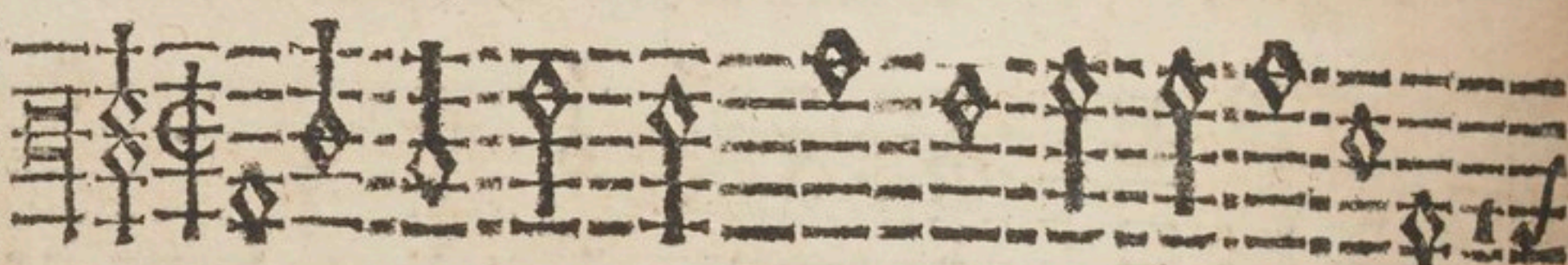
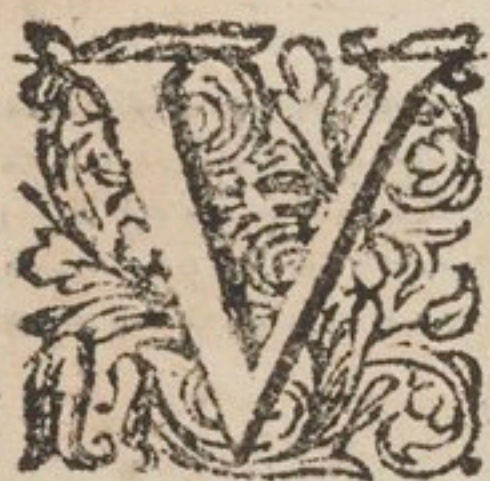
Mijn gebedt, uyt genaden goet;



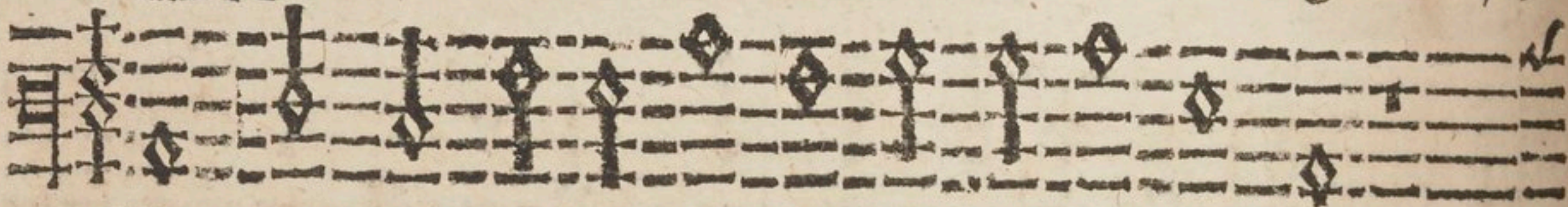
Wilt vriendelick neygen uw' ooren,



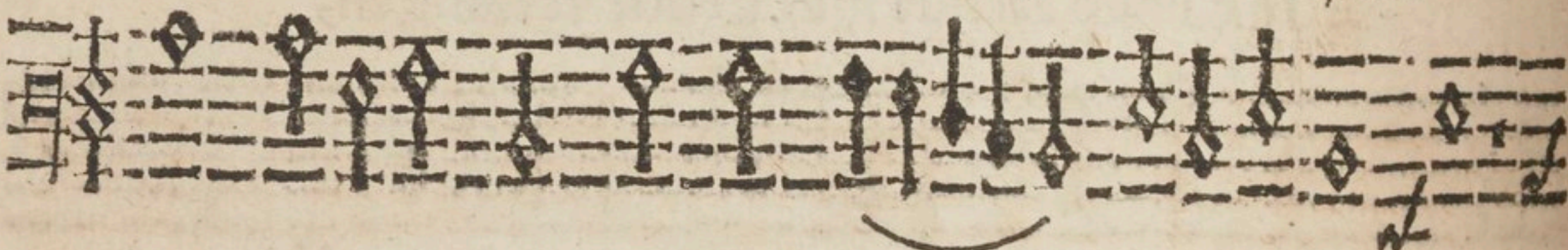
En mijn gestadigh klagen hooren.



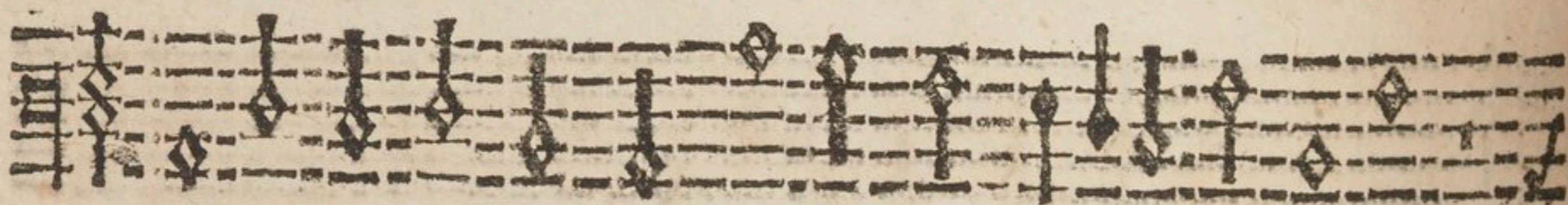
An des Heeren goetheyt sal ick singen altijt,



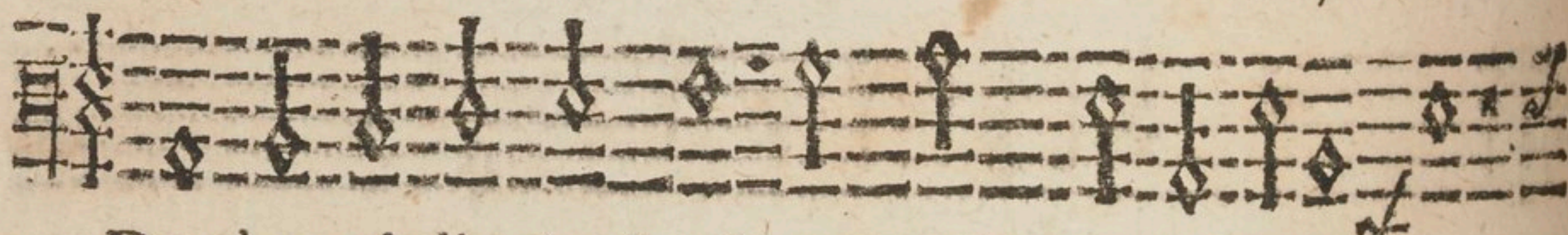
Sijn waerheyt sal ick roemen met herten verblijdt :



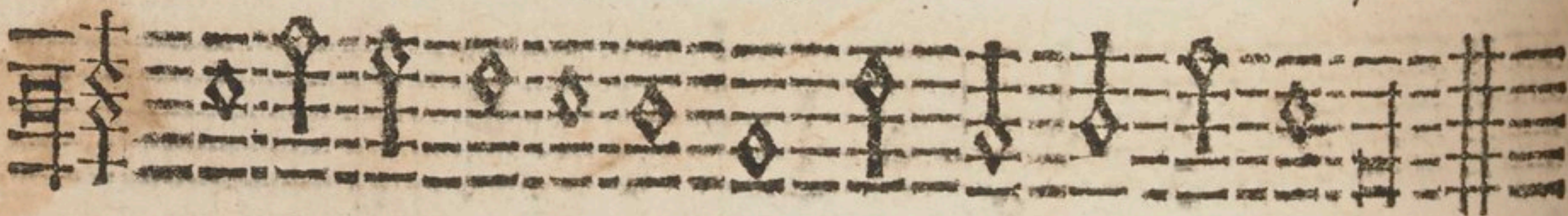
Want 't is openbaer, dat sijn ge- nade sal blijven



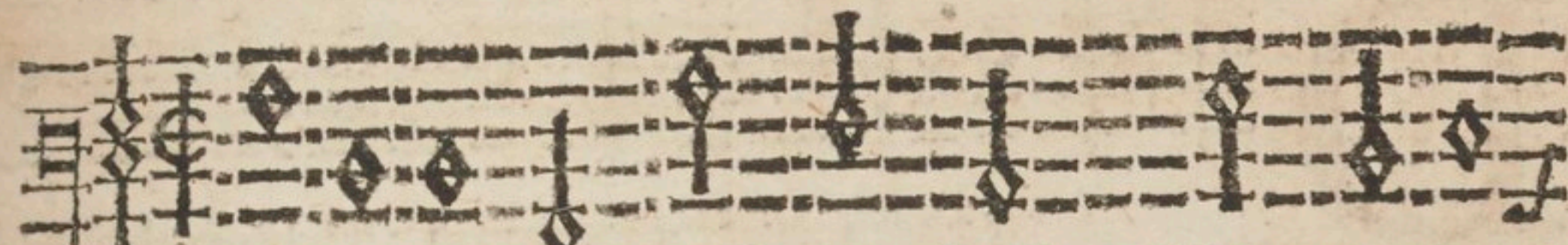
Tot in der eeuwigheyt, alsoo men fiet beklijven,

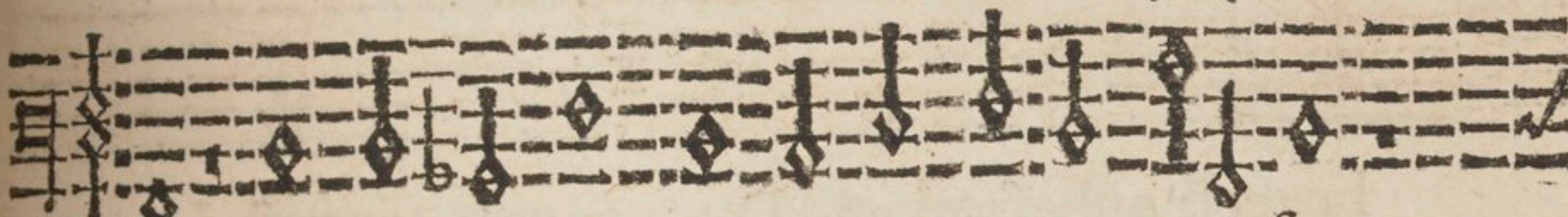


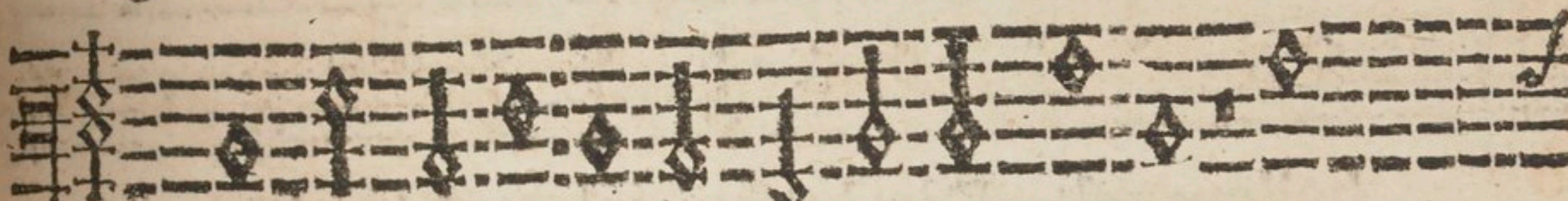
Den hemel, dien hy heeft gemaect, om te bewijfen,

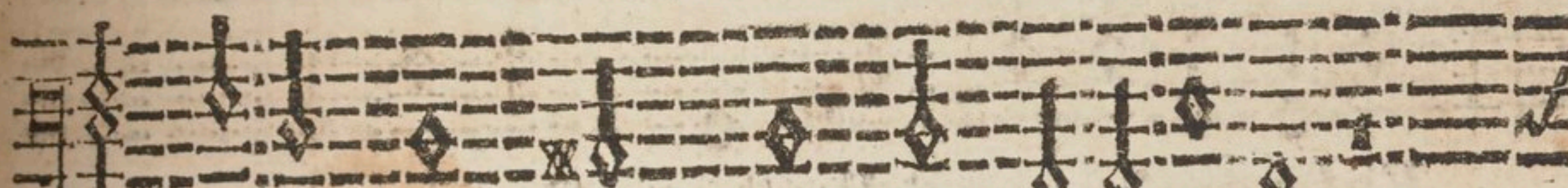


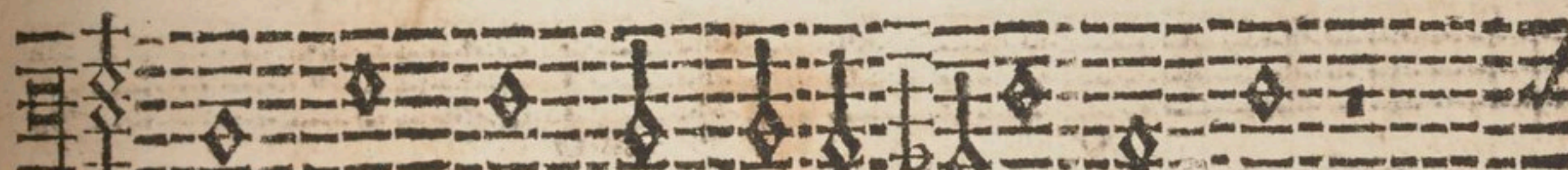
De sekerheyt sijner waerheyt niet om volprijsen.

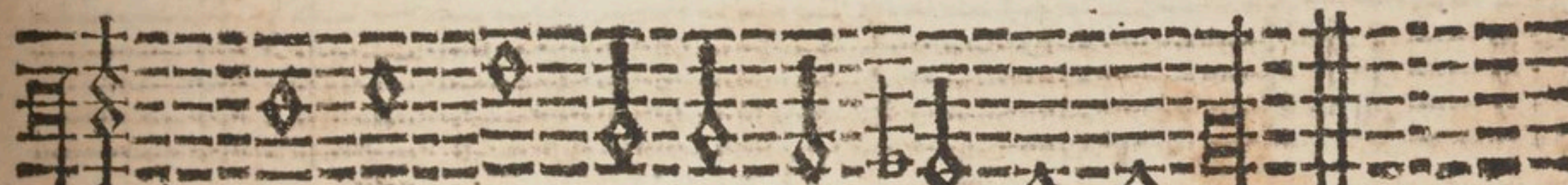
G 
Y zijt geweest onf' toevlucht, Heer gena-


digh, En t' aller tijdt onf' toeverlaet gepre- fen,


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

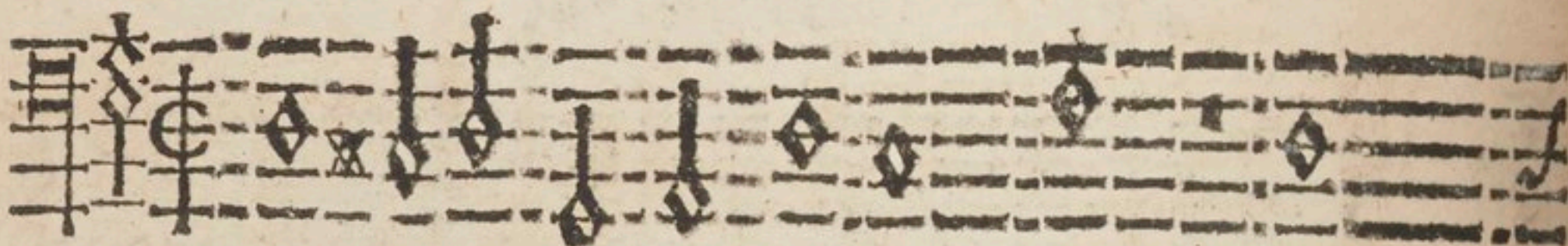

dat gemaectt werdt 't aerdtrijck ongestadigh,

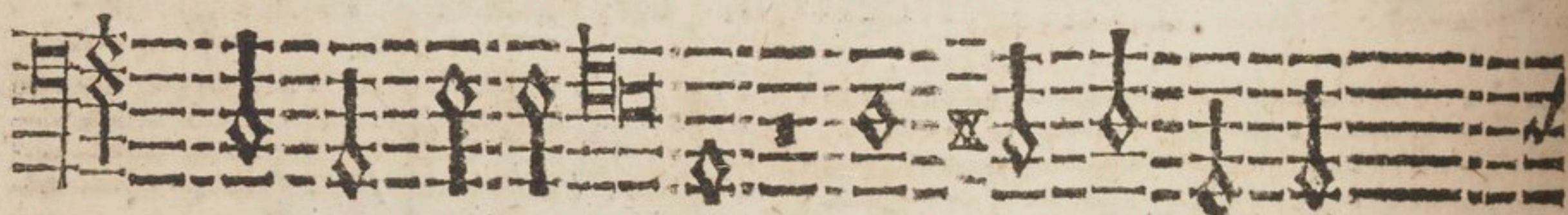

Soo waert ghy Godt, alsoo ghy nu oock zijt,


En voortaan blijven sult t' eeuwiger tijt.

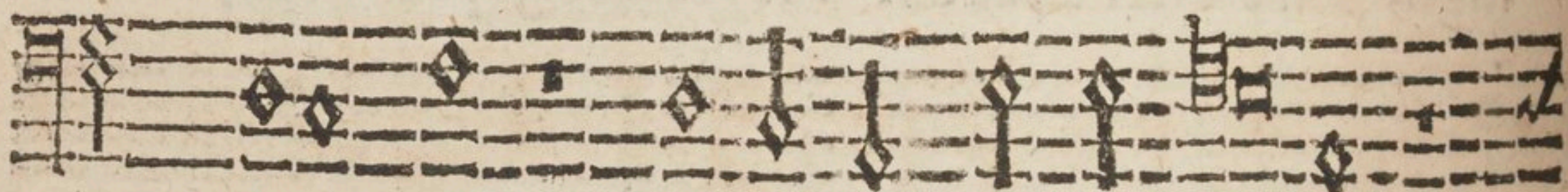
Bassus.

PSALM XCI.

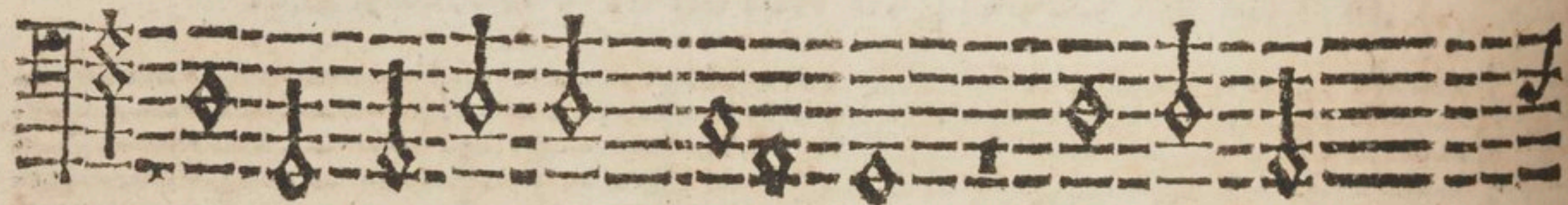
D 
Ie in Godes bewaring' sterck Hem



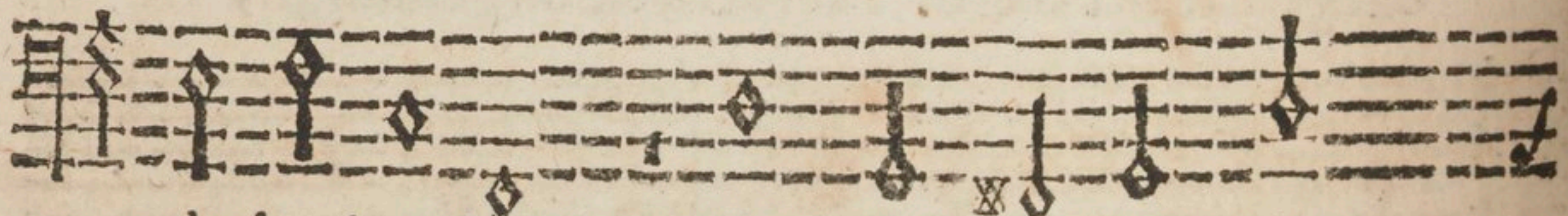
begeeft onbeswiken, Die woont in een vast



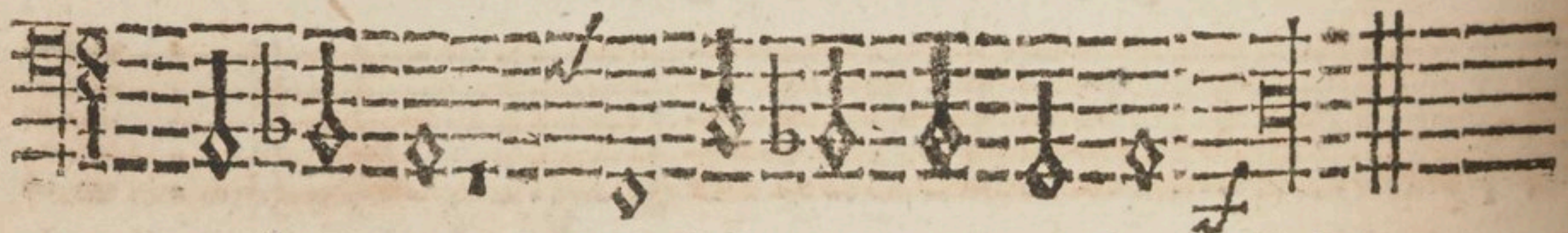
bollewerck, Dies hy seer wel mach spreken,



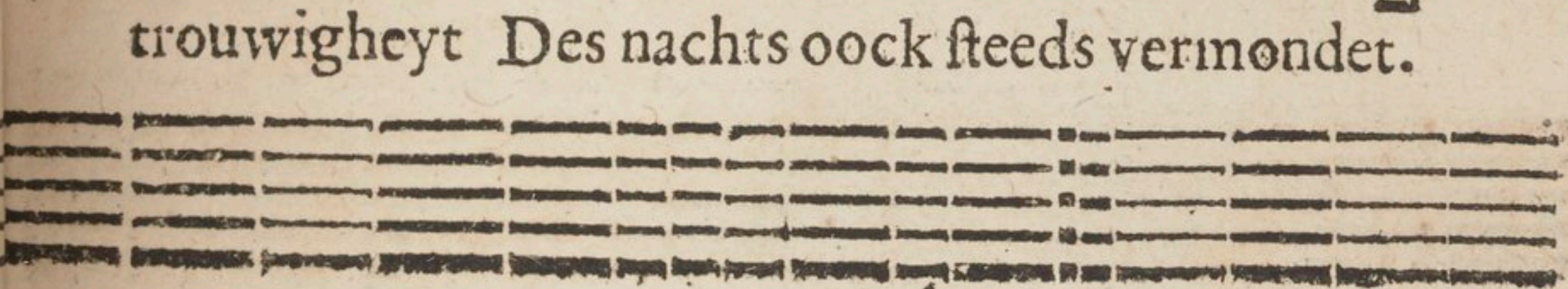
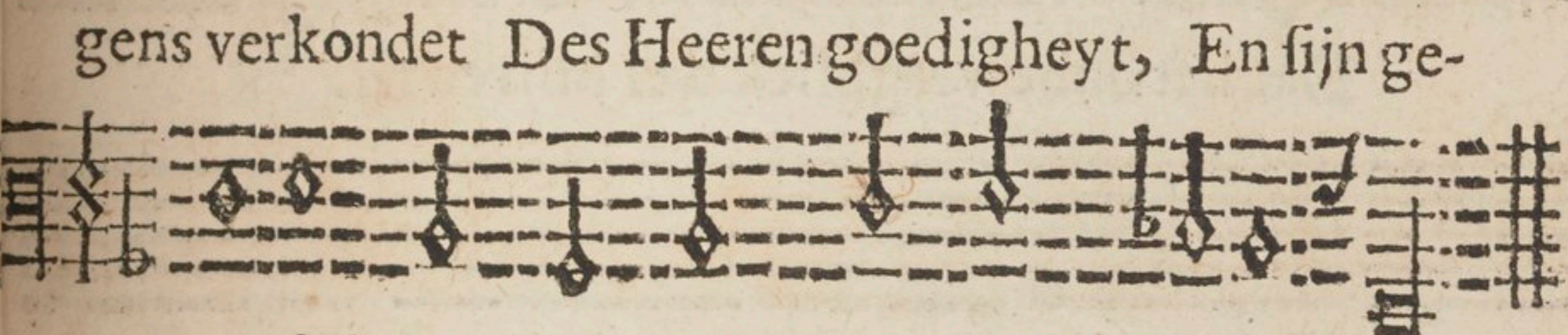
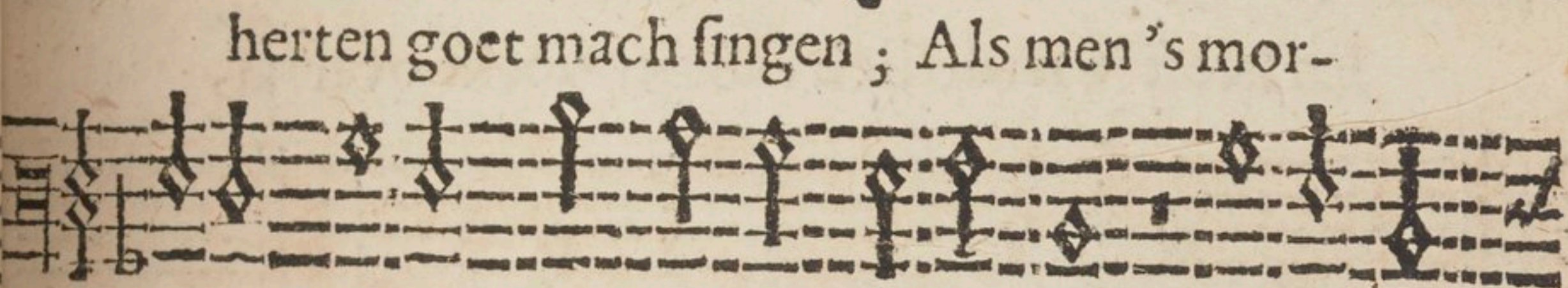
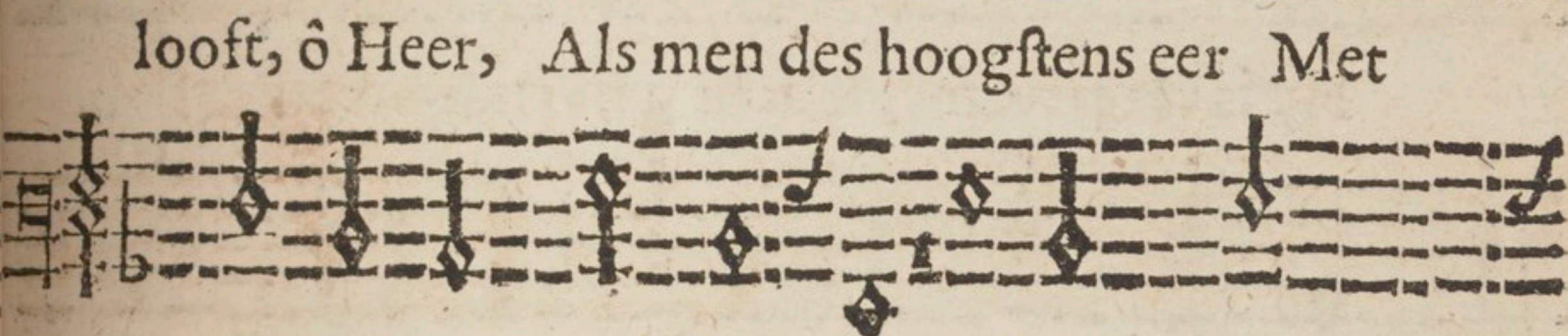
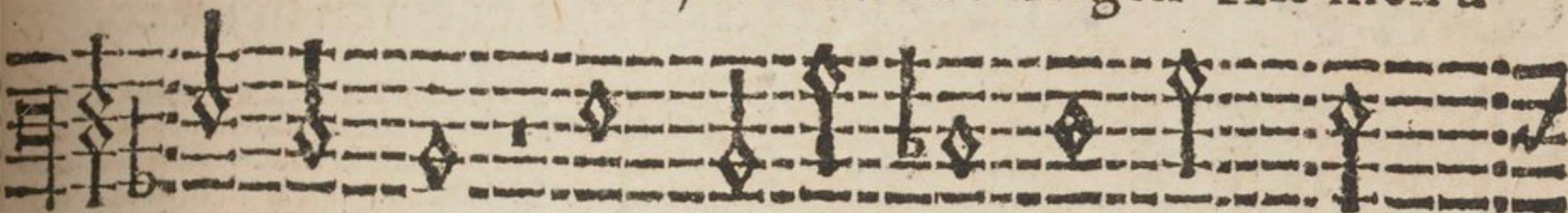
En seggen by hem t'aller stont, Godt is mijn



hulpe krachtigh, Mijn borch en oock mijn

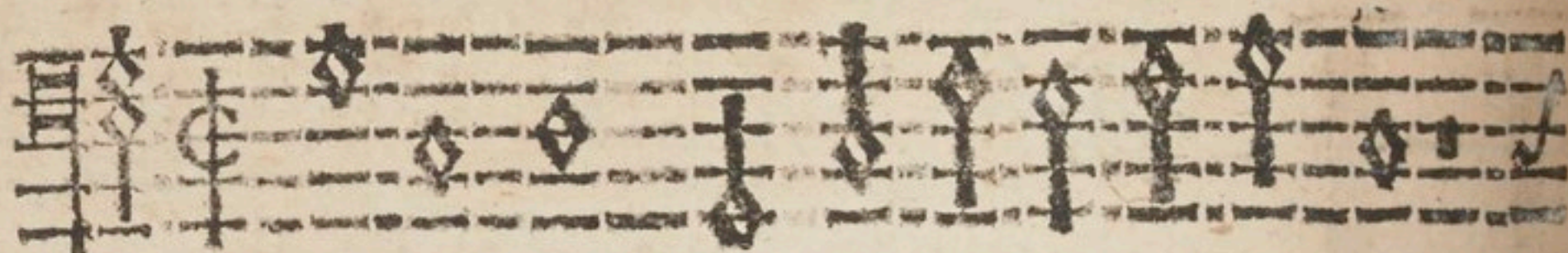


vasse gront, Daer ick op hoop eendrachtigh.

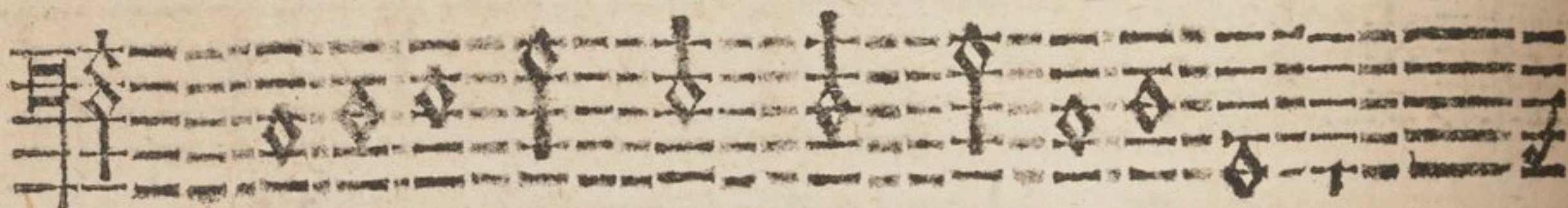


Bassus.

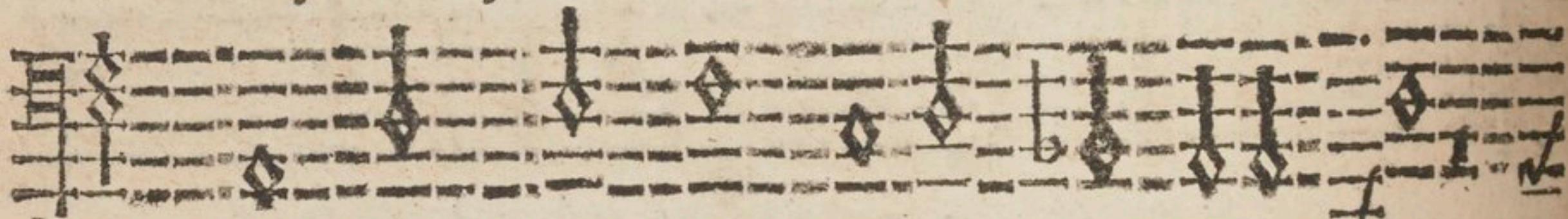
PSALM XCIII.



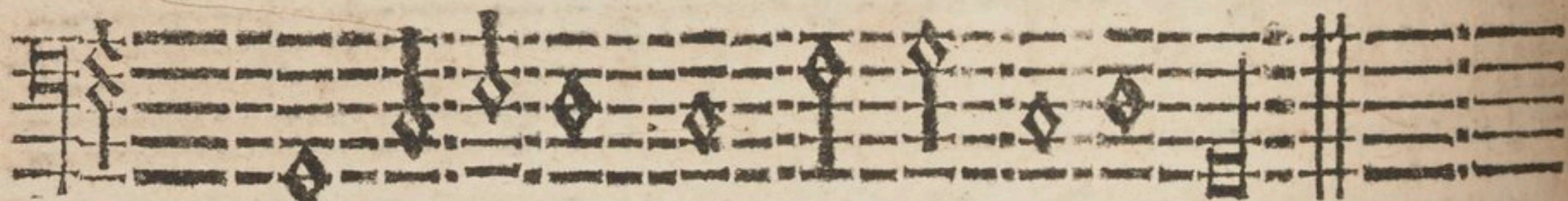
Odt regeert, zijnde met eeren bekleet,



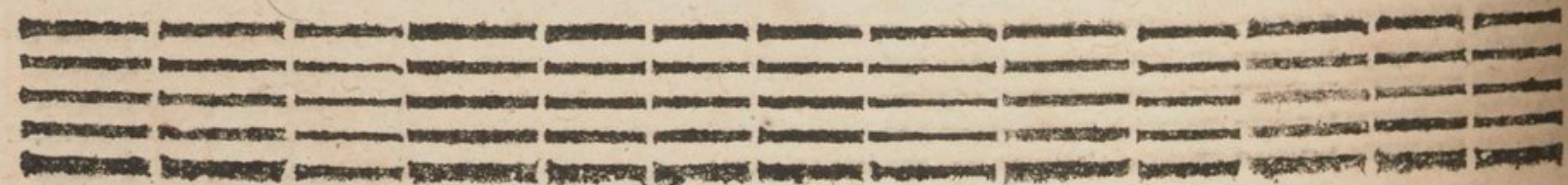
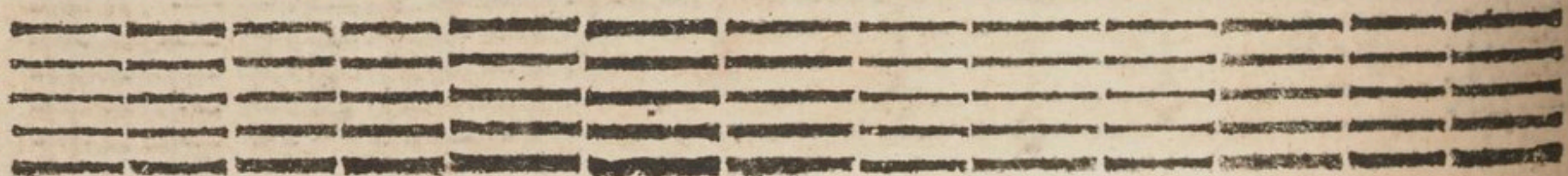
Hy is verçiert met kracht wijt ende breet,

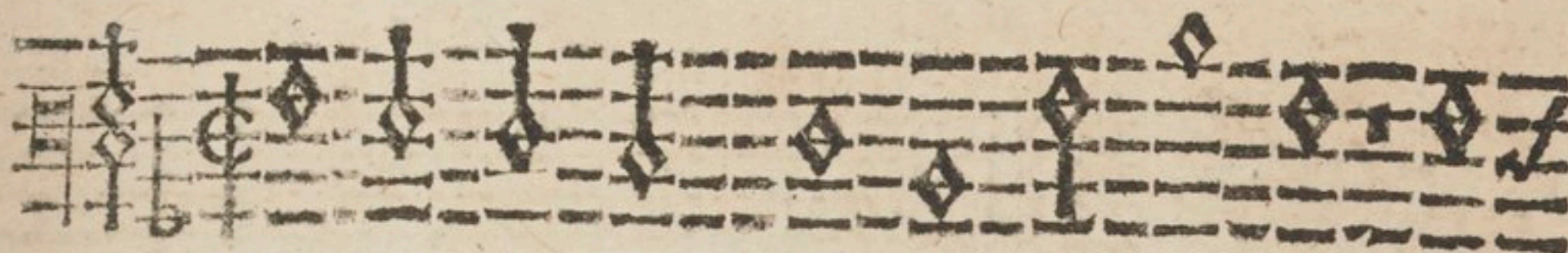


En heeft 't aerdtrijck vast gemaect over al,

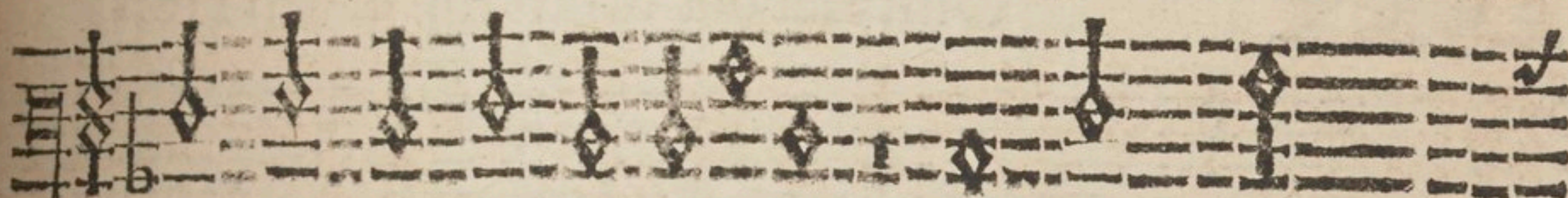


Dat het onbeweeghlick wel blijven sal.

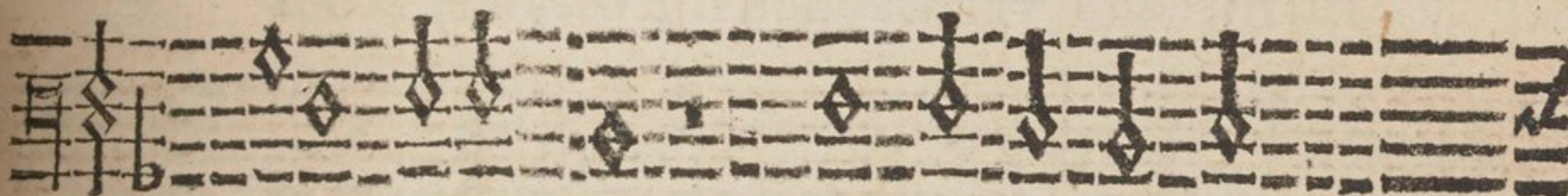




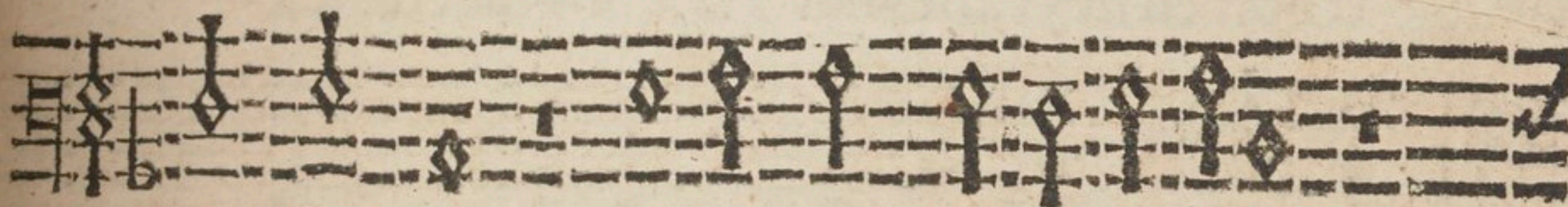
Godt, ghy die Godt zijt der wraken, En



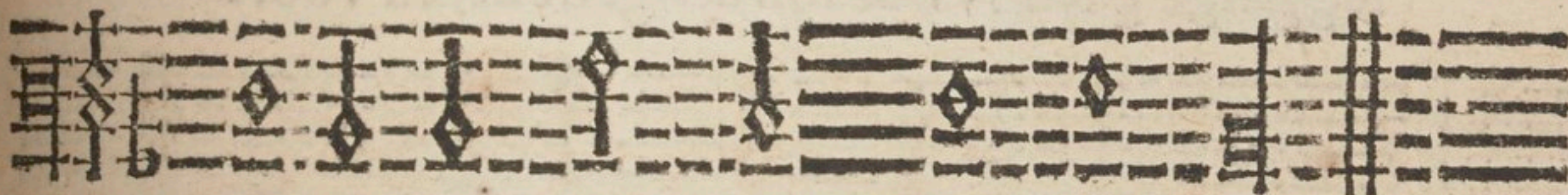
hard' straft all' onrechte saken, Verschijnt, toont



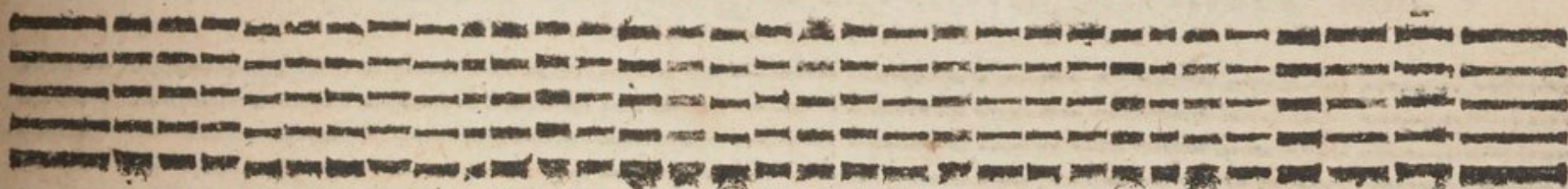
u in 't openbaer, Maeckt u op ghy die



richt 't aerdtrijck, Betaelt den stouten al gelijk;



Na verdienst haers hooghmoets seer swaer.

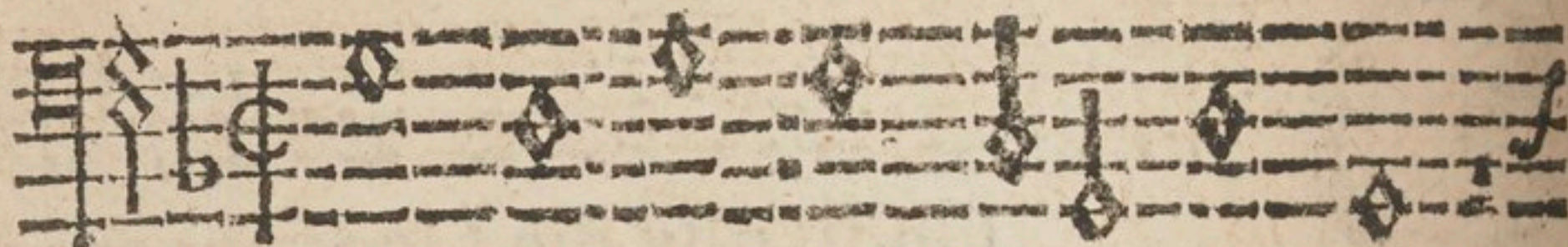


Bassus.

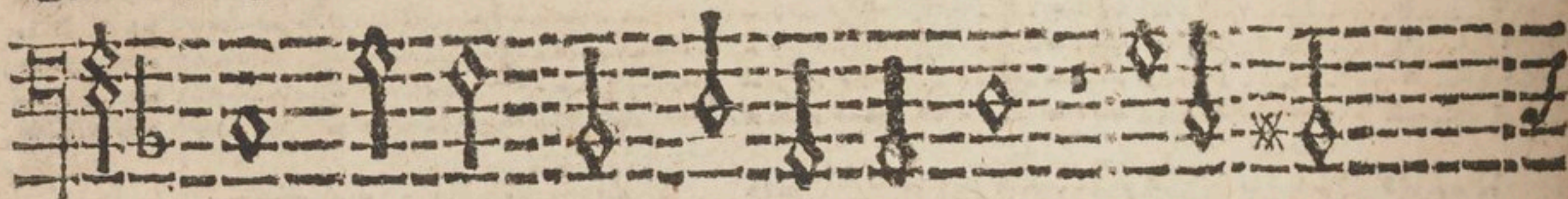
PSALM XCV.

a 5.

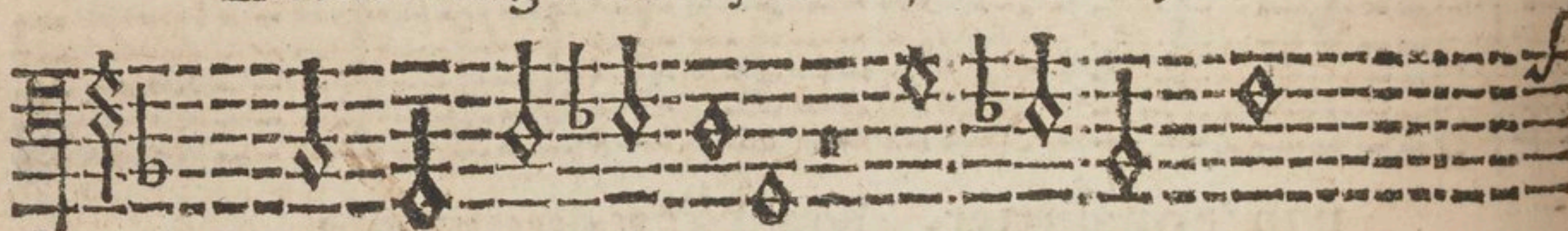
Wijse 24.



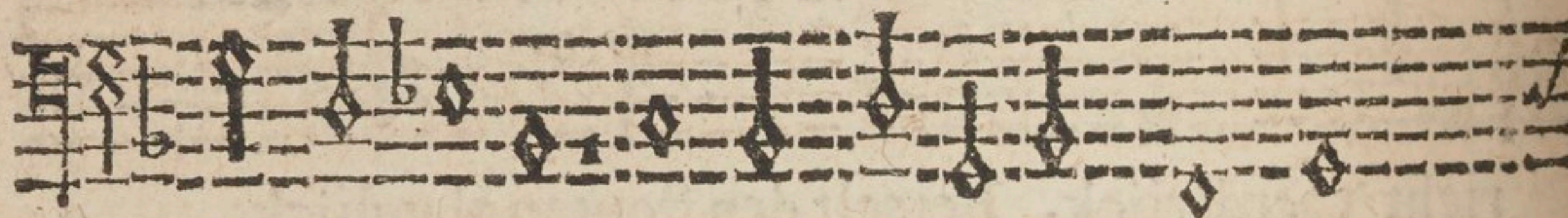
Omt laet ons blijd' zijn in den Heer,



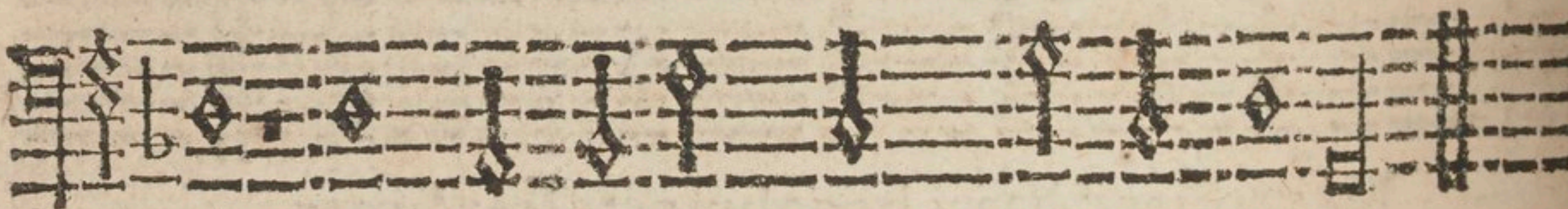
En met sang verbreyden sijn eer, Hy is onf'



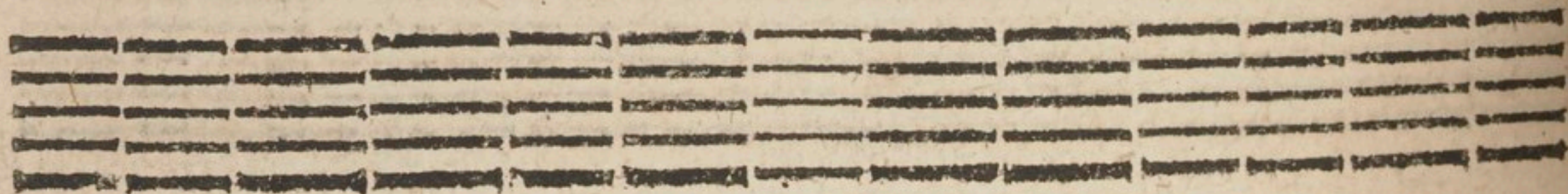
troost en heyl alleynе, Laet ons met danck-

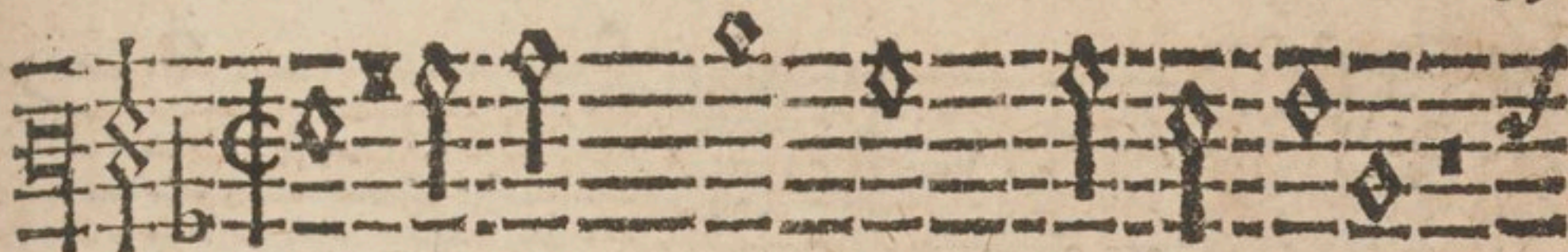


legginge gaen Voor sijn aengesicht, en voort-



aen Hem singen met vreughd' psalmen reyne.

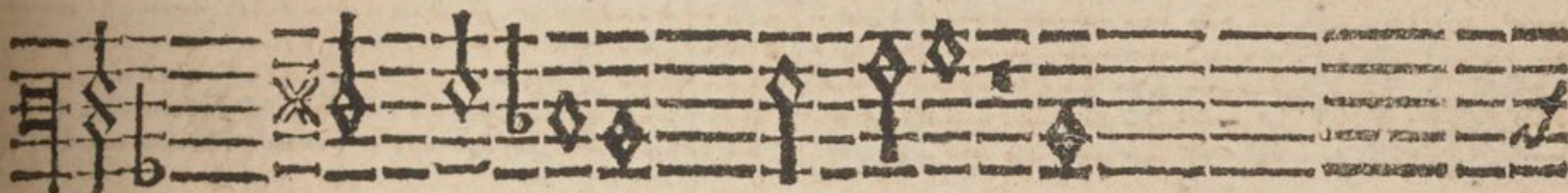




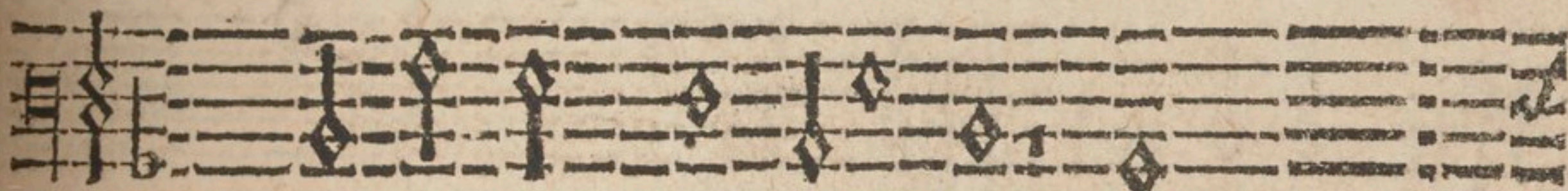
Ingt een nieuw liedt den Heer gepresen,



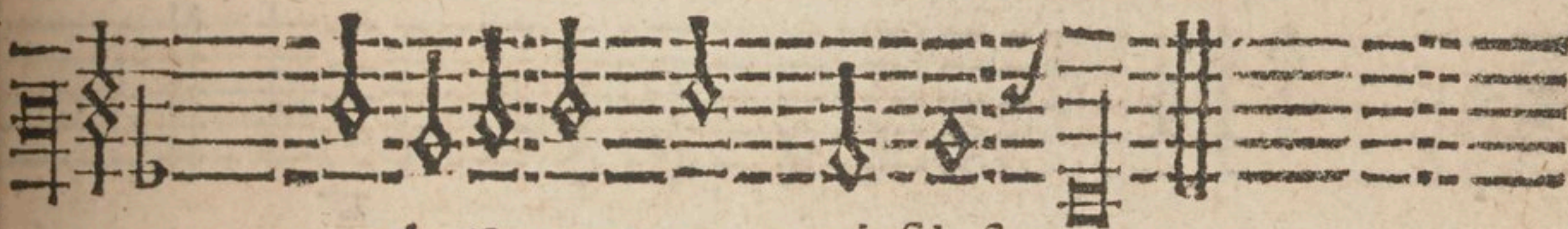
Singht ghy volcken, wilt vrolick wesen, Looft



en prijst sijnen Naem altijt, En



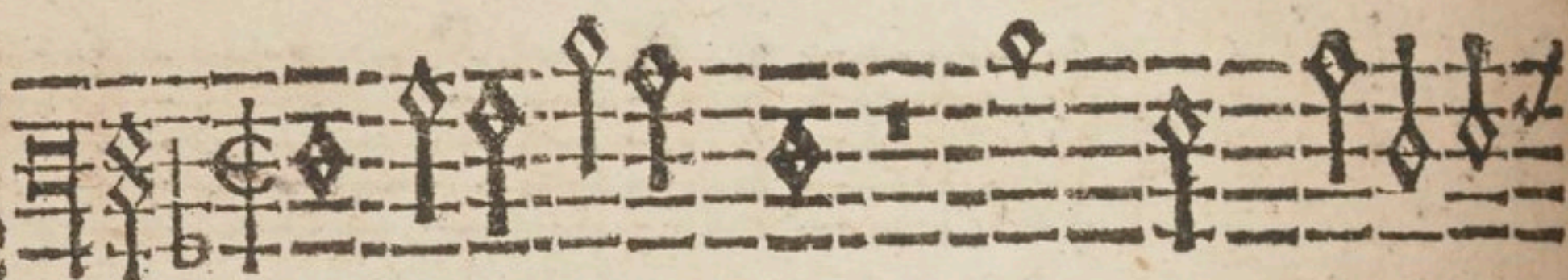
verkondicht breet ende wijt Godts



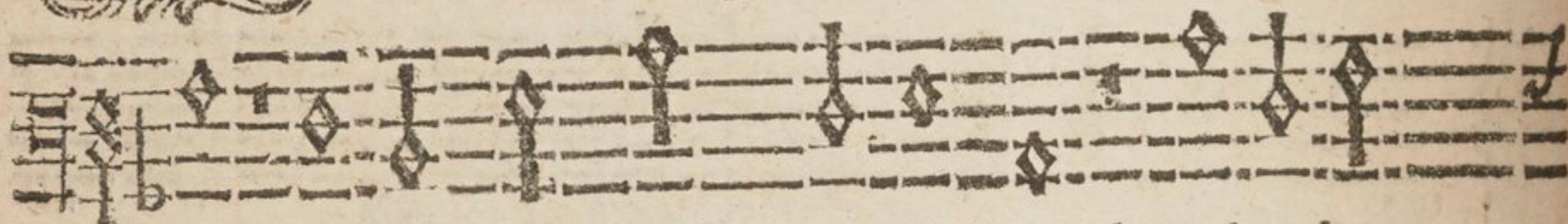
verlossingen groot mit sdesen.

Bassus.

PSALM XCVII.



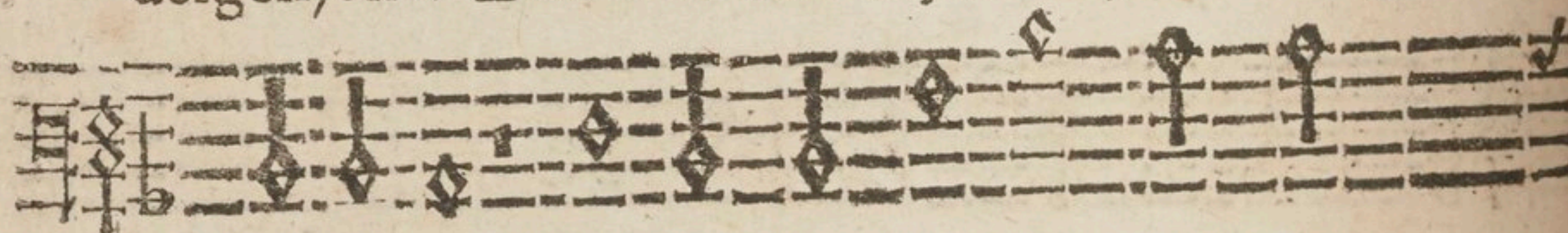
En Koning is de Heer, Dies moet verblijden



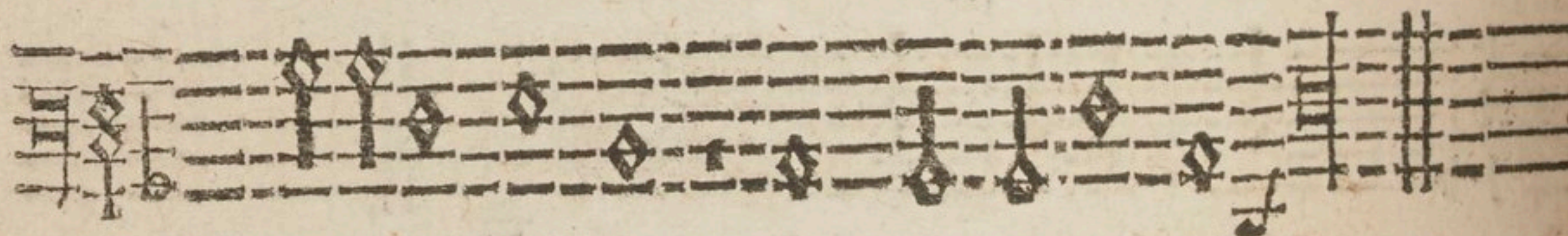
seer In hem dat gantsch aertrijcke, d'Eylanden



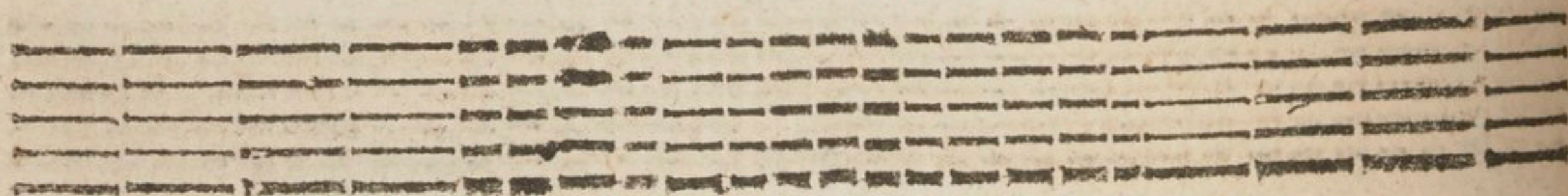
desgelijcke. Der wolcken duyfterheyt Verbergt sijn

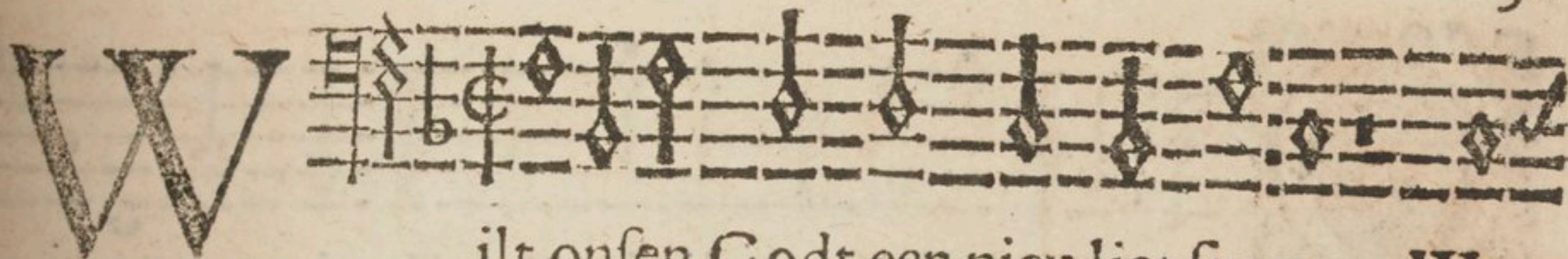


Majesteit, En sijn stoel met der daedt Seer

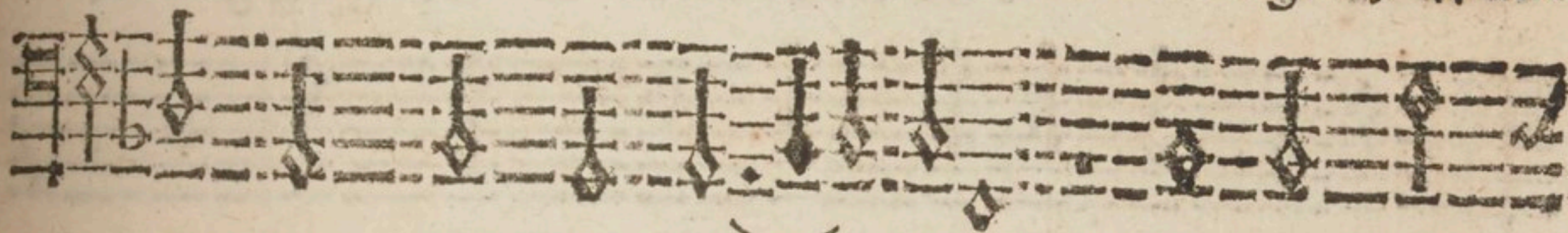


vastelick bestaet, Door sijn gerechticheyt.

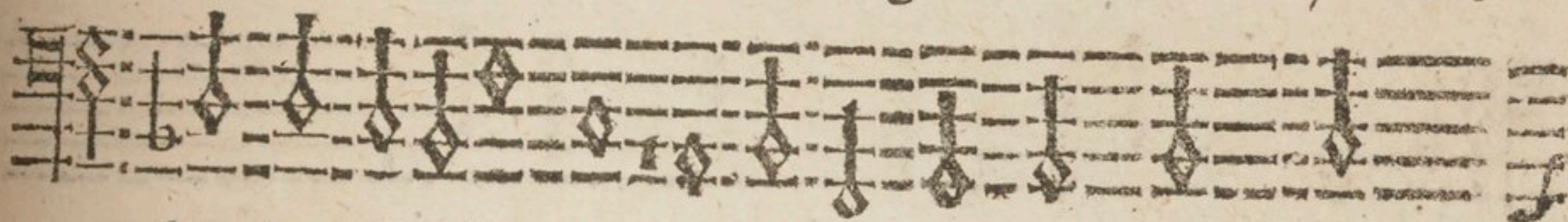




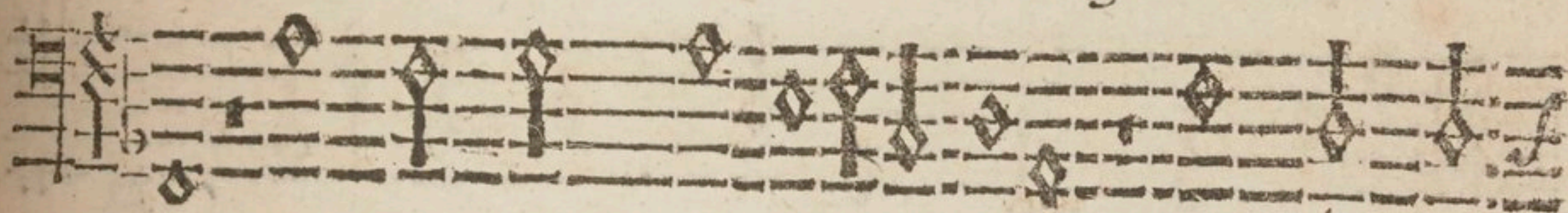
ilt onsen Godt een nieu liet singen, Want



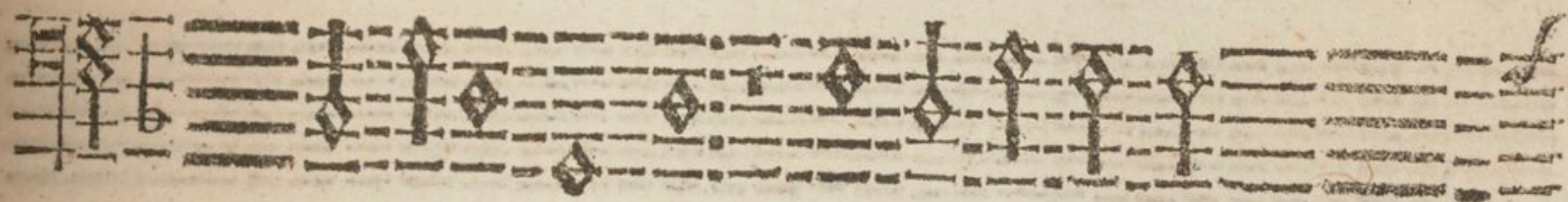
hy heeft groot wonder gedaen, Door sijn hant



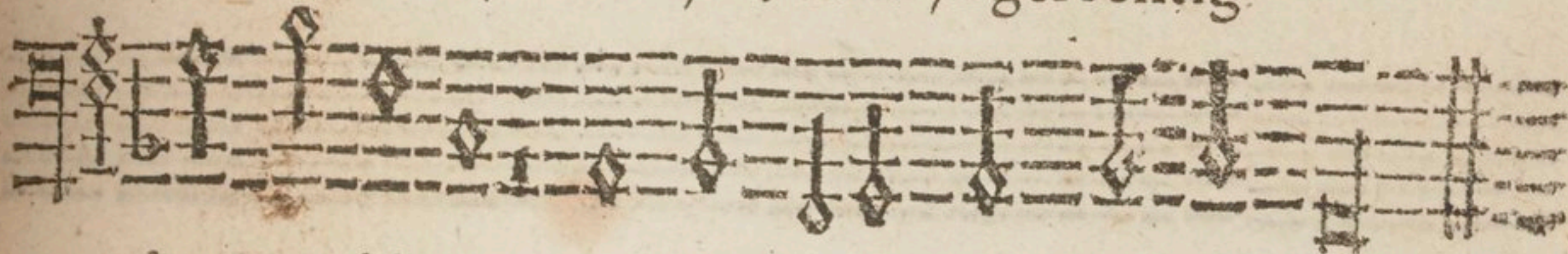
kan hy alle dingen Overwinnen, en gantsch ver-



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



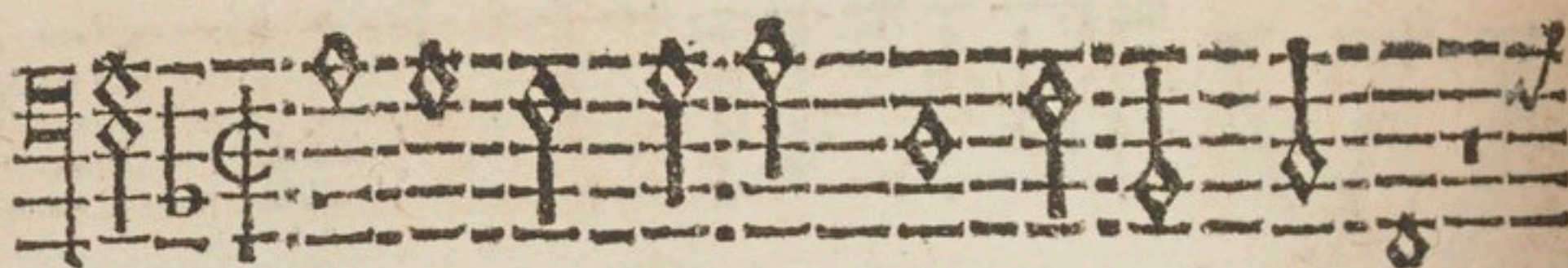
wy al zijn bevrijdt, En sijn gerechtig-



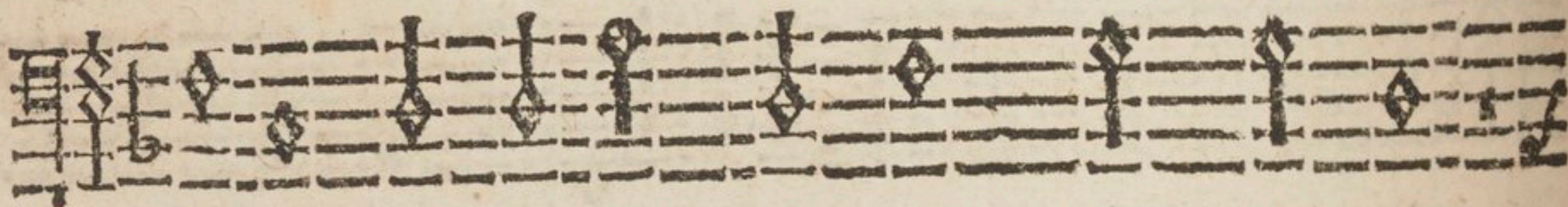
heyt verklaret Den volckeren breedte ende wijdt.

Bassus.

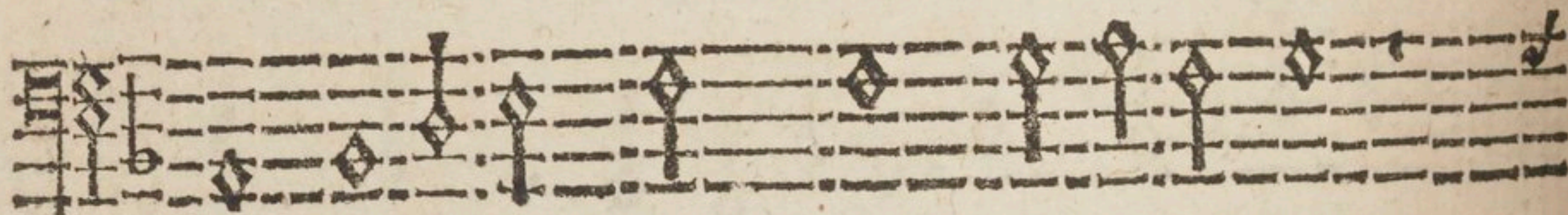
PSALM XCIX.



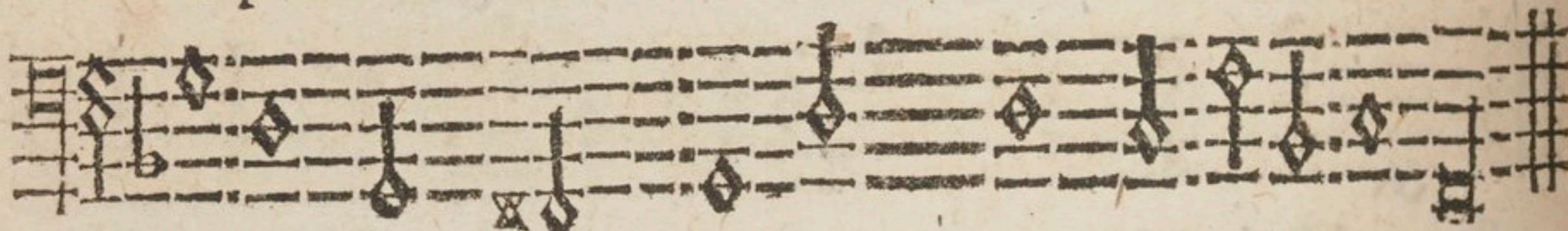
Nse Godt die is Een Koning gewis,



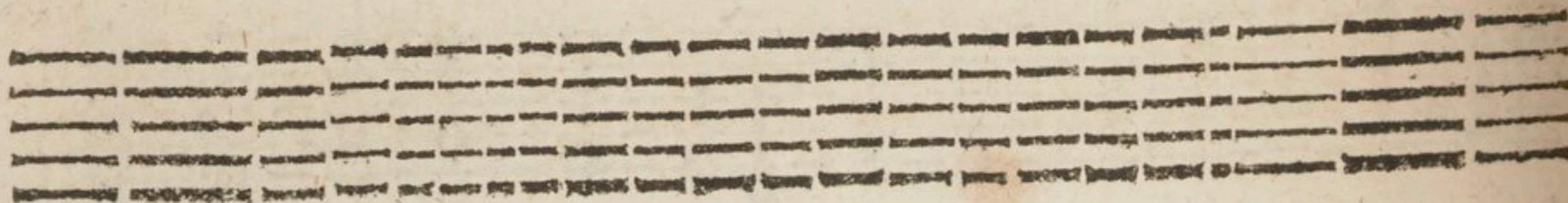
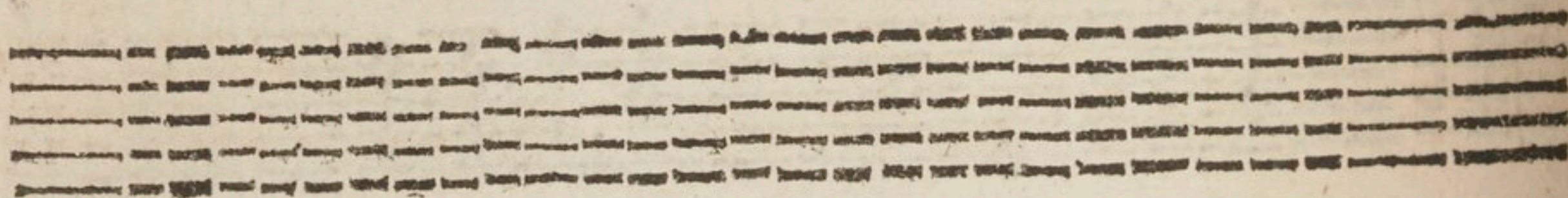
Daerom oock nu raest Dat volck gantsch verdwaest:

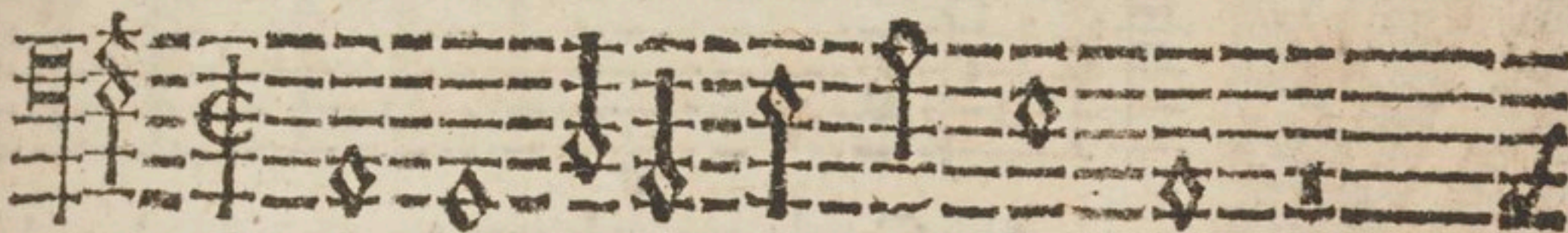


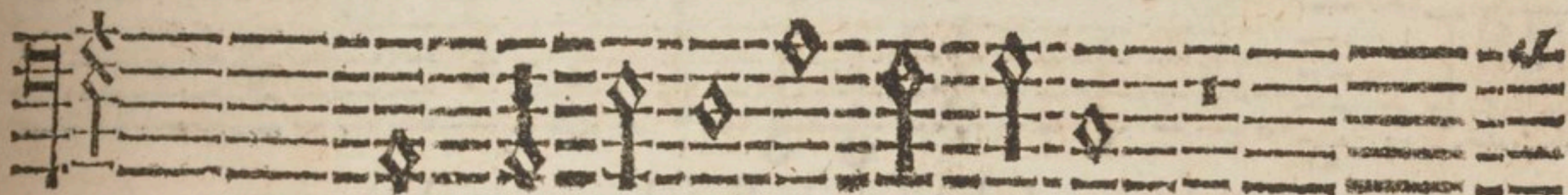
Op Cherubim voort Vaert Godt ongestoort,



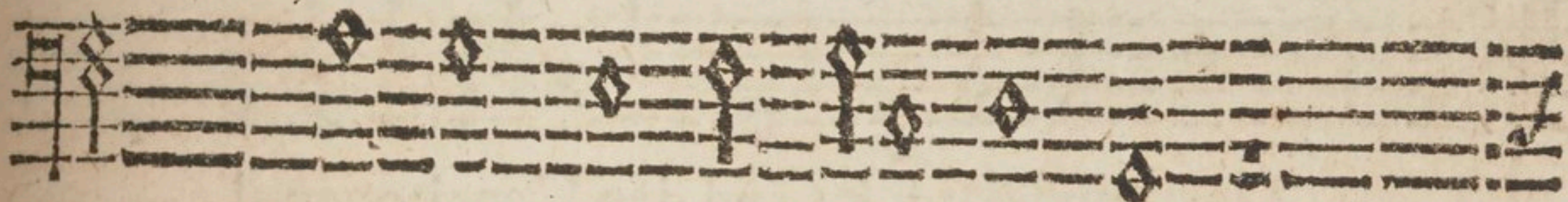
Dies moet dat gantsch aertrijck Hem vreesen al gelijk.



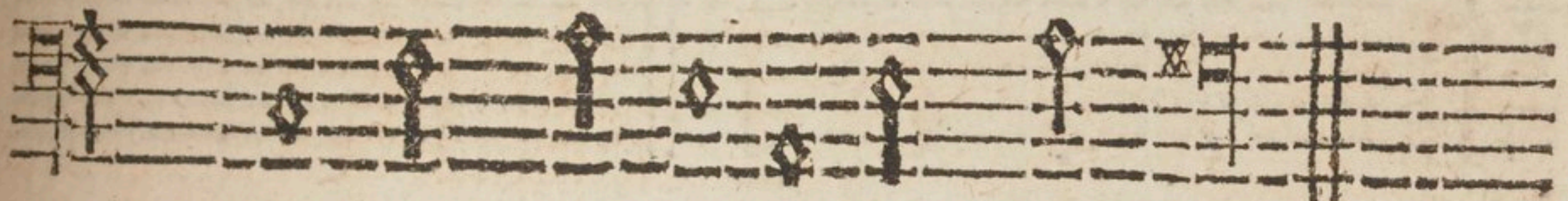
G  Y volckeren des aertrijcks al,



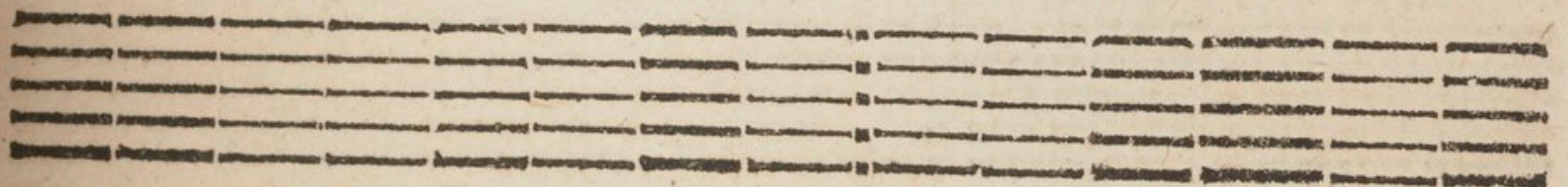
Singht den Heere met bly geschal,

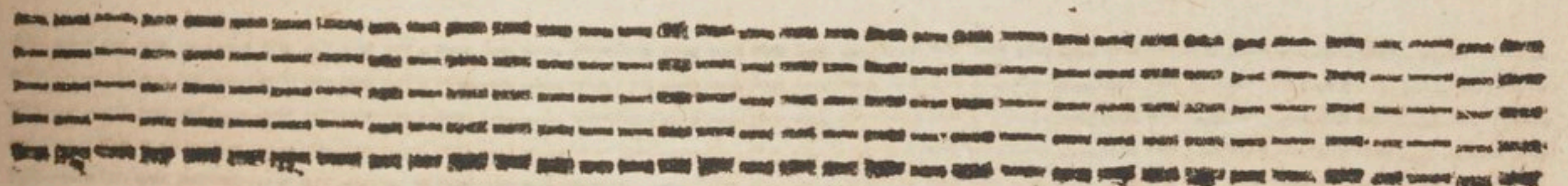


En dient hem met herten verheugt,



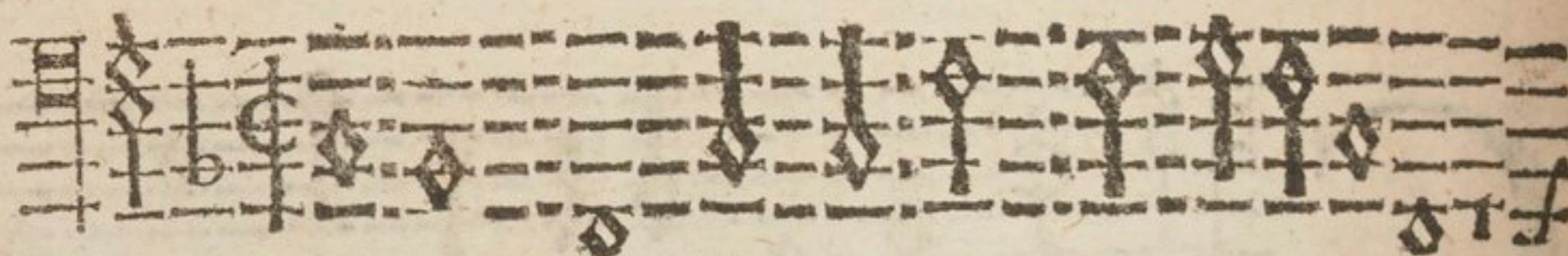
Verschiijnt voor sijn aenschijn met vreugd.



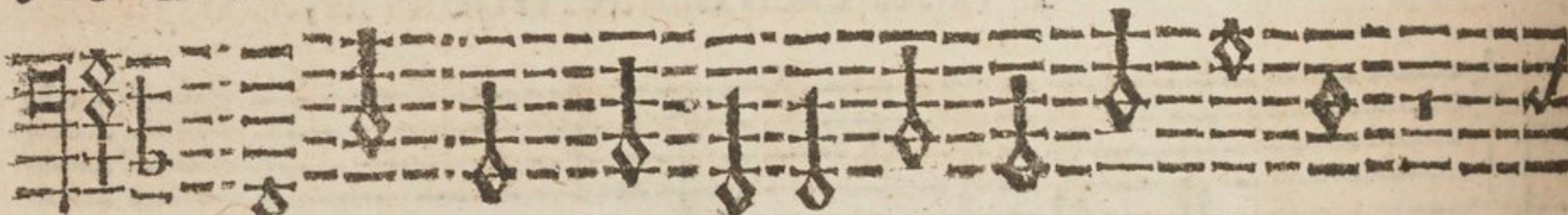


Bassus.

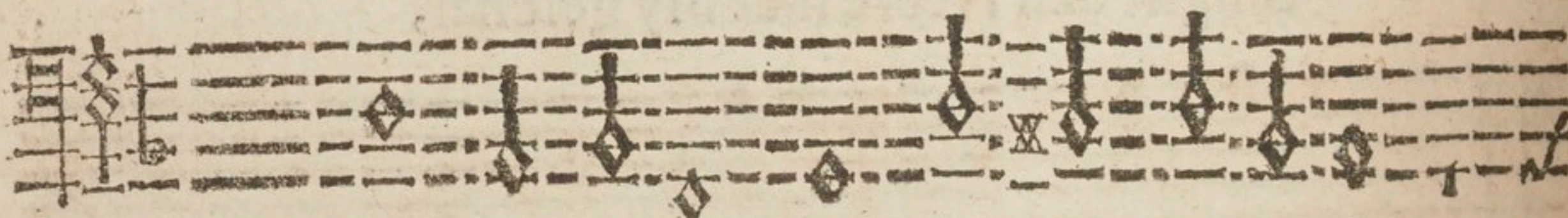
PSALM CI.



An Gods goetheyt en gordeel wil ik singen,



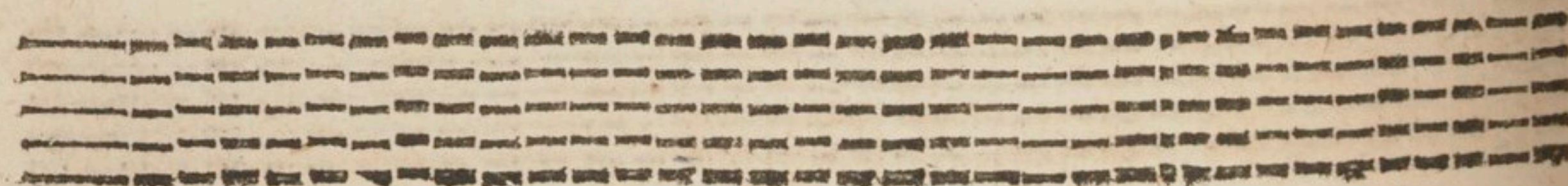
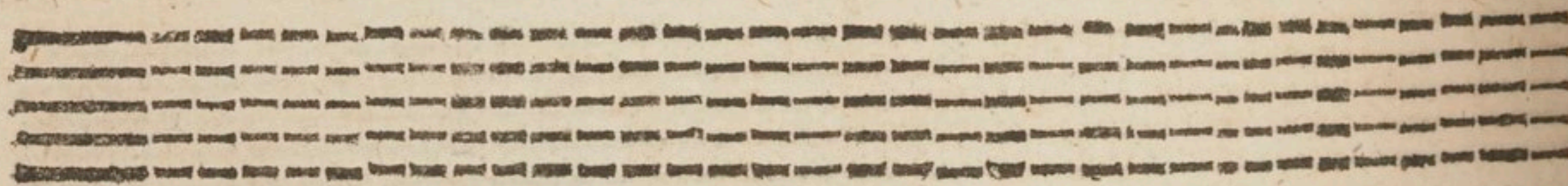
Ick wil hem schoone lofspalmen toebringen,

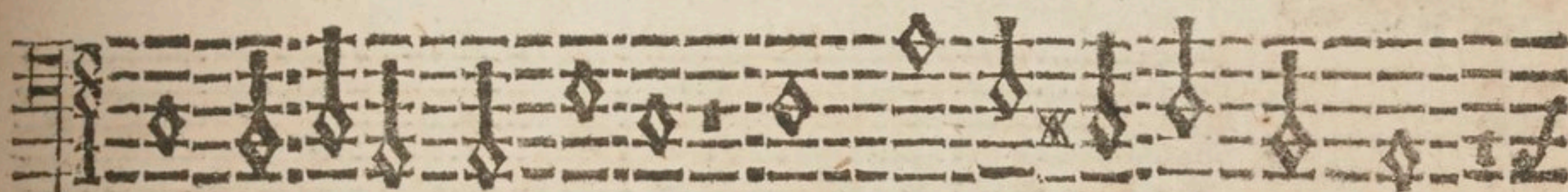
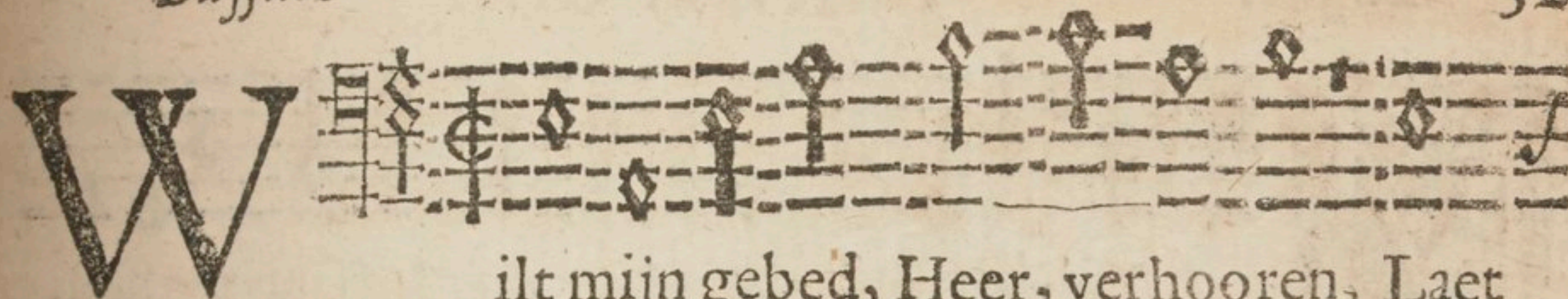


Daer med dat ick God den Heer boven al

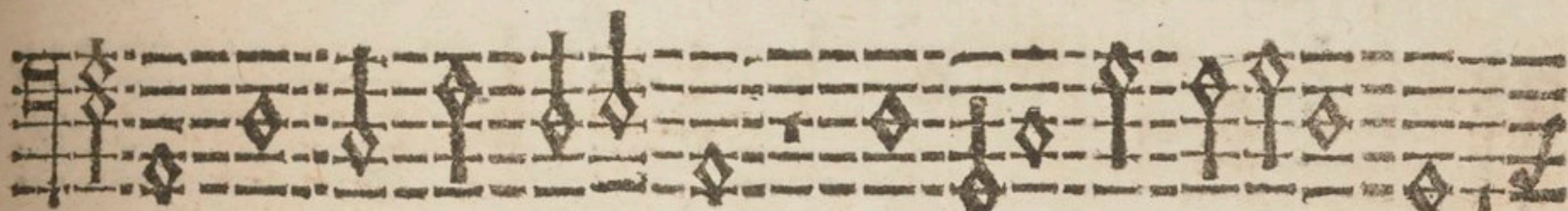


Groot maken sal.

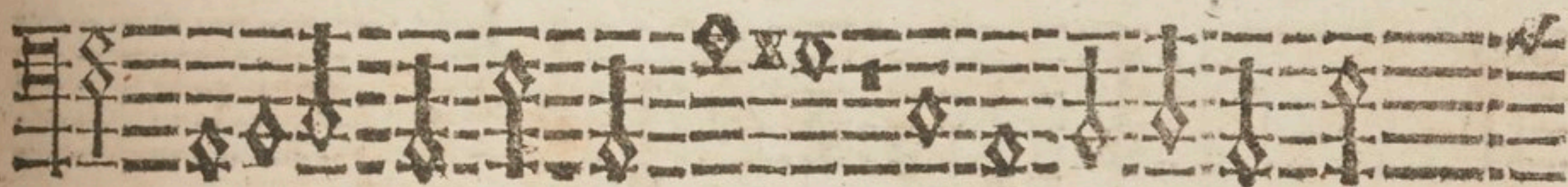




komen tot uwen ooren Mijn suchten, en in den noot



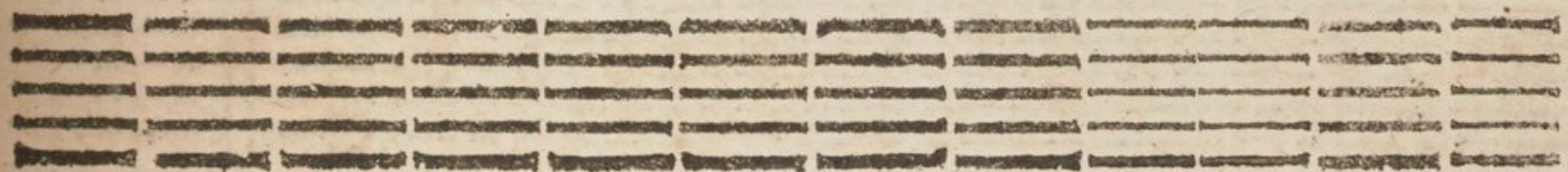
Verbergt u niet, hy is groot; In desen tijt der elenden

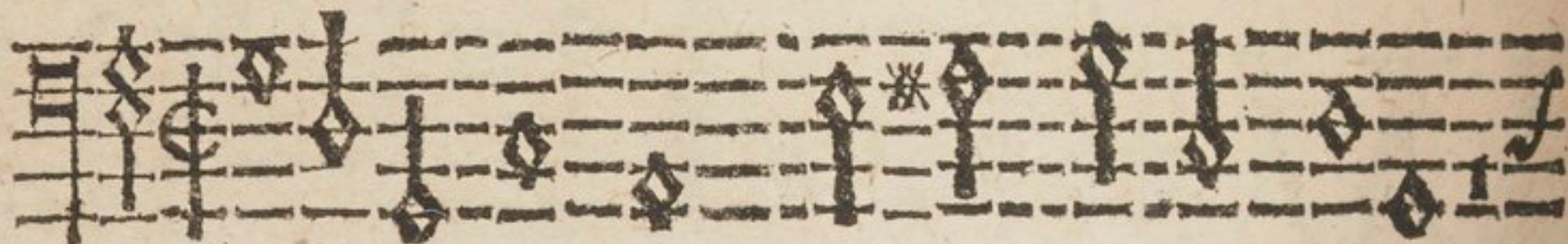


Wilt u ooren tot my wenden, En als ick u bid oot-

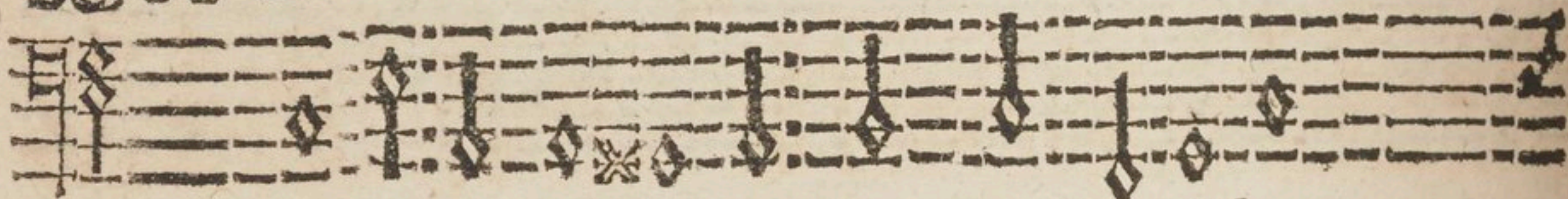


moedigh, Verhoort my haest, ô Heer goedigh.

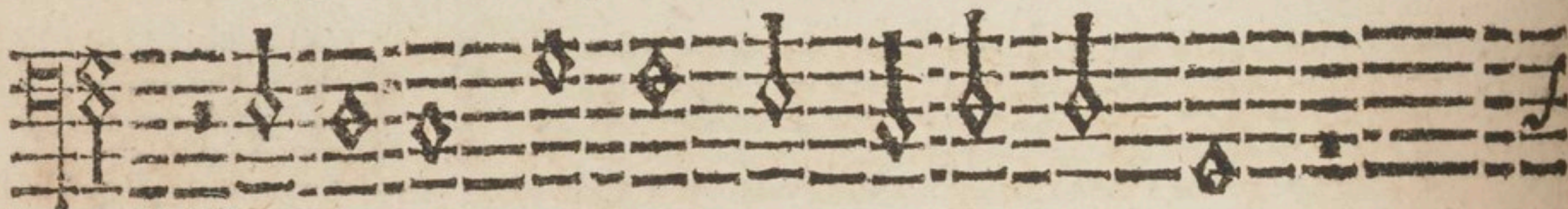


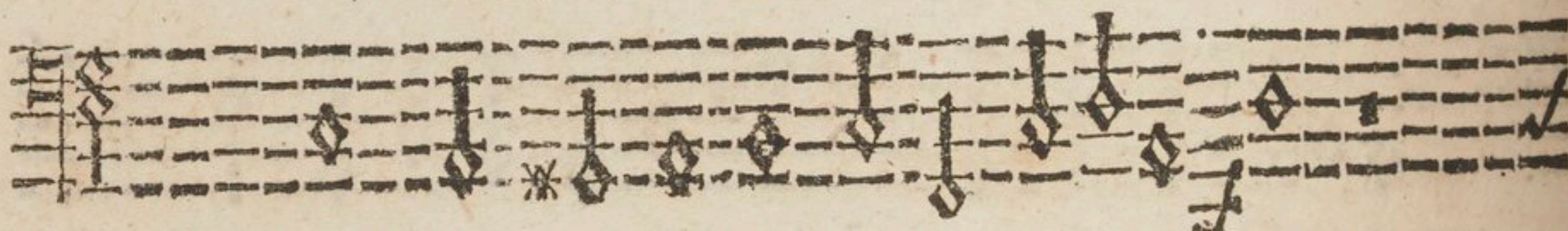
Yn ziele wilt den Heer met loffang prijzen,



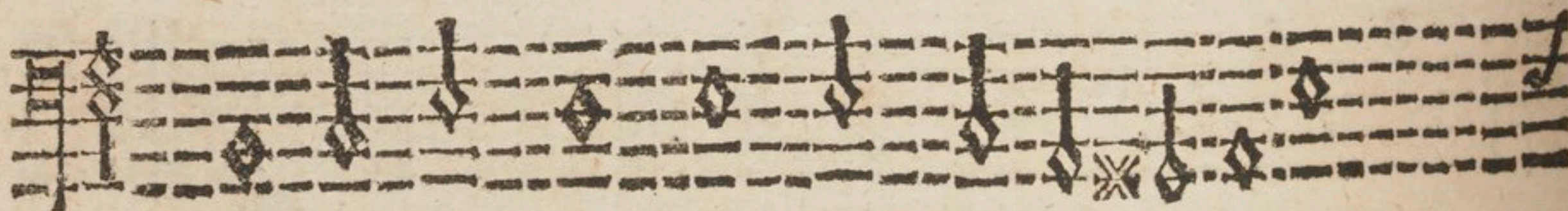
Al wat in my is moet hem eer' bewijfen,



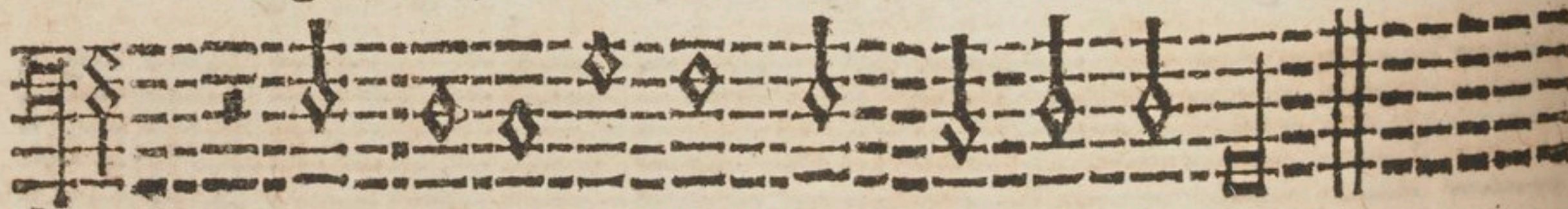
En sijnen heyl'gen naem loven met vliet:



Wilt hem prijzen en roemen onbeladen,



O ghy mijn ziel, looft des Heeren weldaden,



Die ghy ontfangen hebt, vergeet die niet.

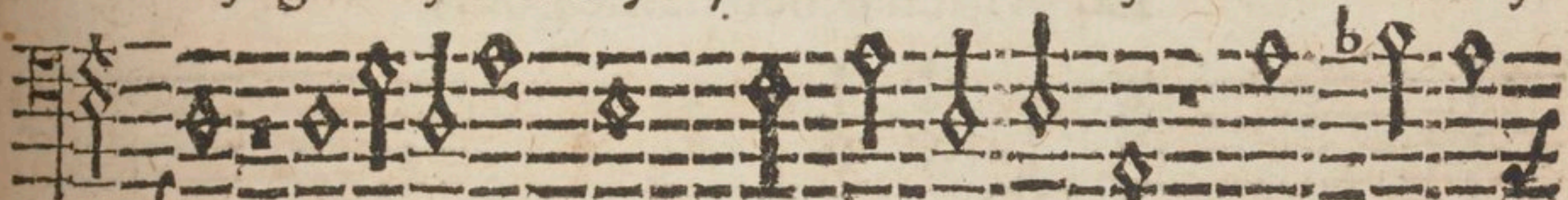
W  El aen mijn ziel, gy moet God prijfen



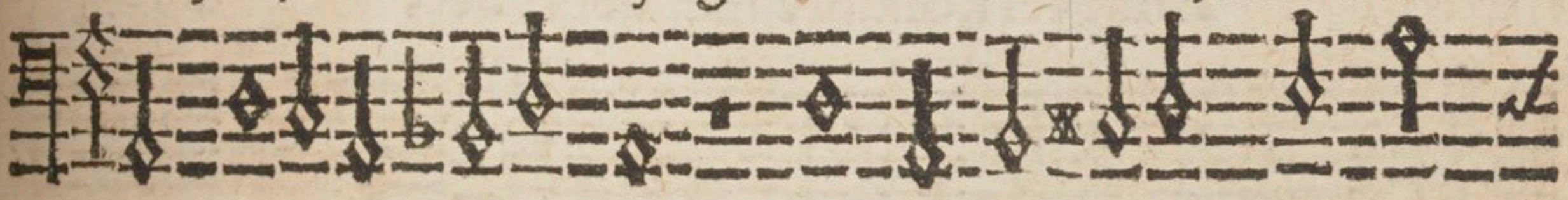
leer. Och hoe groot en hoe heerlijk is nu Heer, Uwe goetheyt



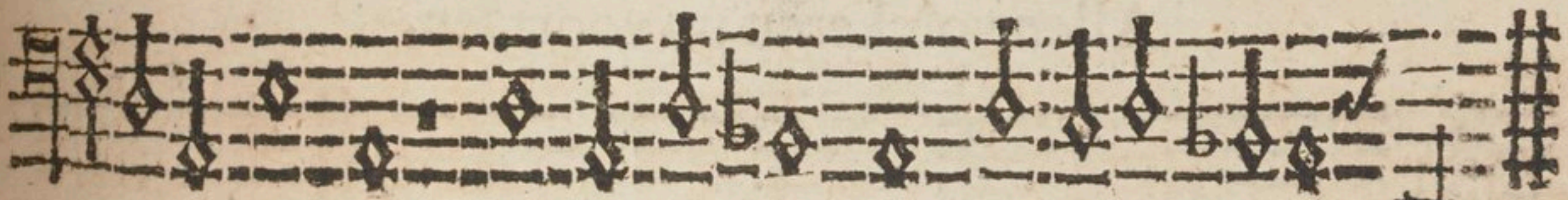
over al uytgebreydet! Gy zijt met heerlijkheyt en eer' bekleey-



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



kleet over u uytgestreckt, Tot een tente hebt ghy des

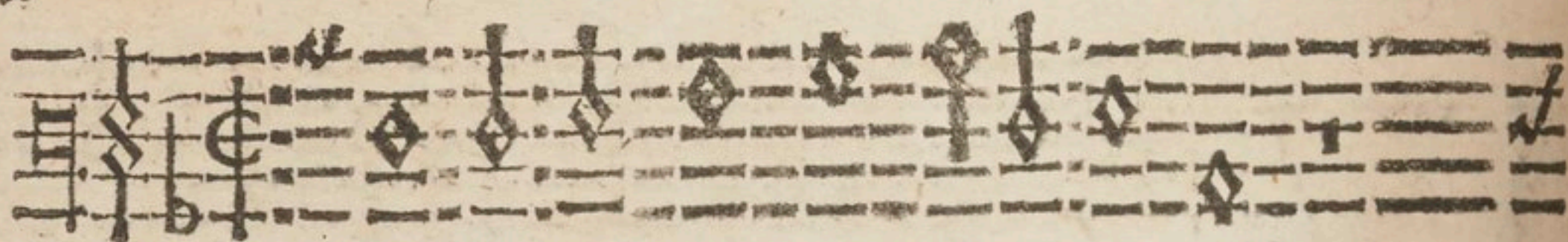


hemels throone, Die gy uytspant als een gordijne schoone.

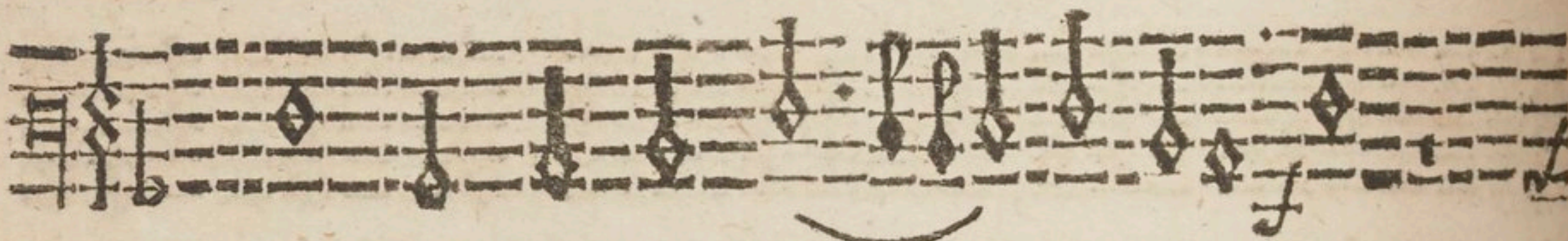
Bassus.

PSALM CV.

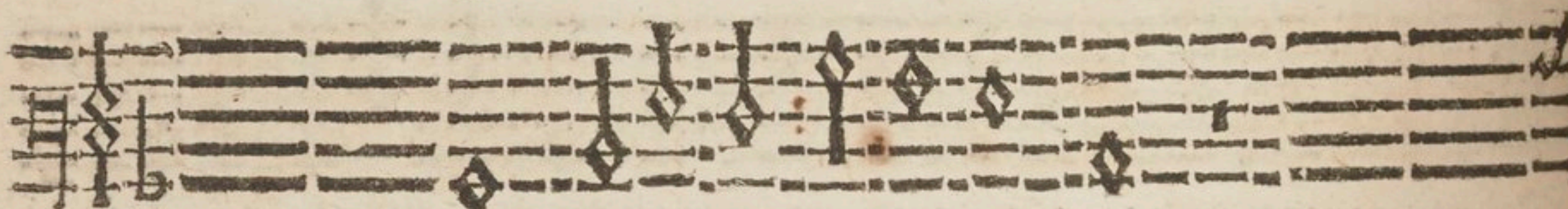
E



En yeder moet tot defen tijden



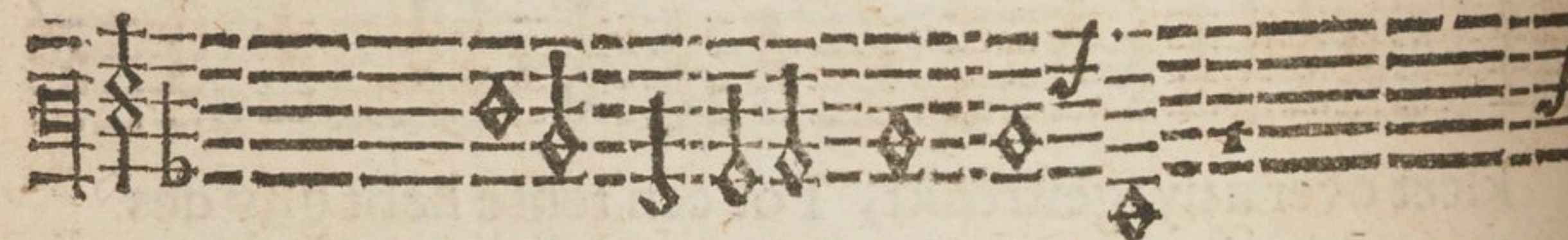
De hoogheyt des Hee- ren belijden,



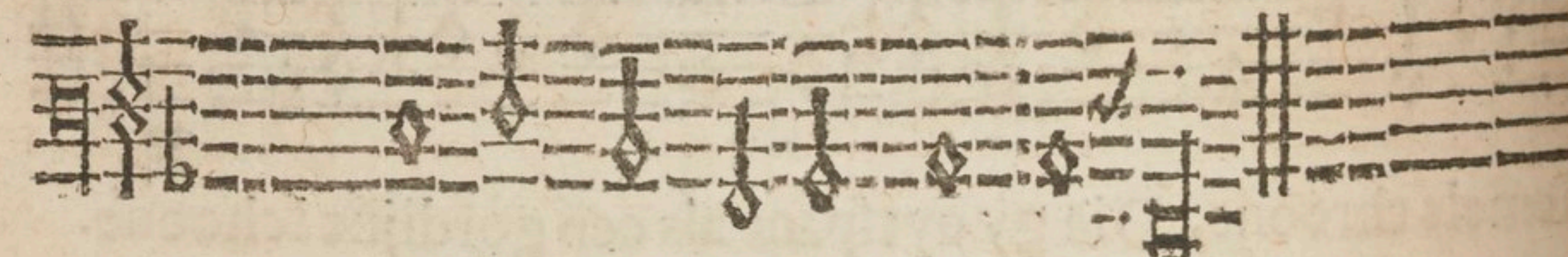
En prijfen fijnen name goet,



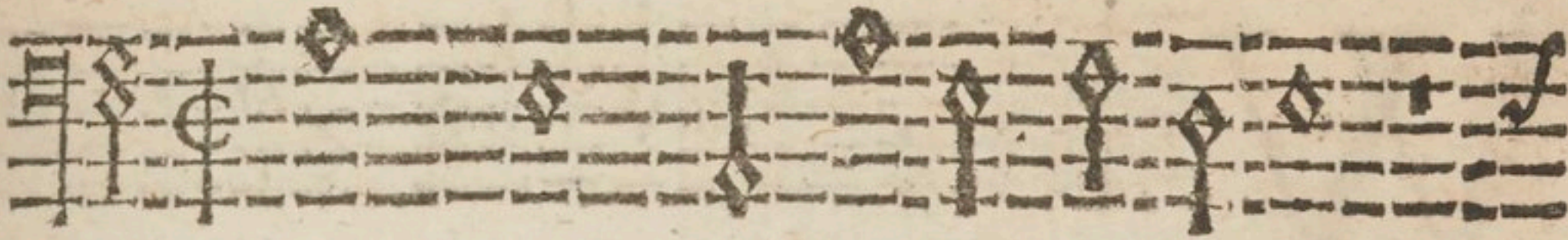
Elck verkondige met der spoet,

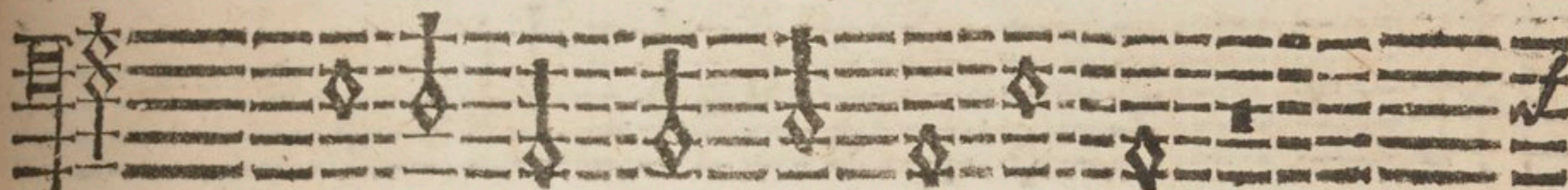


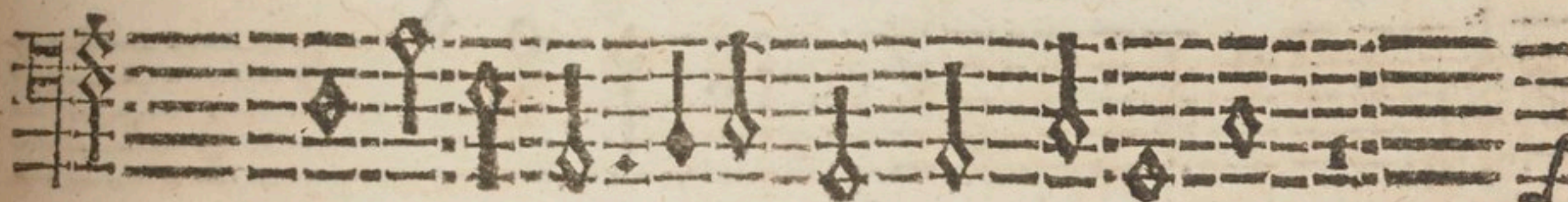
Allen volckeren nu voortaeen,

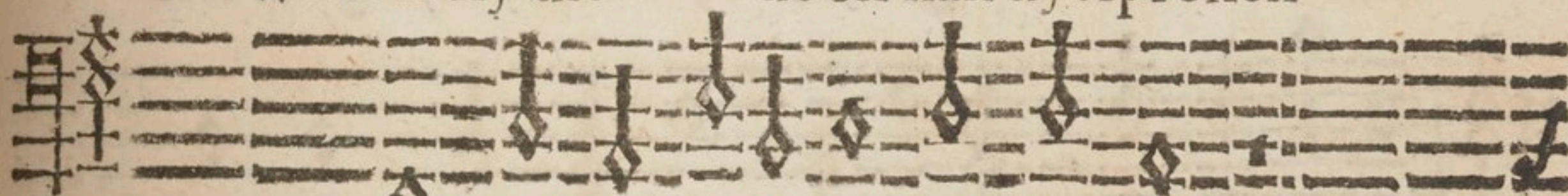


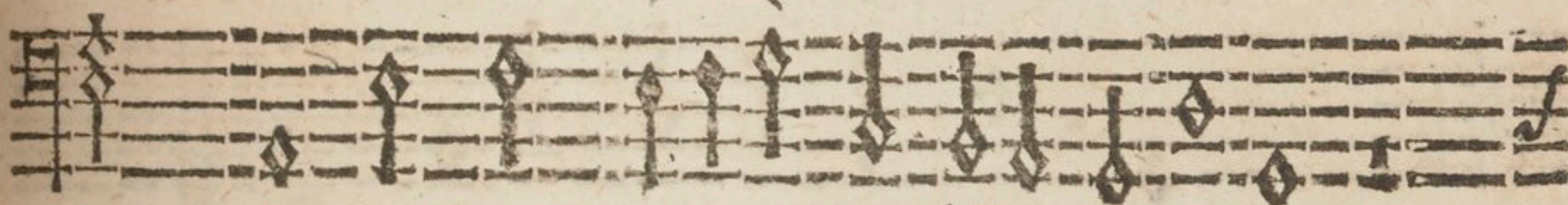
De wercken die hy heeft gedaen.

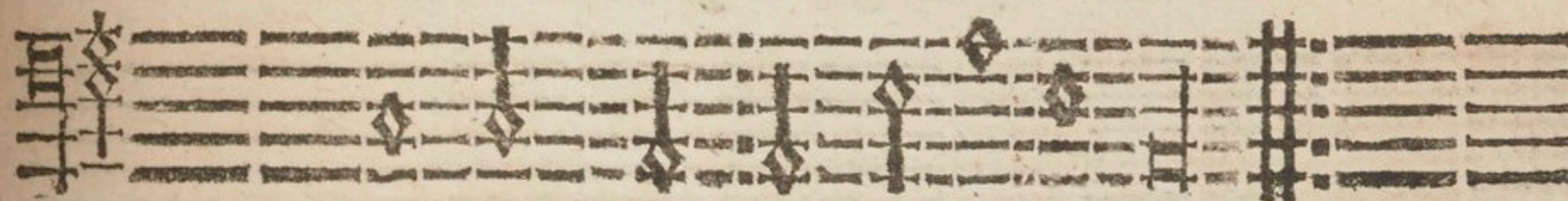
D  Anckt Godt, want hy is vriendelick,

 En sijn goetheyt duert eeuwichlick.

 Waer is hy die doch kan uytspreken

 Des Heeren wonderwercken al,

 En sijn groot-da- den klaer gebleken,

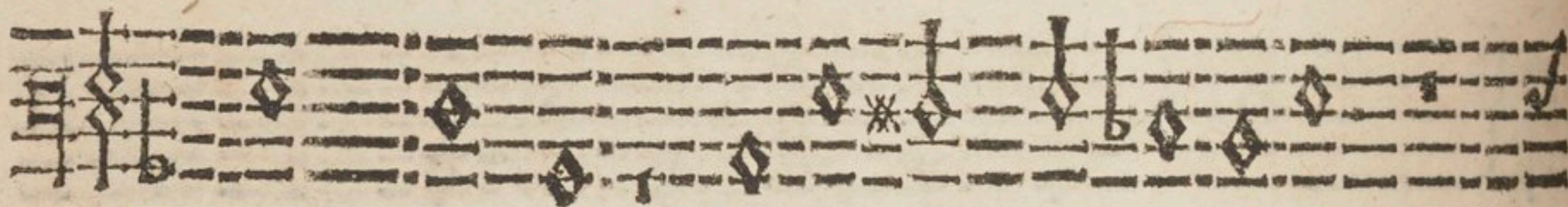
 Genoeghsaem kunnen prijzen sal :

Bassus.

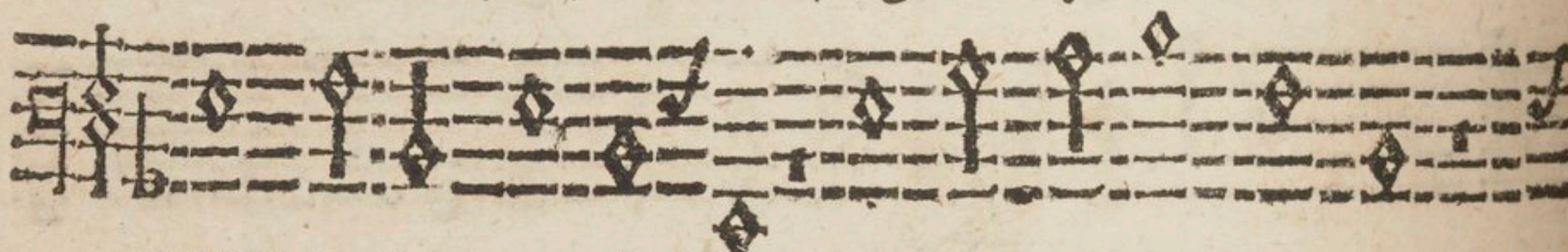
PSALM CVII.



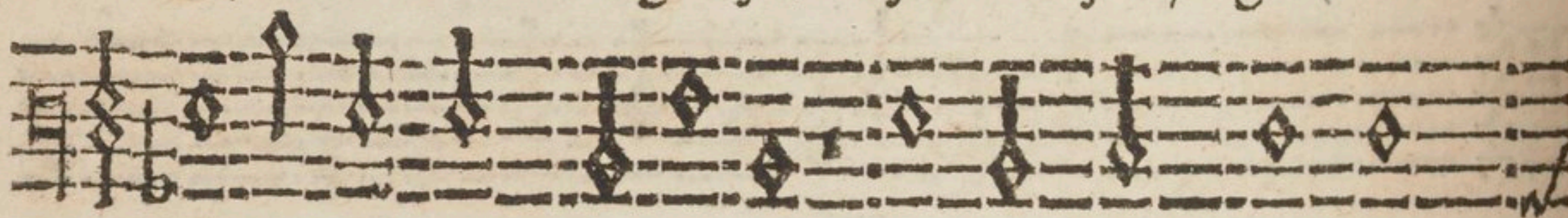
ilt Godt lofen eer' geven, Groot is zijn



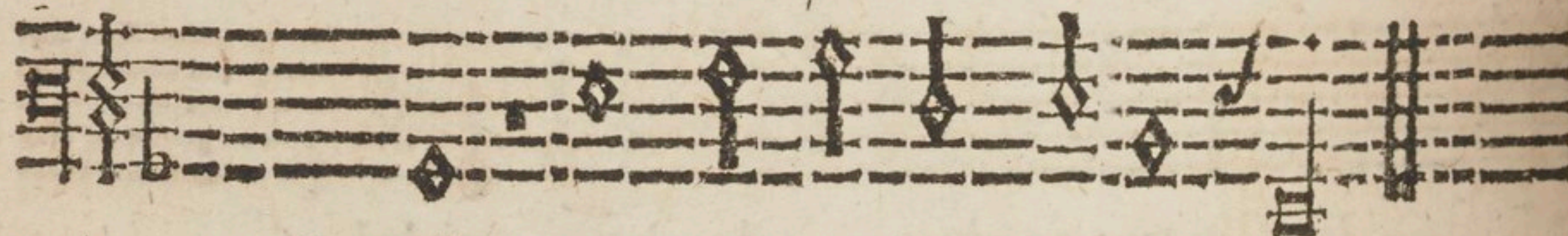
vriend'lickheyt, En sijn goetheyt verheven



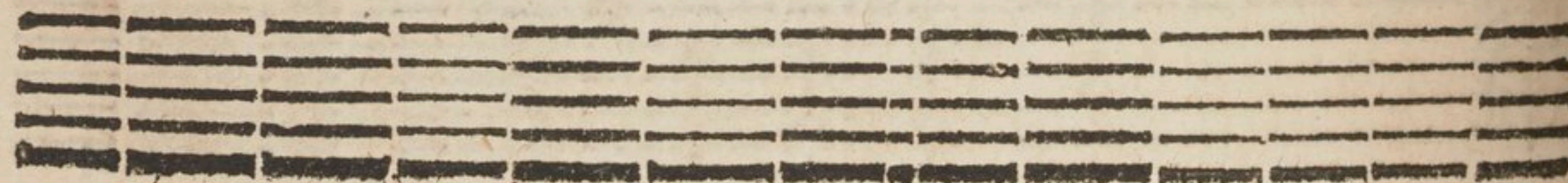
Blijft in der eeuwigheyt, Sy die vry zijn gekocht

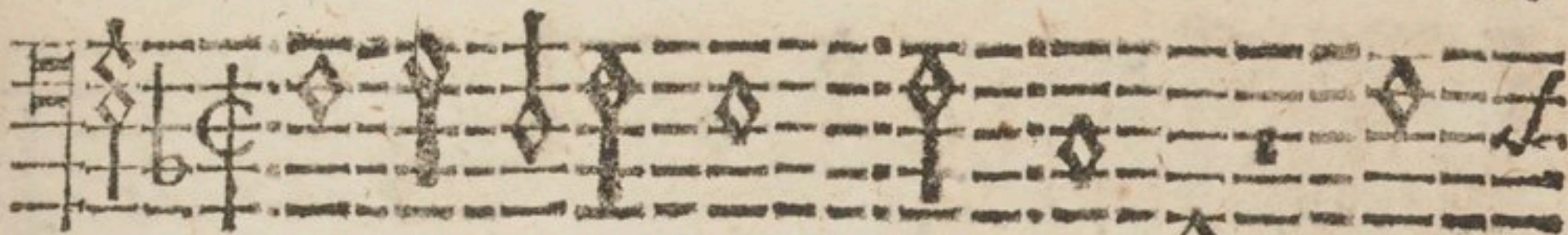


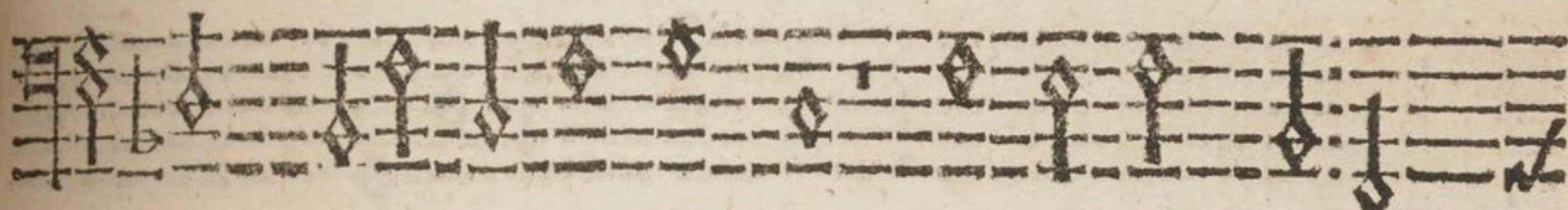
Sullen sijn naem verklaren, En die Godt heeft ge-



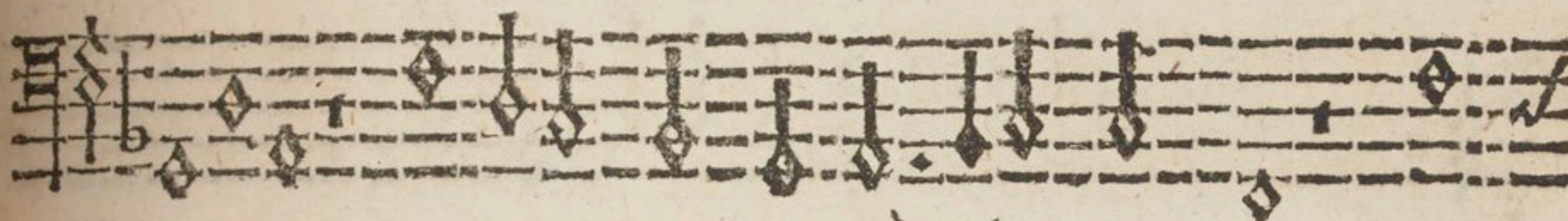
brocht Uyt angst en groot beswaren.



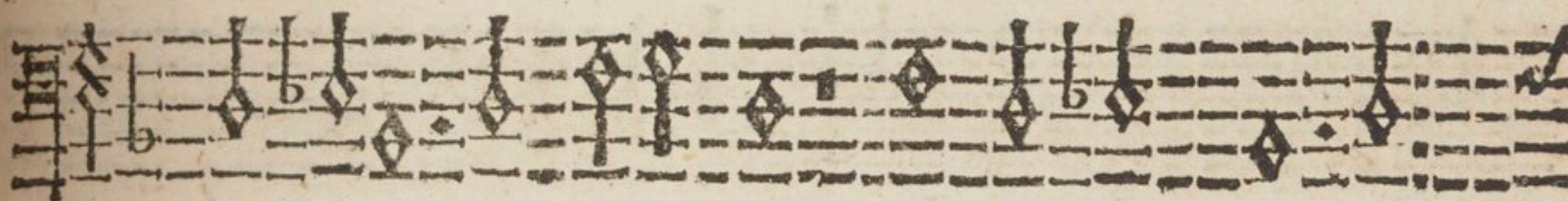
M  Yn hert is, ô Heer, recht bereyt, Met



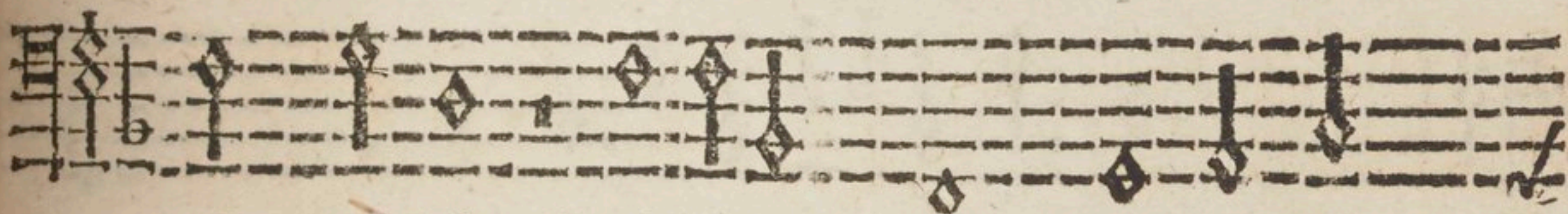
ernst ende met vyerigheyt, Om dichten, en u



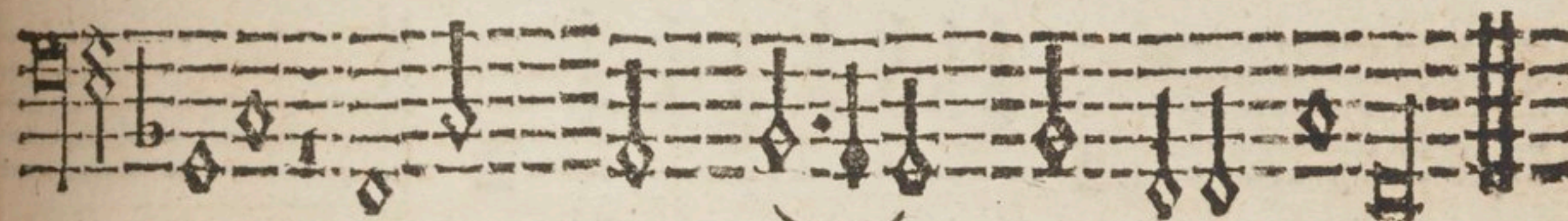
met gefanck Te loven met harpen geklanck. Ghy



mijn pfalter ontwaket vry, En ghy mijn harpe



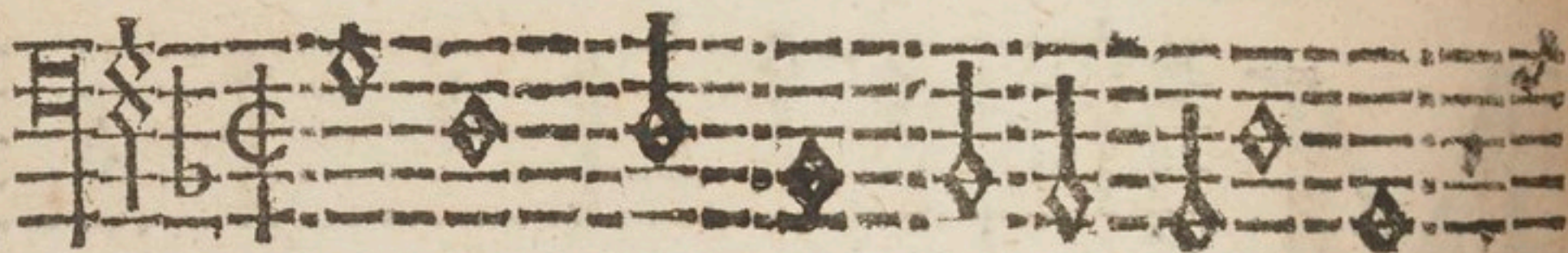
wilt oock bly Godt loven: want 's morgens be-



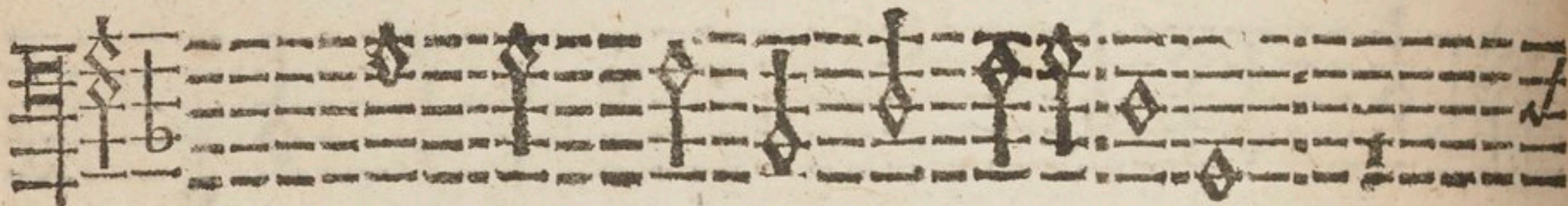
quame Wil ick vroegh prij- sen sijnen name.

Bassus.

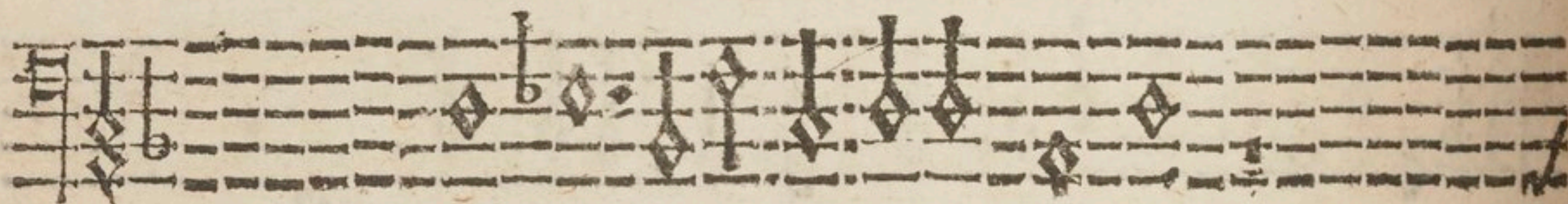
PSALM CIX.



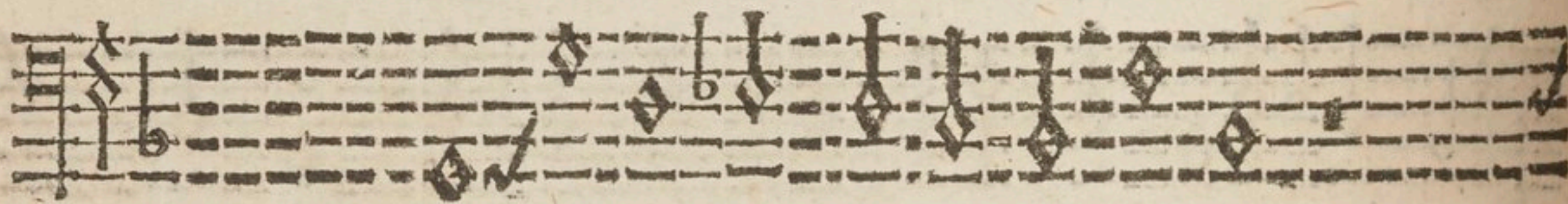
Heer, mijn roem en eer gepresen,



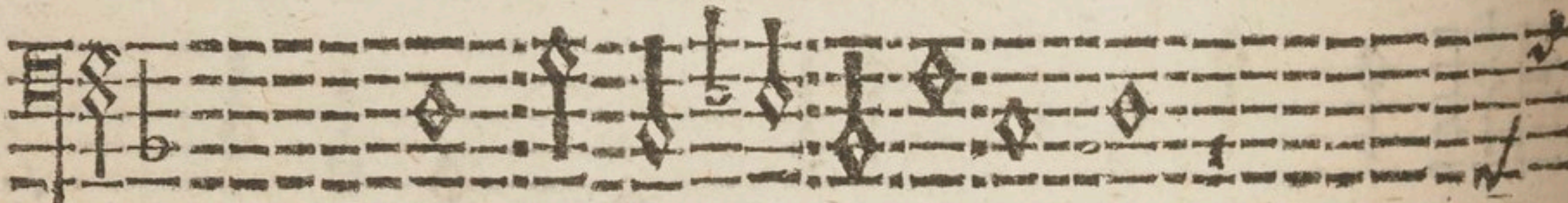
Wilt doch voortaan niet stille wesen.



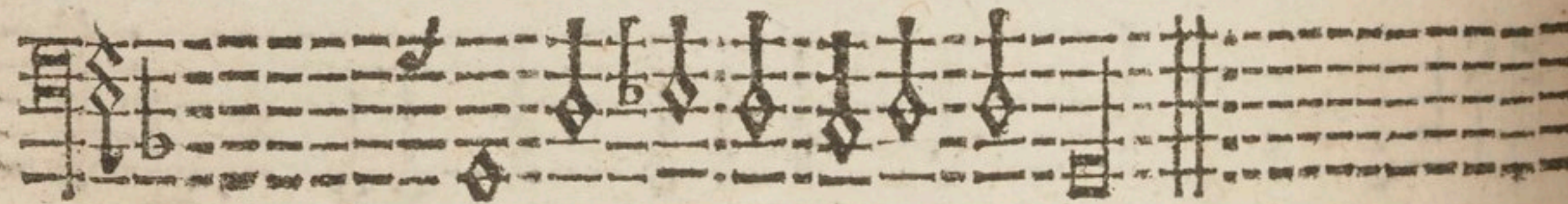
De boof' openen hare monden



Tegen my, en t'samen verkonden



Valfheyt en veel leugenen quaet,



Met tongen erg en obstinaet.

D E Heer heeft gesproken tot mijnen Heere,

Set u nu sijn tot mijner rechter hant,

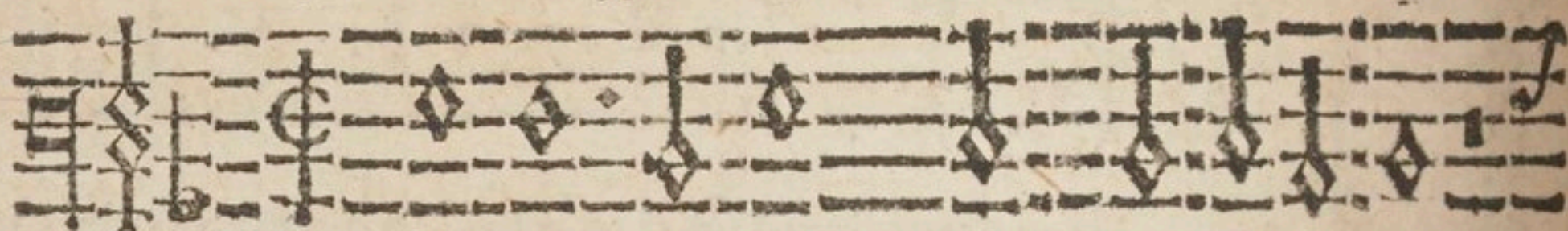
Tot dat ick uw' vyanden met oneere, Tot

eenen voet-
banck maeck in 't gantsche landt.

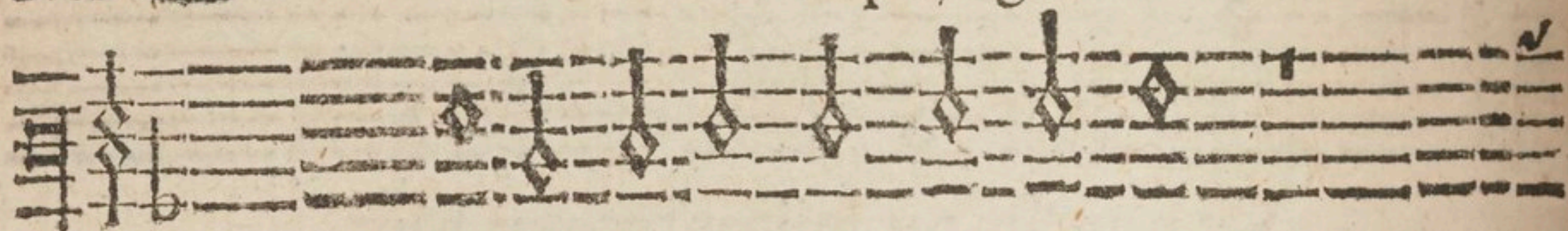
Bassus.

PSALM CXI.

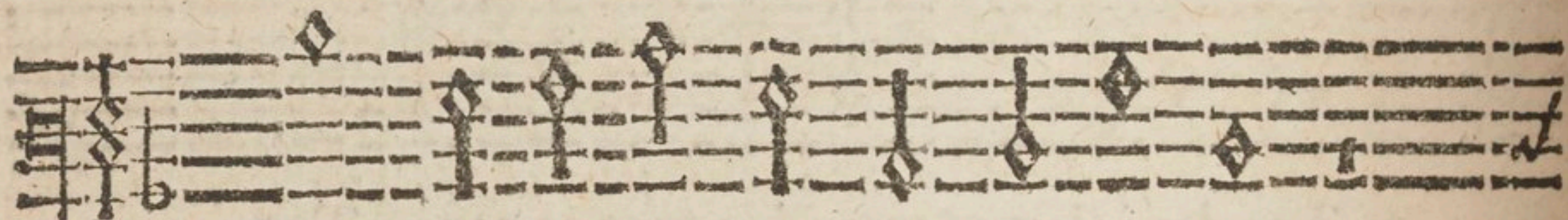
a 5. Wijse 24.



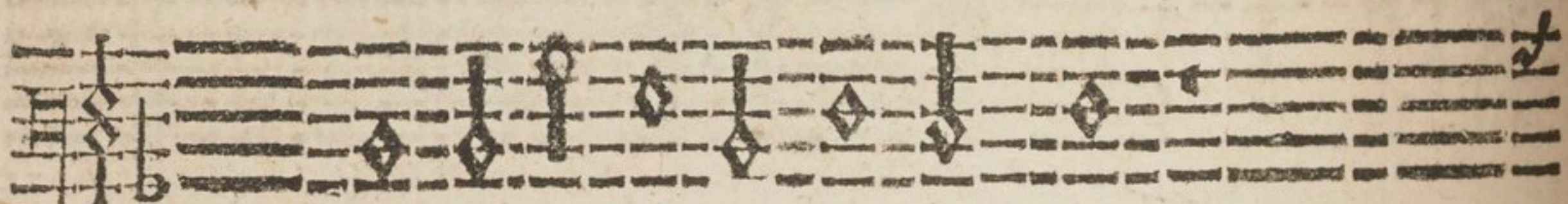
En lof en prijs gantsch over al



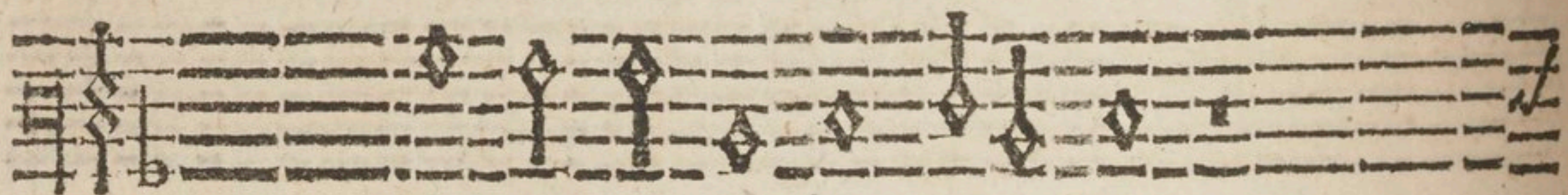
Met herten vry ick roemen sal,



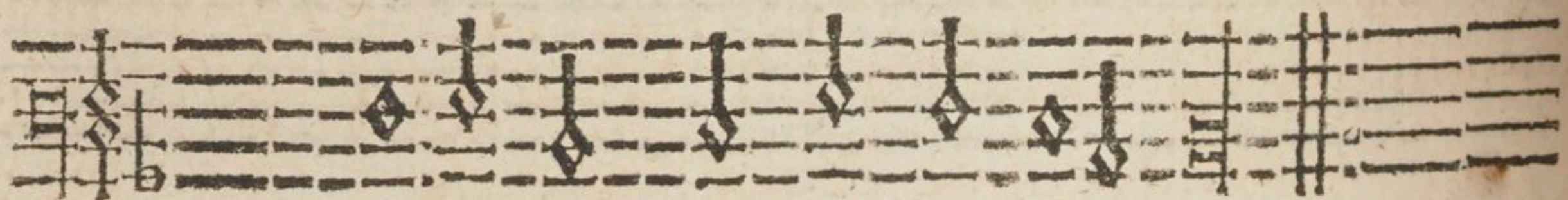
Mijns Heeren en Godts van hier boven,



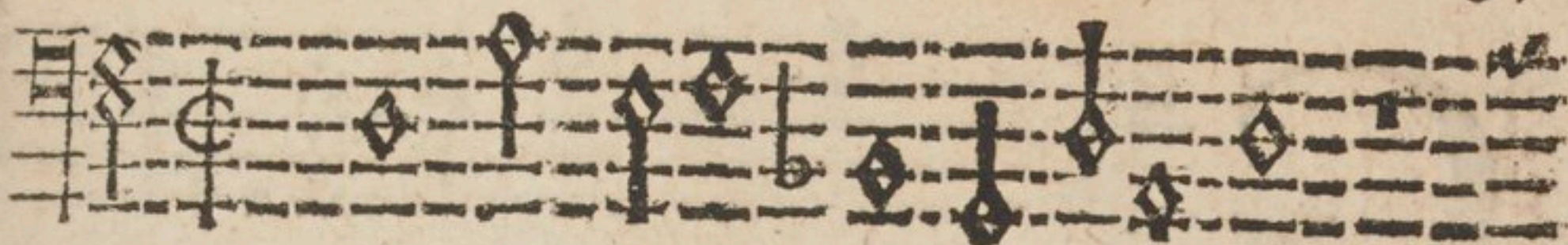
In sijn gemeente seer bequaem,



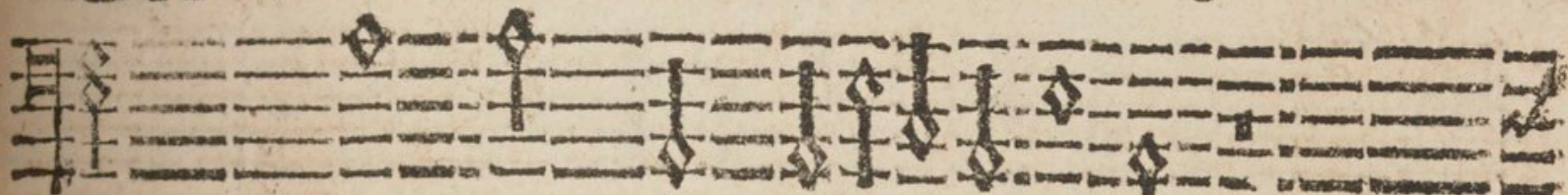
Daer de vromen komen te saem,



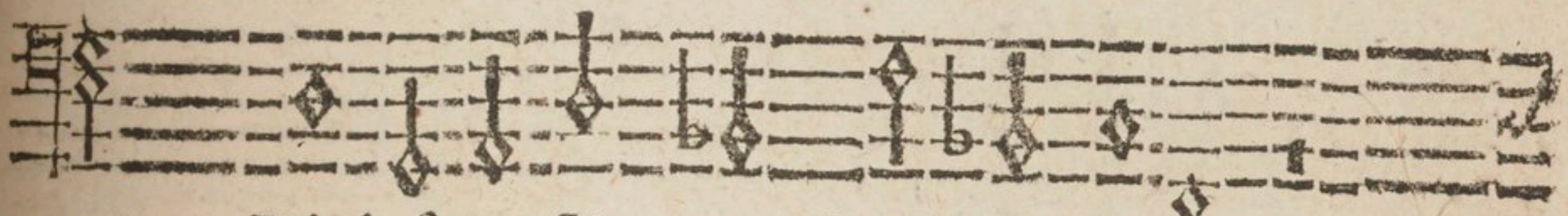
Sal ick den Heer dancken en loven.



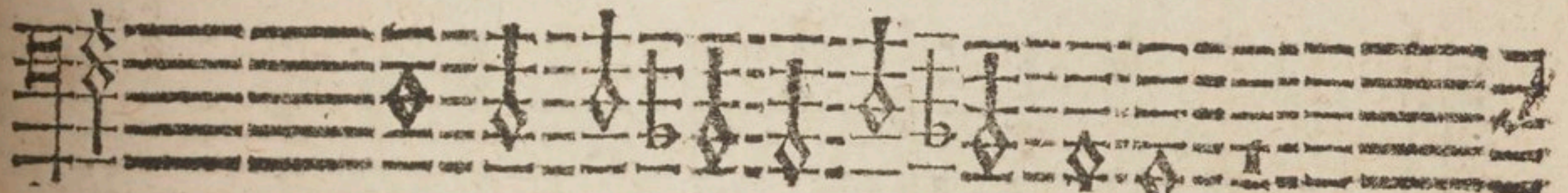
El hem, die altijdt is begeven



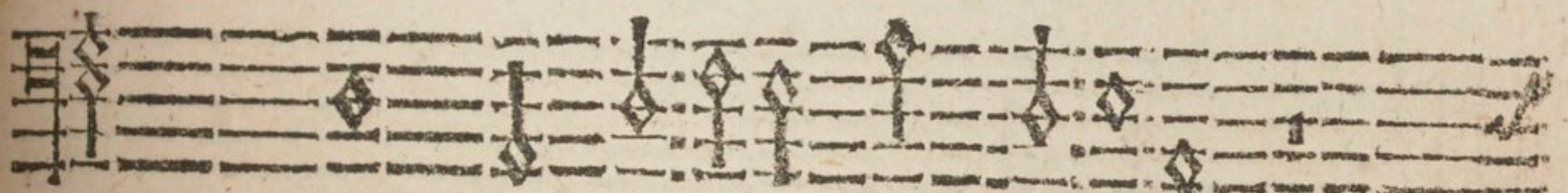
Tot Godts vrees' in alle sijn leven,



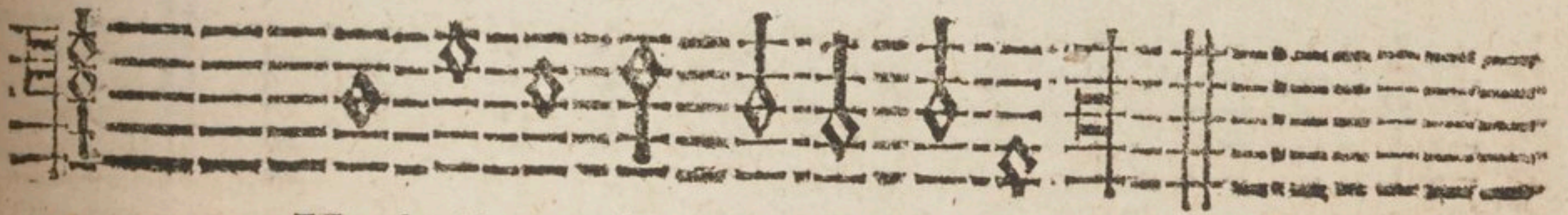
Die lust tot sijn woort heeft verkregen,



Sijn zaet sal seer geweldigh wesen :



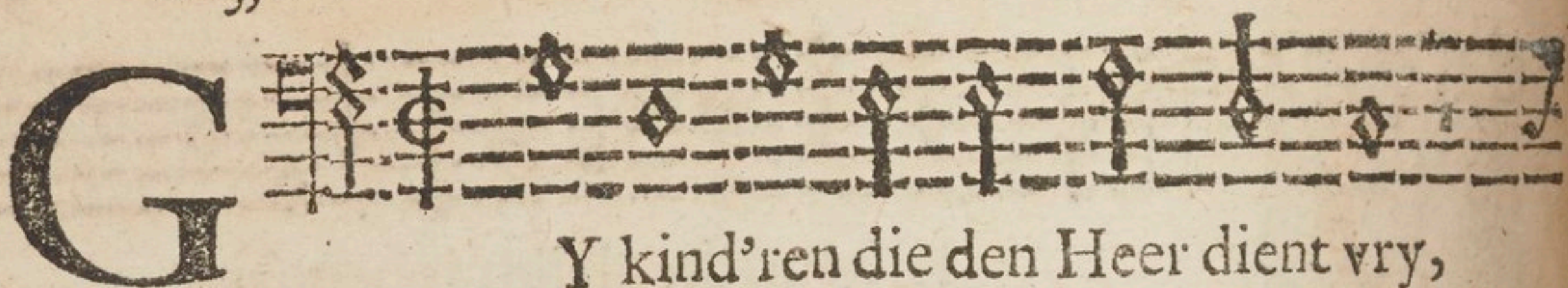
Door Godts genade hoogh gepresen,



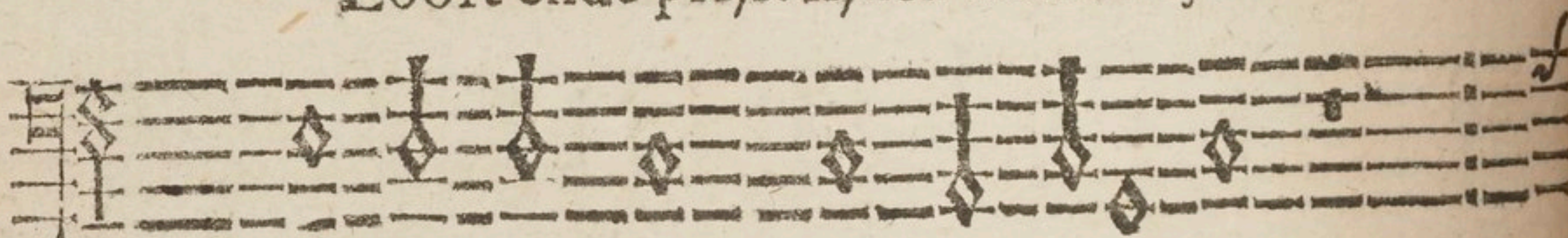
Verkrijgen de Vrome den zegen.

Bassus.

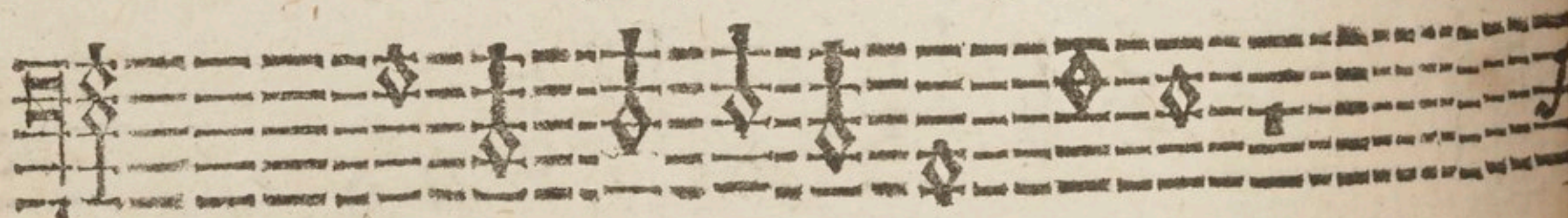
PSALM CXIII.



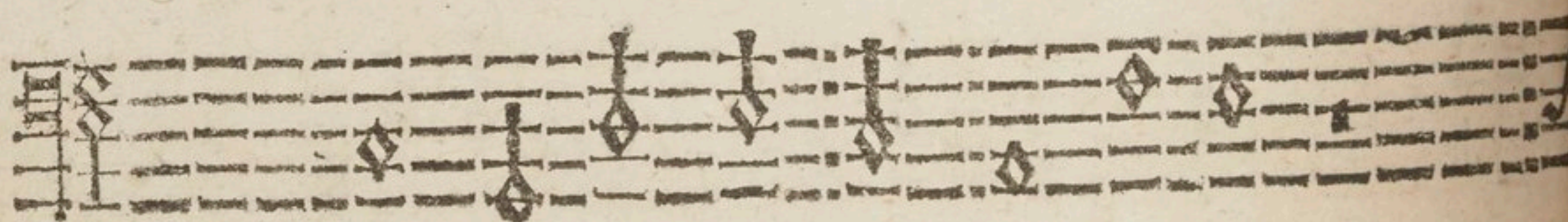
Looft ende prijft fijnen naem bly.



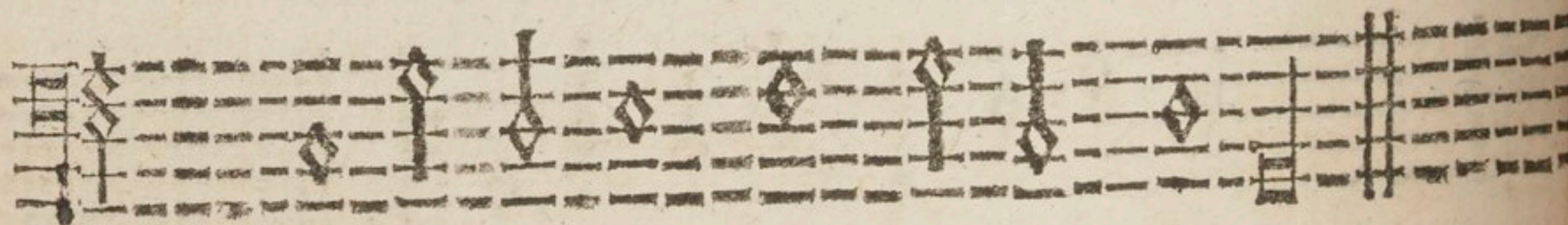
Laet de hoogheyt Godts zijn gepresen,



Laet seer heerlick nu zijn verklaert,



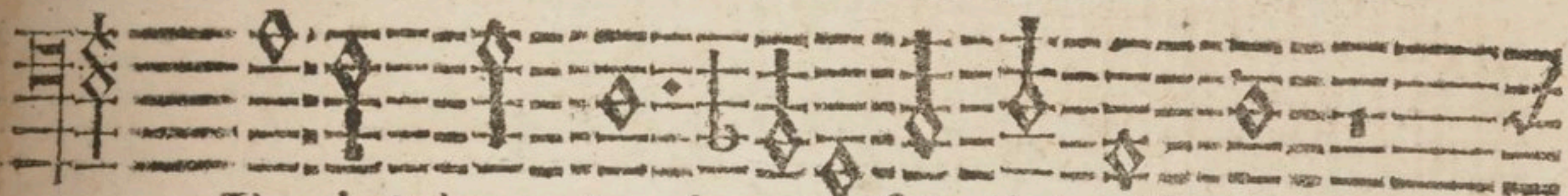
Des Heeren naem seer wijdt vermaert,



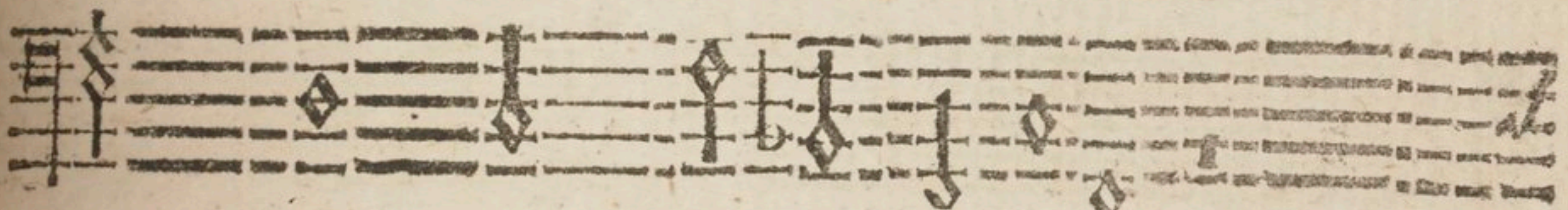
En eeuwiglick voort verhoogt wesen.

D

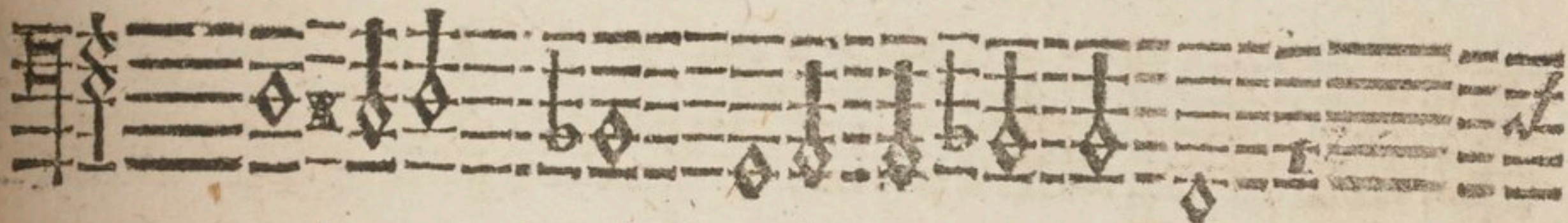
Oe Israël E- gyptenlant verliet,



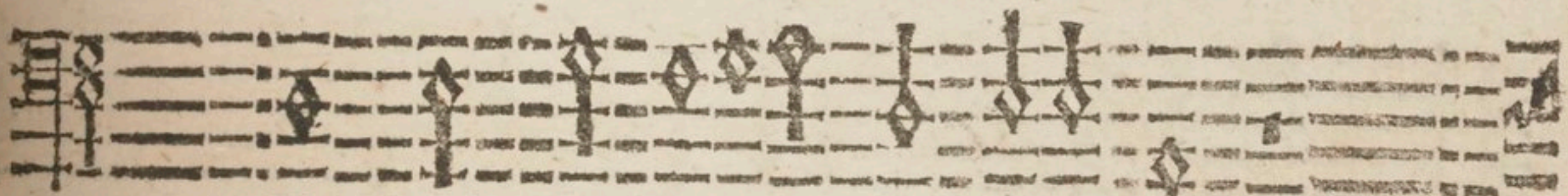
En als 't huys Jacobs gantschelick affschiet,



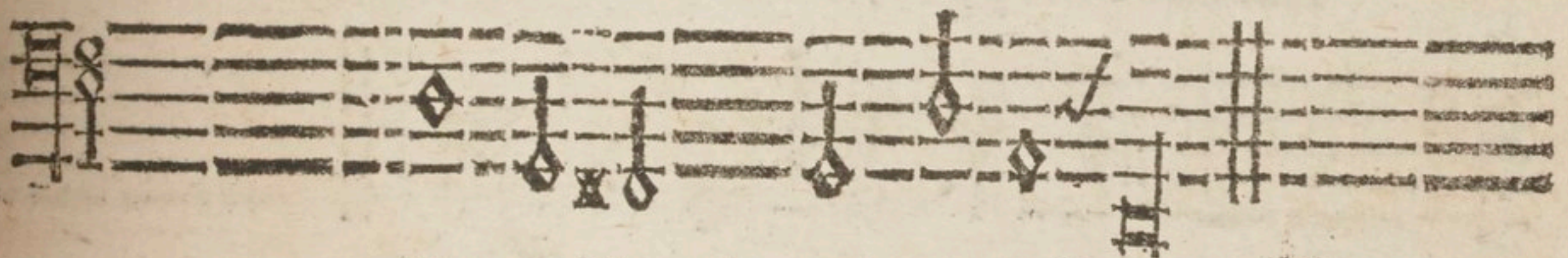
Van 't vreemt volck, en sijn wesen,



Juda wert Godts heylig' eere seer klaer,



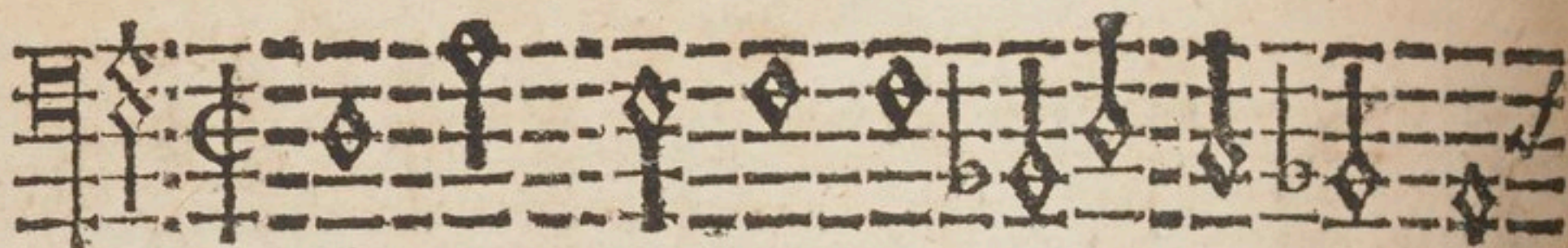
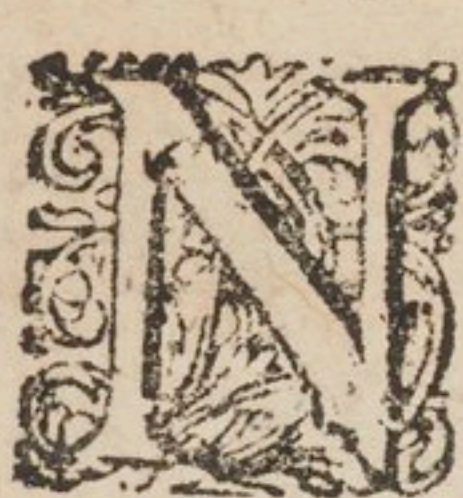
En Godt wert Israëls Heer openbaer,



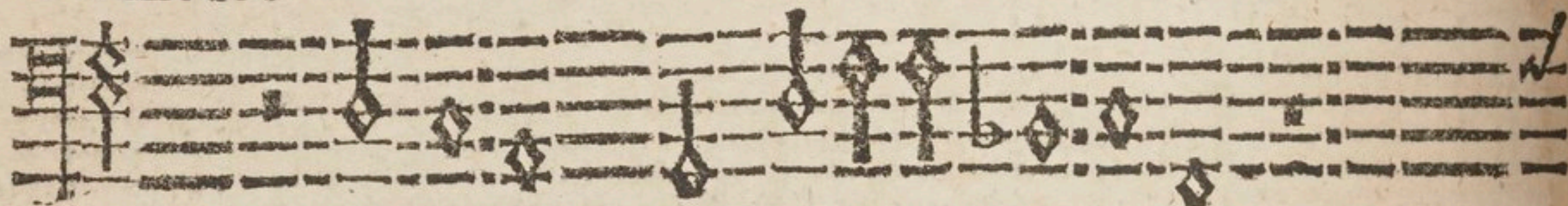
Ja een Heer hoogh gepresen.

Bassus.

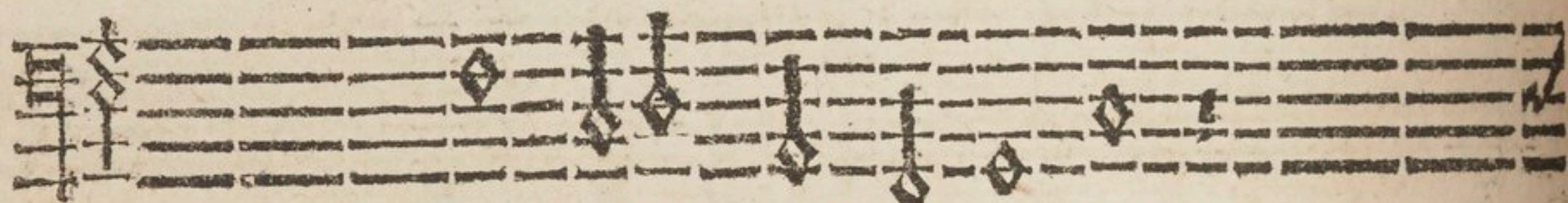
PSALM CXV.



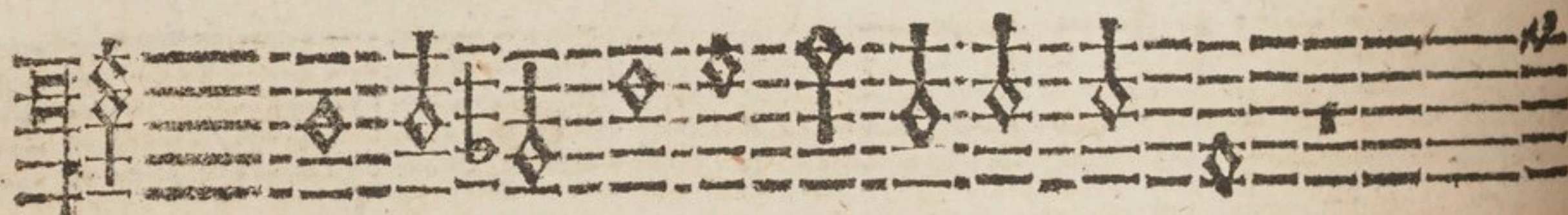
Iet ons, niet ons maer u behoort, ô Heer



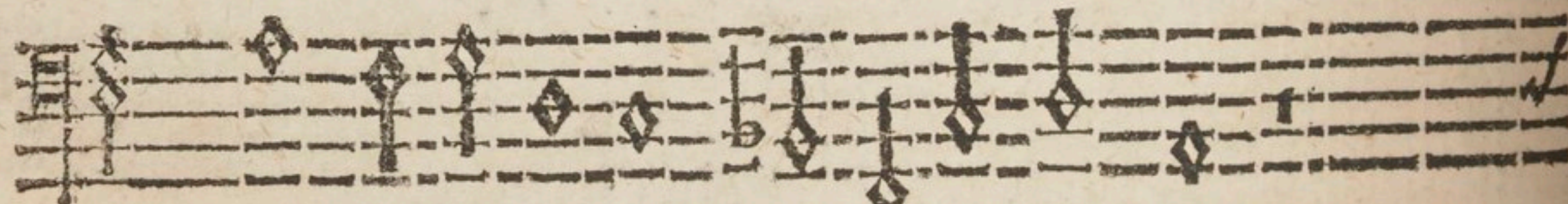
Om uwes woorts wille alleen de eer,



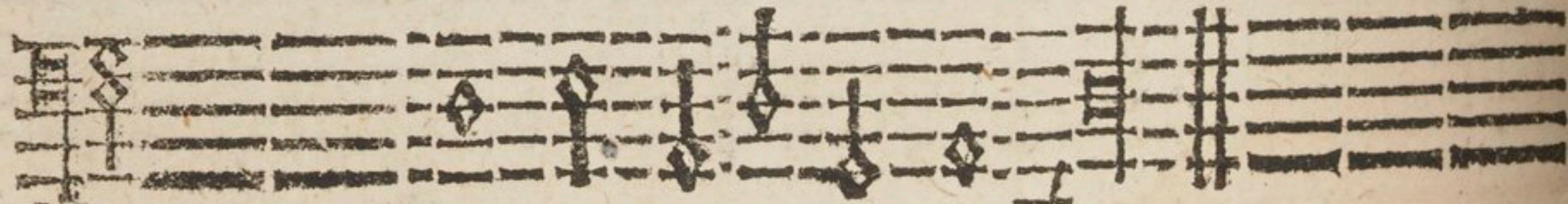
't Welck is en blijft waerachtigh.



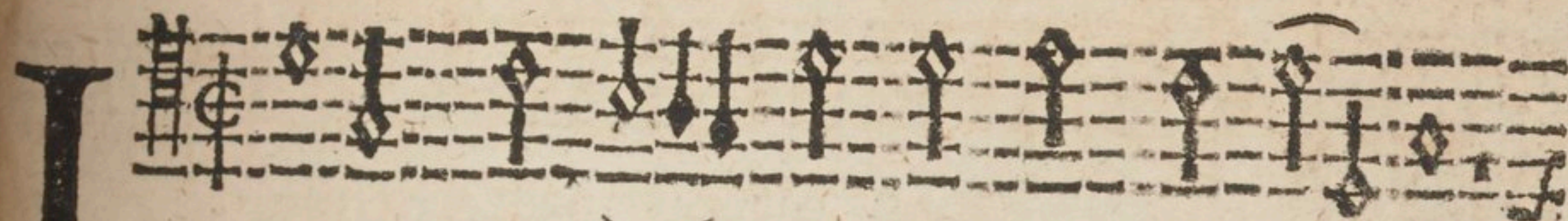
Waerom souden de Heydenen met spot,



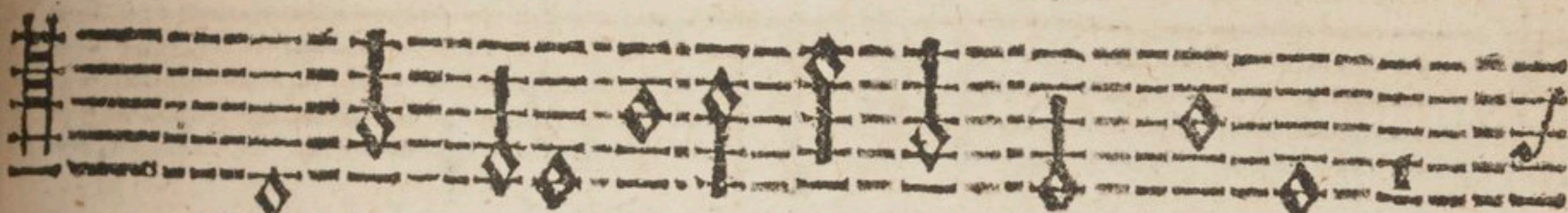
Lachende seggen, Waer is nu haer Godt,



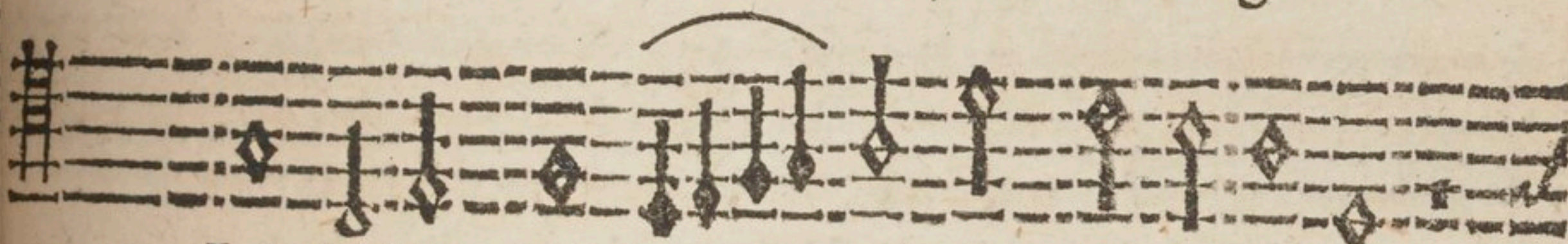
Dien sy aenroepen klachtigh.



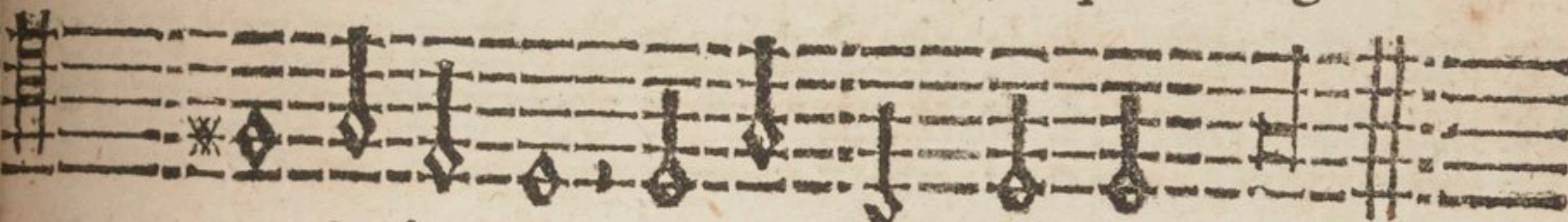
Ick hebb' den Heer lief want hy heeft ver- hoort



Mijn stem ende bidden in mijn swaer klagen.



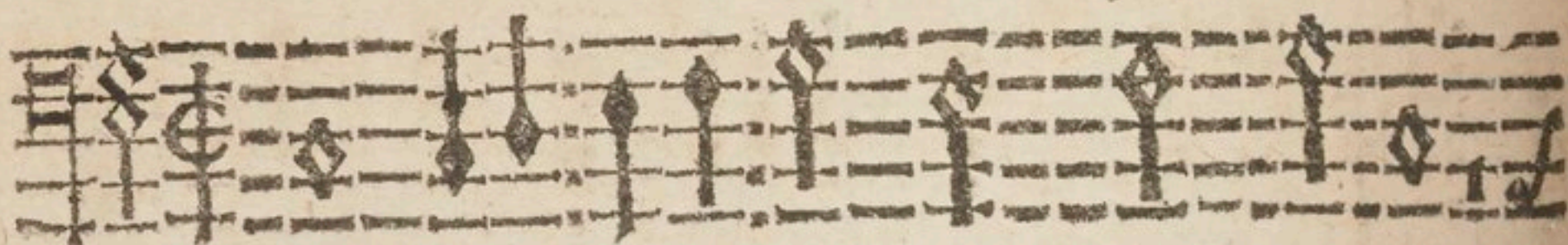
Ick sal hem bidden in mijn quade dagen,



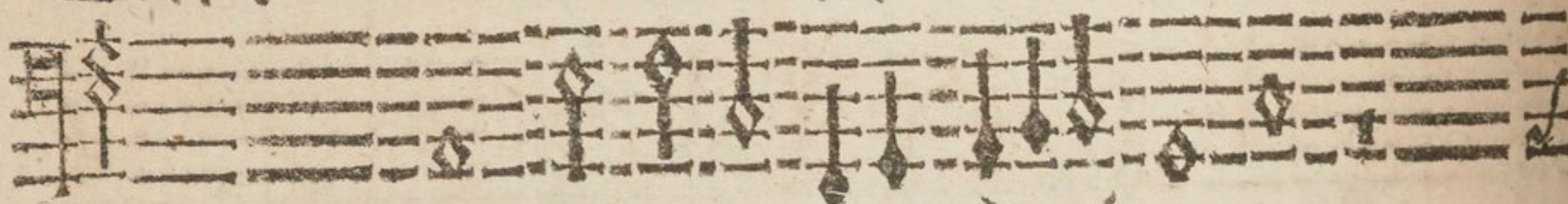
Om dat hy hem tot my neyght na sijn woort.

Bassus.

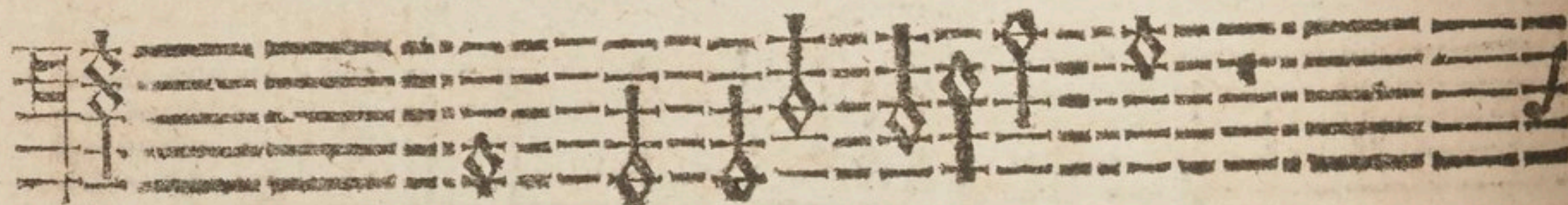
PSALM CXVII.



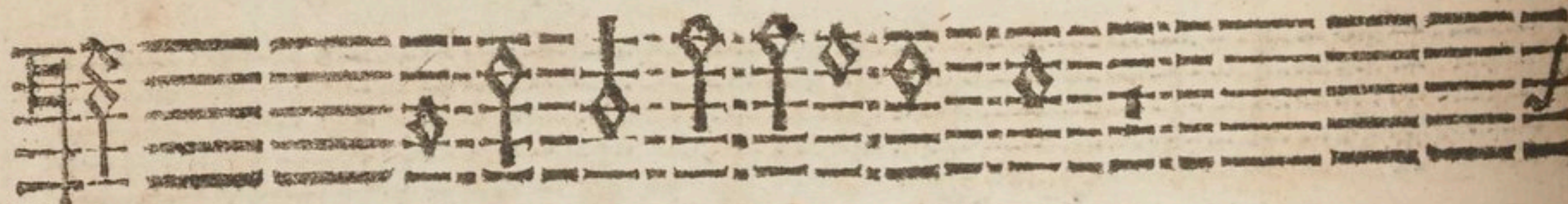
Hy Hey- de- nen looft t'saem den Heer,



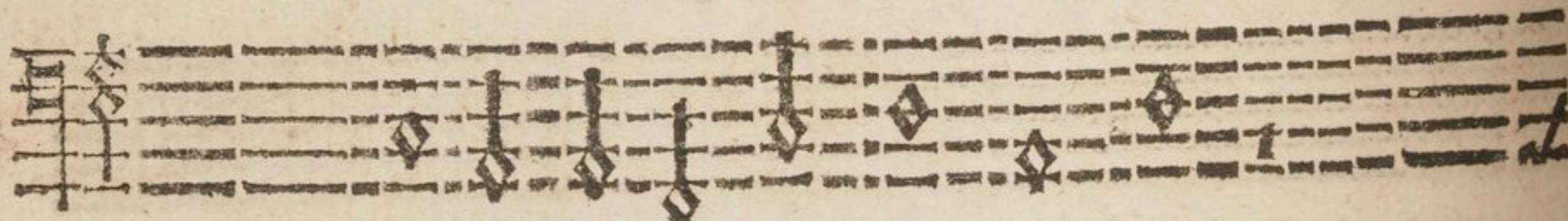
Ghy volckeren be- wijft hem eer:



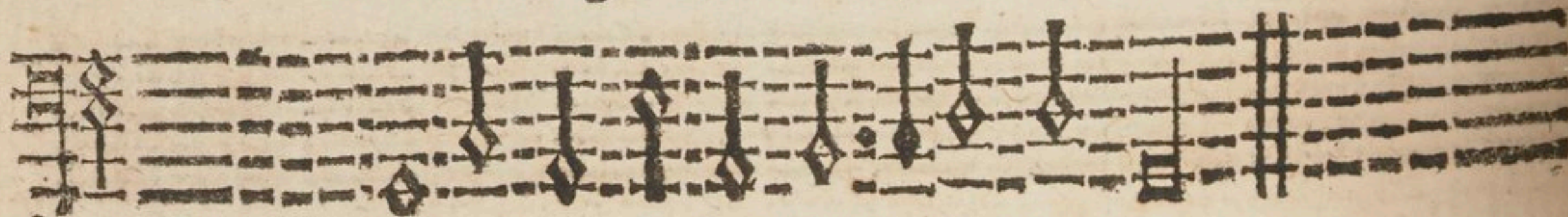
Want groot is zijn genade goet,



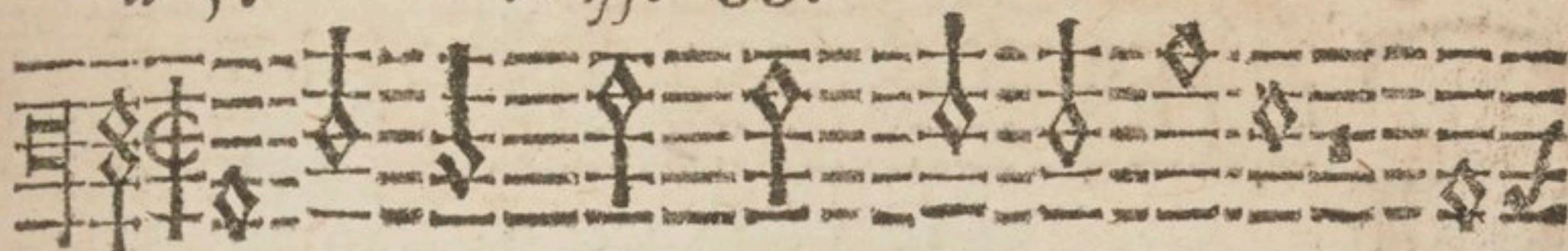
Over ons all' in overvloedt ;



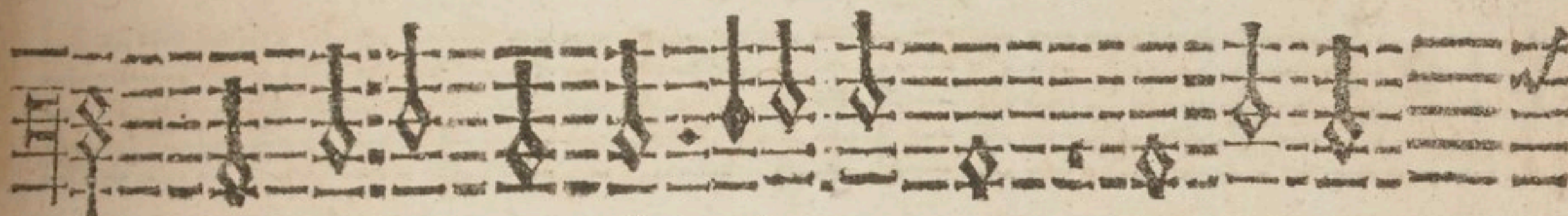
Bestendigh is oock zijn waerheyt,



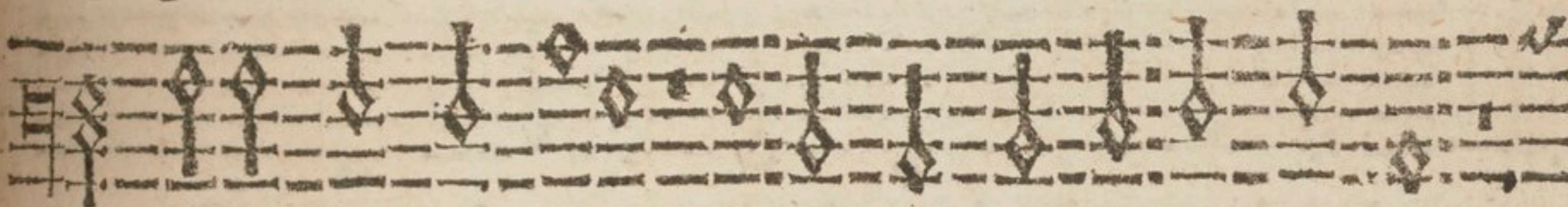
Over ons in der eeu- wigheyt.

D

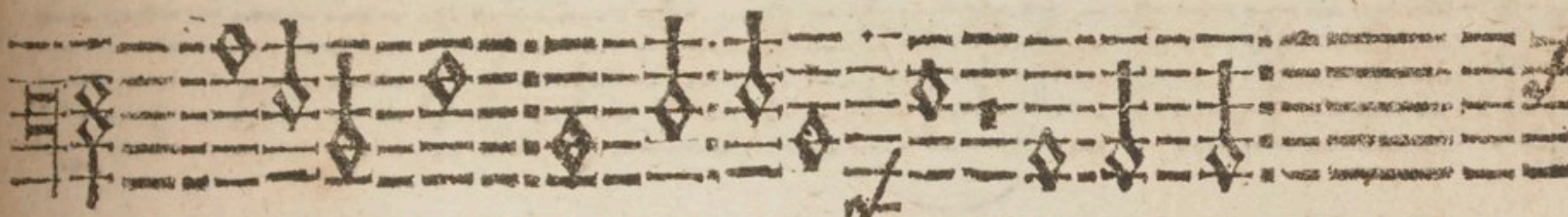
Ancket den Heer seer hoogh gepresen, Want



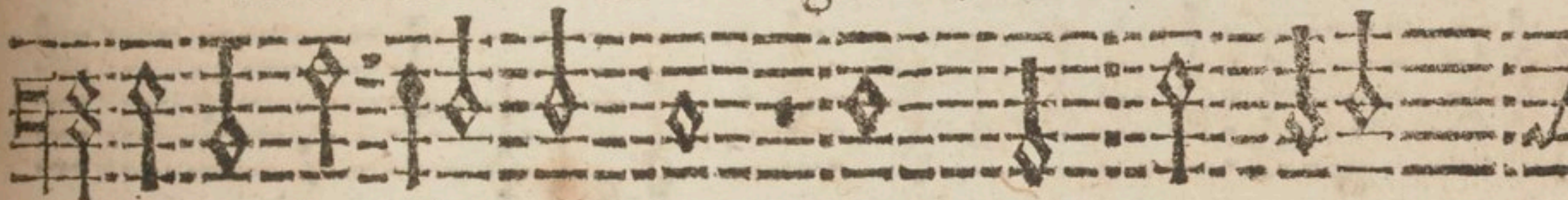
groot is sijn vriende- lickheyt: Sijn goeder-



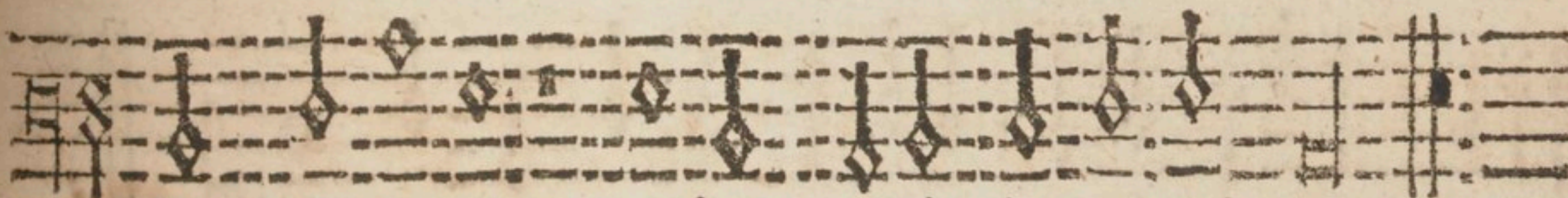
tierenheyt sal wesen Bestendigh in der eeuwigheyt.



Israël moet hem nu begeven, Om te ver-



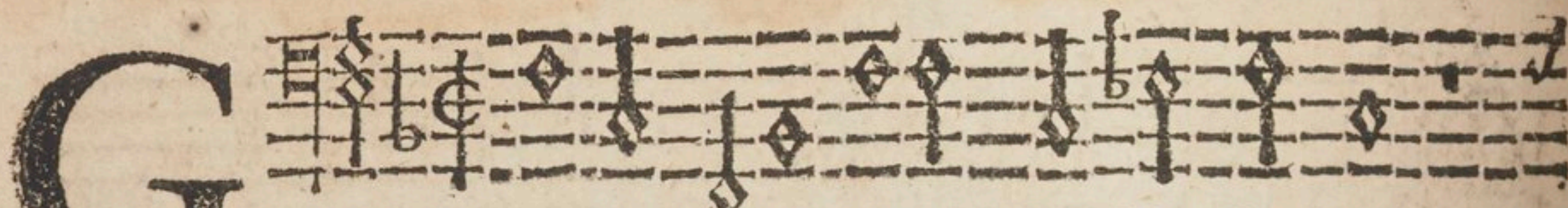
konden met bescheyt, Dat Godts barmhertig-



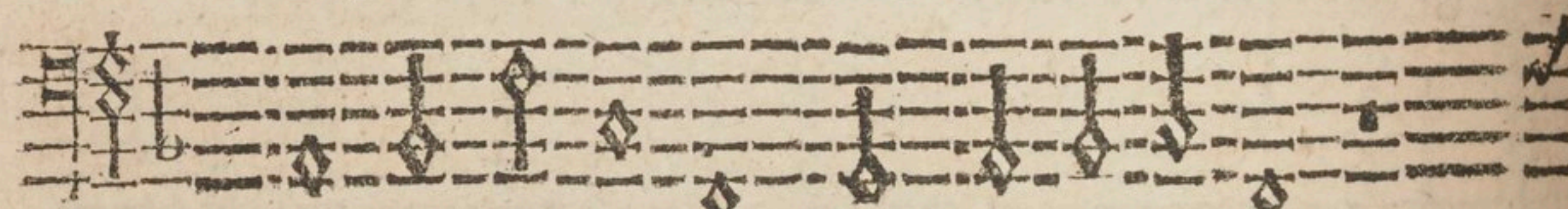
heyt [verheven] Geduert tot in der eeuwigheyt.

Bassus.

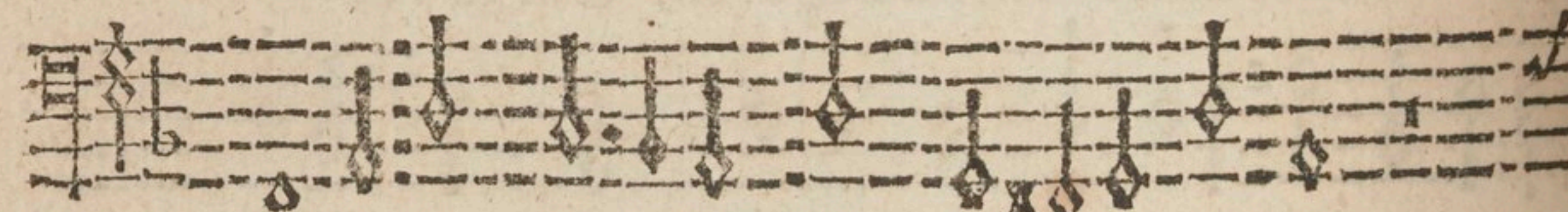
PSALM CXIX.

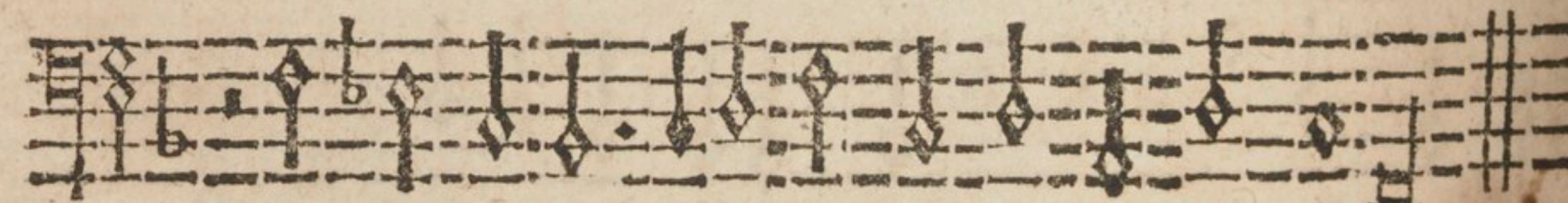
G 
Eluckſaligh is de menſche die leeft,

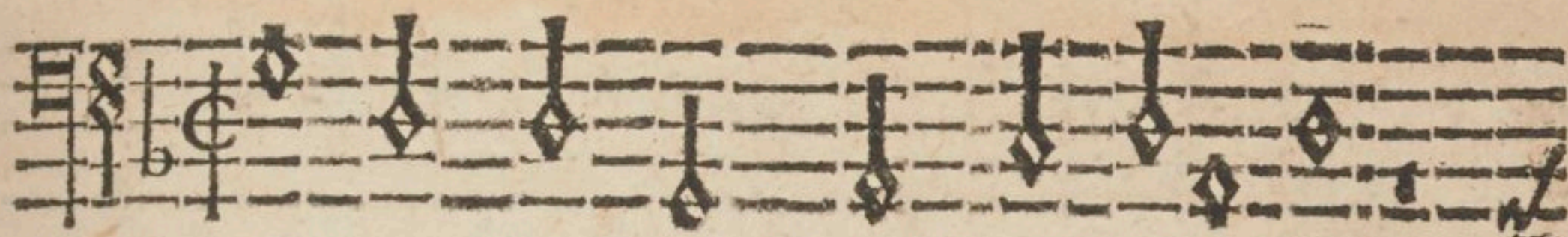

In een gemoedt dat oprecht is bevonden,


Die hem geheel tot Godts wetten begeeft :

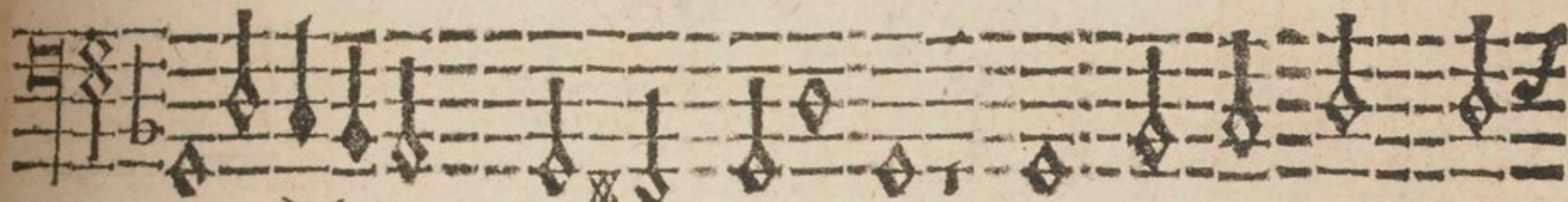

Wel hem die neer- ſtigh is tot allen ſtonden,


Om te houden Godts geboden ſeer ſoet,


En ſijn kenniſ- ſe met vlijt te door gronden.

A

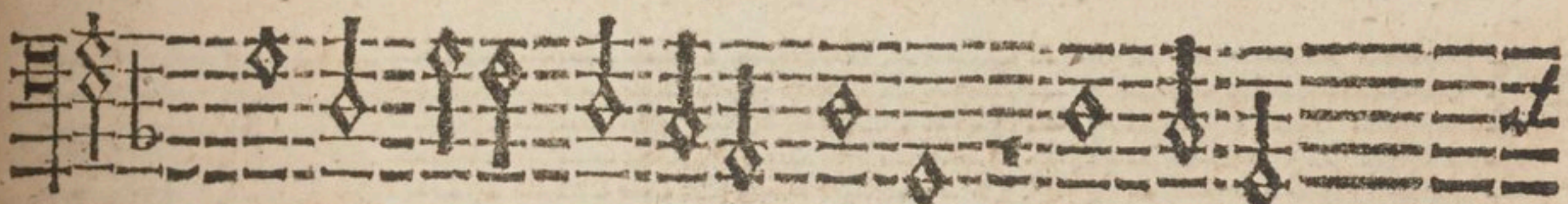
Ls ick met swaer kruys ben beladen,



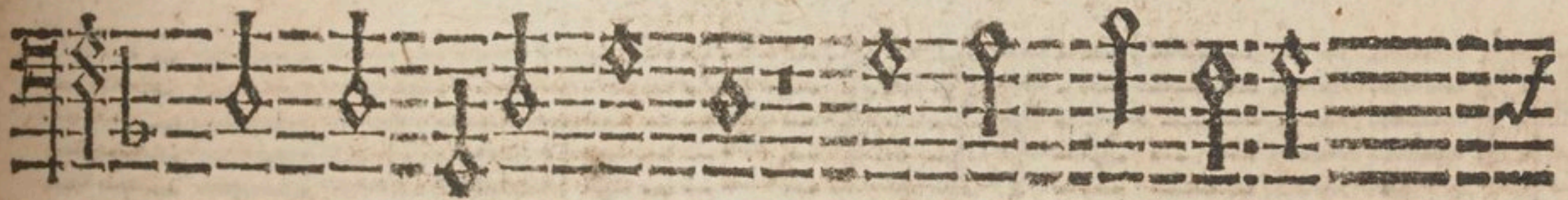
Ick roepe tot Godt vol genaden, Mijn gebed komt tot



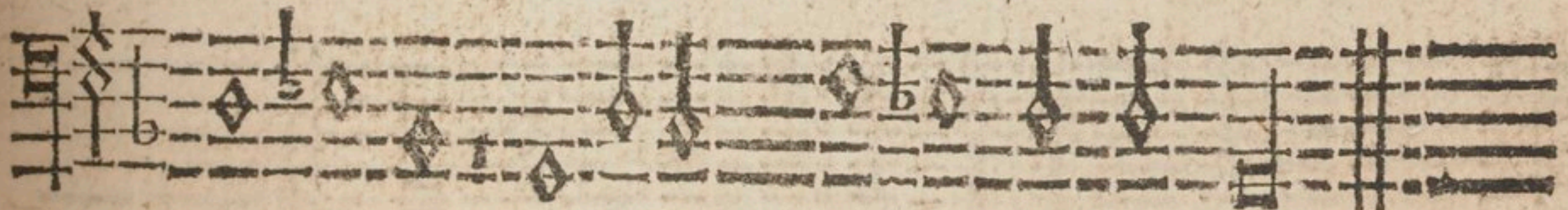
sijnen ooren, Hy plagh my altijt te verhooren.



Voor de leugenachtige monden, En valsche



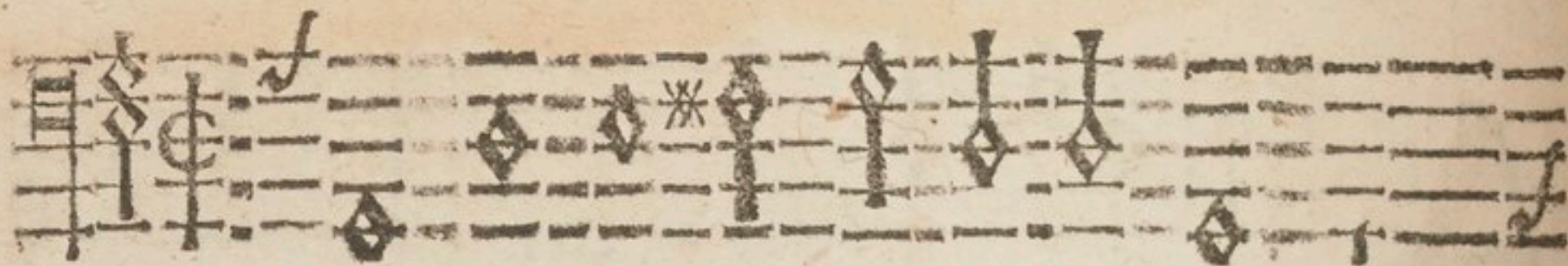
tongen t'allen stonden, Wilt mijn ziel na uw'



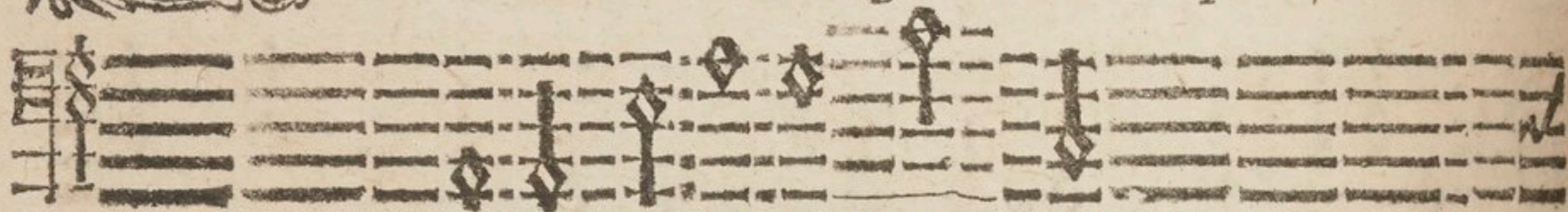
goedigheyt Verlossen, Heer, in eeuwigheyt.

Bassus.

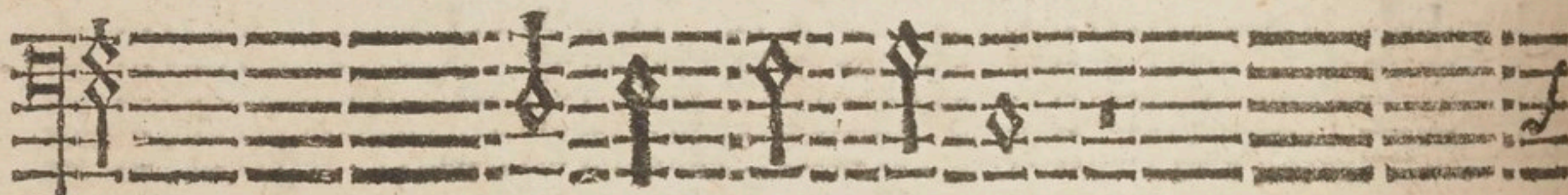
PSALM CXXI.



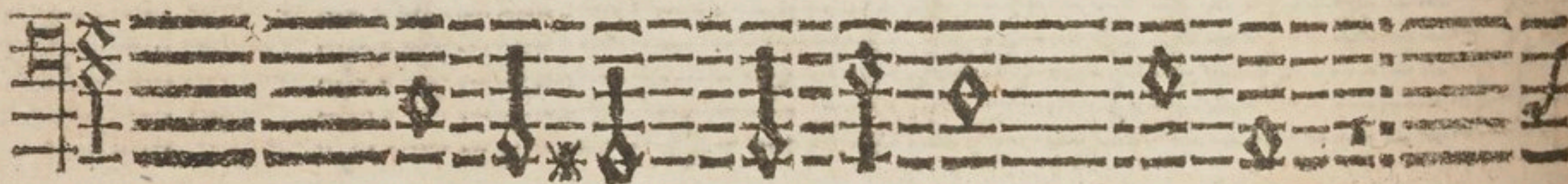
Ot den bergen hef ick op mijn



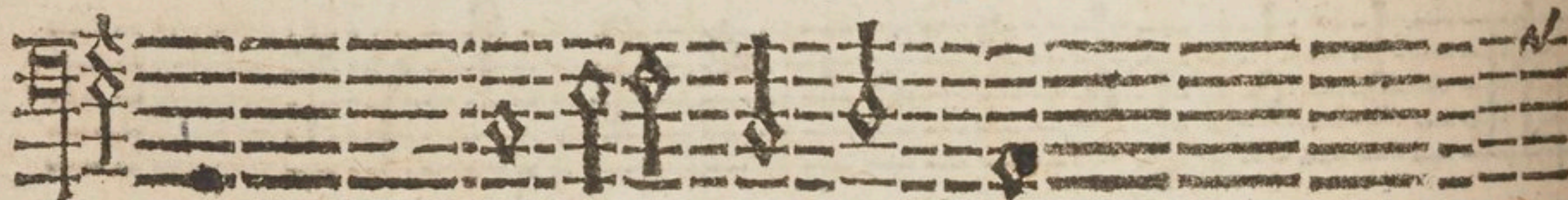
Oogen, ende van daer Ver-



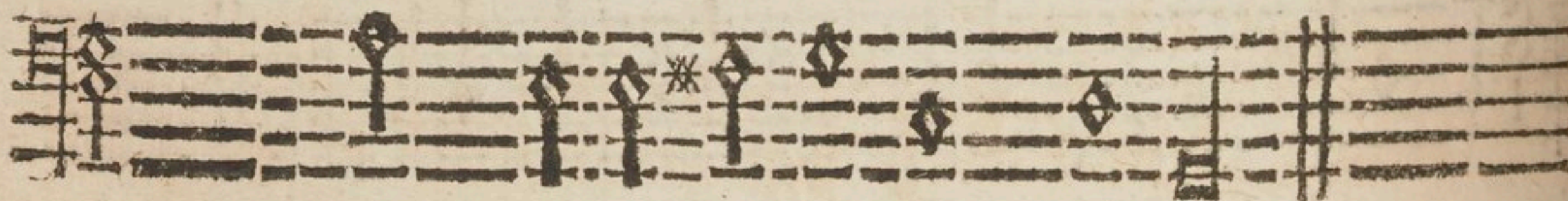
wacht ick hulp eenpaer.



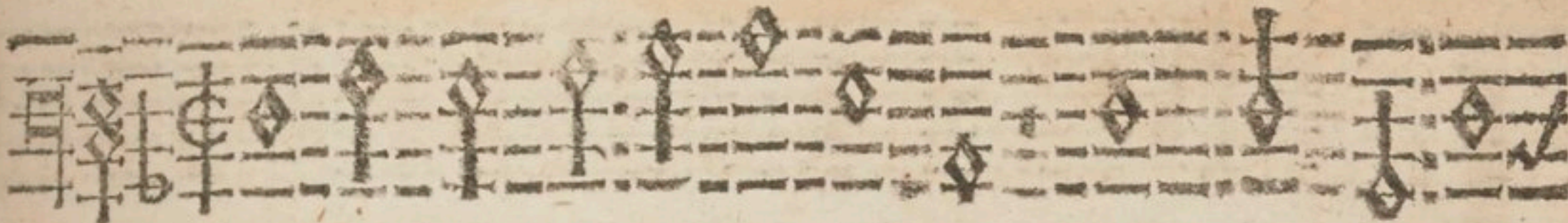
Maer op Godt die gemaect heeft sijn

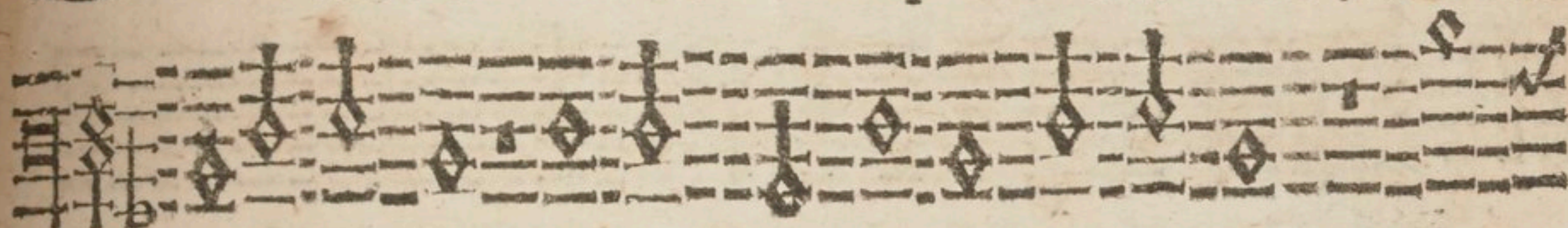


Hemel en aerd' in 't ron-

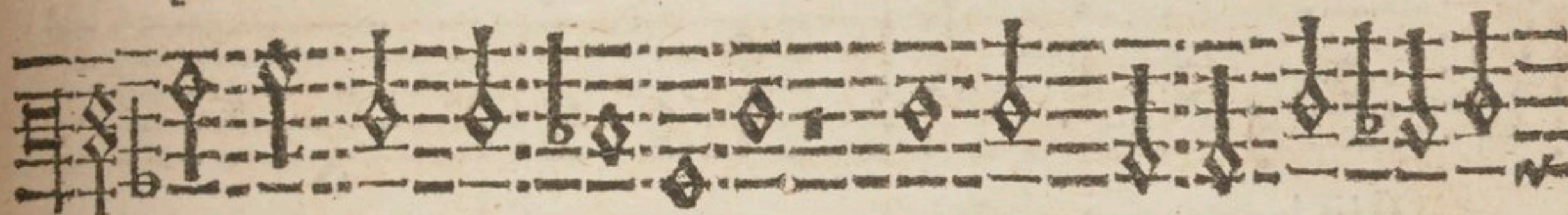


den, Wil ick my vast'lick gronden.

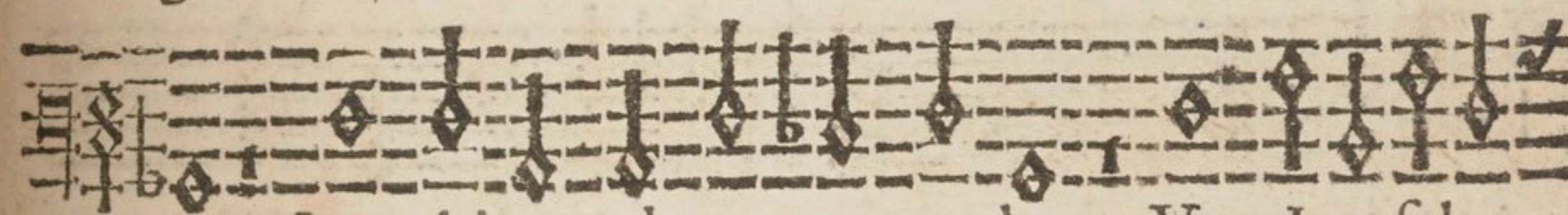
S 
Oo haest als ick hoore spreken, Wel aen, laet ons



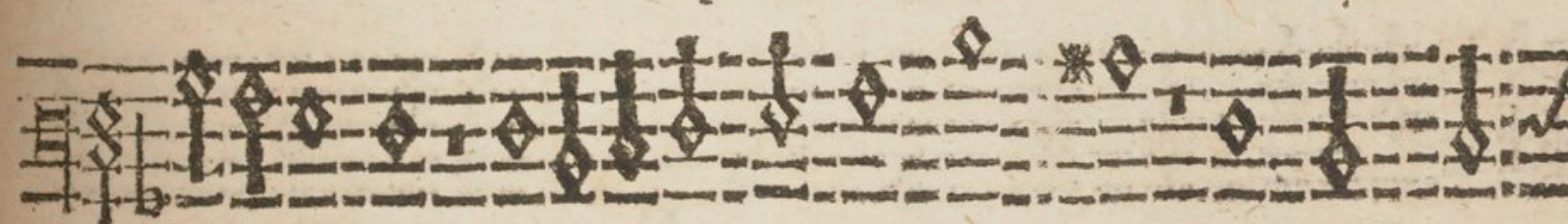
[alle seer saen] In dat Huys onses Heeren gaen. Met



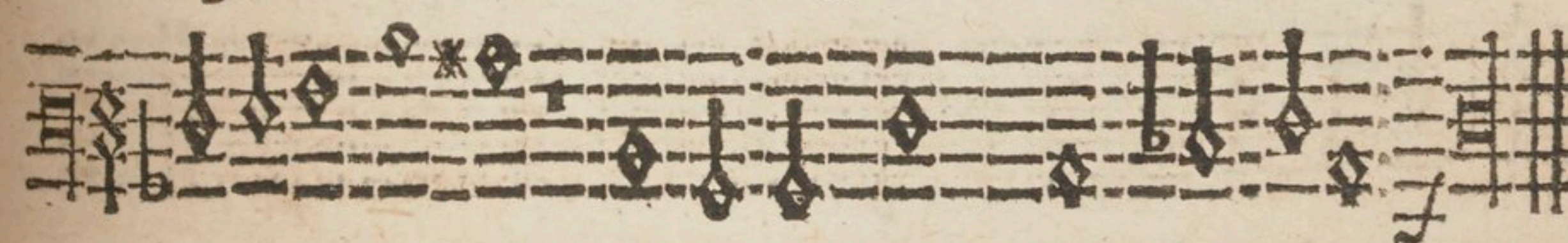
vreugd' is mijn hert ontsteken, Dat onse voeten sullen hier



naer Staen binnen de poorten eerbaer Van Jerusaleem



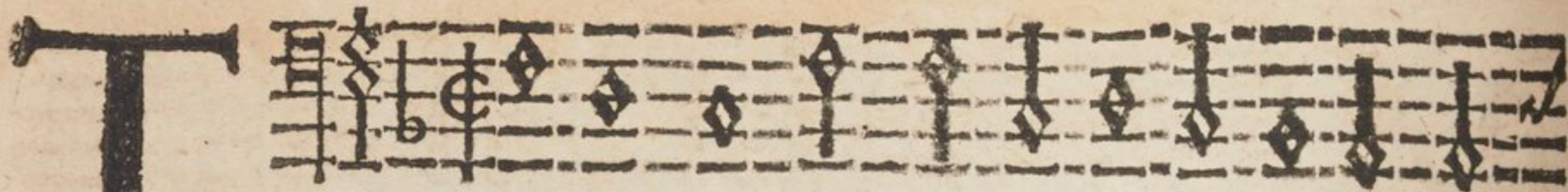
wel gestichtet. Jerusaleem is gebouwt vast, En door vre-



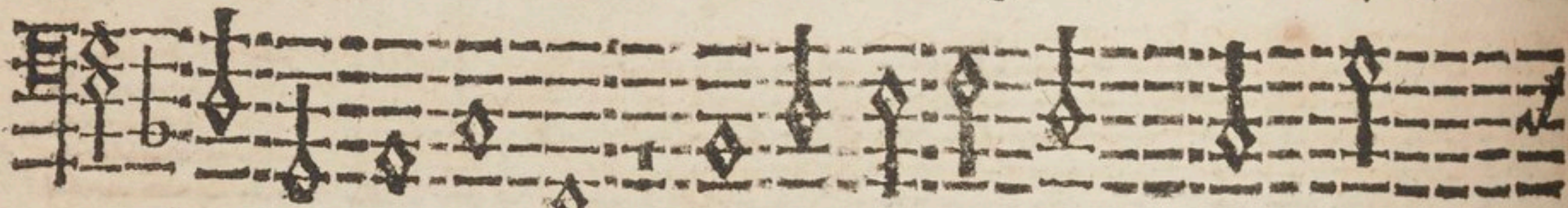
de t'samen gepast, En tot een stad Gods sijn gerichtet.

Bassus.

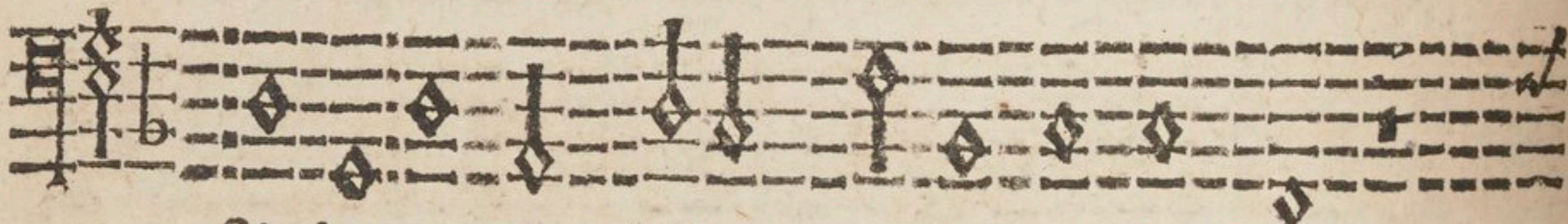
PSALM CXXIII.



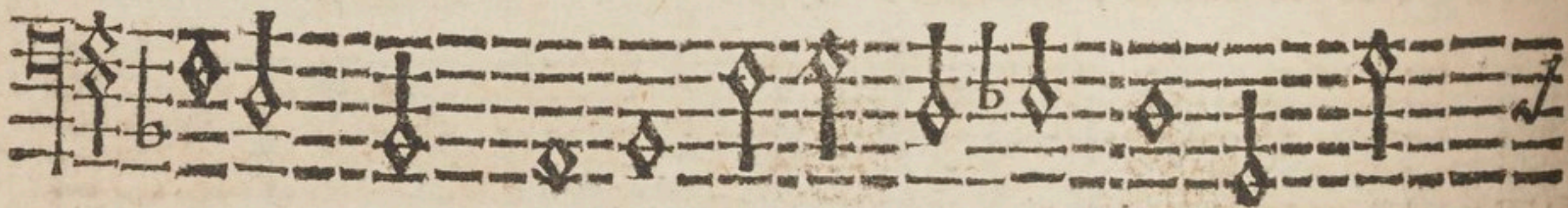
Ot u, Heer, mijn oogen hef ick altijt, Die



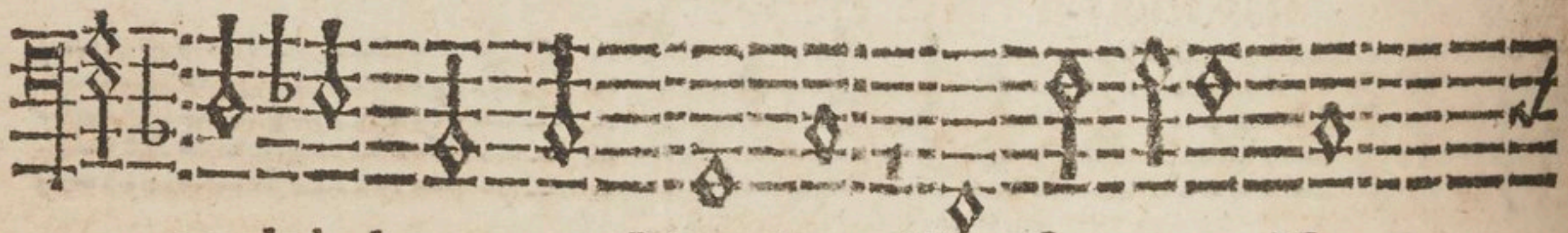
in den hemel zijt. Soo de oogen eens knechts in



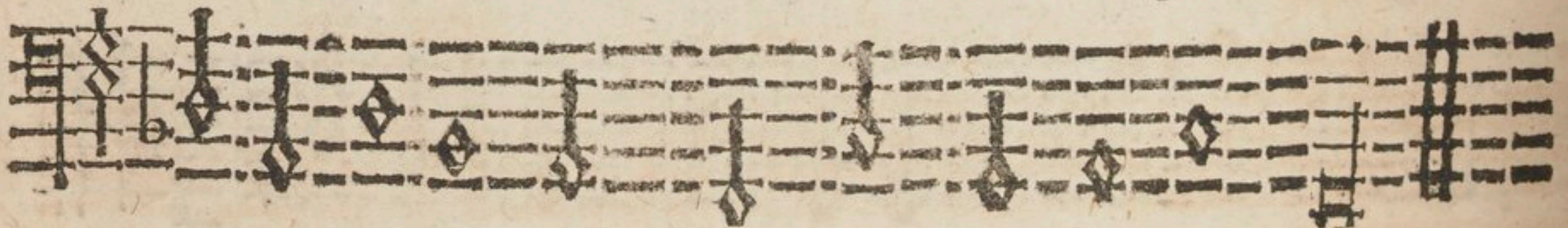
sijn benouwen Sijnen meester aenschouwen;



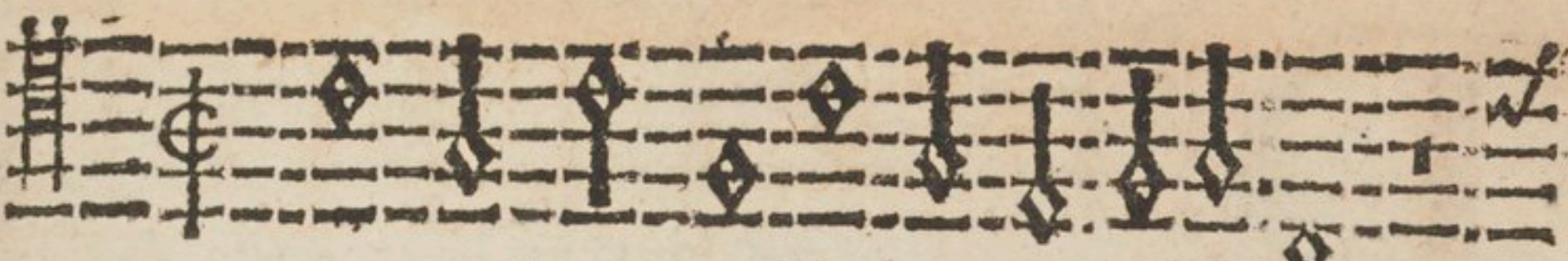
Soo de maeght fiet op haerer vrouwen handen, Wy

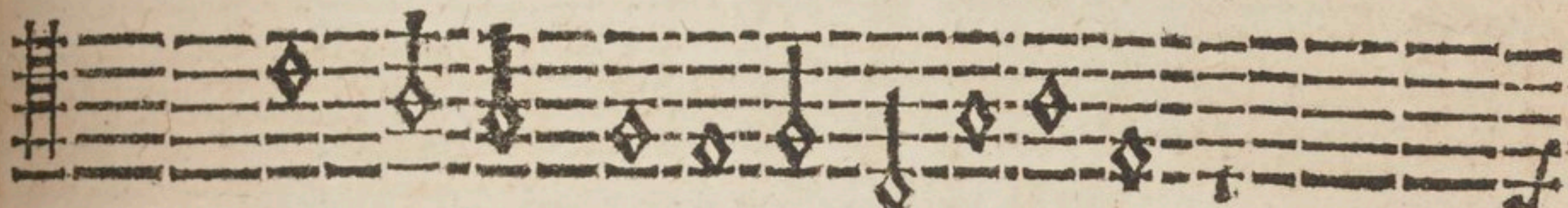


oock in kruys en schanden Sien soo op u, Heer,

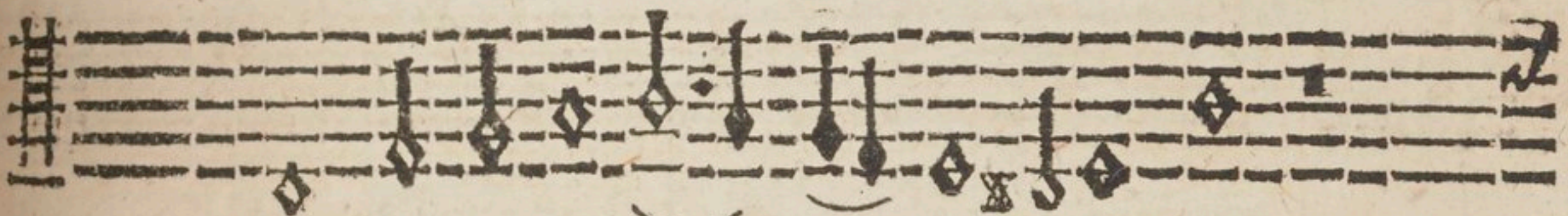


en wachten in noodt Uw' hulp en goetheyt groot.

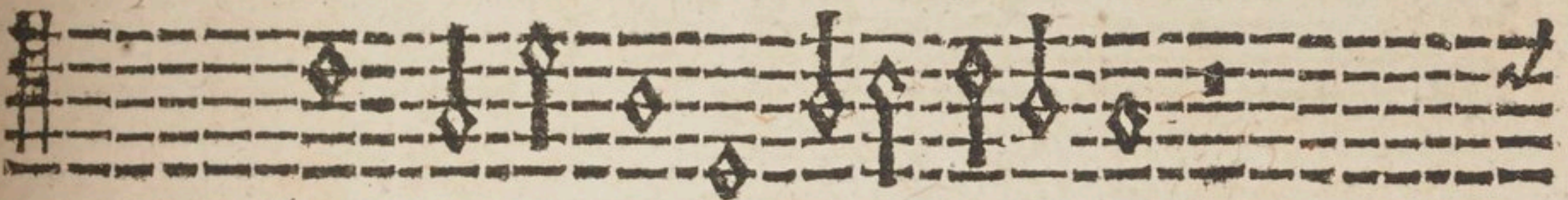
M  En mach nu wel seggen in Israël,



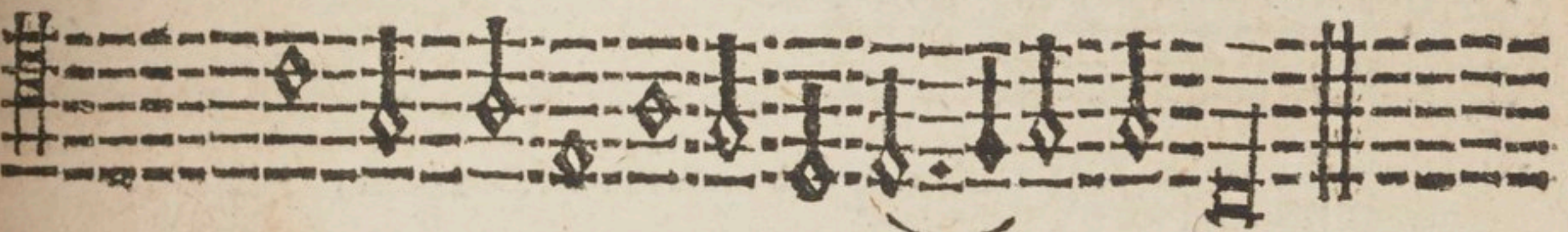
Had ons de Heer selve niet bygestaen,



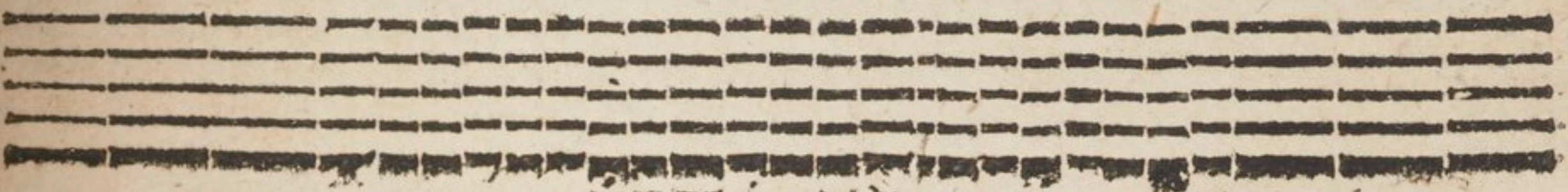
Hadd' hy ons faken niet genomen aen,



Als ons de volcken overvielen fel,

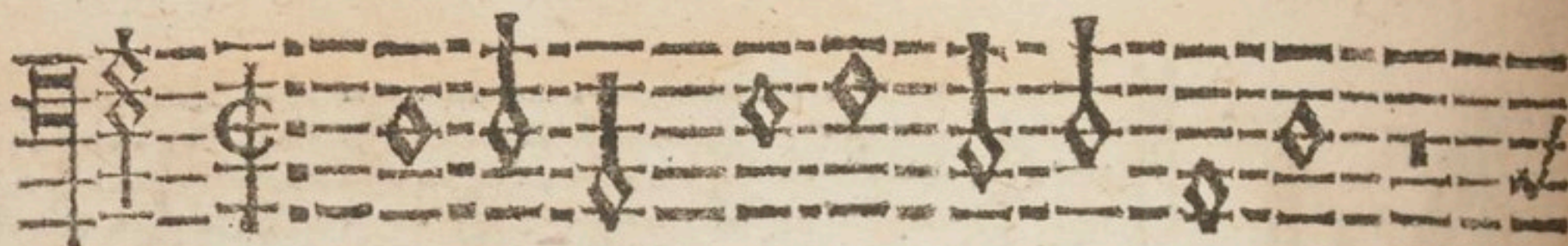


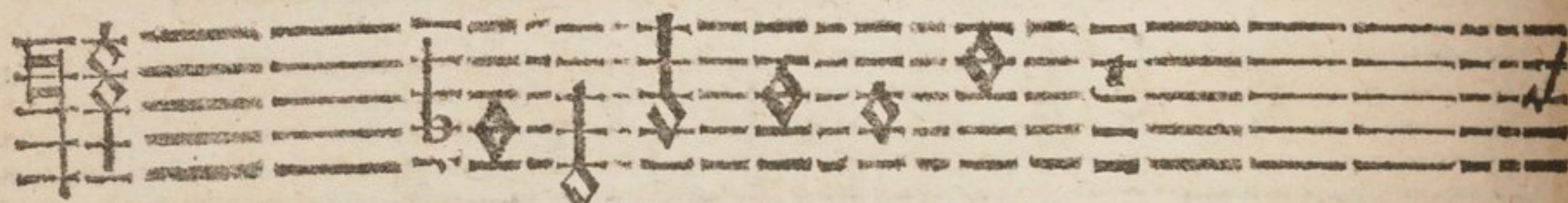
Om ons uyt te roeijen en te verslaen.

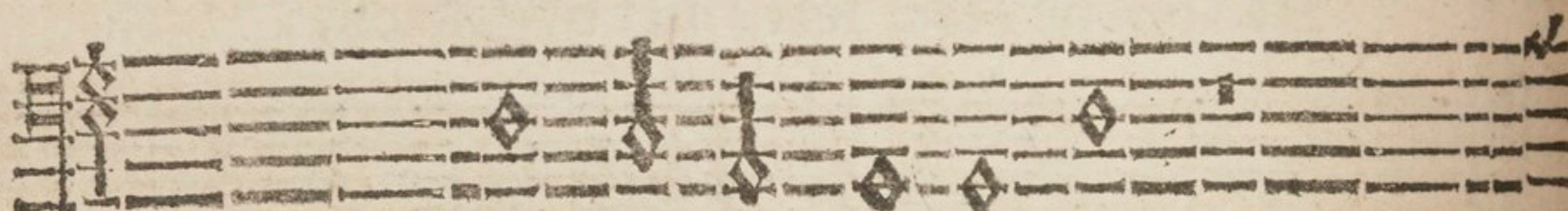


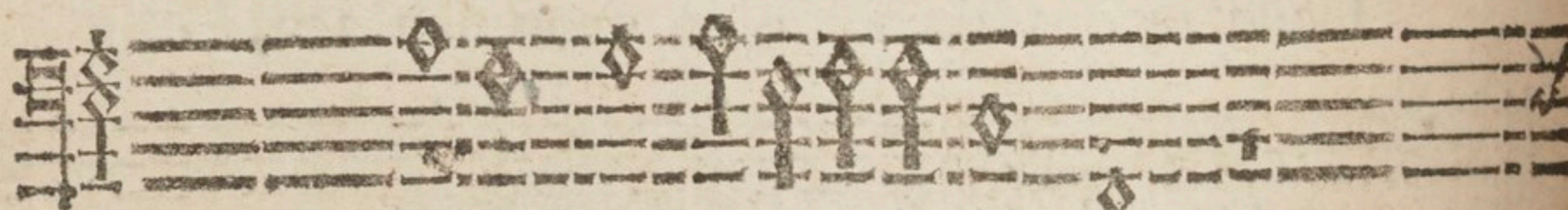
Bassus.

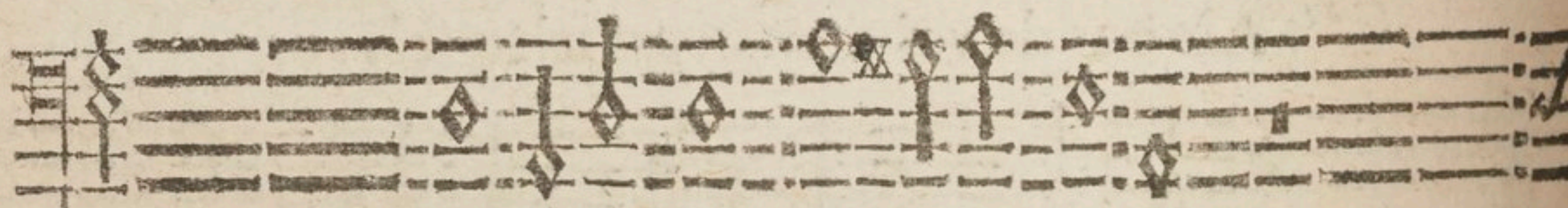
PSALM CXXV.

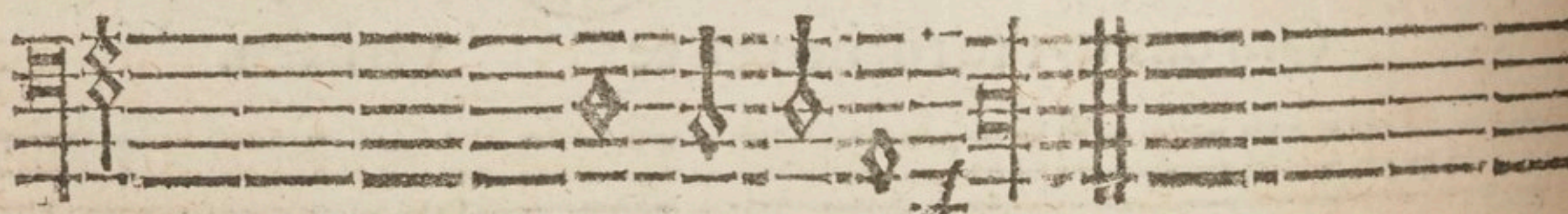
D 
Ie op den Heere vast betrouwen,


Die sullen niet vergaen,

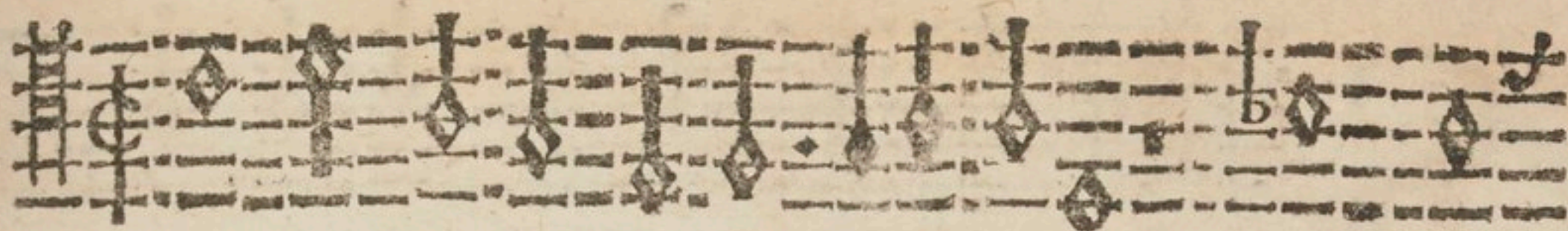

Maer eeuwigh blijven staen,


Ja soo vast in allen benouwen,

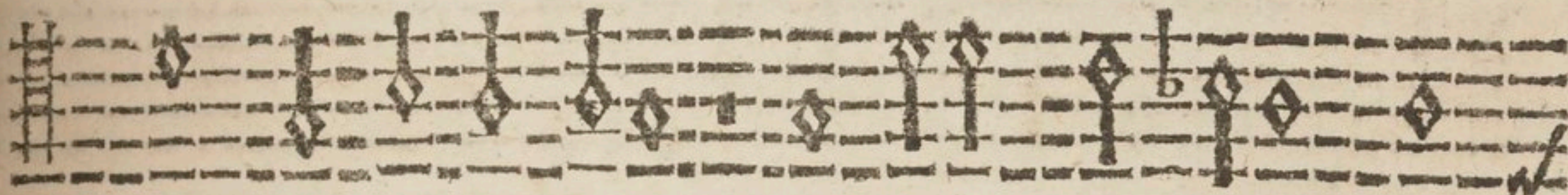

Als de bergen van Zion plegen,


Sonder bewegen.

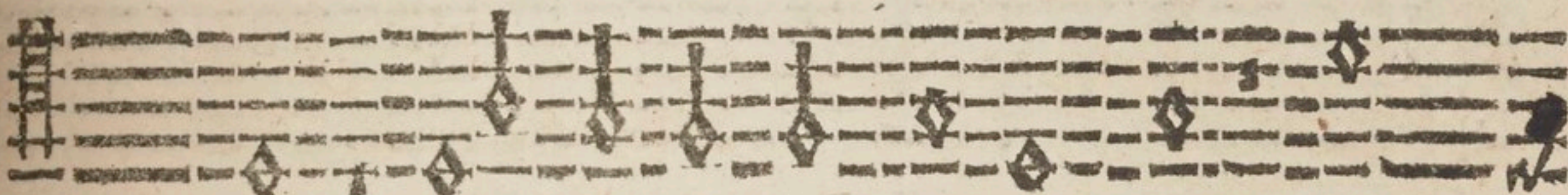
A



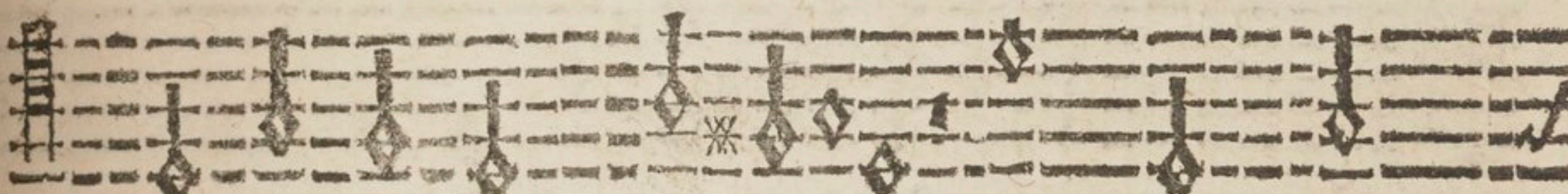
Ls Godt Zions gevan- gen al T'saem ver-



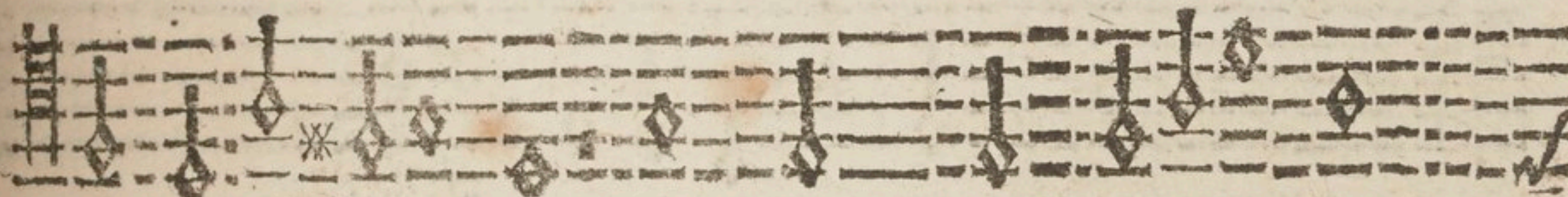
loft heeft na zijn geval, Soo waren wy verheugt al



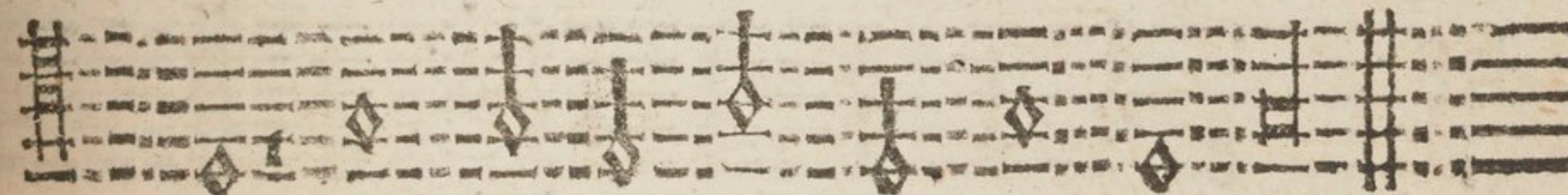
t'saem, Gelijck sy die droomen bequaem. On-



se mond is gantsch vol gewesen Van vreugd', en



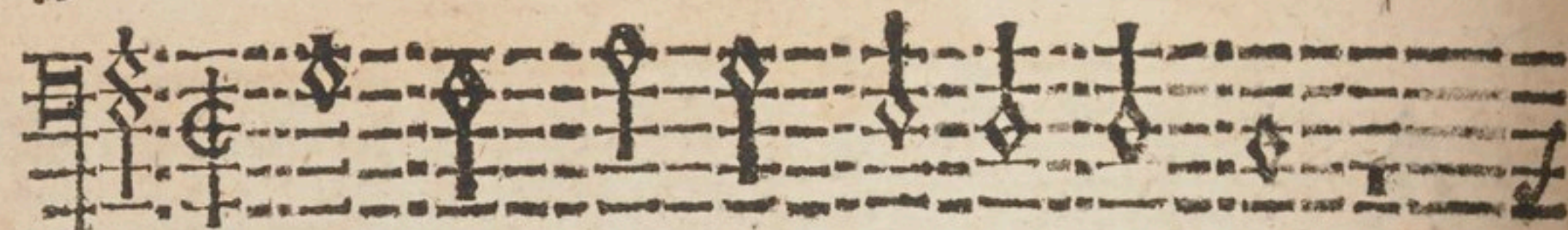
loffangen gepresen: Dan sprack 't volck allesins, wel



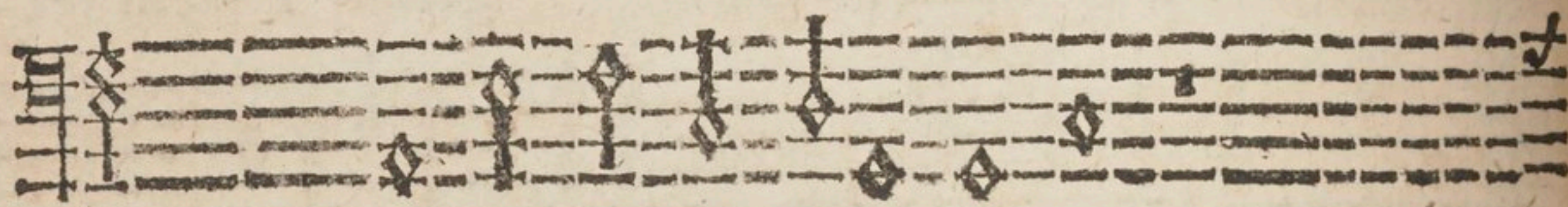
aen, Godt heeft zijn volck wat groots gedaen.

Bassus.

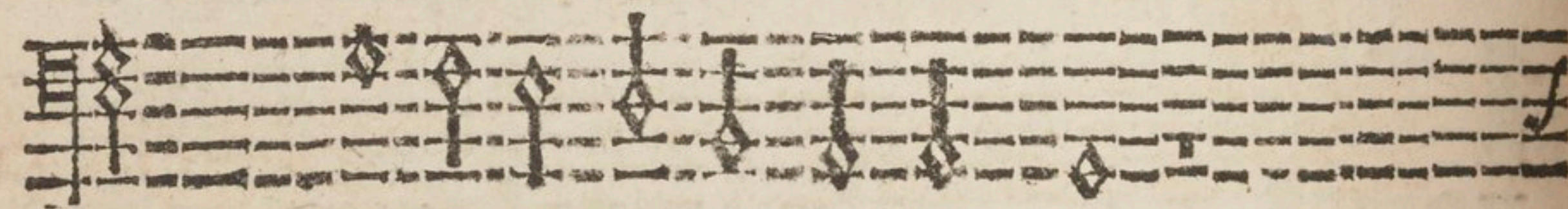
PSALM CXXVII.

S 

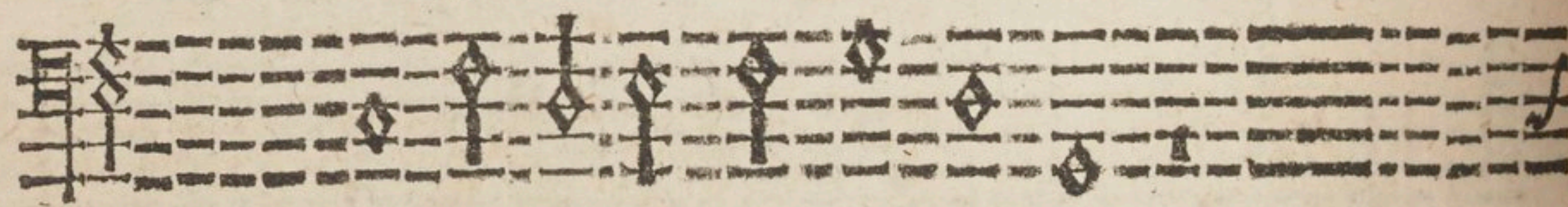
Oo Godt niet selfs dat huys op recht,



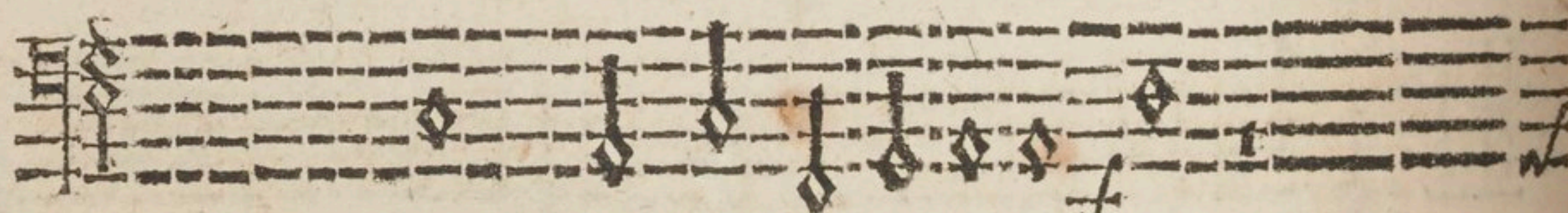
Te vergeefs is den arbeydt al.



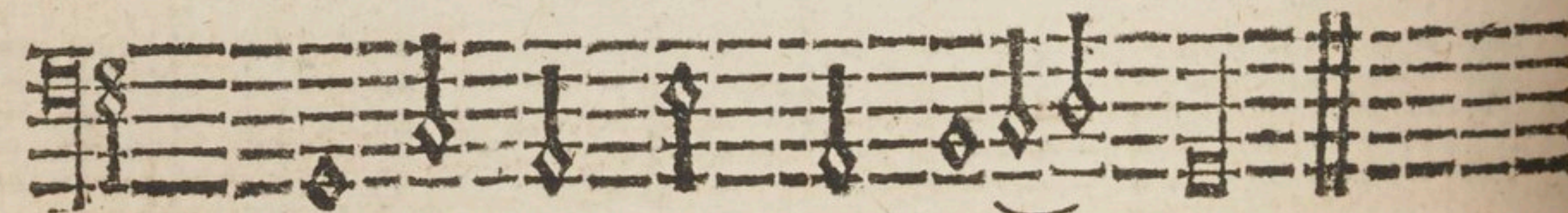
Des genes die dat bouwen sal,



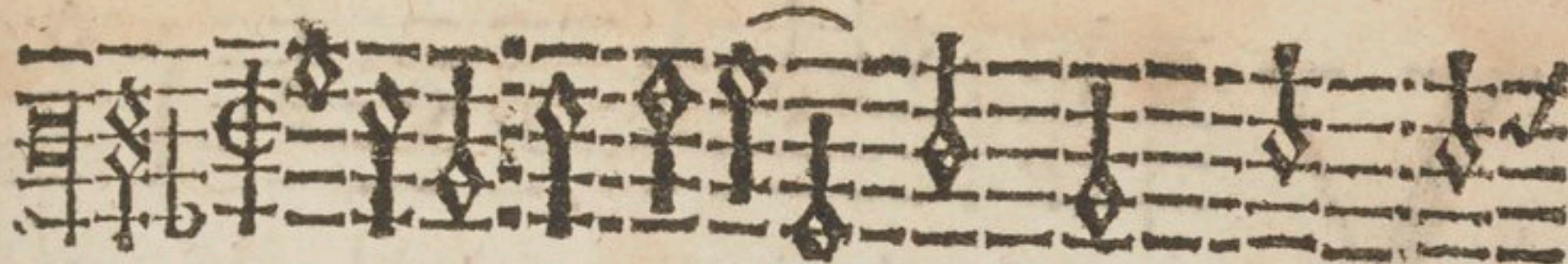
Dat waken is gaer niet en slecht,



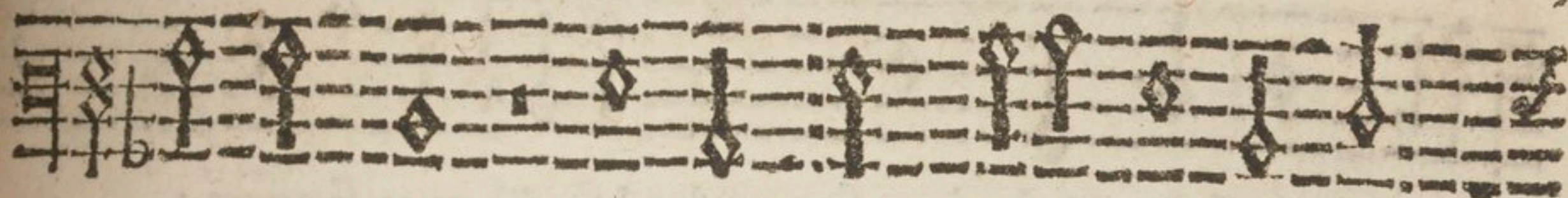
Soo Godt na sijn vaderlick aert



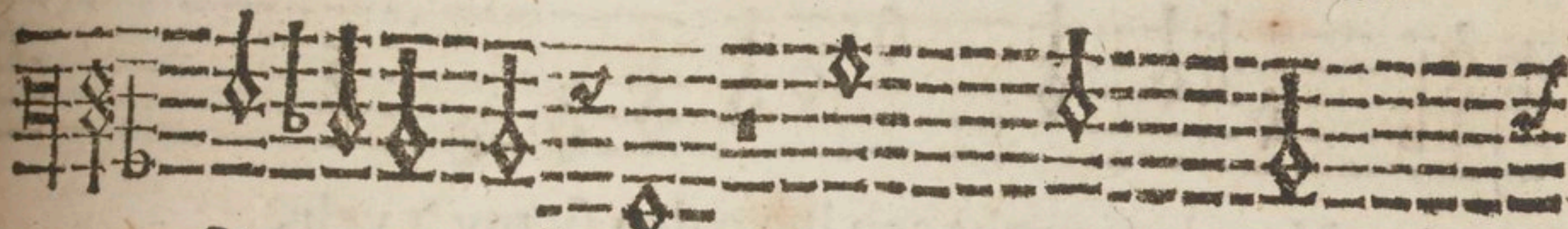
De stadt niet selfs hoedt en be- waert.



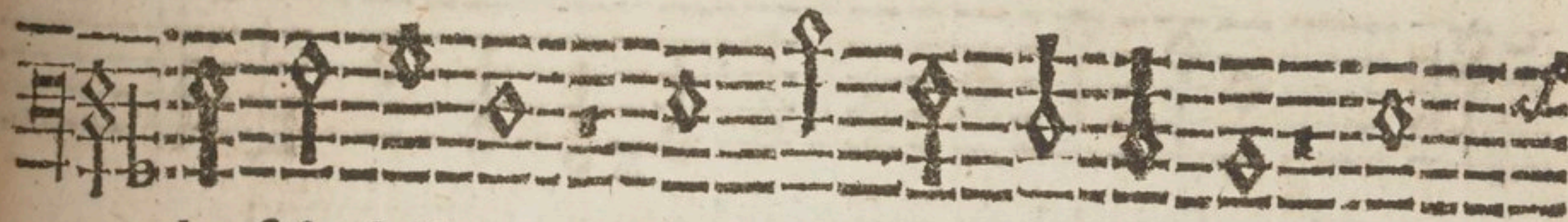
Aligh is hy bevonden, Die Godt vreeft,



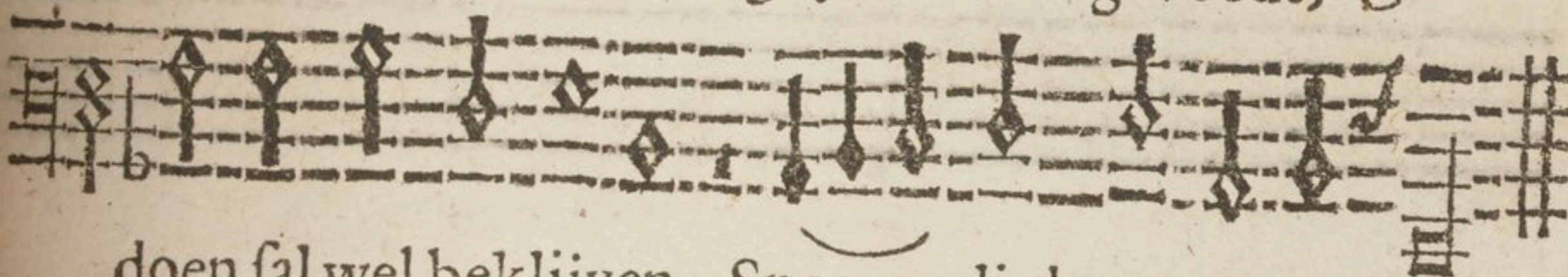
en dient recht, Die oock gaet t'allen stonden In



sijnen wegen slecht: Door 't werck 't welck



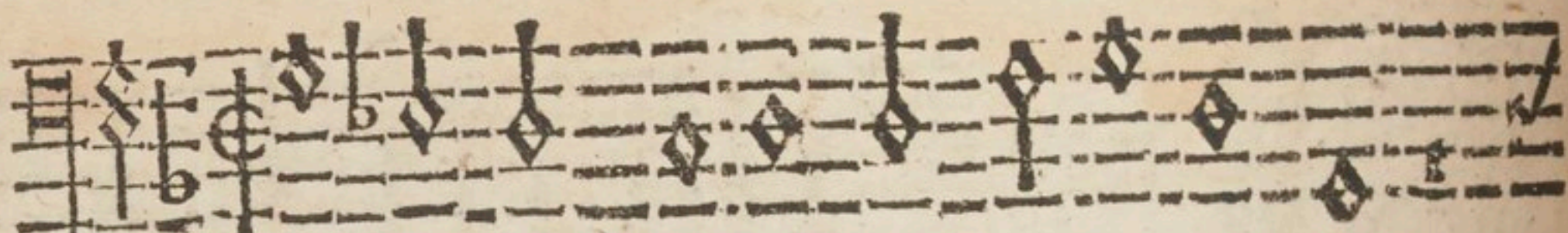
ghy sult drijven, Wert ghy hier wel gevoedt, U

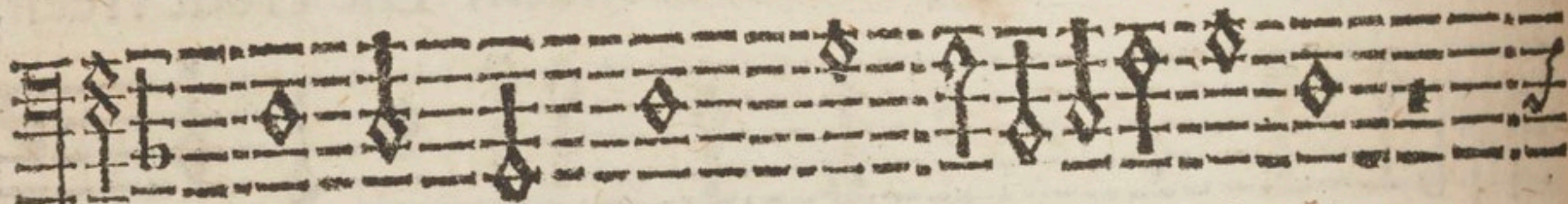


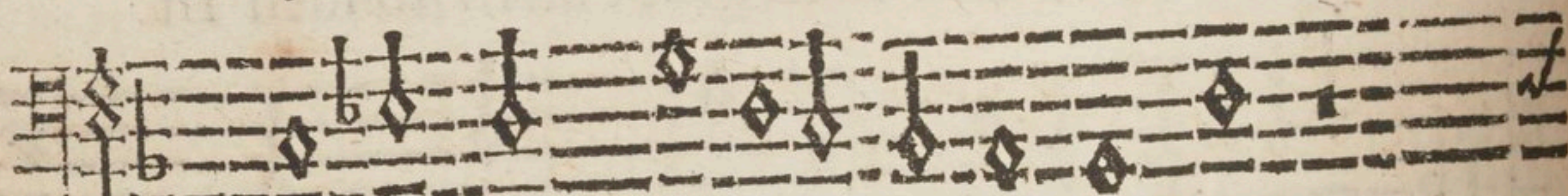
doen sal wel beklijven, Spoe- digh met overvloedt.

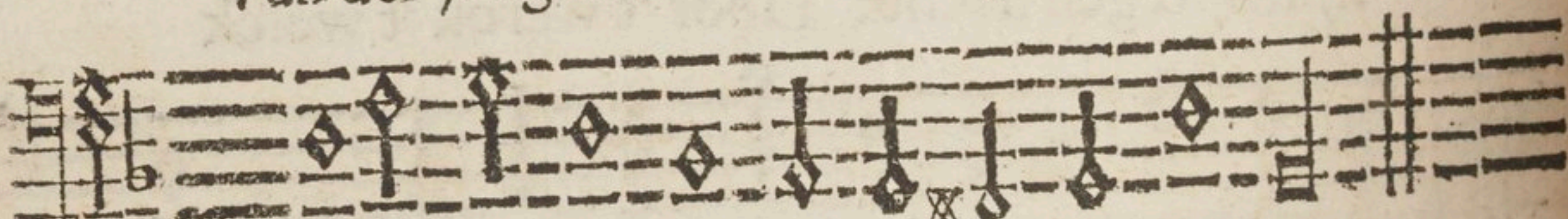
Bassus.

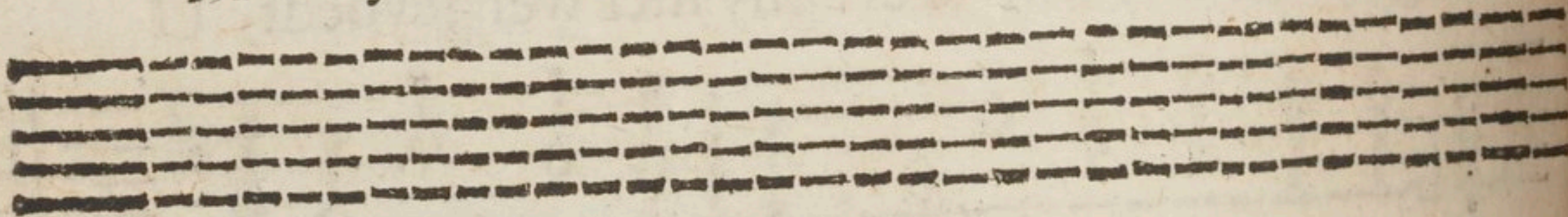
PSALM CXXIX.

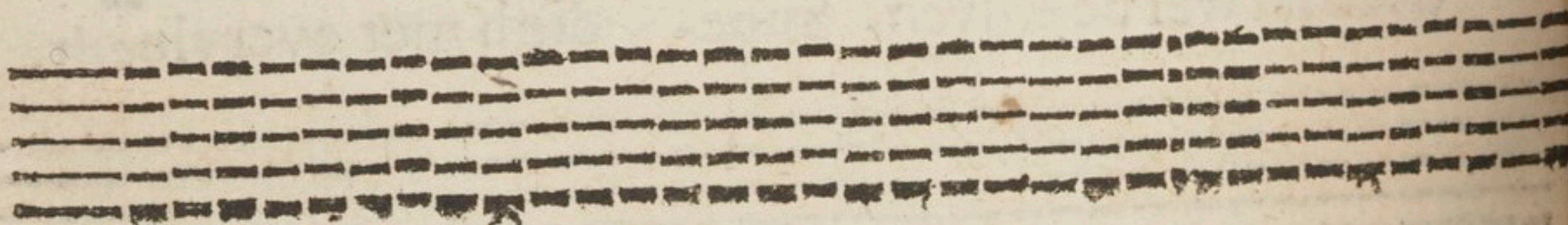
V  An der jeugt aen hebben sy my gequelt,

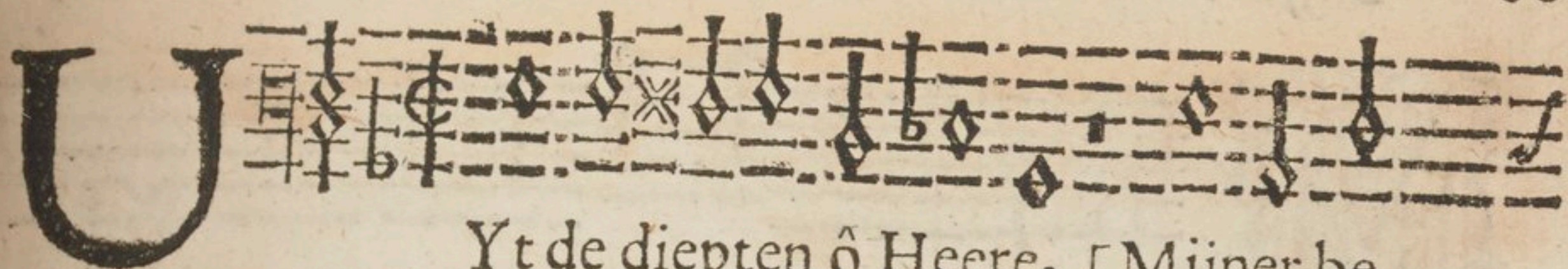
 Duyfentmael, dies spreeckt Israël met sinnen :

 Van der jeught aen leverden sy my 't velt,

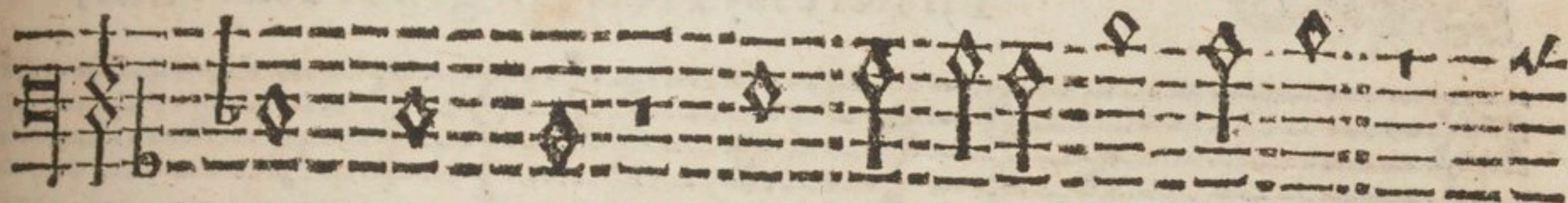
 Maer sy hebben my niet konnen verwinnen.



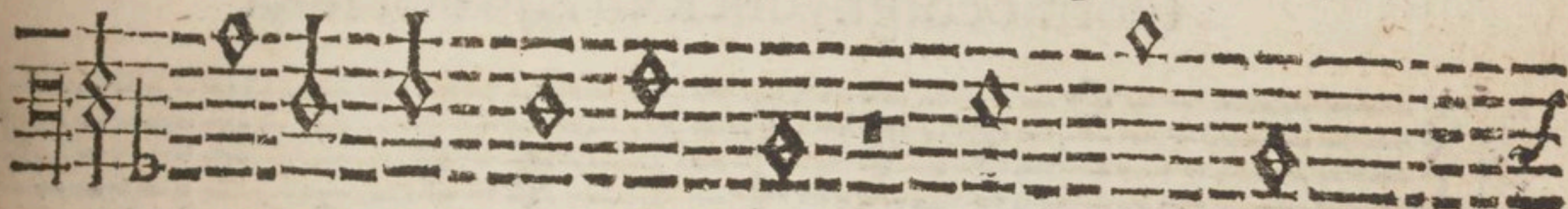




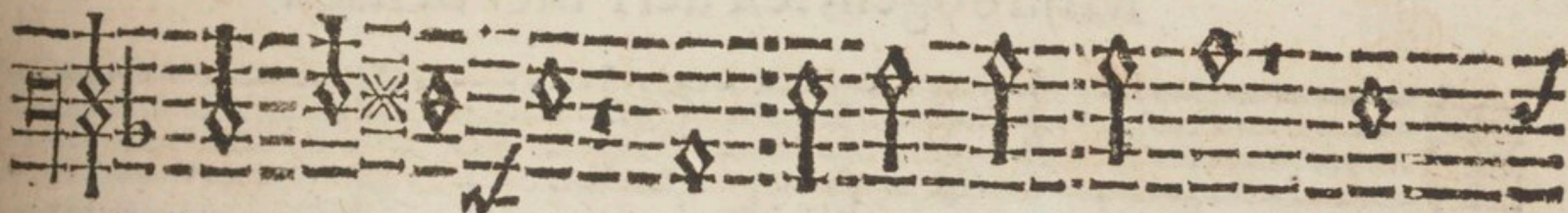
Yt de diepten ô Heere, [Mijner be-



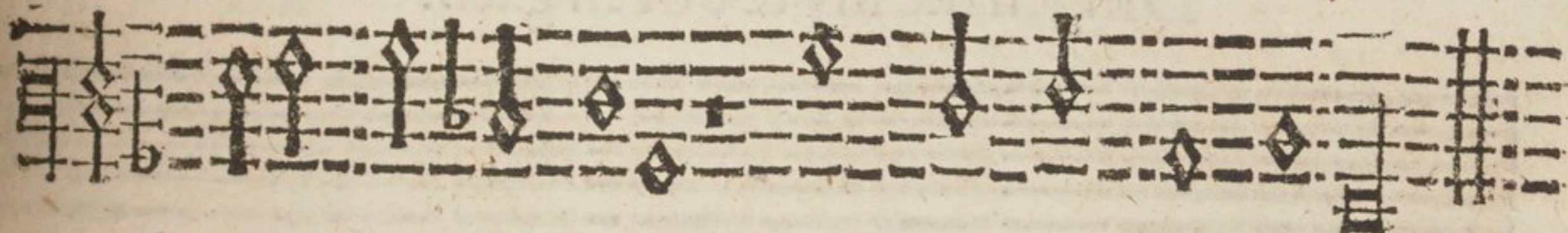
nauwtheyt groot] Roep ick tot u gaer seere,



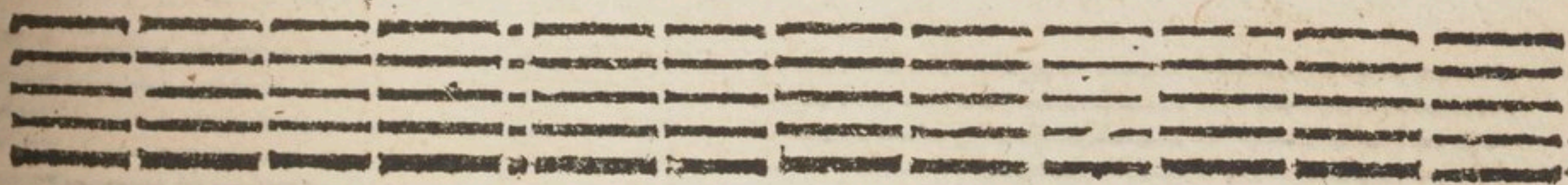
In mijnen anghst en noodt. Heer, wilt mijn



stem verhooren, Want het nu tijdt zijn sal, Laet

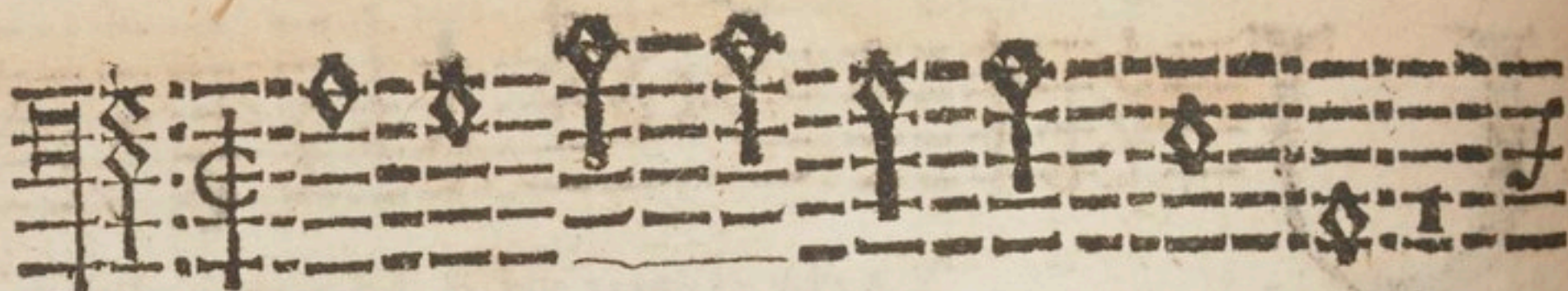


komen tot uw' ooren Mijn klachtigh bidden al.

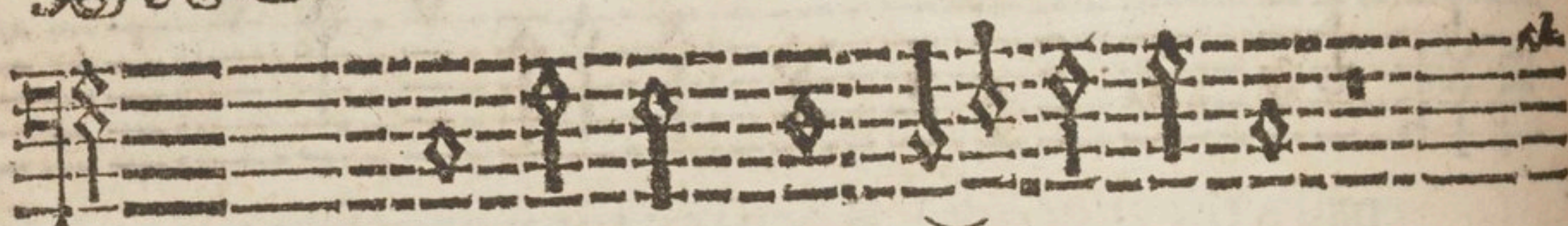


Bassus.

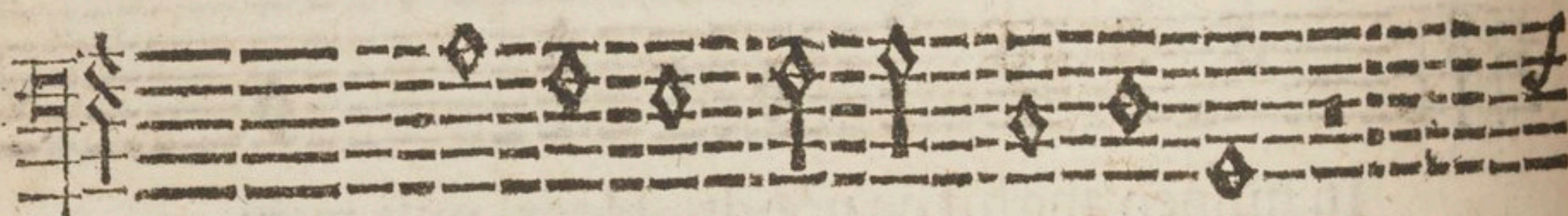
PSALM CXXXI.



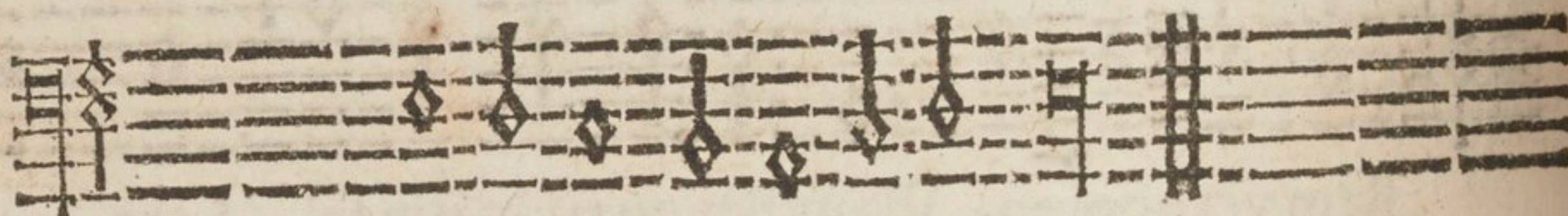
'Yn hert is, Heer, in groot eenvoudt,



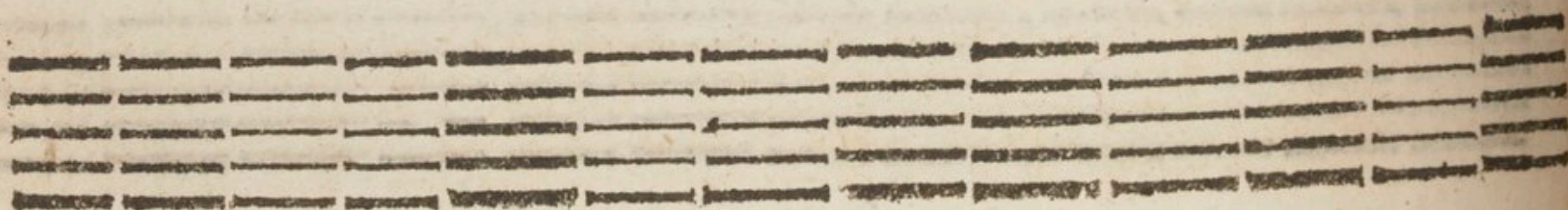
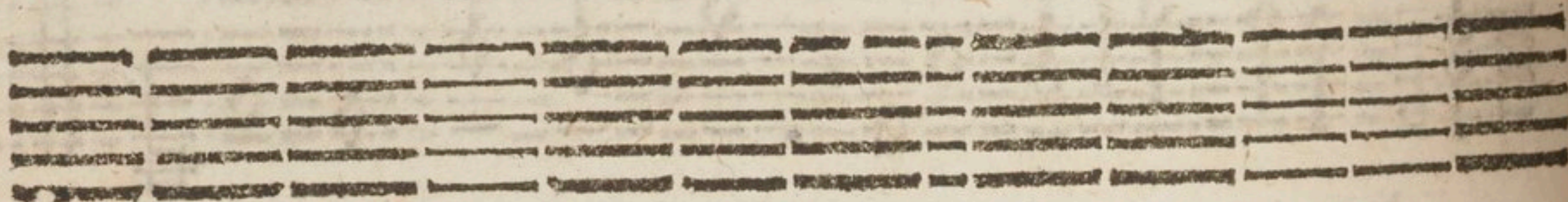
Ootmoedigh, oock en zijn niet stout

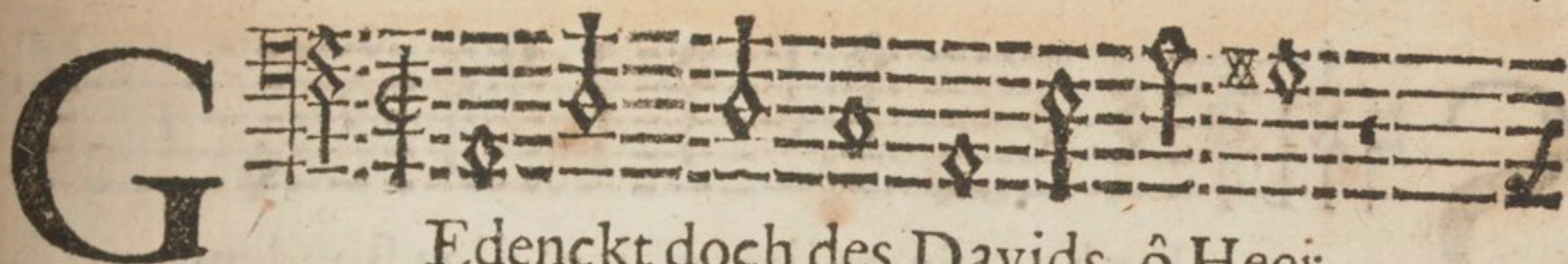


Mijn oogen, ick derf niet bestaen

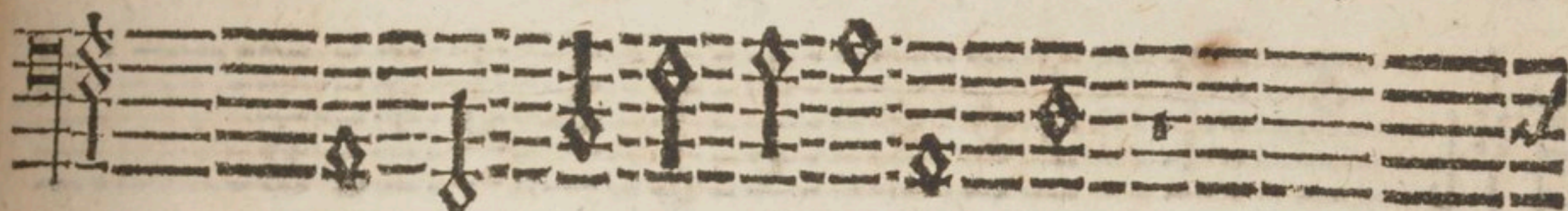


Dingen die my te boven gaen.

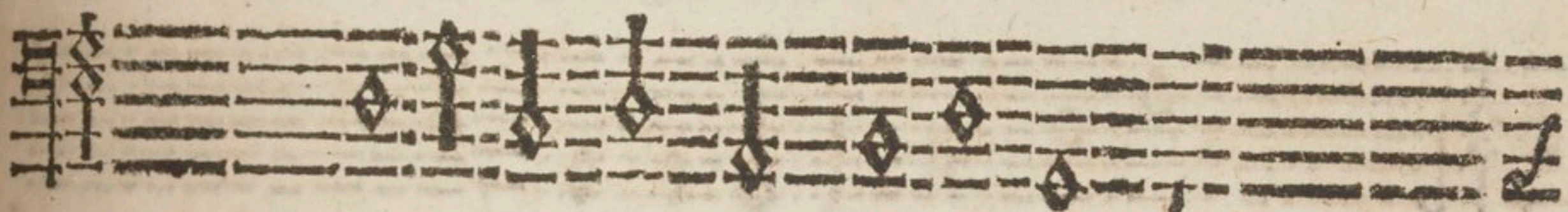




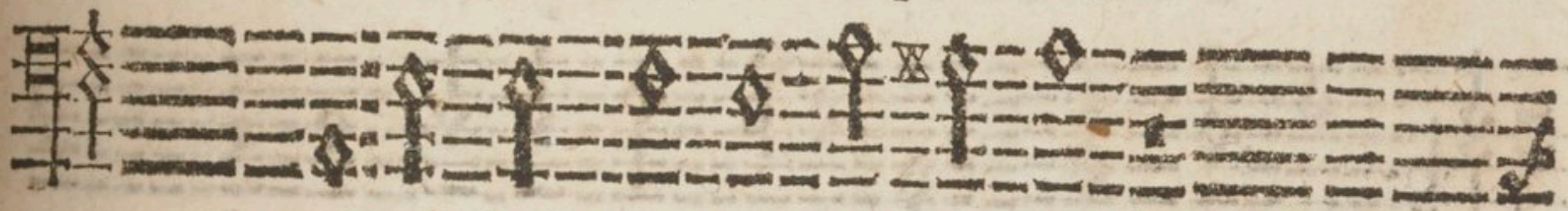
Edenckt doch des Davids, ô Heer,



En oock aen all' sijn lijden swaer,



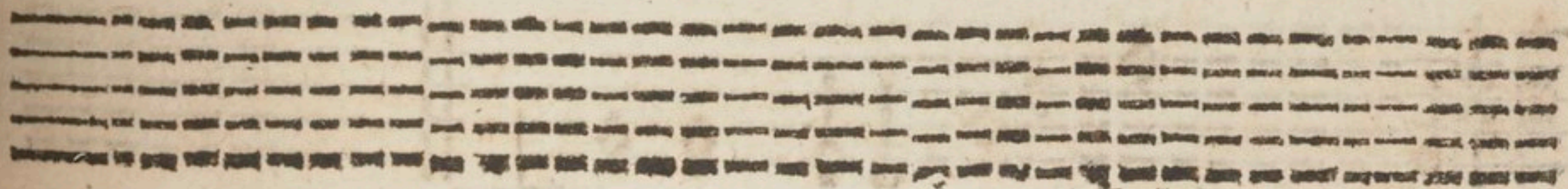
Die u eedt deed' in 't openbaer,



En u, Godt Jacobs vol van eer',

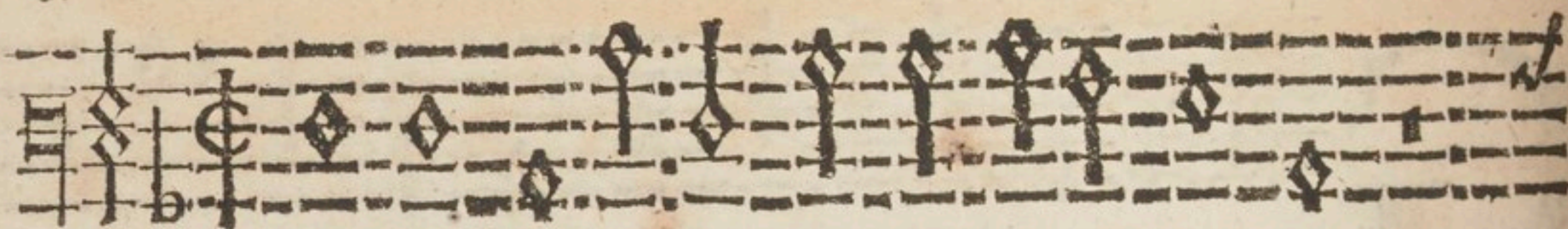


Beloften altijdt deed' eerbaer.

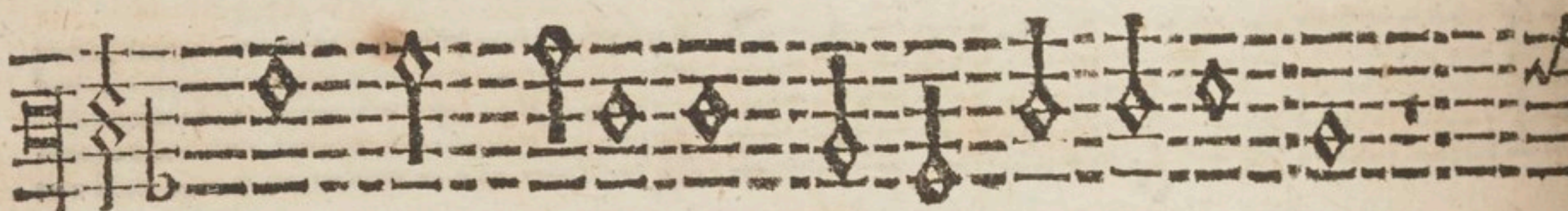


Bassus.

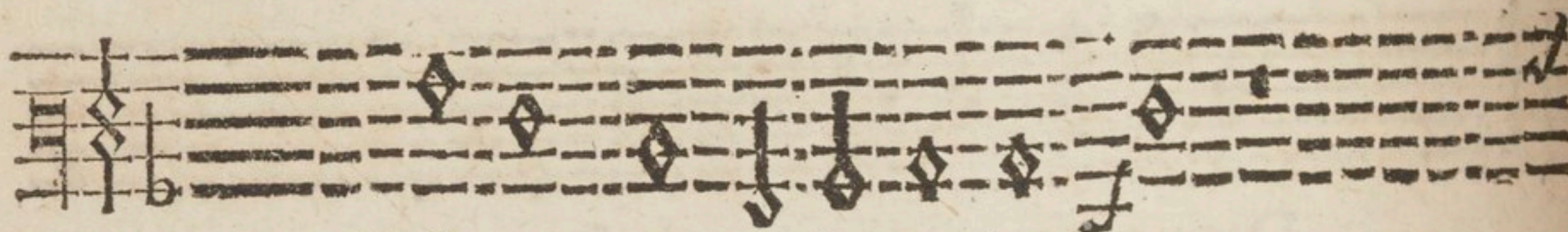
PSALM CXXXIII.

S 

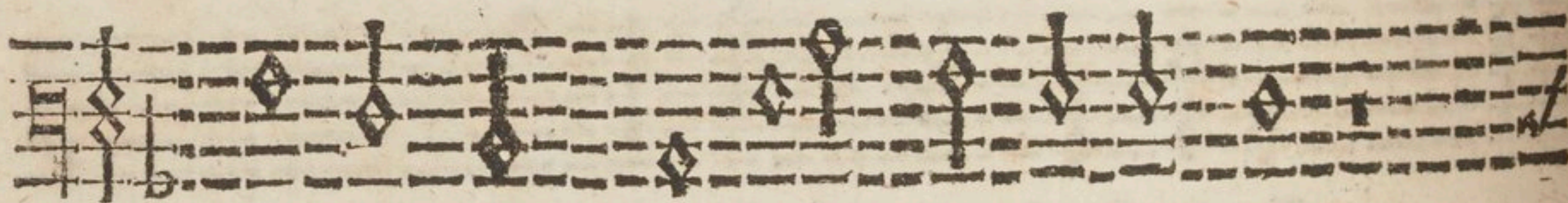
Iet hoe fijn en lieflick is t'allen stonden,



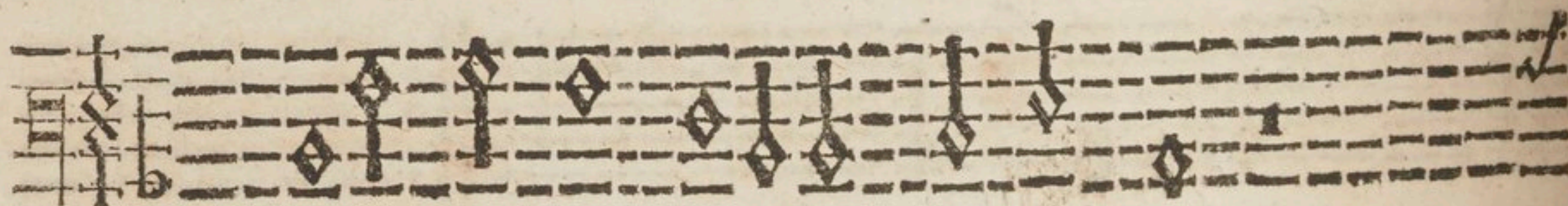
Dat broeders in eendrachtigheyt bevonden,



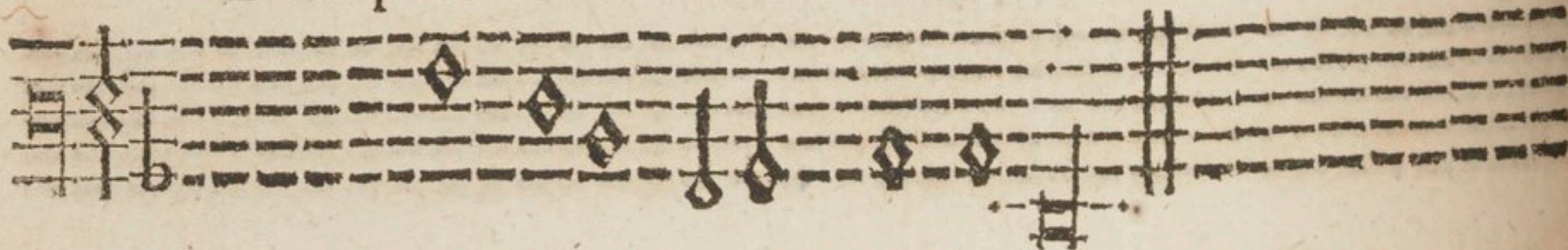
T'samen woonen in vrede goet,



Sulcx is gantschlick gelijk een balsen soet,

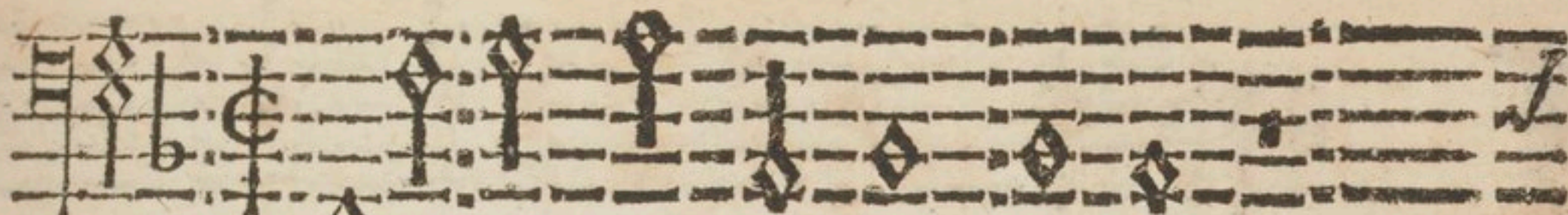


Die op dat hooft Aärons was seer klaer

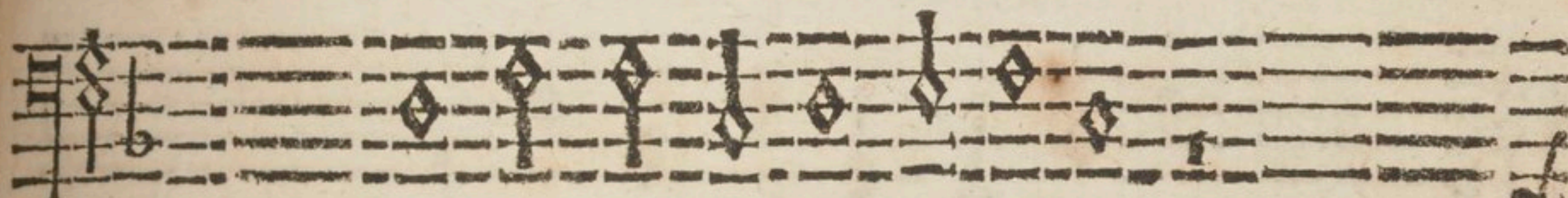


Uytgestortet in 't openbaer.

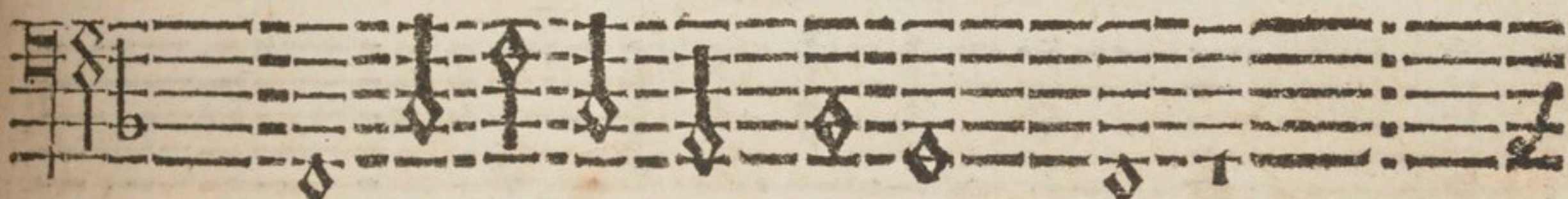
A



Lle gy knechten des Heeren,



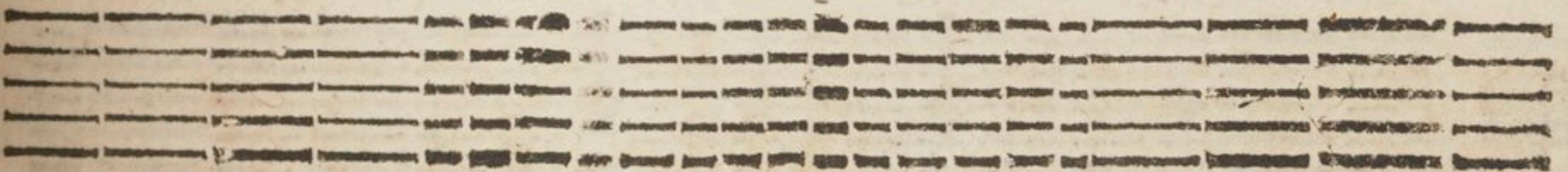
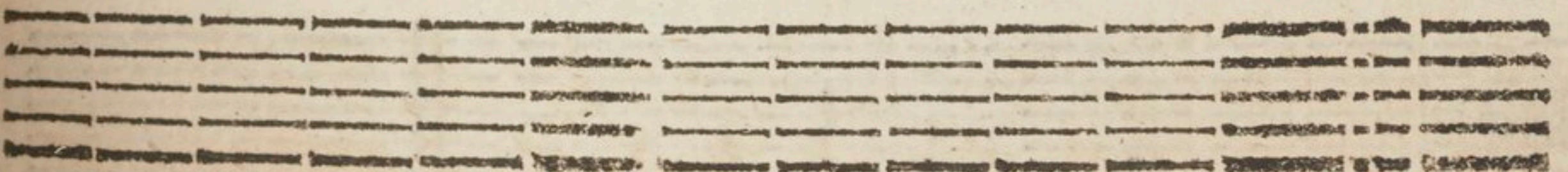
Wilt hem nu t'samen vereeren,



Ghy die in sijn huys staet en waeckt,



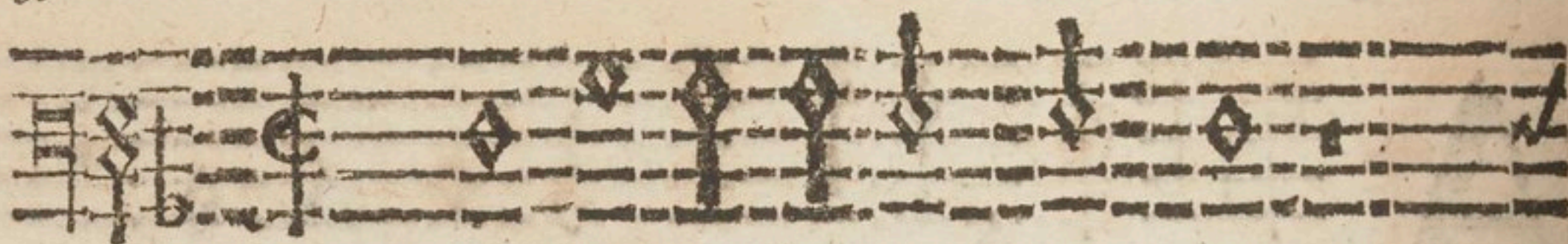
Dient hem, en sijnen naem groot maeckt.

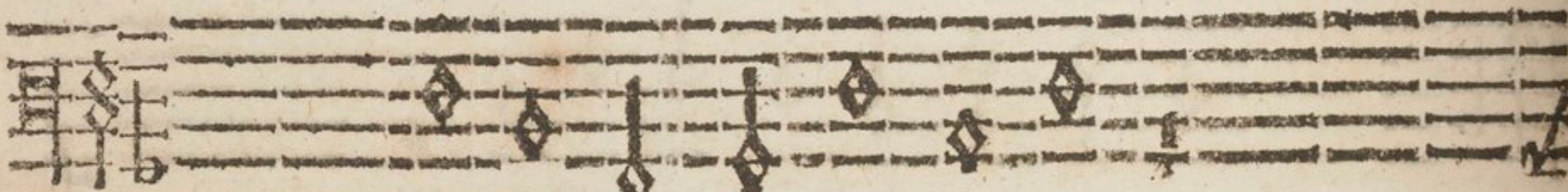
Bassus.

PSALM CXXXV.

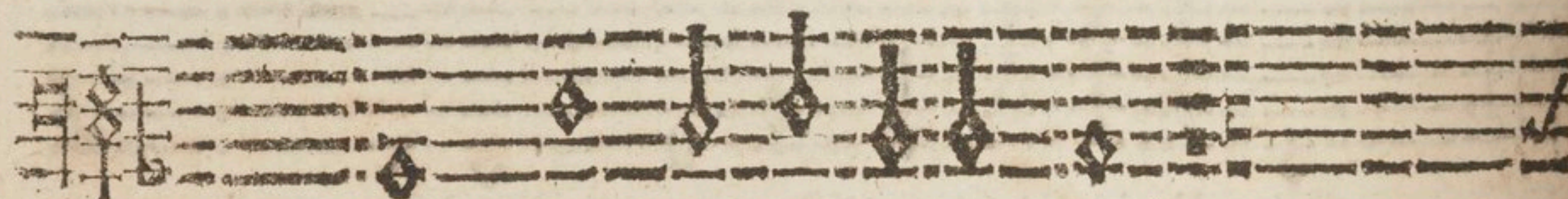
L



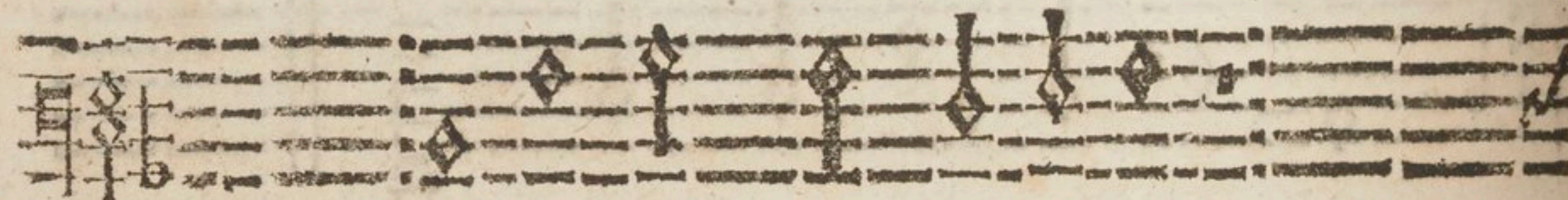
Ooft nu vry onses Godts naem



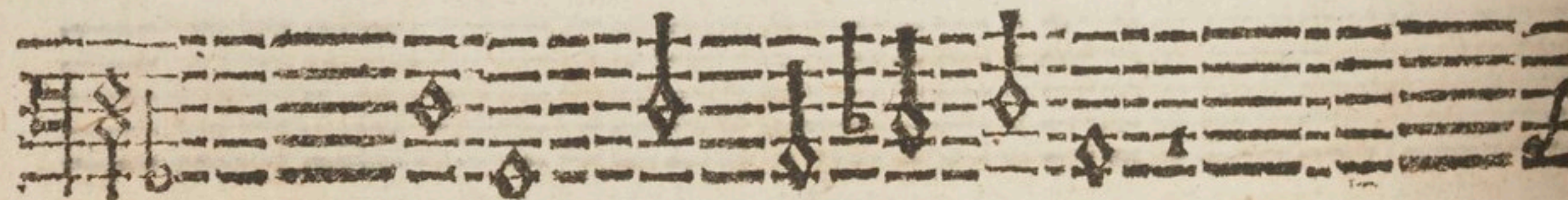
Al ghy dienaers des Heeren.



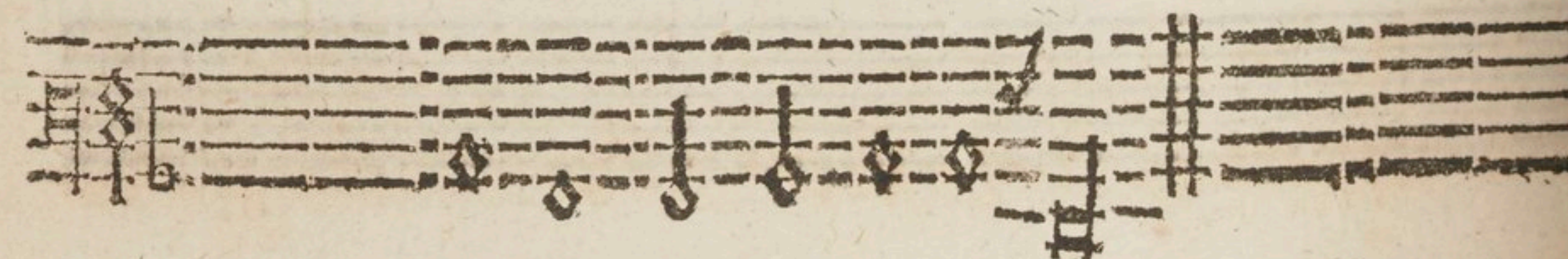
Komt, wilt hem prijfen al t'saem,



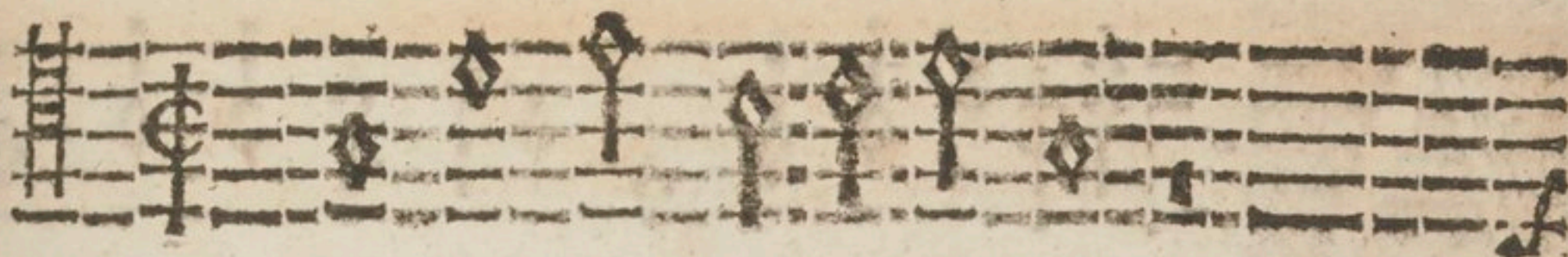
Ghy die daer woont met eeren



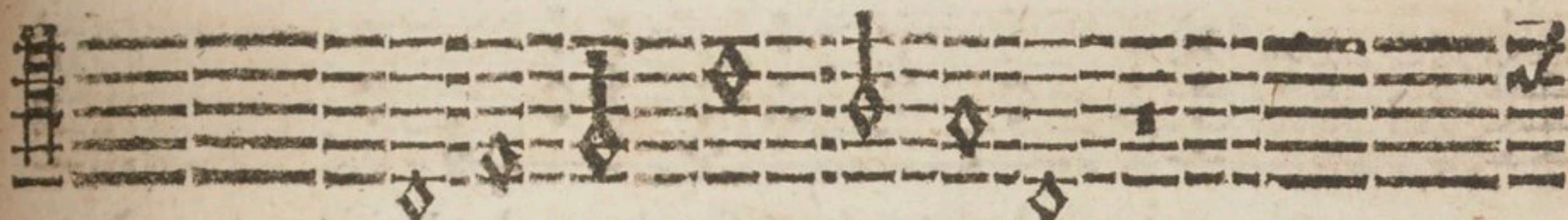
In sijn Huys, wilt hem loven



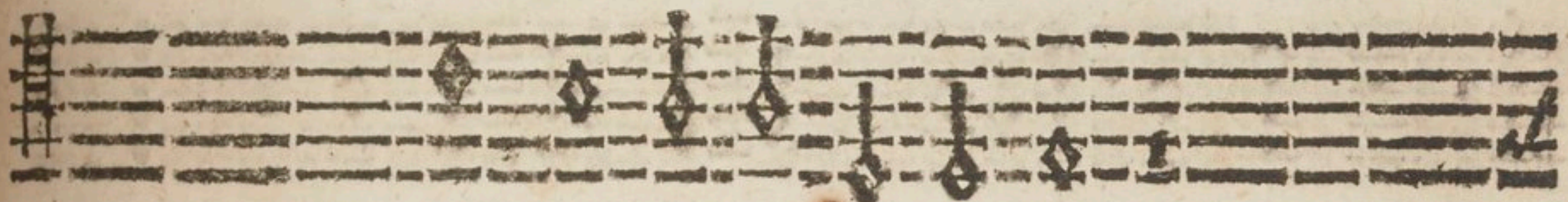
In sijn schoone voorhoven.



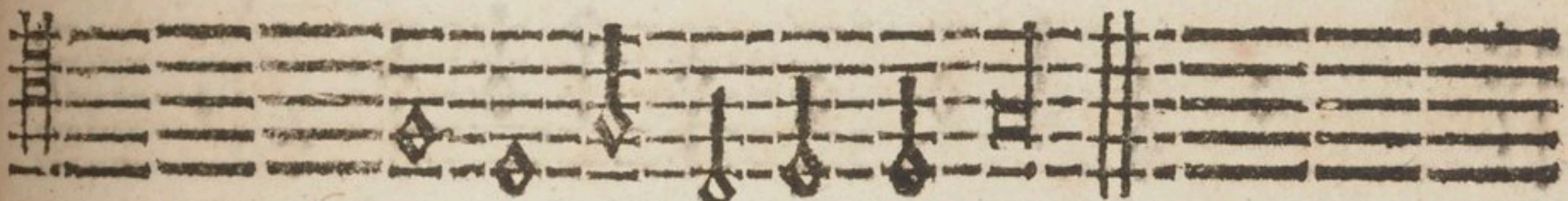
Ancket Godt nu opentlick,



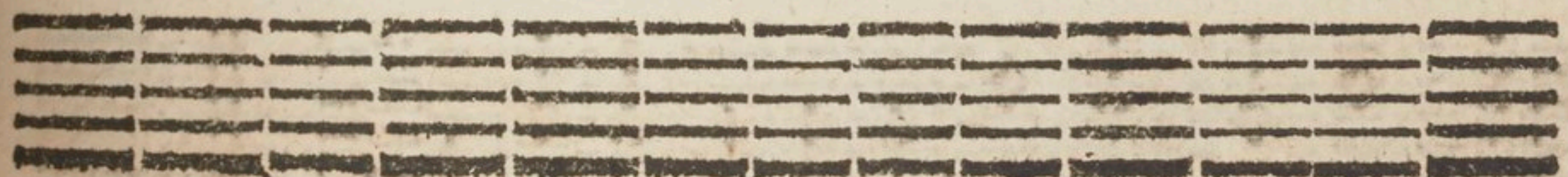
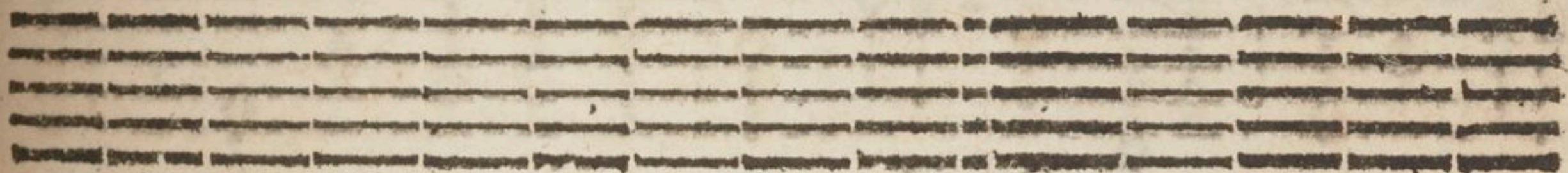
Hy is doch seer vriendelick :



Want sijn groote goedigheyt

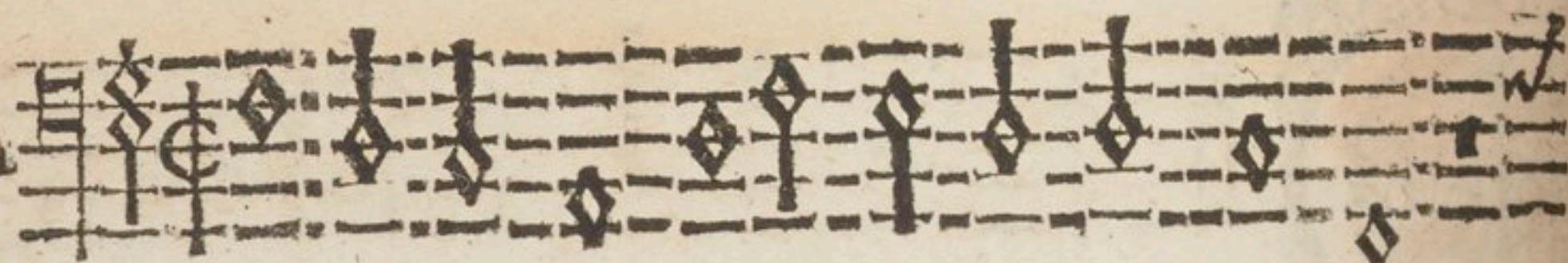


Geduert in der eeuwigheyt.

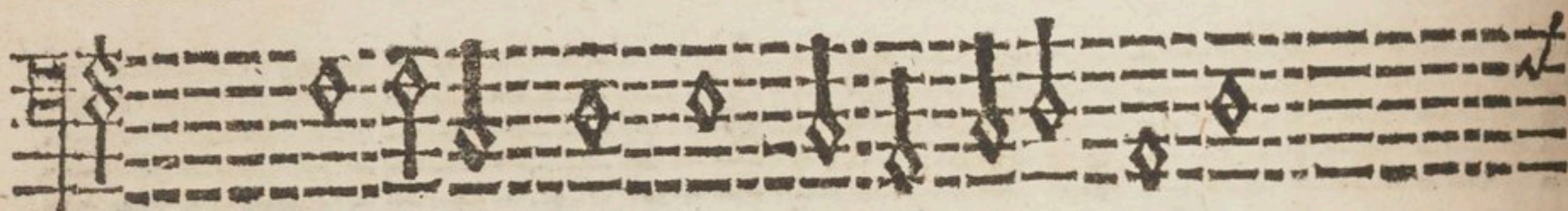


Bassus.

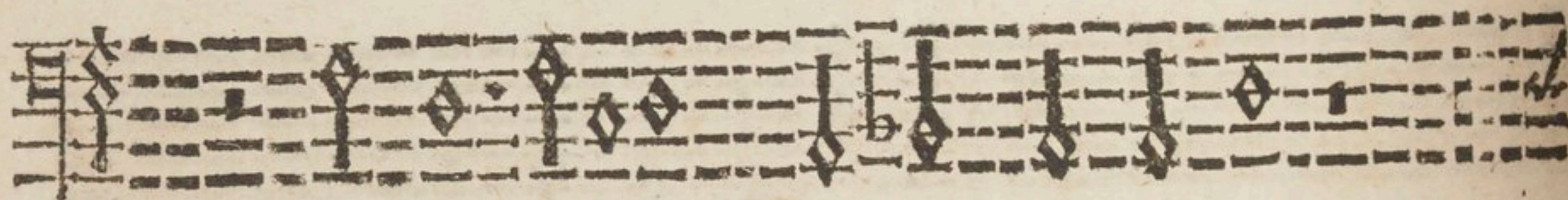
PSALM CXXXVII.



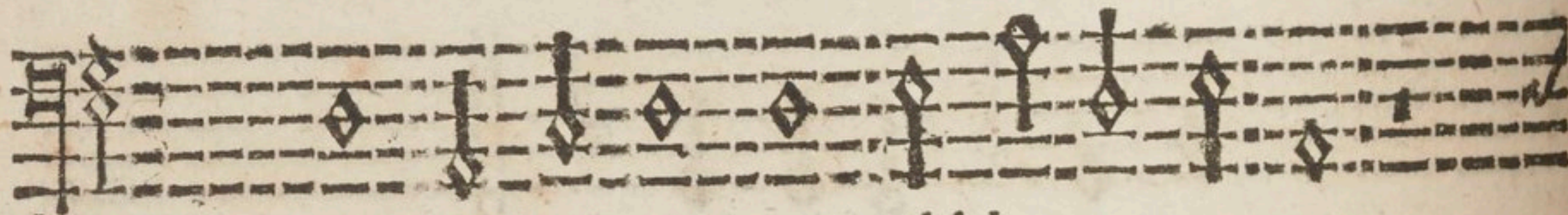
Ls wy aen dat water tot Babel klachtigh



Saten en weenden, wefende gedachtigh



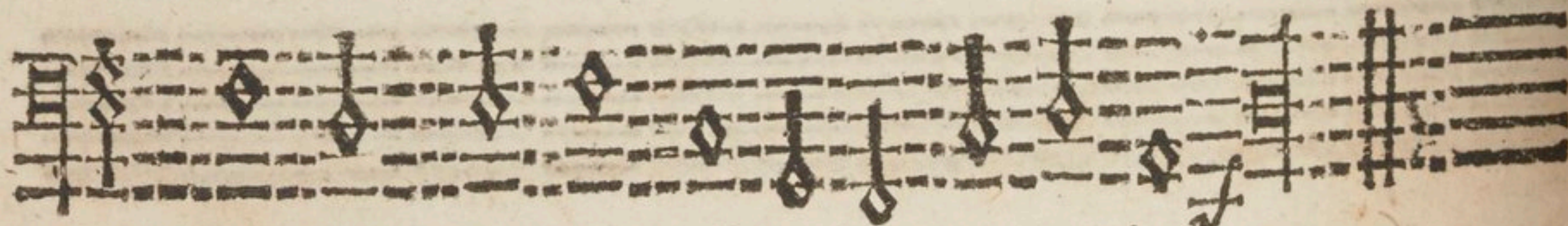
Uwes, ô Zion ! Huys des Heeren reyn,



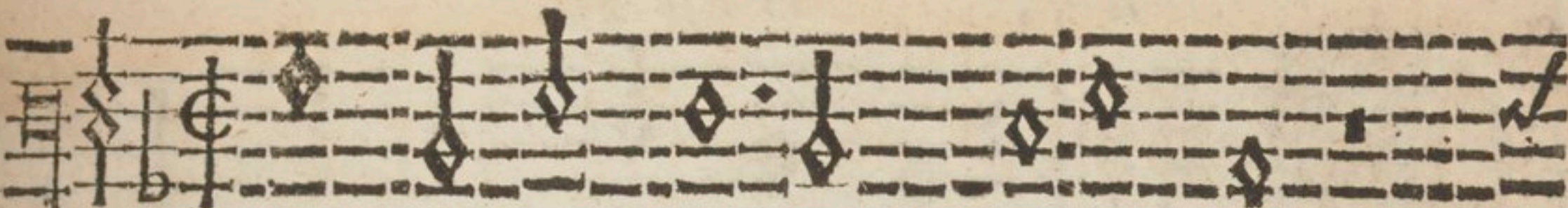
Daer hebben wy met veel klagens gemeyn,



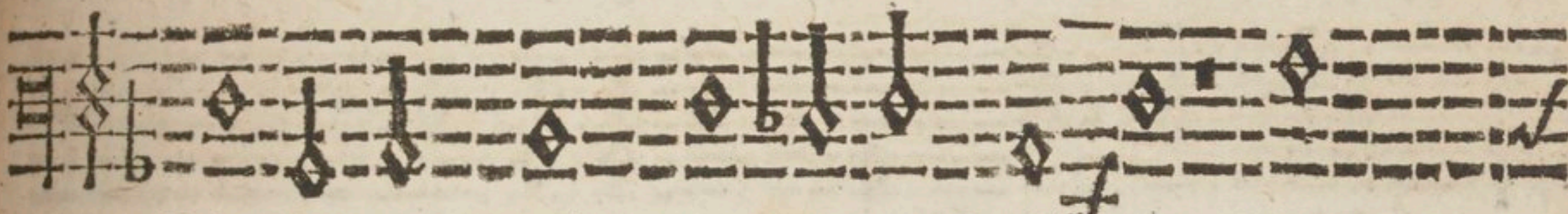
Onse harpen, be- nouwt met herten bangen,



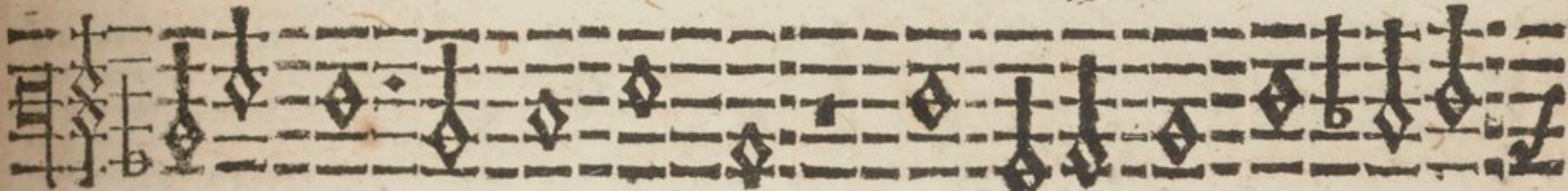
Aen den groenen wilgenboomen gehangen.

I 

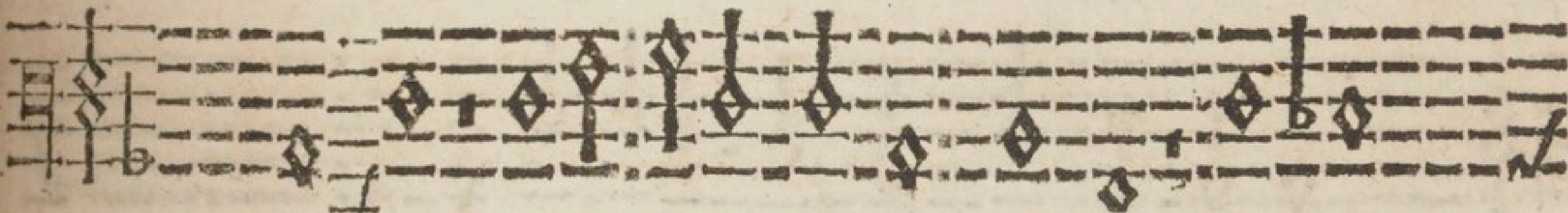
Ck danck u, Heer, uyt 's herten grondt,



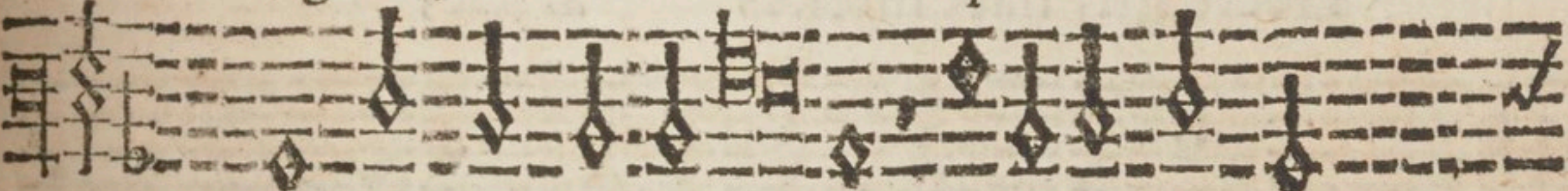
Lippen en mondt, U eer voortbringen: Voor



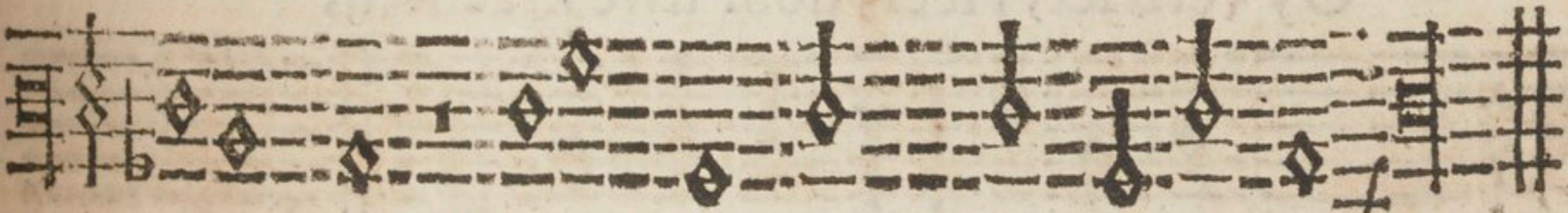
den Vorsten wil ick, ô Heer! U lofen eer Gestadig



singen. Ick wil in uwen tempel saen U bid-



den aen, En eer bewijfen, En u dancken om



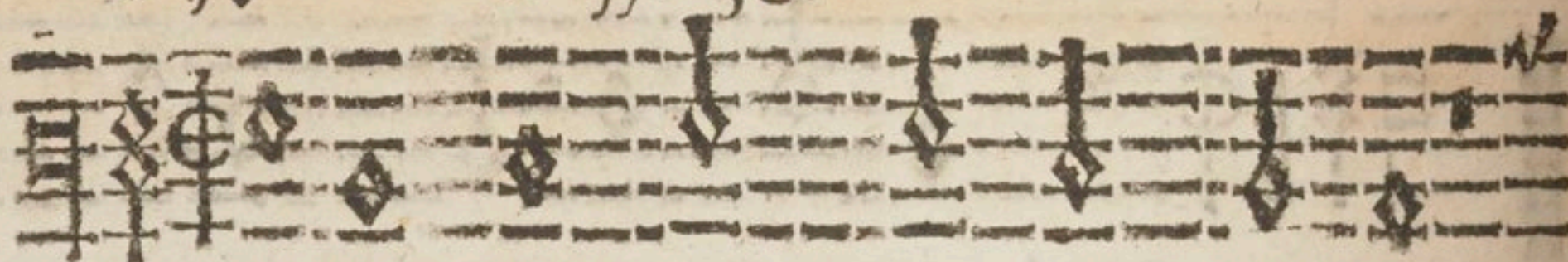
u goetheyt, En getrouwheyt Niet om volprijfen.

Bassus.

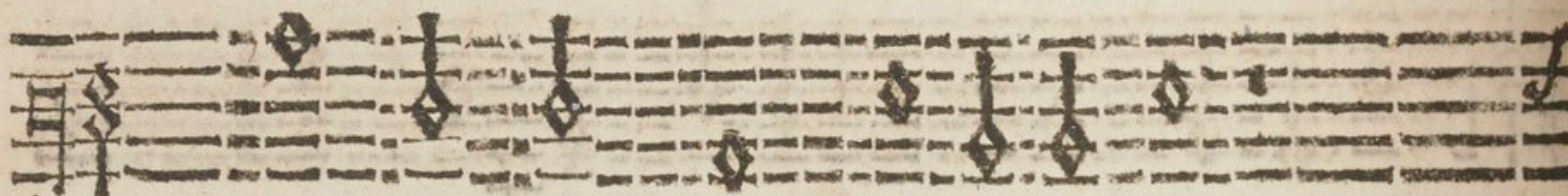
PSALM CXXXIX.

a 5.

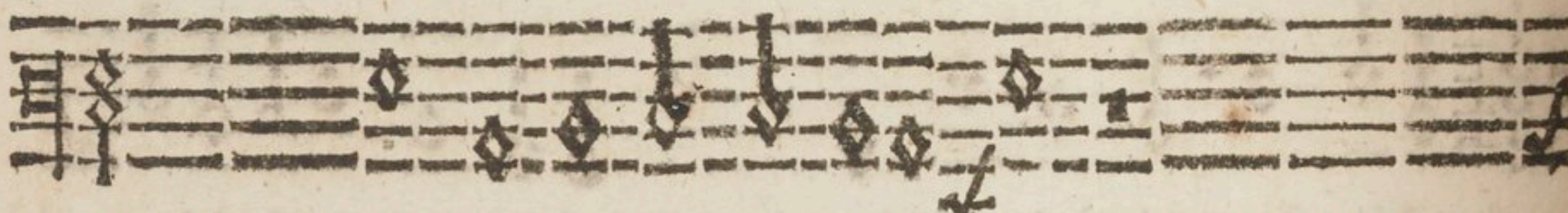
Wijse 30.



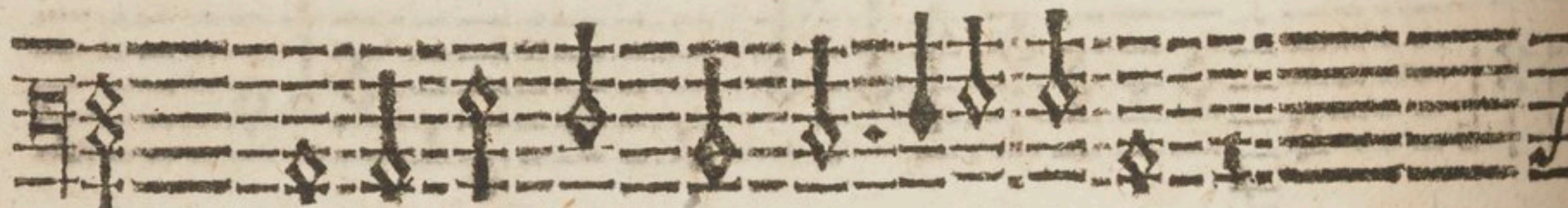
Y hebt my, Heer, gantschlick doorgrond,



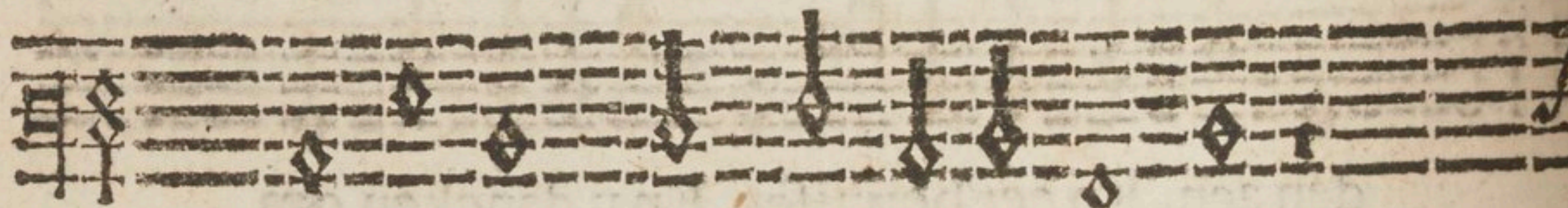
Ghy weet mijn kracht voor deser stond,



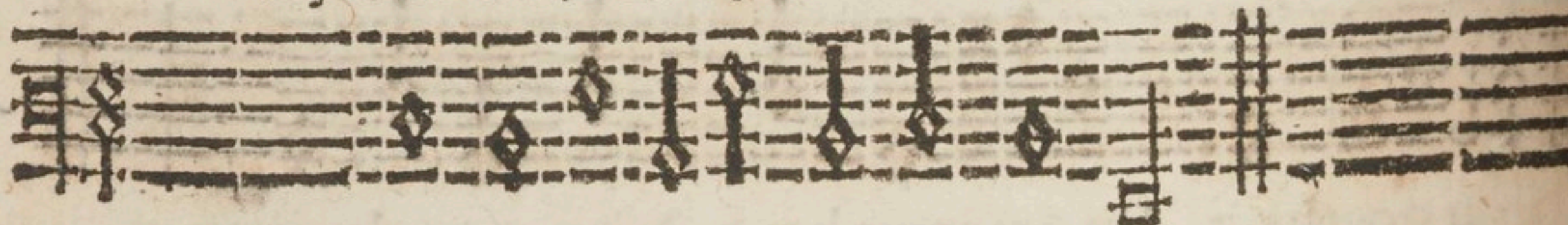
Het zy dat ick sitt' ofte stae,



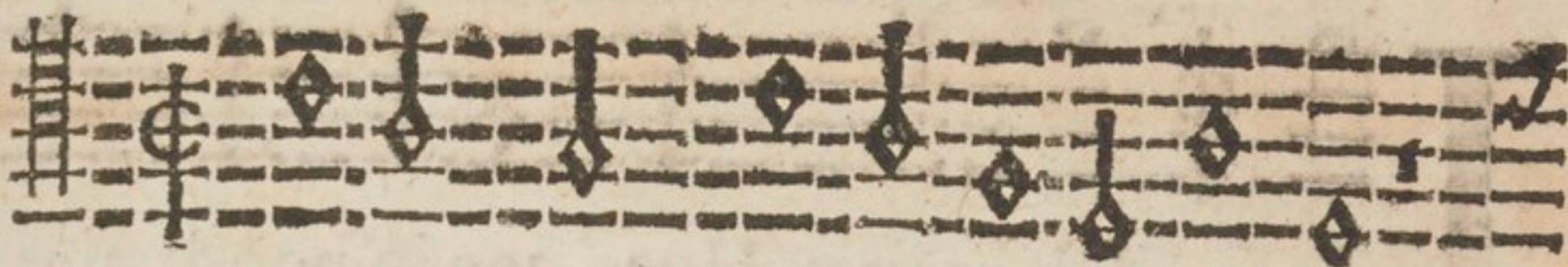
Heere ghy slaet sulckes al gae,



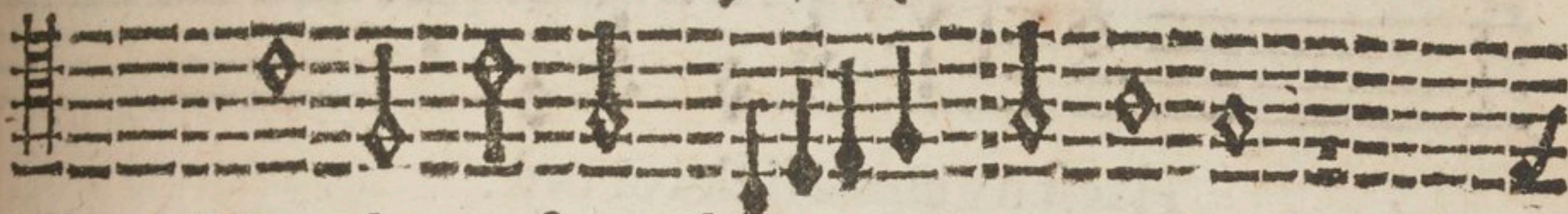
Gy verstaet, Heer, door uwe krachten,



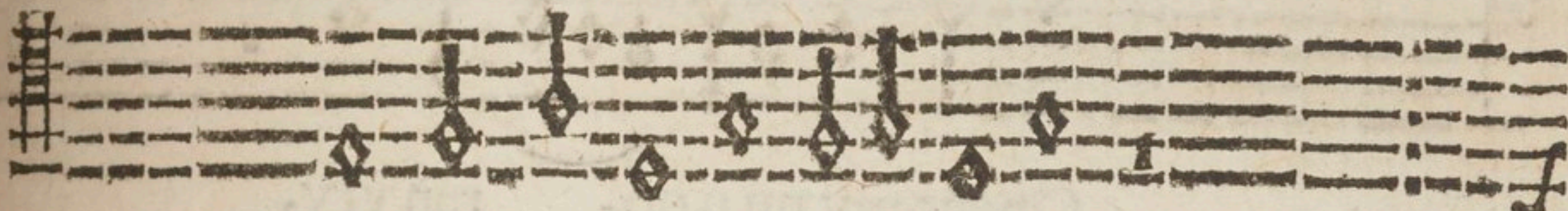
Van verren alle mijn' gedachten.



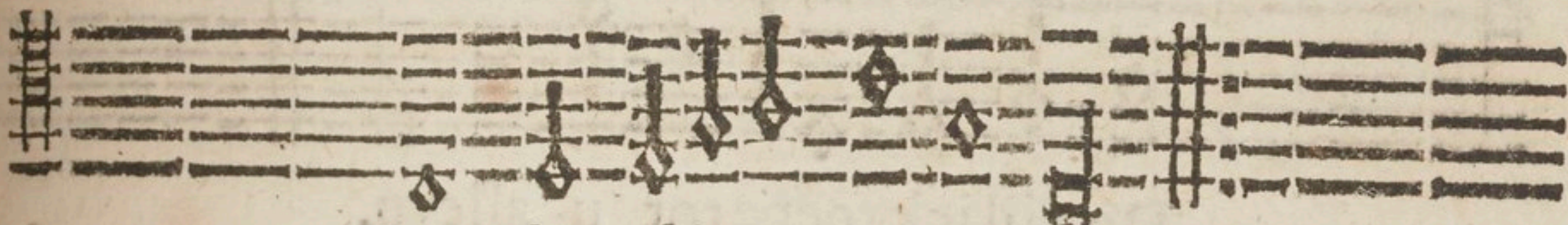
Mijn Godt wilt my nu bevrijden



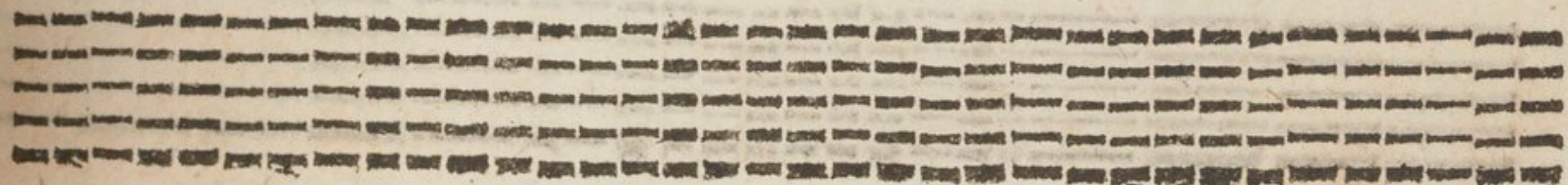
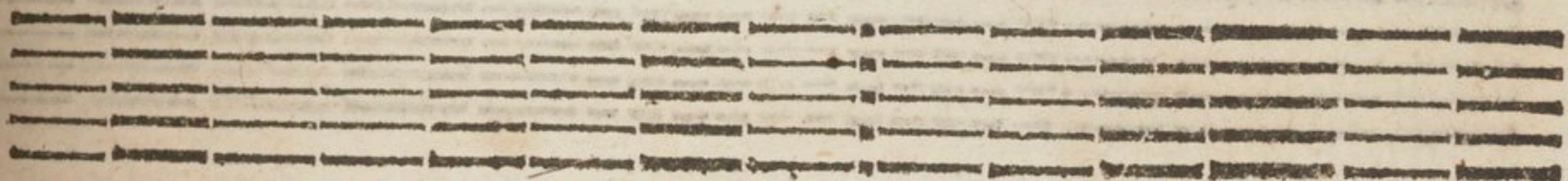
Voor de menschen seer boos, en quaet :



Behoed my nu en t'allen tijden

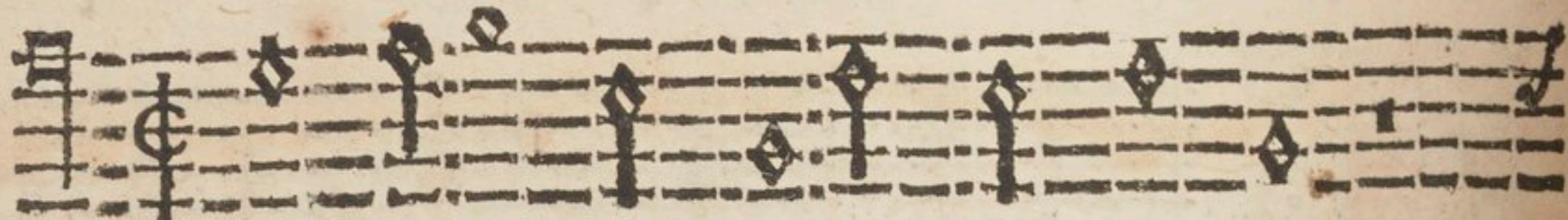


Voor der listigen raet en daet.

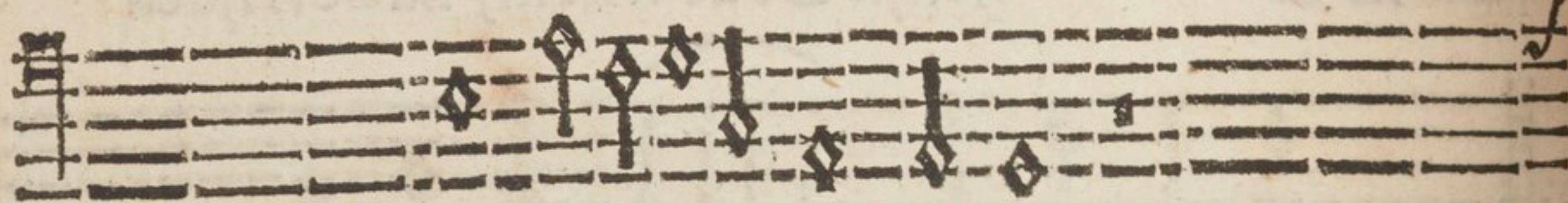


Bassus.

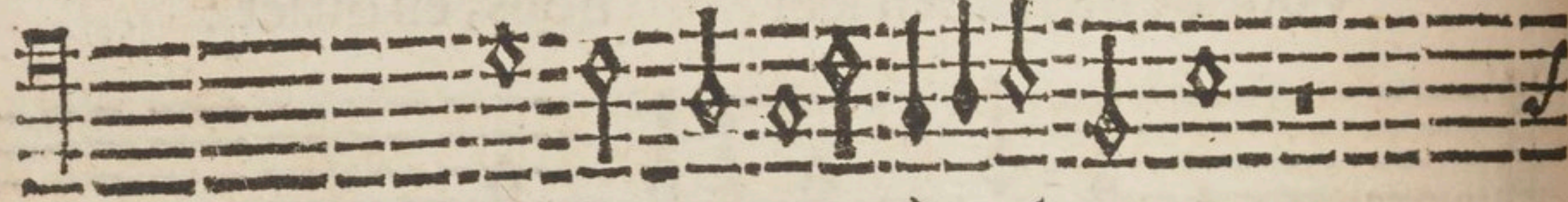
PSALM CXLI.

I 

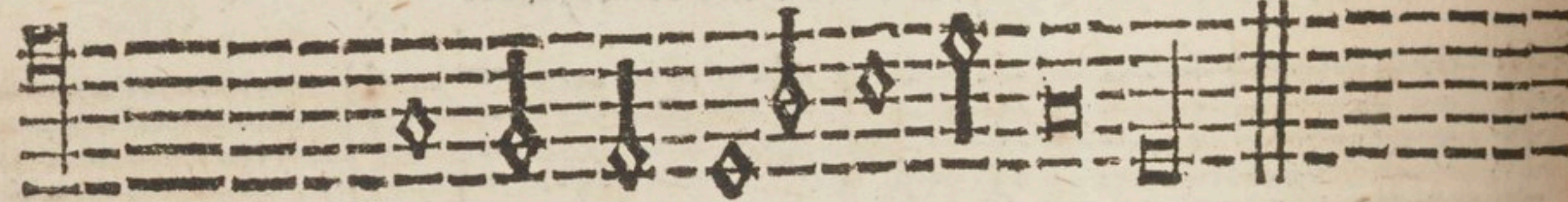
Ck roep u, Heer, aen in noodt niet kleyn,



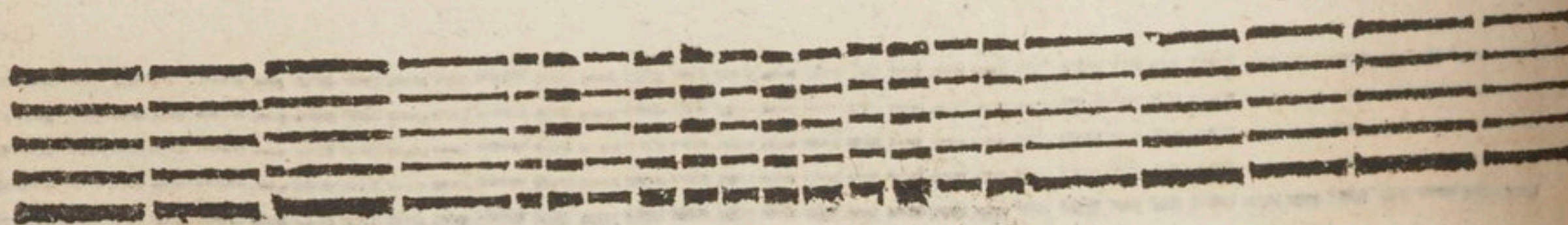
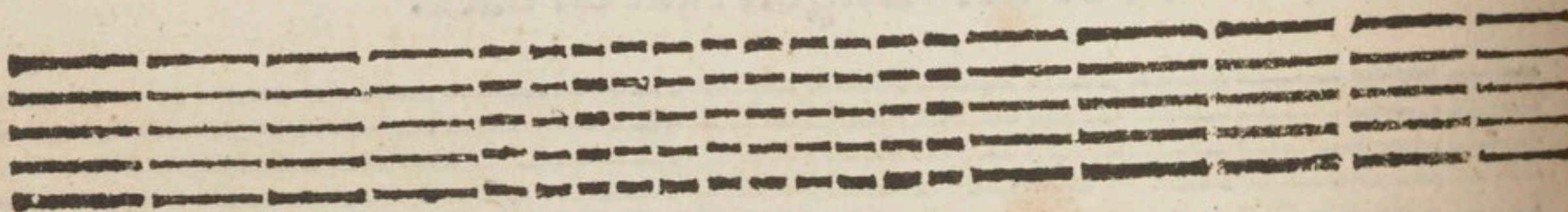
Haest u genadelick tot my :



Opent my nu u ooren vry,

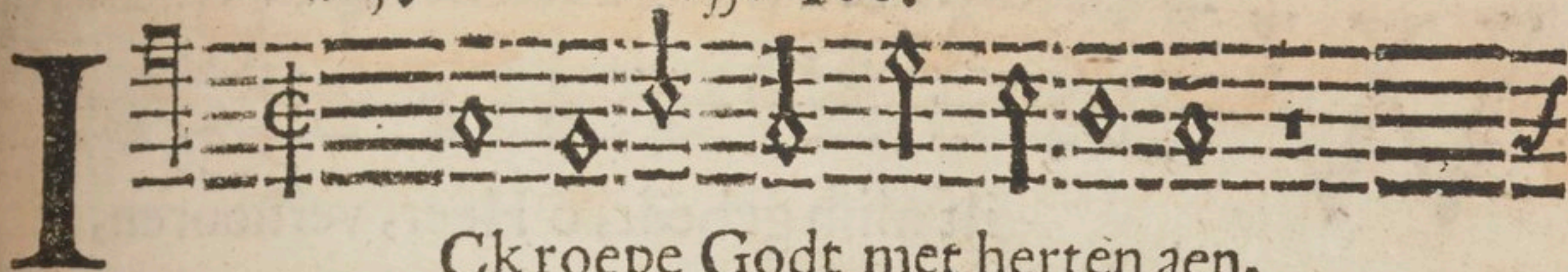


Dewijlick roepe tot u alleyn.



A. 5.

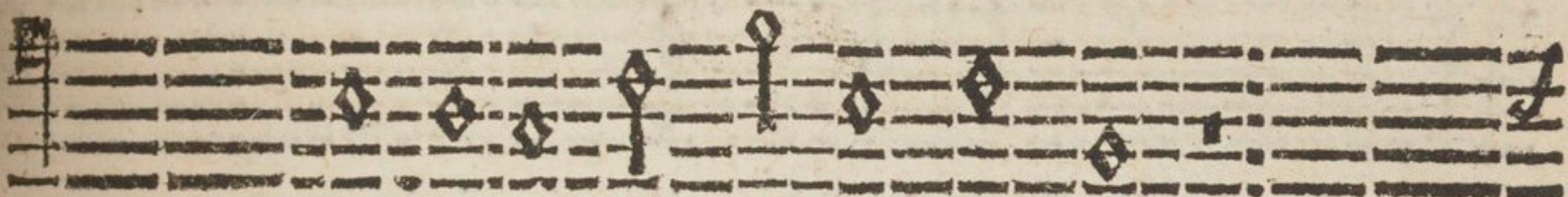
Wijsse 100.



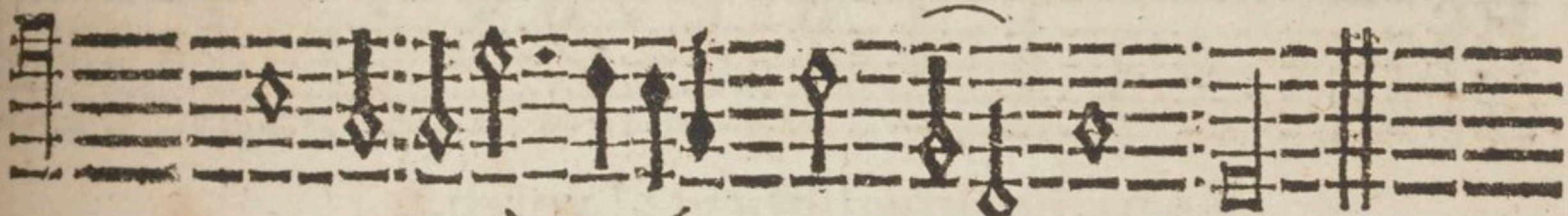
Ik roepe Godt met herten aen,



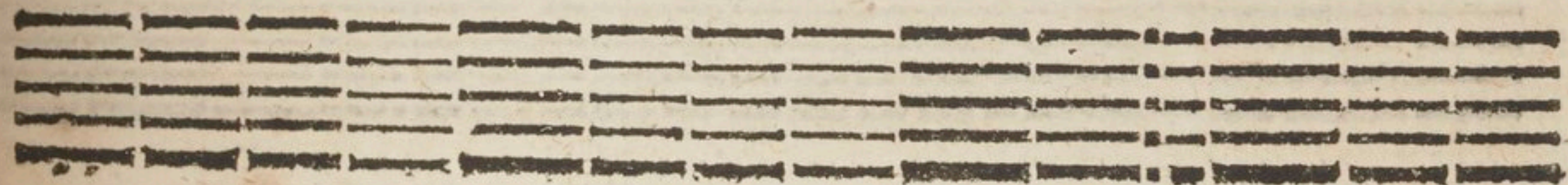
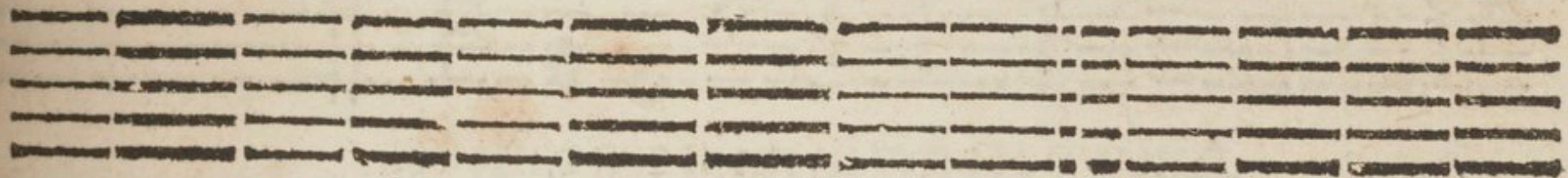
Ick smeecke hem gantsch onderdaen.



Ick storte voor hem uyt mijn hert,

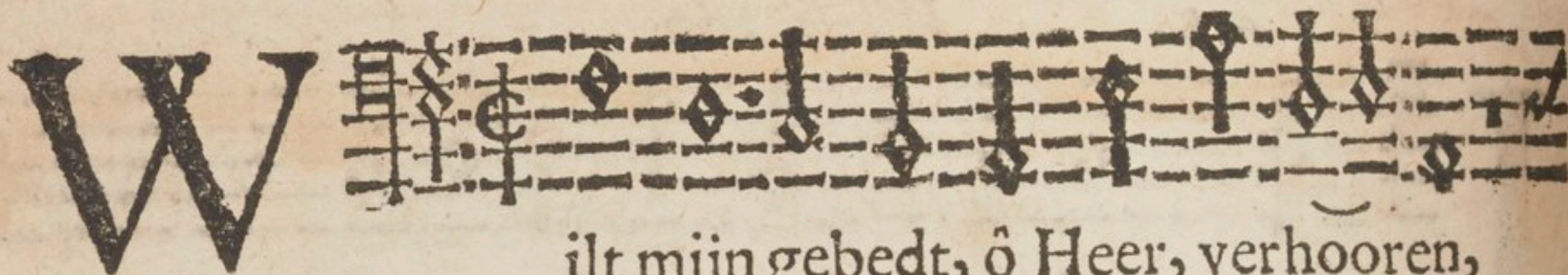


En vertelle hem al mijn smert.

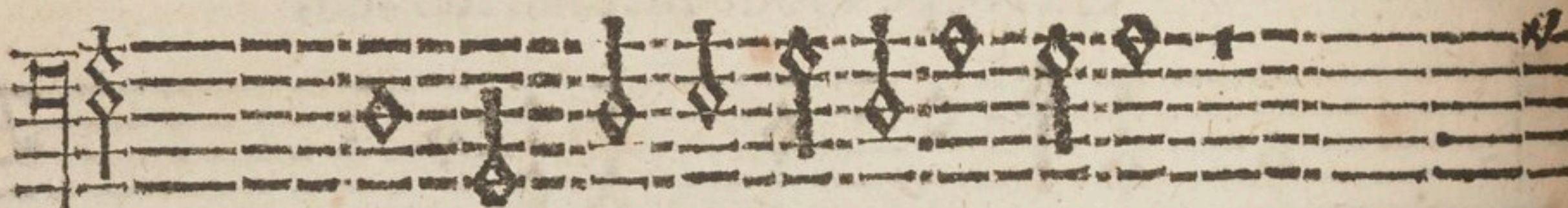


Bassus.

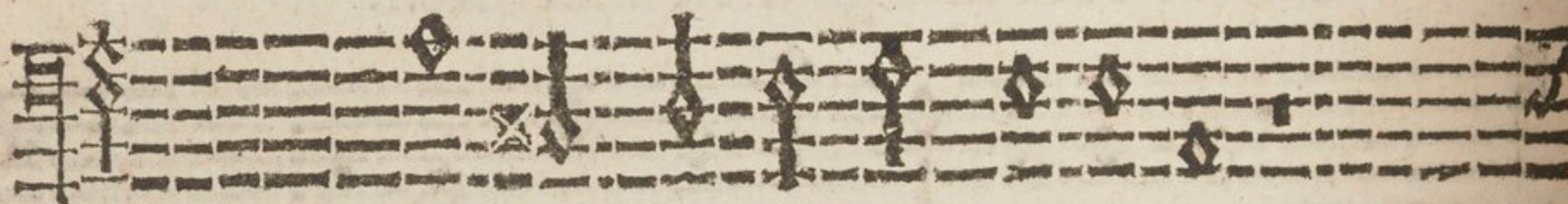
PSALM CXLIH.



ilt mijn gebedt, ô Heer, verhooren,



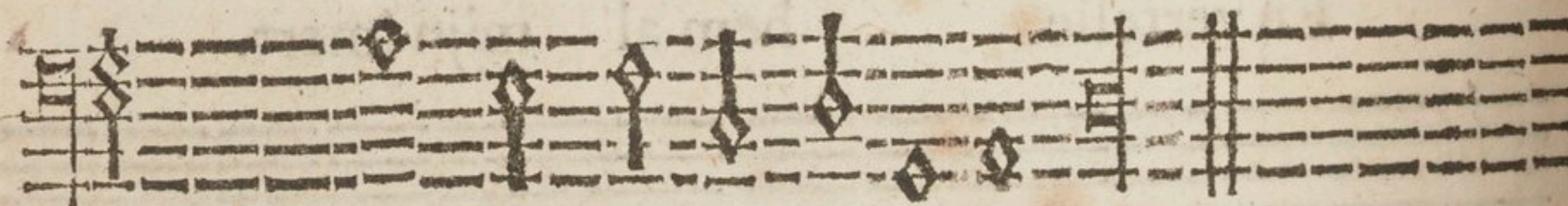
Laet doch komen tot uwen ooren



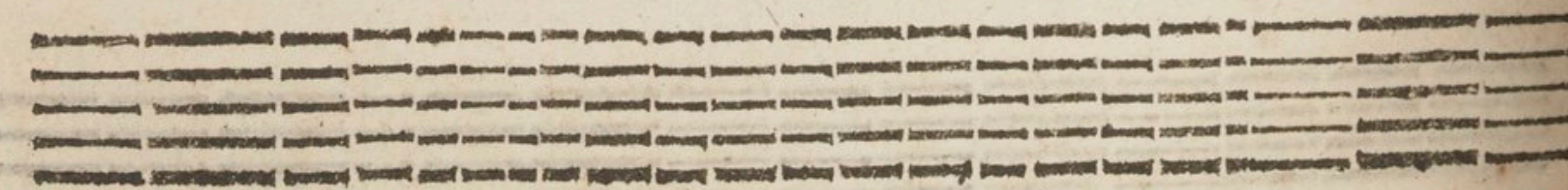
Mijn smeecken en mijn treurigheyt,

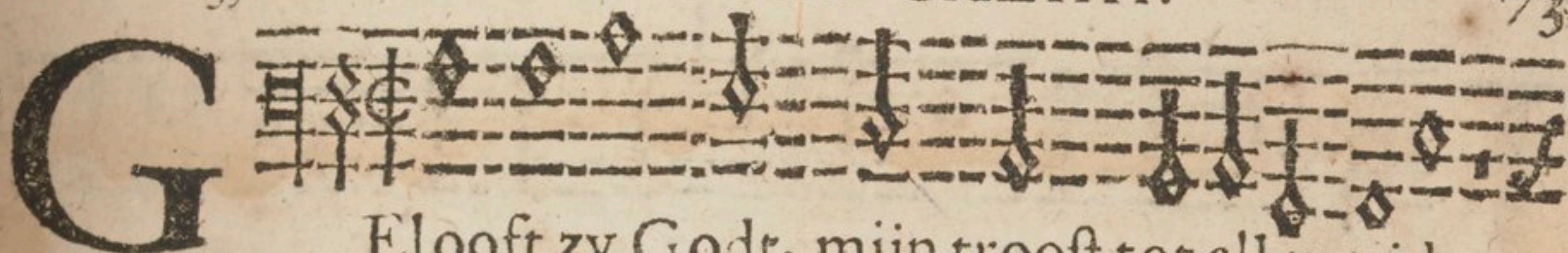


En na uw' goedigheyt al voren,

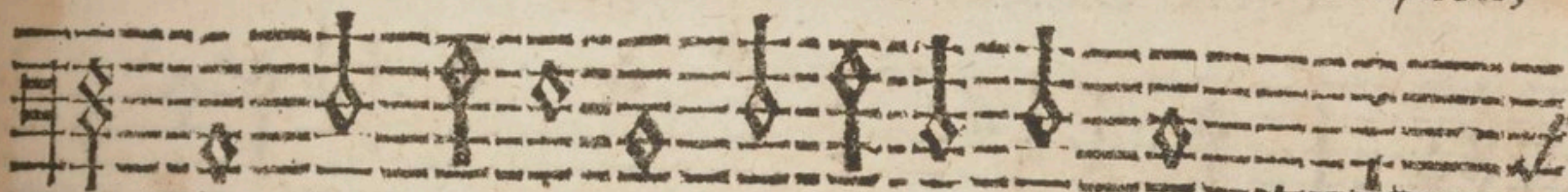


Antwoordt my in mijn tegenheyt.

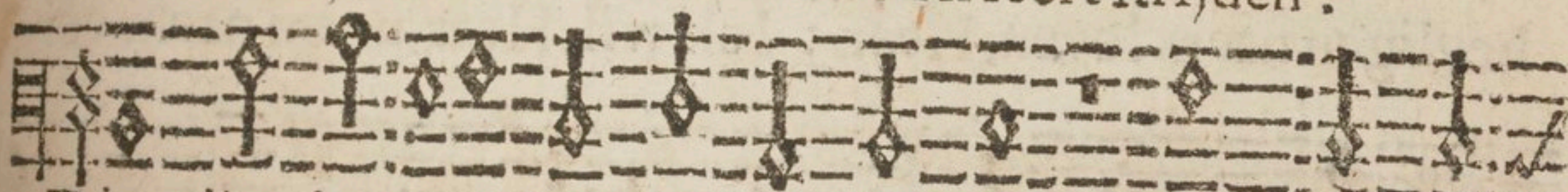




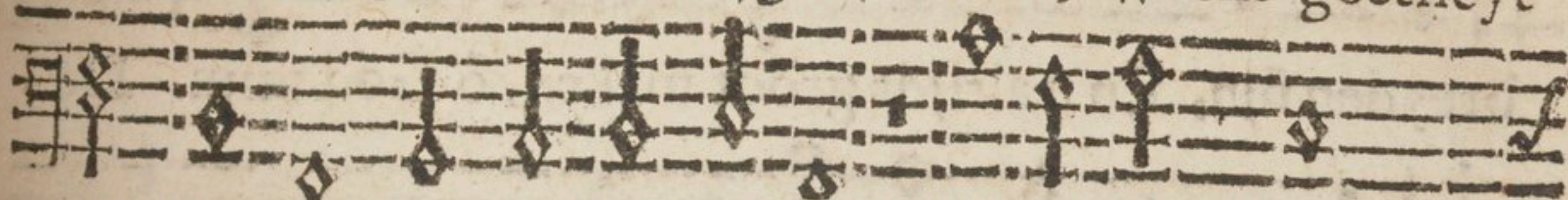
Elooft zy Godt, mijn trooft tot allen tijden,



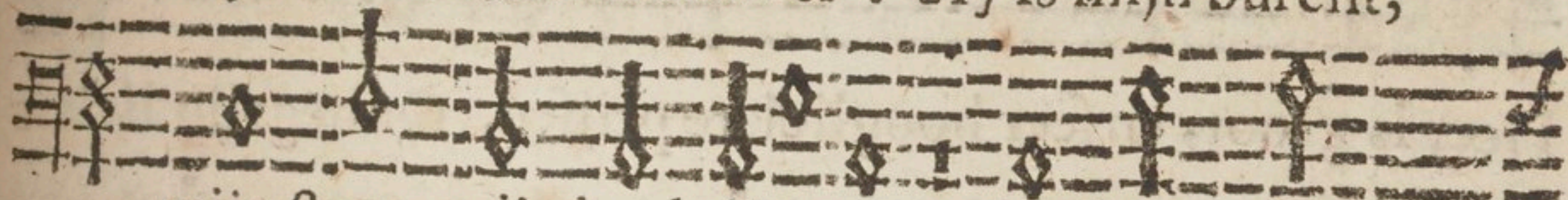
Die mijn handen seer sterckelick leert strijden :



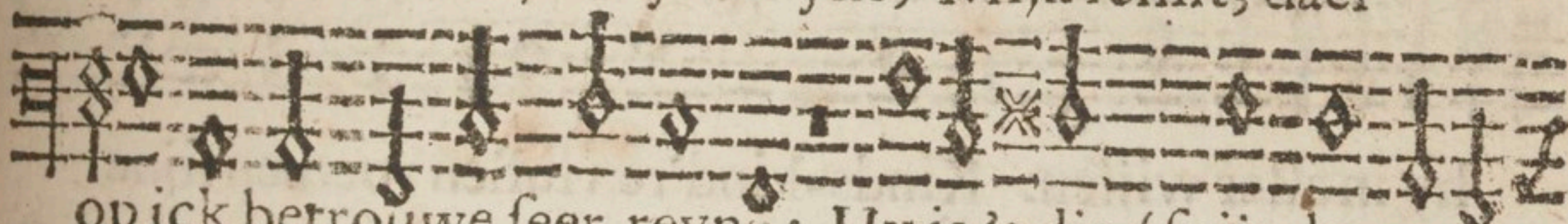
Die mijn vingeren leert krijgen soo wel, Wiens goetheyt



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 vyand-



den geweld) Dit volk onder

mijn Koninckrijcke stelt.

Bassus.

PSALM CXLV.

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

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

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

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

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

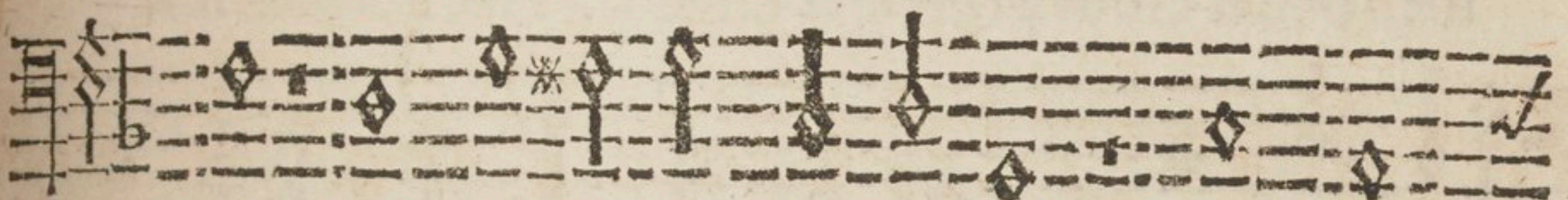
wercken, En vermonden sijn kracht niet om verstercken.



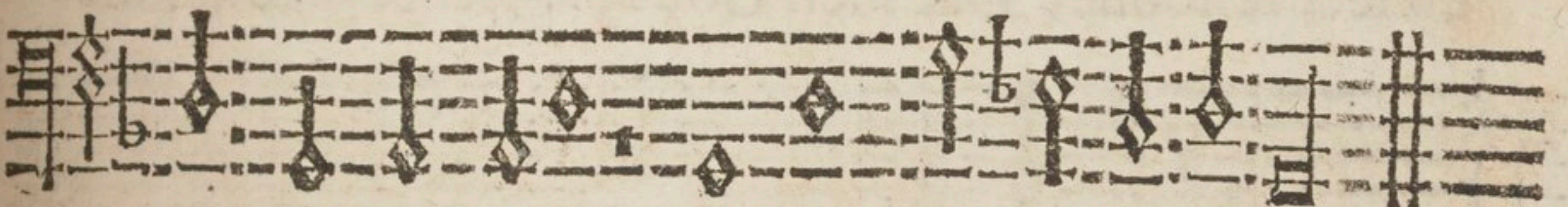
El op mijn ziel, wilt nu prijsen Den Heer;



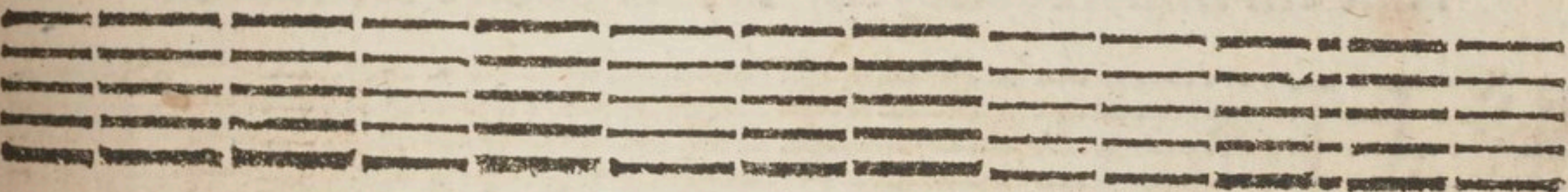
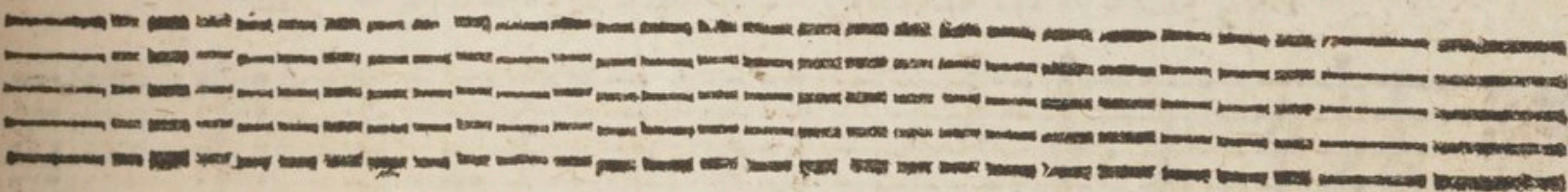
want mijn leven langh Sal ick hem eere bewij-



fen : Ick wil met psalmen-gefangh Steedts lo-

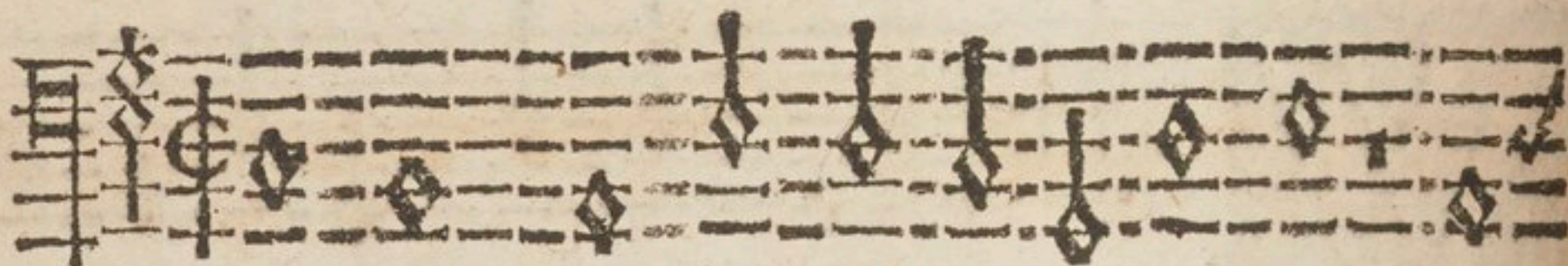


ven Godt verheven, Soo lang' als ick sal leven.

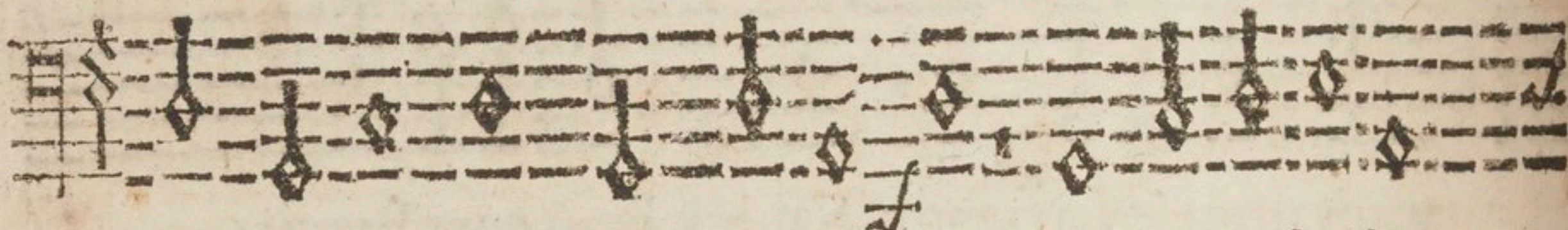


Bassus.

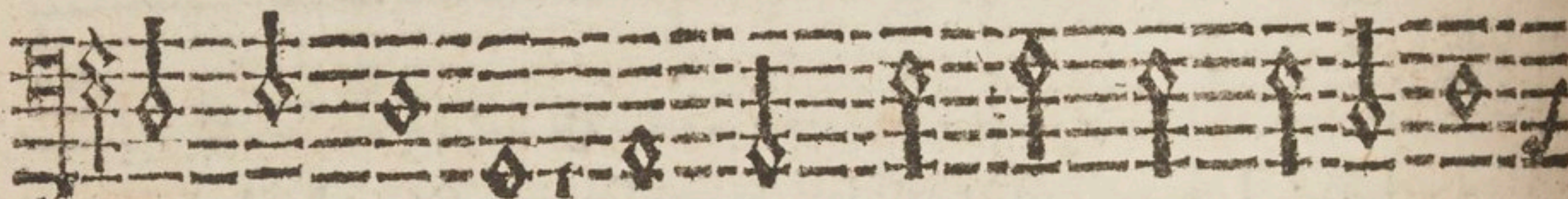
PSALM CXLVII.



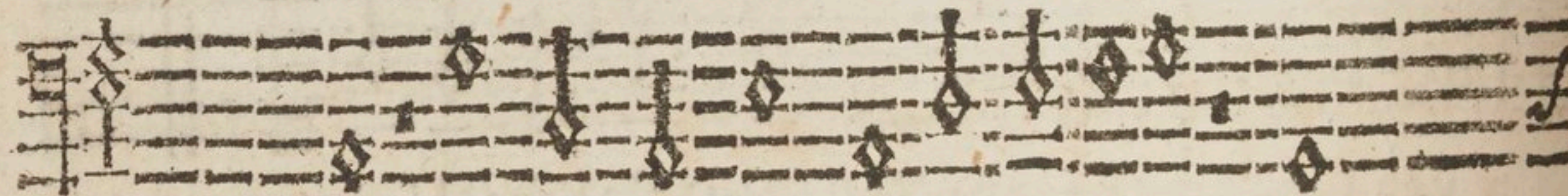
Ooft Godt, het zijn heerlicke dingen Dat



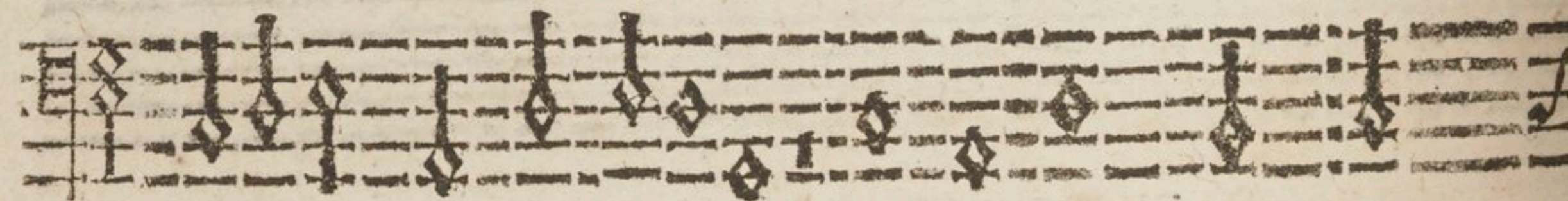
men onsen Godt prijft met fingen : Het is kostelick



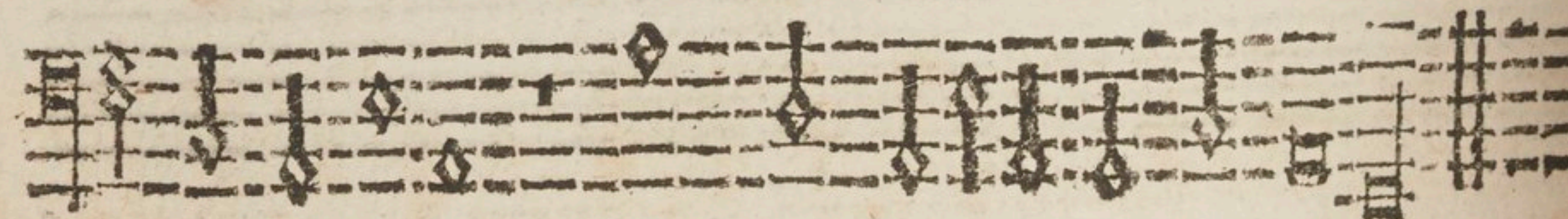
en feer fchoone, Dat men Godt prijft met foeten too-



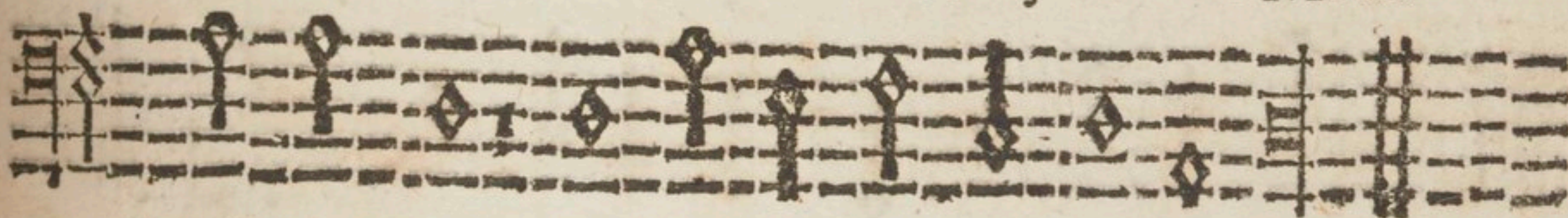
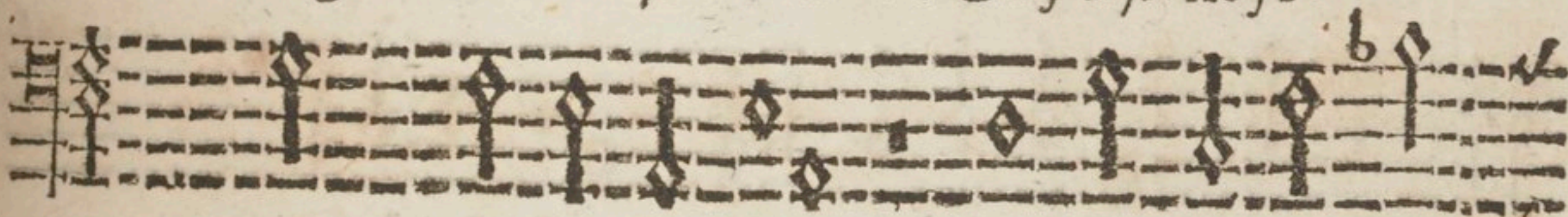
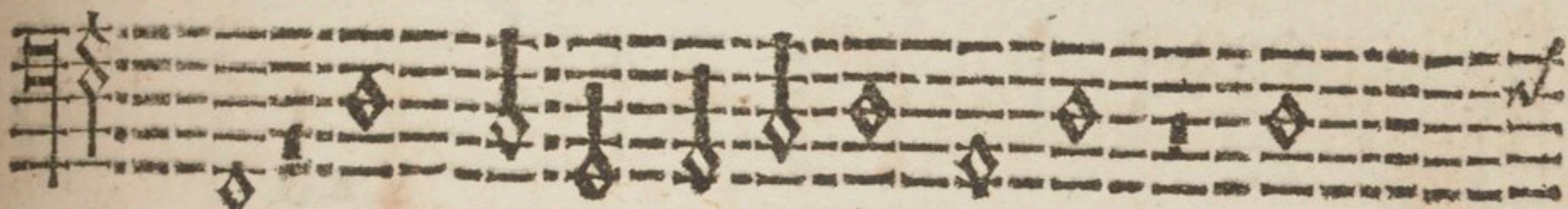
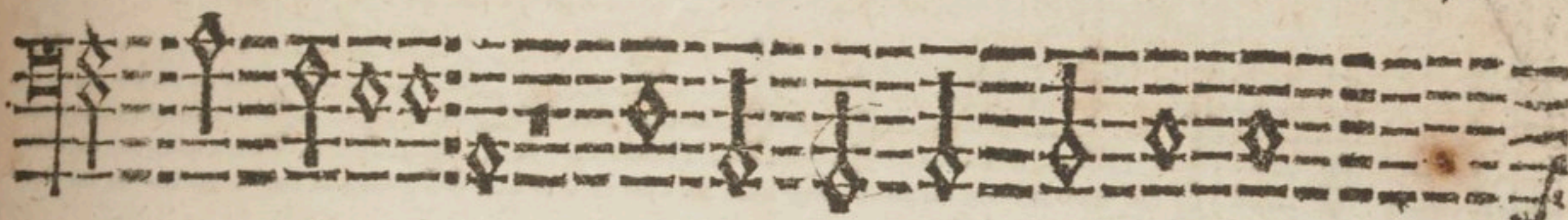
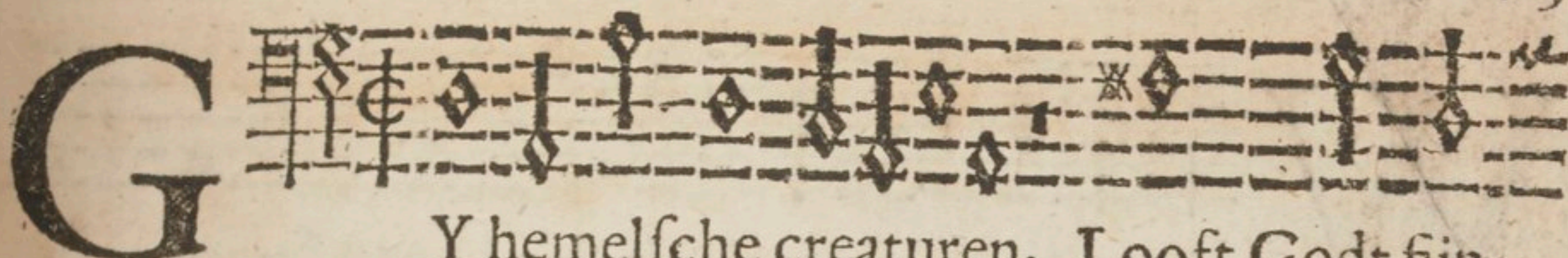
ne; Dewijl dat hy 't is die genadigh Je-



rusalem bouwet alleynne, Hy fal oock t'faem bren-



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



Bassus.

PSALM CXLIX.

Wilt een nieuw liedt den Heere singen,

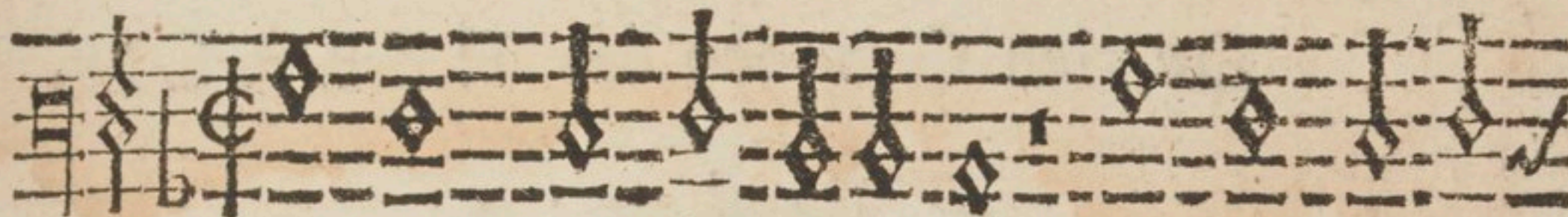
Wilt hem sijn eer' heerlick toebringen; Dat

nu onder sijn volck gemeyne Sijn lof ge-

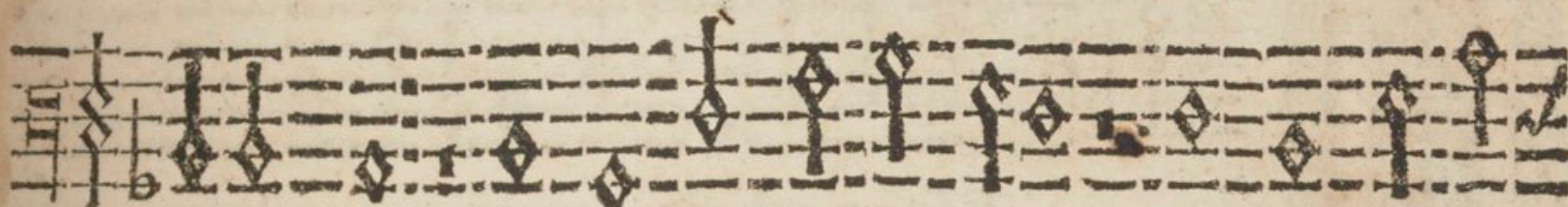
hoort zy reyne. Ghy Israël in vreugd nu leeft,

In den Heer die u gemaect heeft, In desen

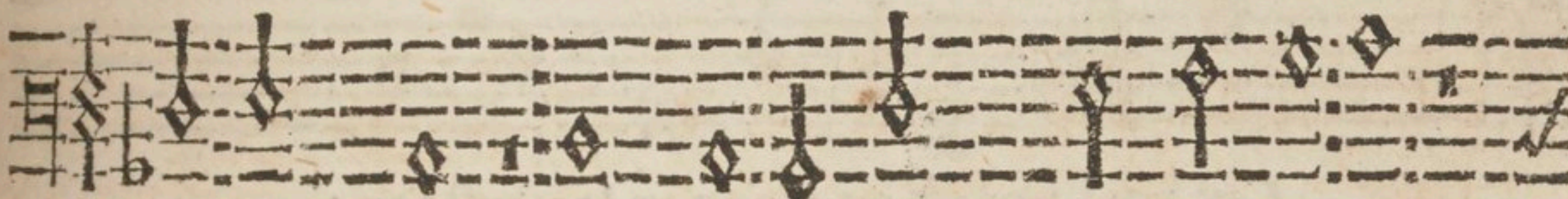
Kon ick gh u verblijdt, Die Zions kind'ren zijt.

L

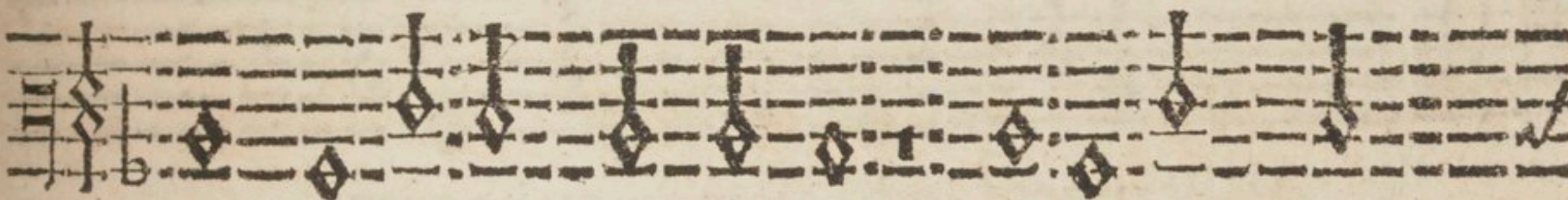
Aet nu Godt gepresen zijn In sijn Heylig-



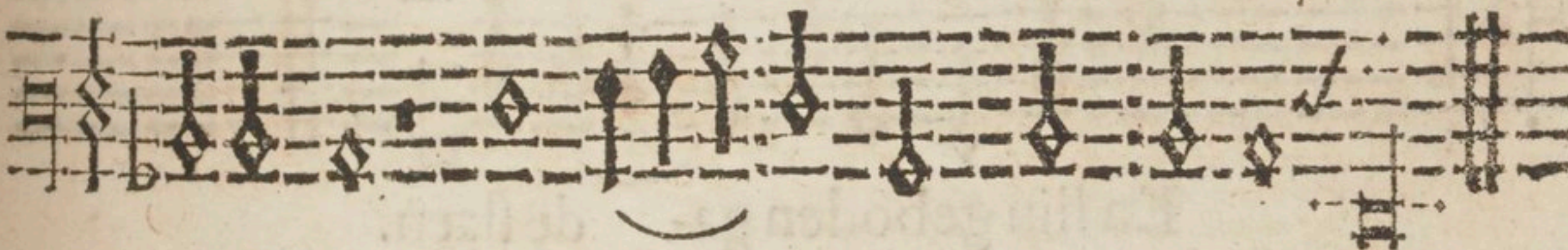
dom seer sijn: Gelooft zy hy en geacht Uyt den hemel



vol van kracht, In heerlickheyt hoogh verheven.



Looft hem in sijn wercken reyn, Die hy gewrocht



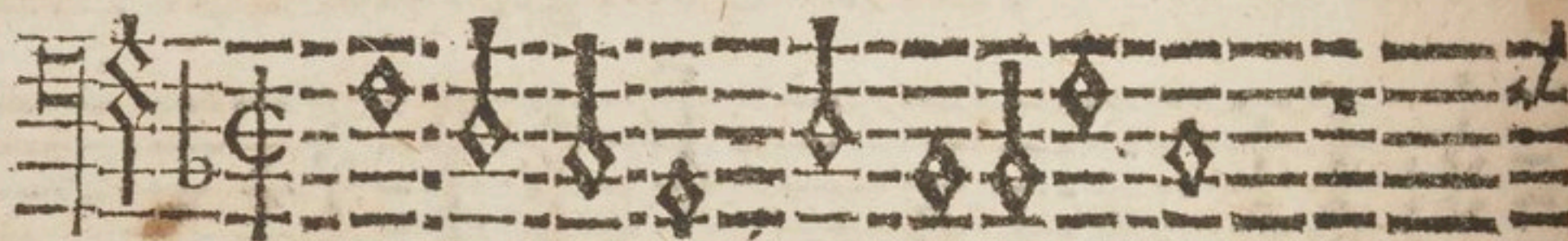
heeft alleyn, Die van sijn macht tuyg'nis geven.

Eynde der Psalmen Davids.

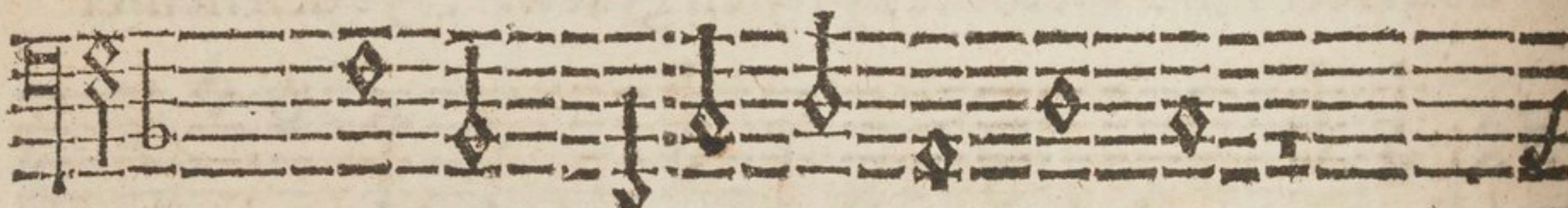
Bassus.

De tien Geboden des HEEREN,

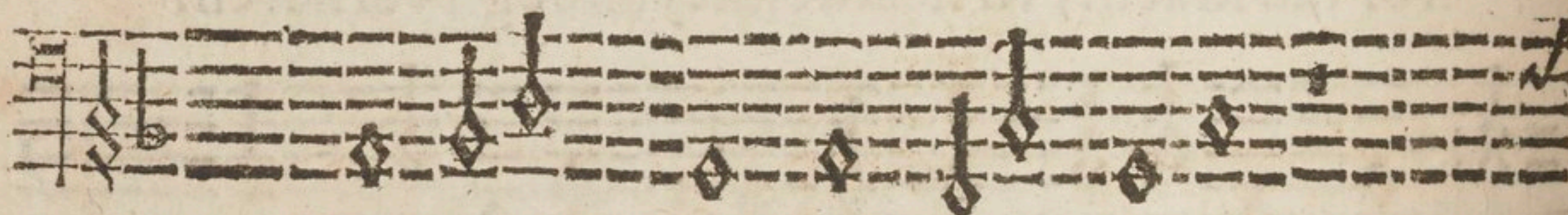
Exod. 20 : 1.



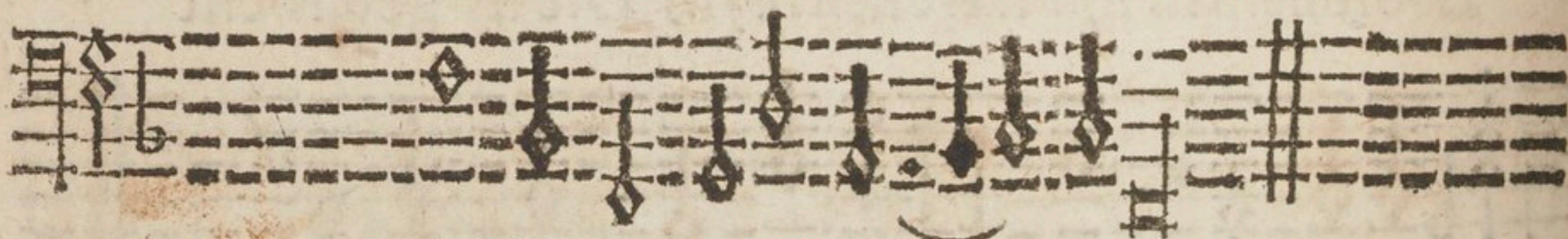
Eft op u hert, opent u ooren,



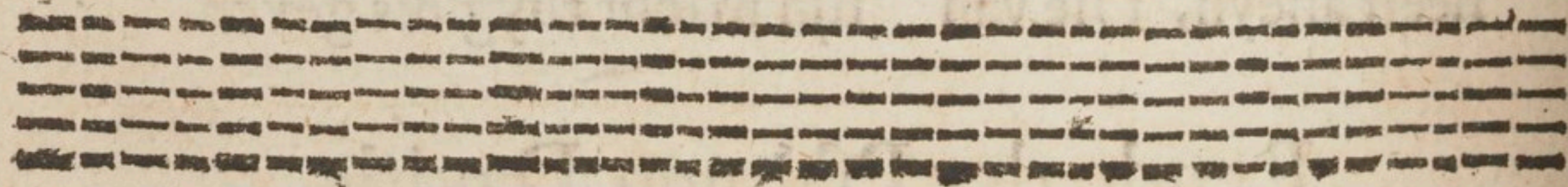
Gy hart volck en traeg in 't verstaen :



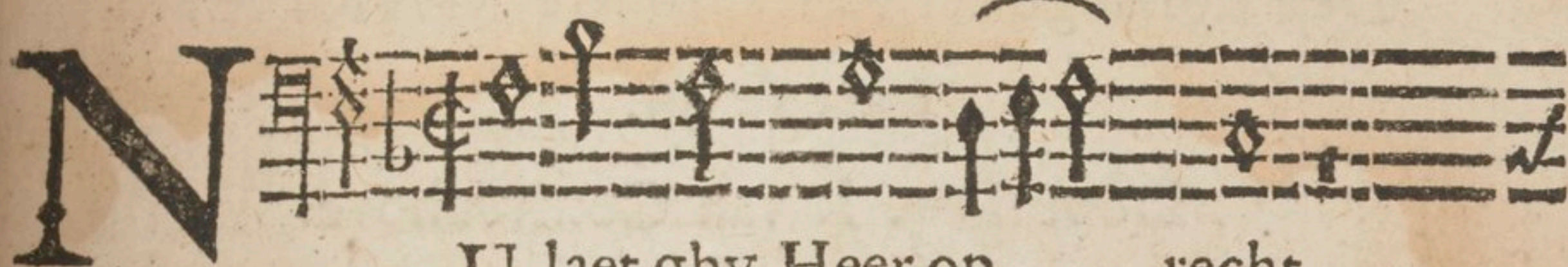
Wilt uwes Godts ftemme nu hooren,



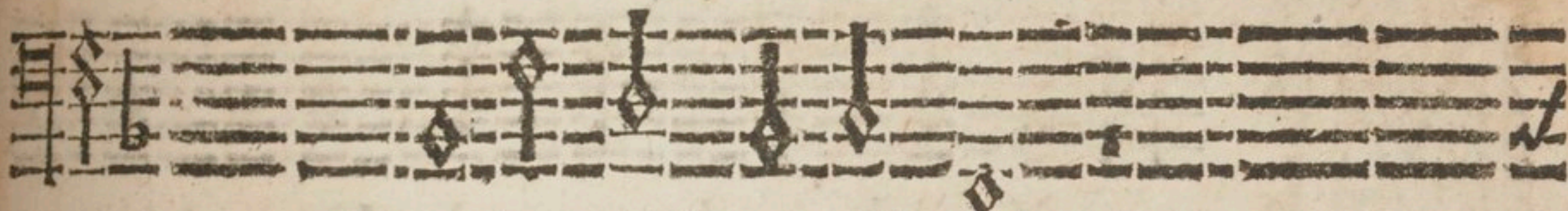
En fijn geboden ga- de flaen.



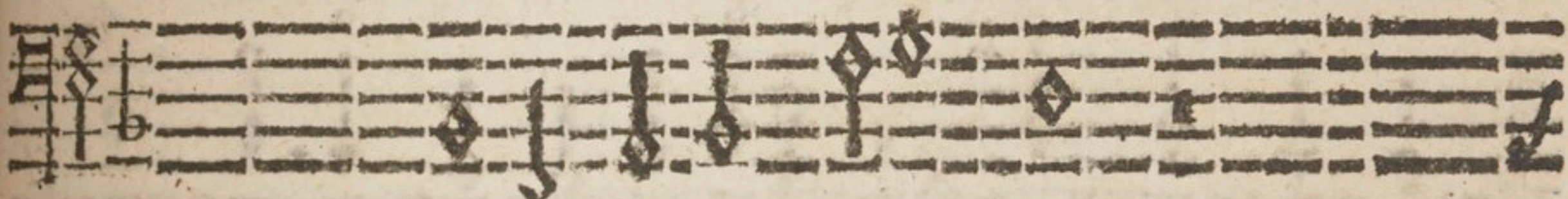
Luce 2: 29.



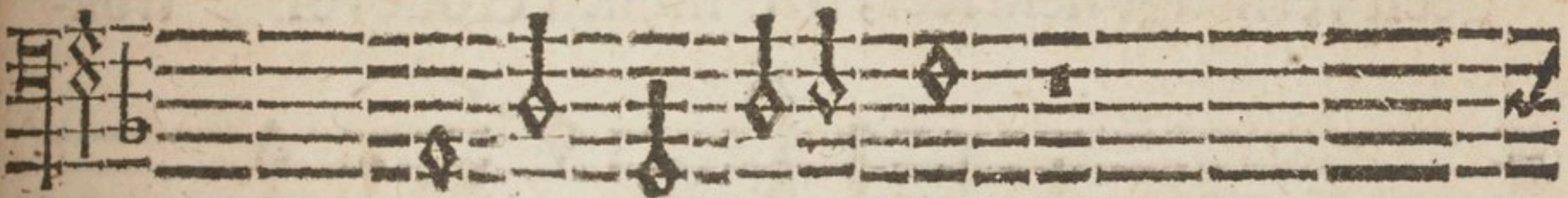
U laet ghy, Heer op- recht,



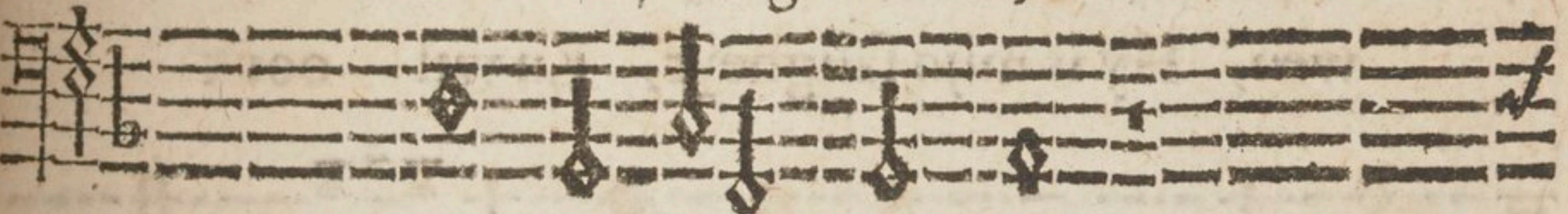
Gaen in vreed' uwen knecht,



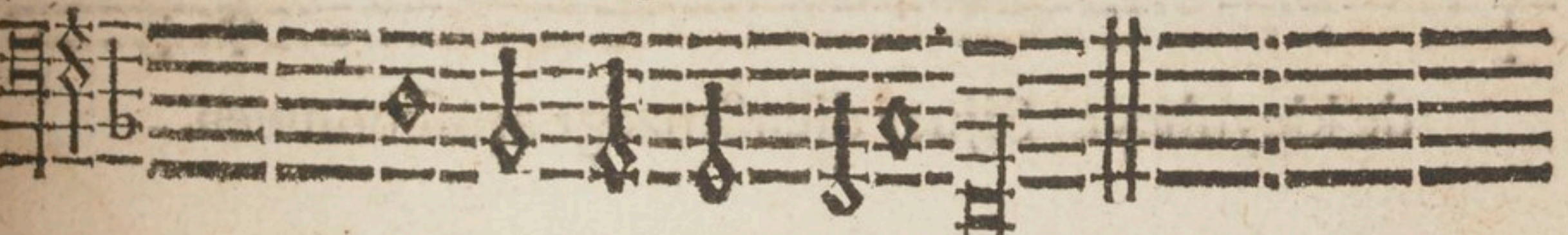
Na uw' beloft' gesta- digh,



Na dat mijn oogen klaer,



Hebben gezien voorwaer



Uwen Heylant genadigh.

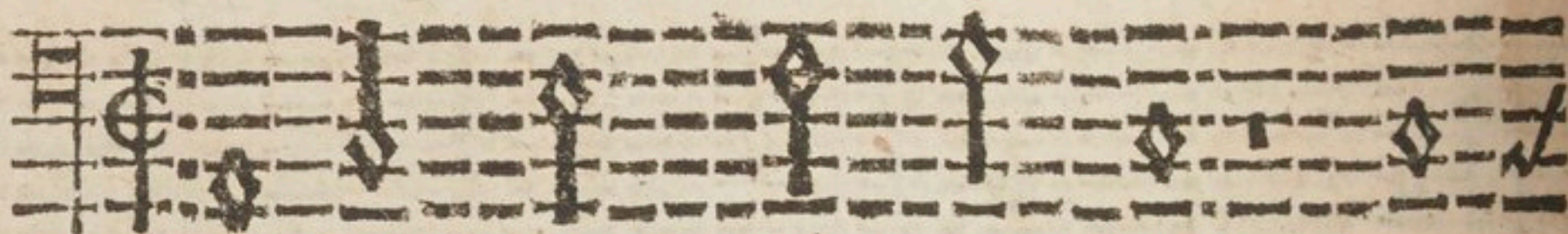
Bassus.

Den Loffangh der Ionckvrouwe M A R I Æ,

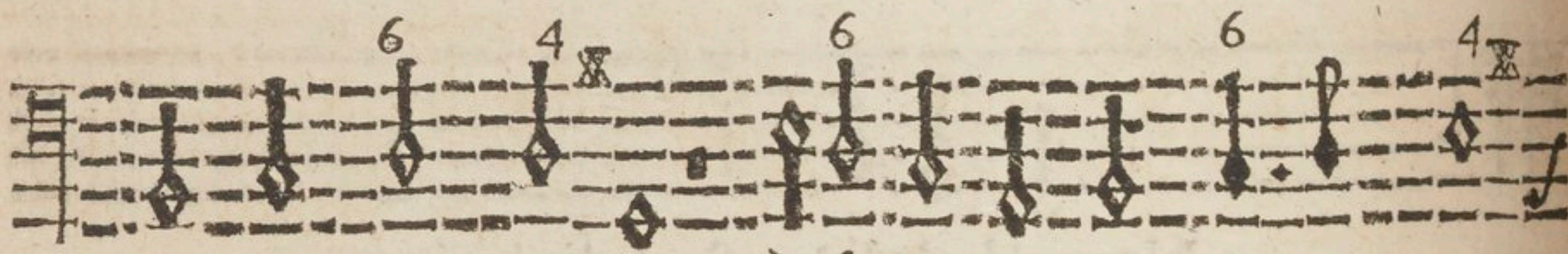
Luce I : 46.

Door D^m. I. van Couwenhove.

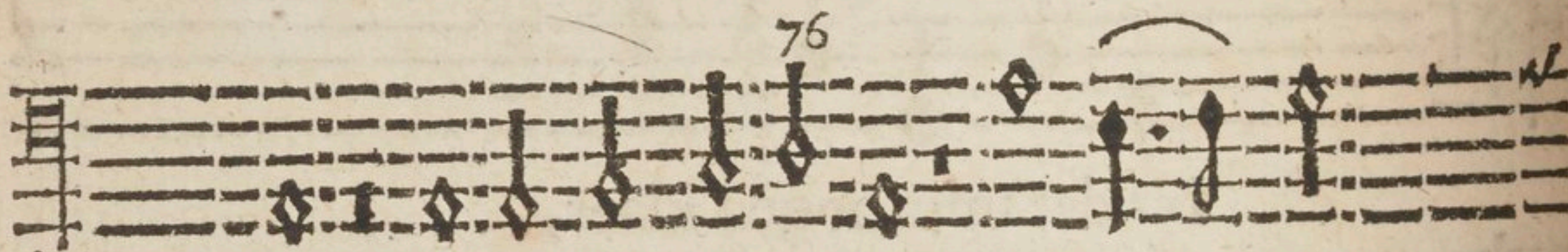
6



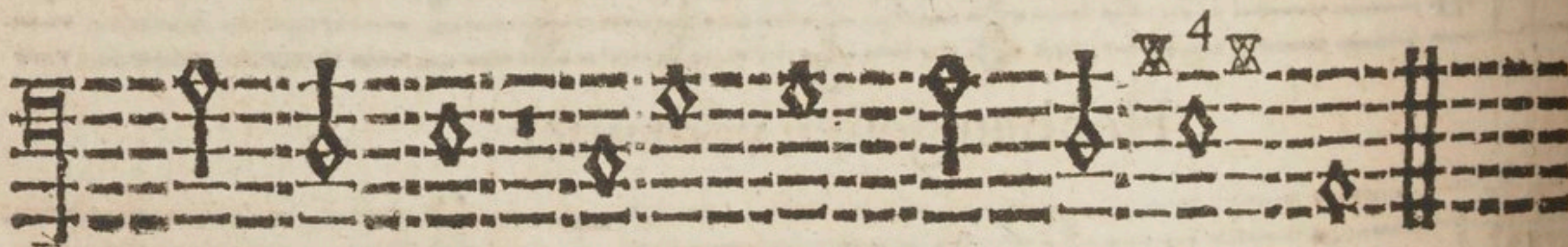
Yn ziel maeckt groot den Heer, Mijn



geeft verheugt hem seer, In mijnen Godt vol trou-



wen, Hy is mijn saligheyt, En wil oock



de kleynheyt Sijner dienstmaegt aenschouwen.

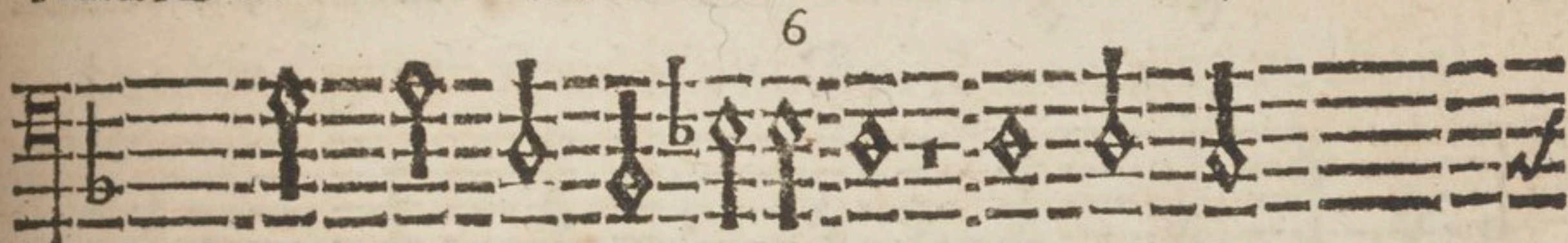
't Gebedt onses Heeren JESU CHRISTI,

Matth. 6 : 9.

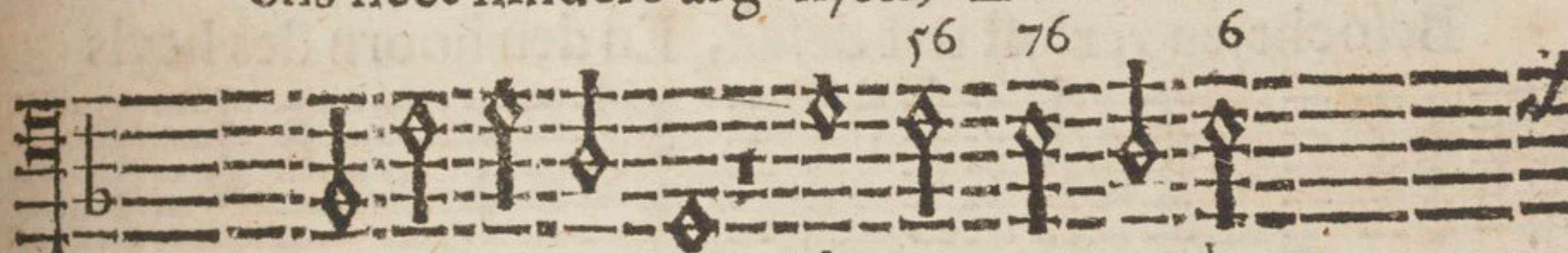
Idem.



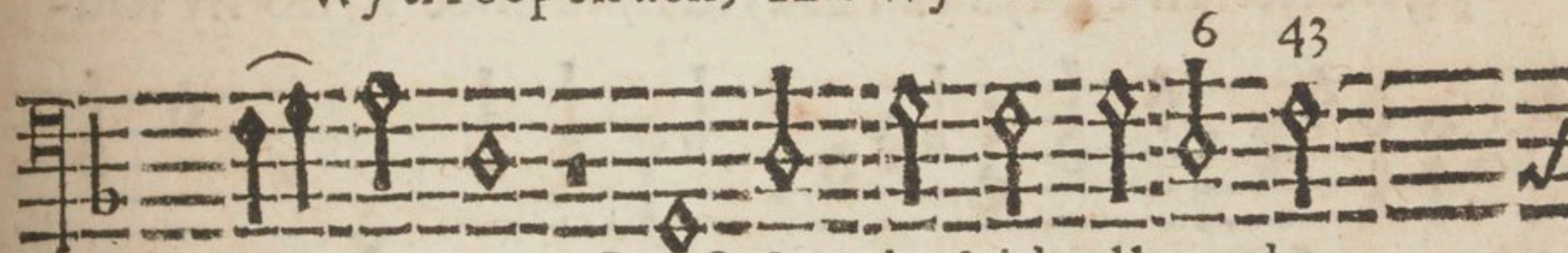
Nse Vader in He- melrijck, Die



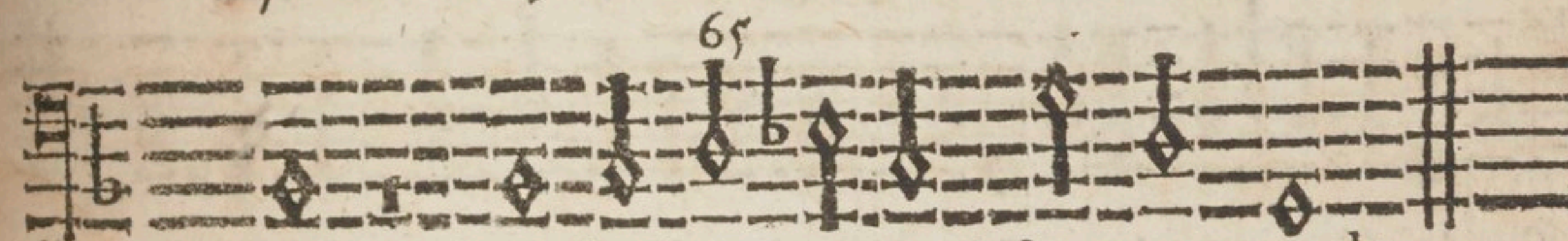
ons heet kinders algelijck, En wilt dat



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.

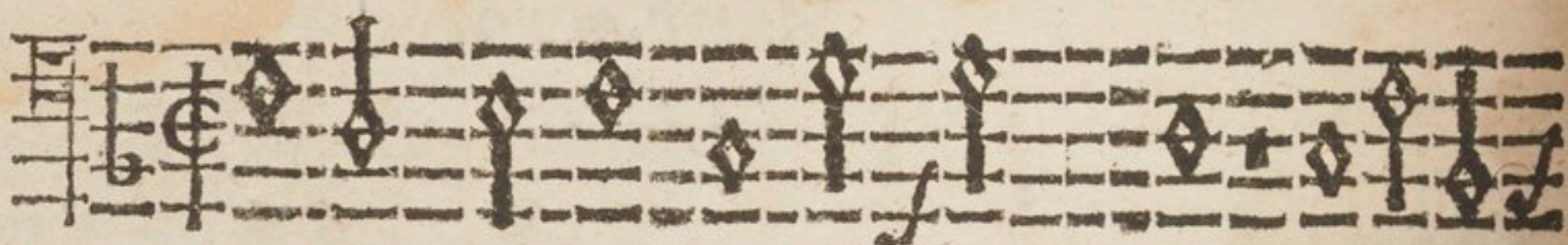
Bassus.

Den Loffang ZACHARIAE,

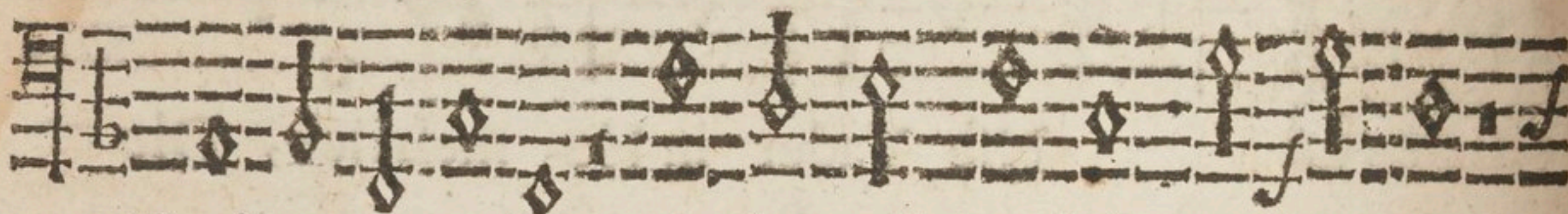
Luce 1: 68.

Door C. de Leeuw, Edammer.

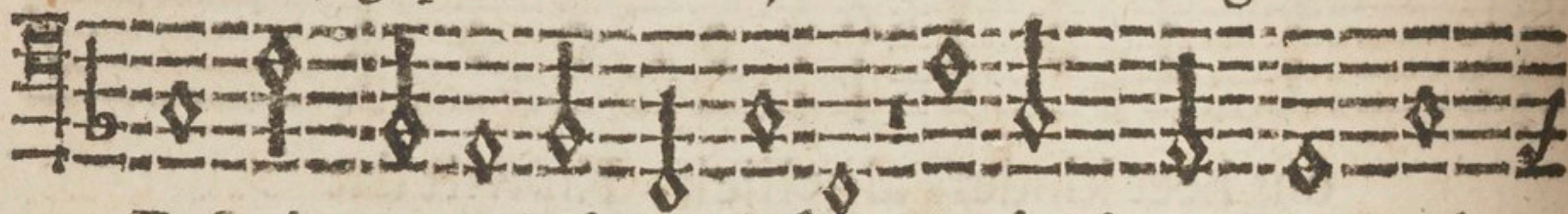
D



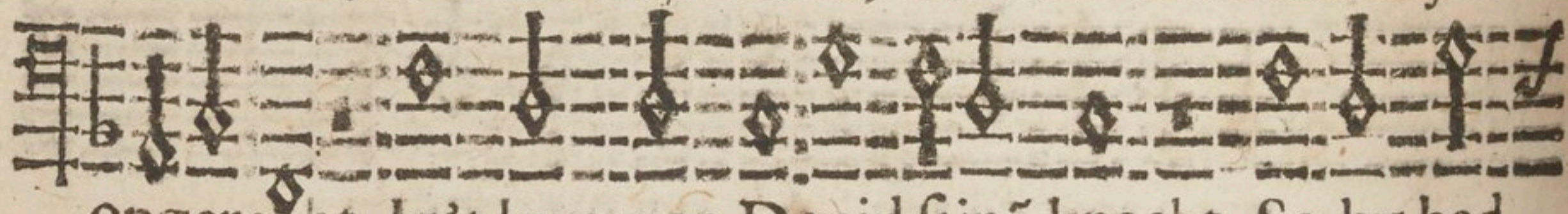
At doch de Heer zy gemaekt groot, Israëls



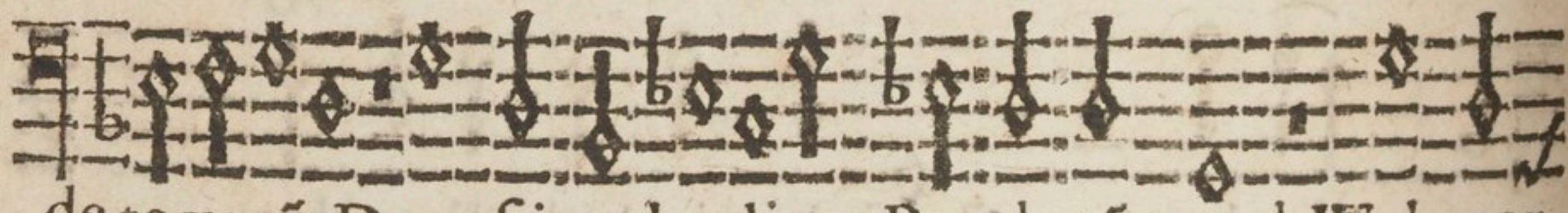
Godt zy gepresen, Die sijn volk heeft in angst en nood



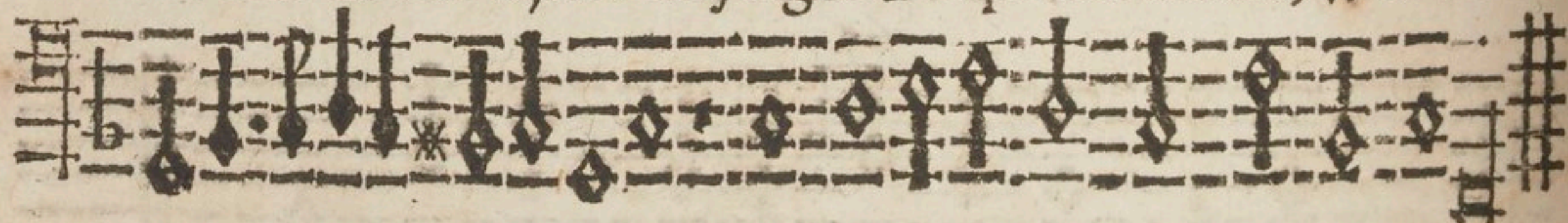
Befocht, en verlost uyt desen, En den hoorn des heyls



opgerecht In't huys van David sijne knecht, So hy had-



de te vorē Door sijner heyliger Prophetē mond, Wel voor-



seyd tot meniger stond, Dē vaderē van hem uytverkoren.

Dat is,

Een korte Bekentenisse des waren Christelicken Geloofs.

Idem.

Ick geloof in God, Vader almachtigh,

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

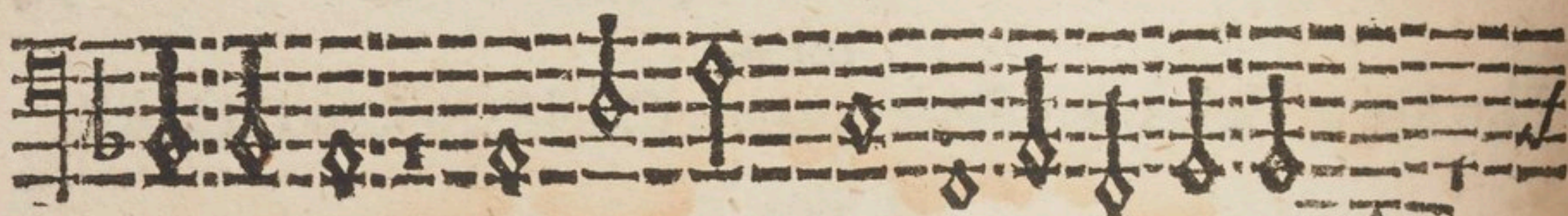
Christum sijn Soon alleyn, Onsen Heer, ontfan-

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

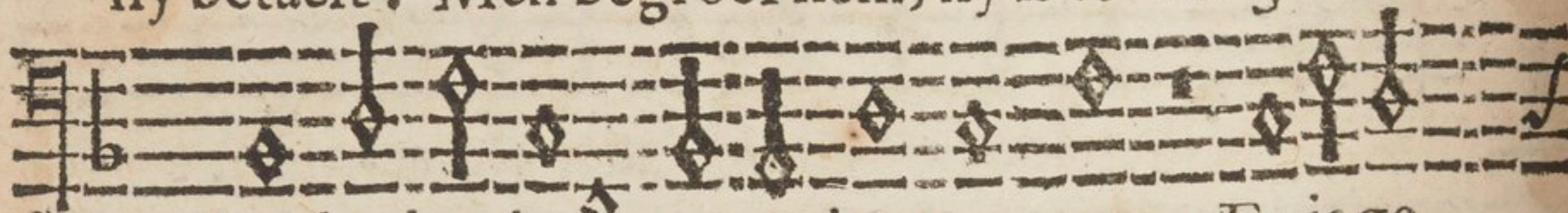
ri- a de Maeght goet: Onder Pilatus leedt hy

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

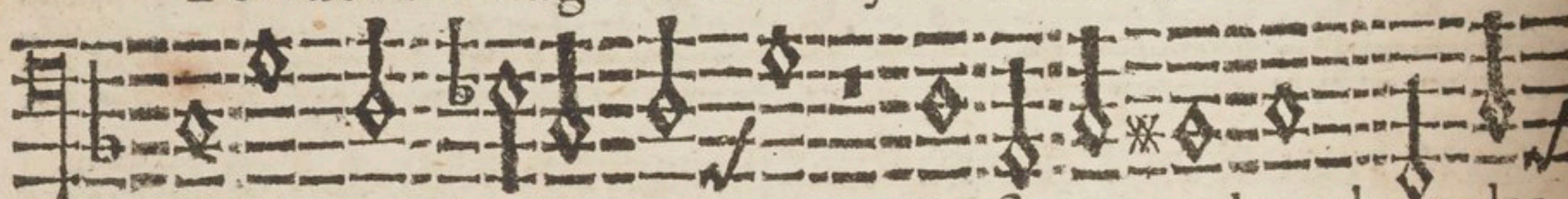
hy



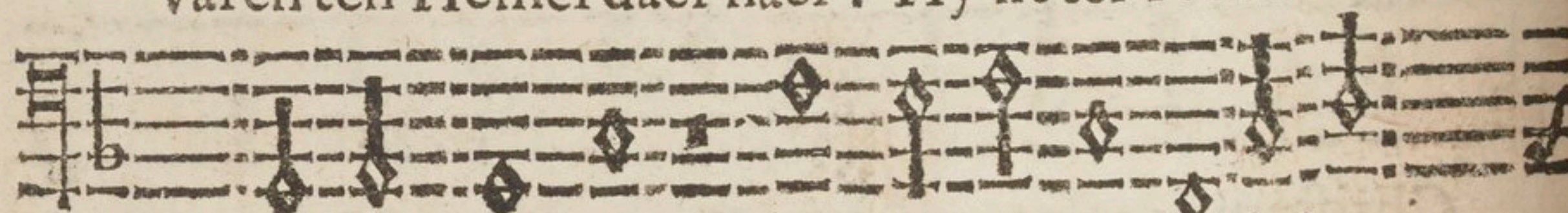
hy betaelt : Men begroef hem, hy is ter hel gedaelt :



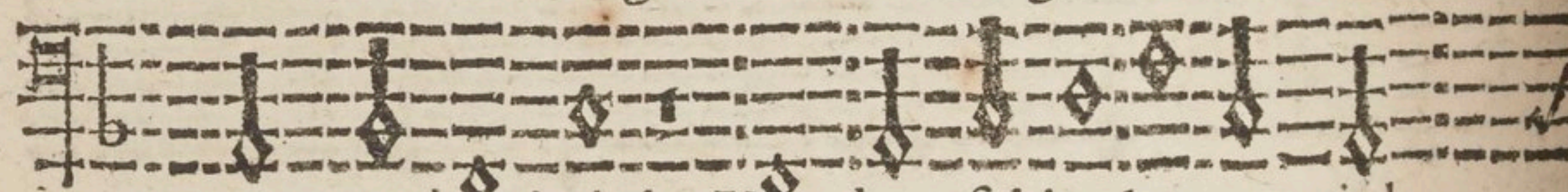
Ten derden dage verrees hy voorwaer, En is ge-



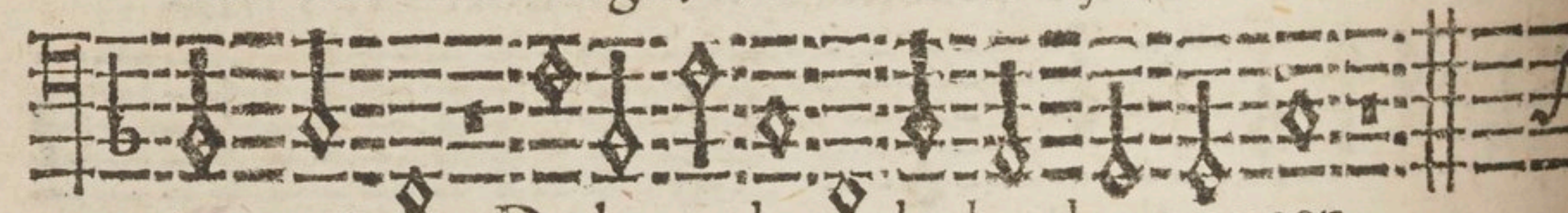
varen ten Hemel daer naer : Hy sit ter rechter hant des



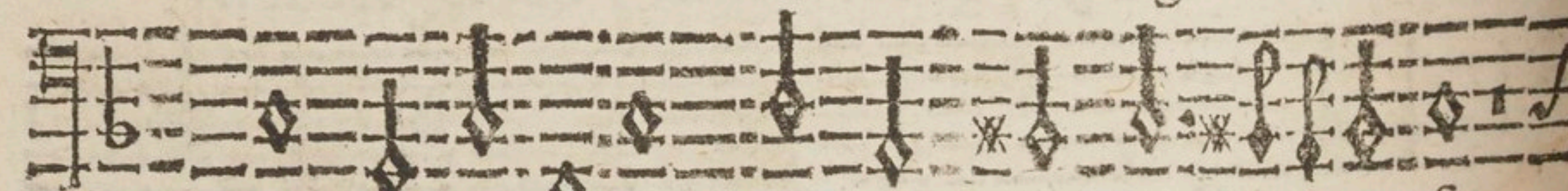
Vaders krachtigh, Die 't al regeert ende be-



waert eendrachtigh, Van daer sal hy komen rich-



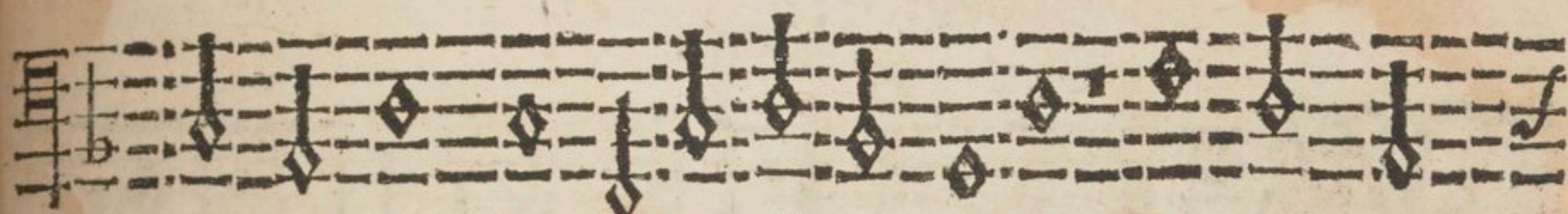
ten met een De levende en de dooden gemeen.



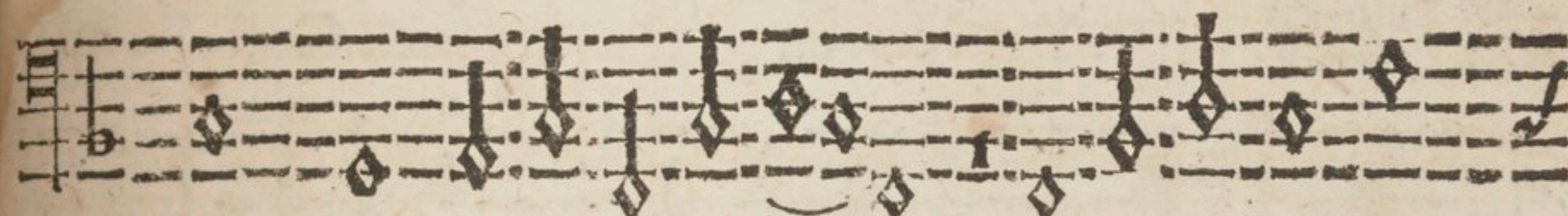
2 Ick Geloof in den Heyl'gen Geest ge- pre- sen
Dat-



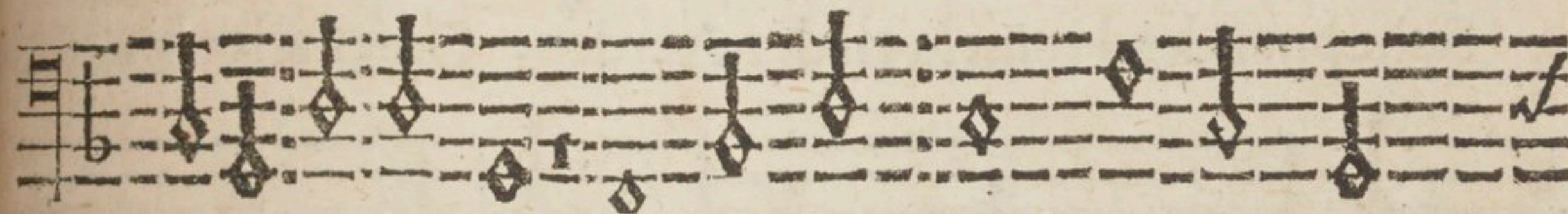
Datter een Christen-kerck is, en sal wesen. Een



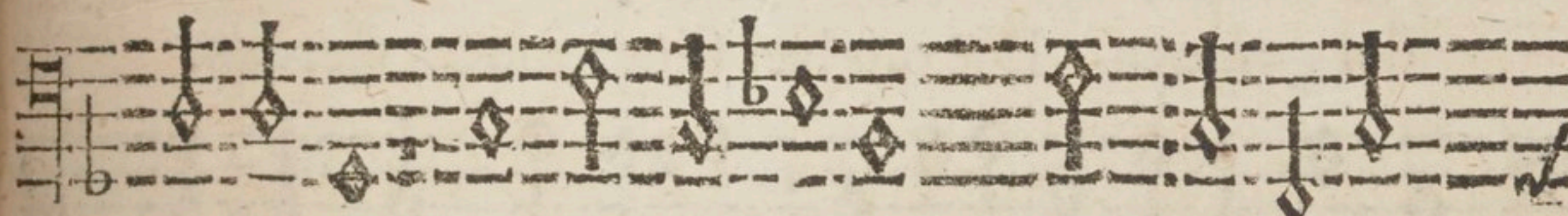
versaem'ling der Geloovigen t'same, Een gemeyn-



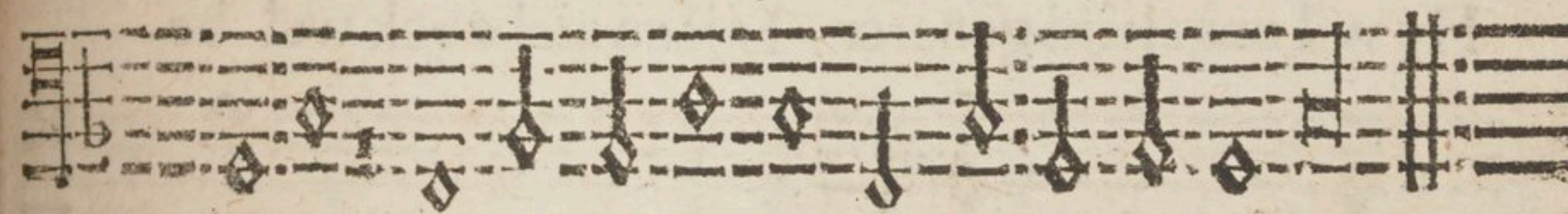
schap der Heyligen bequame. Een vergeving van



onse sonden al. En dat dit vleesch heerlick ver-



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



erven. Op dit geloof wil ick leven en sterven.

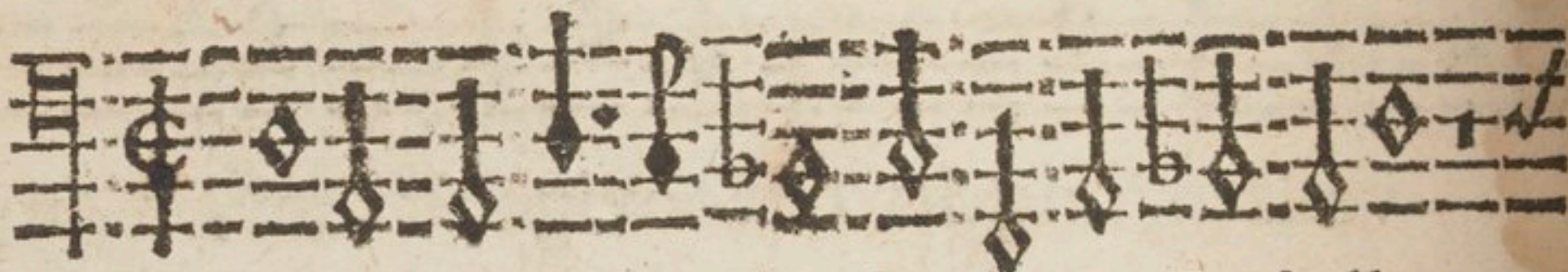
Bassus.

De Artijckelen des Christelijcke Geloofs,

Overgelet uyt den Hooghduytsche

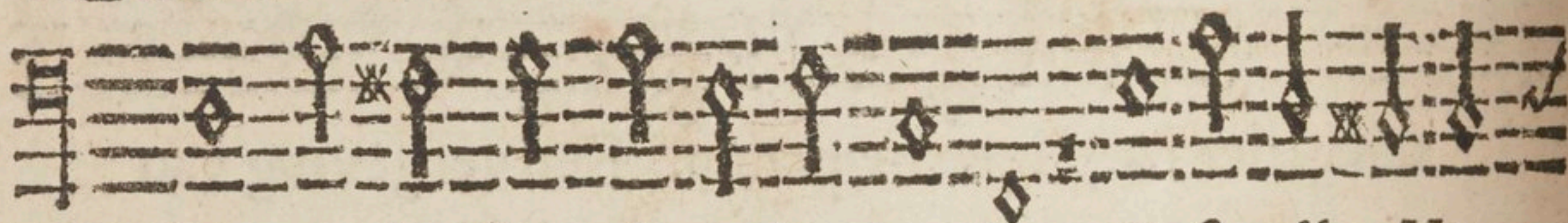
door JAN UYTENHOVE.

Idem.

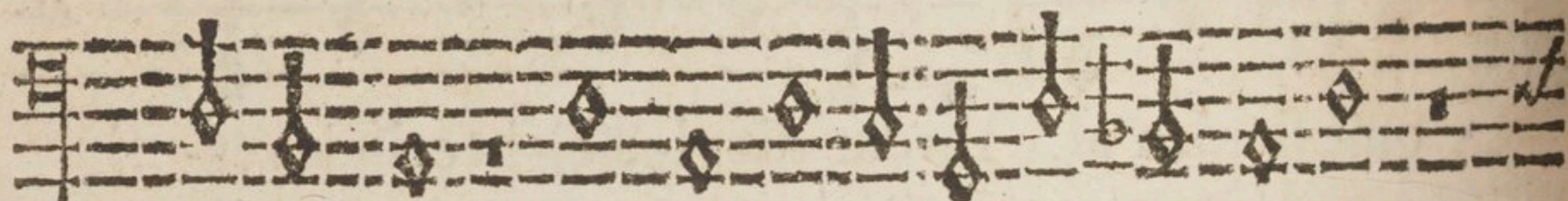


Y gelooven

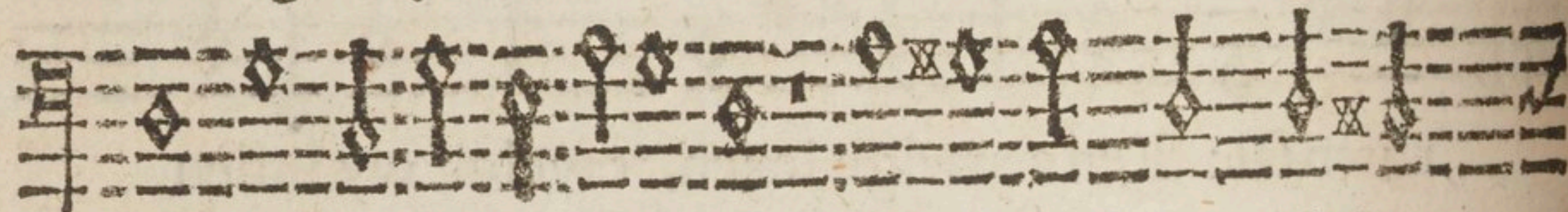
in eenen God alleyn,



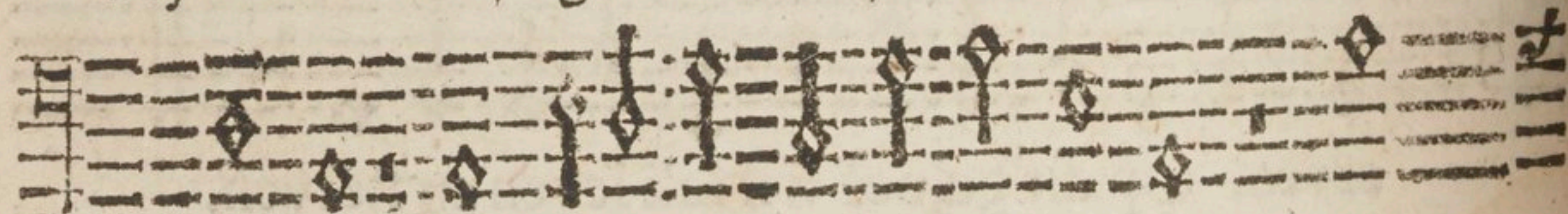
Schepper des Hemels en der Aerden, Onser aller Va-



der gemeyn, Die ons laet sijne kinders werden.

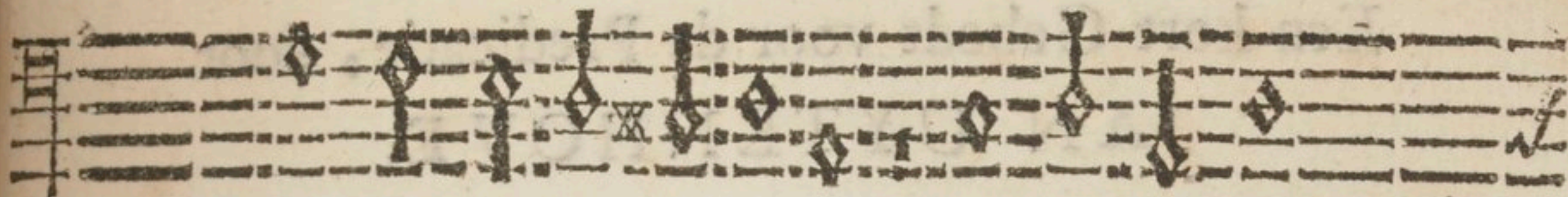


Hy wil ons altijd generen, Lijfen ziel oock wel be-

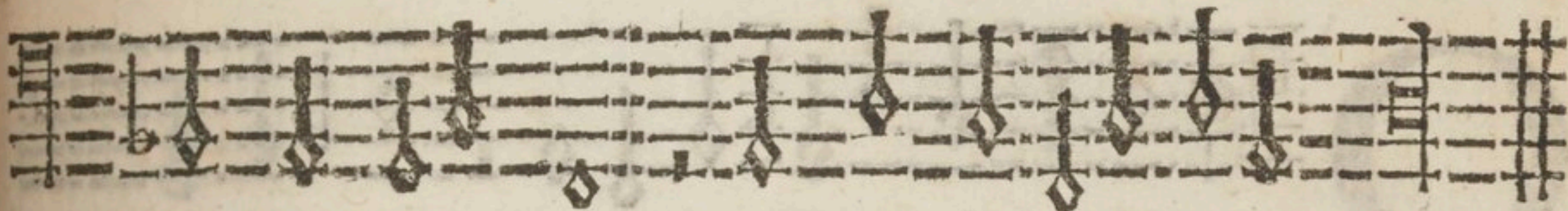


waren; All' ongeval wil hy ons weeren, Geen

leedt



leedt sal ons tegen-varen : Hy forget voor

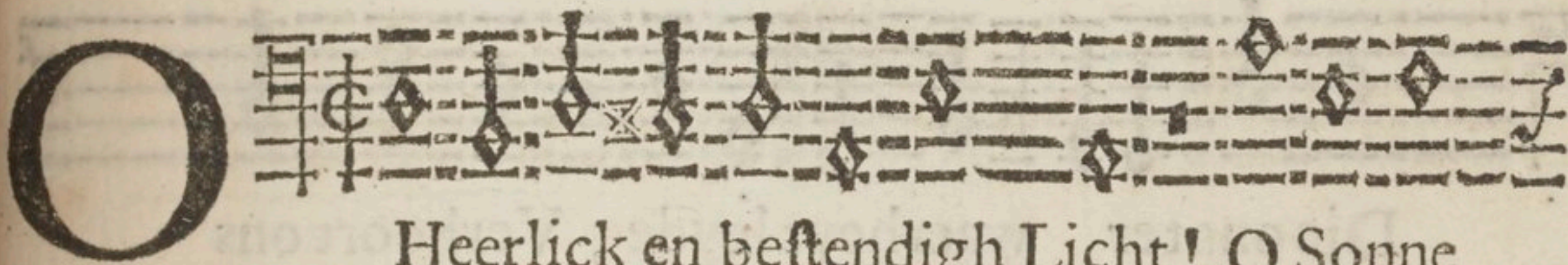


ons dagh ende nacht ; Het staet alles in sijner macht.

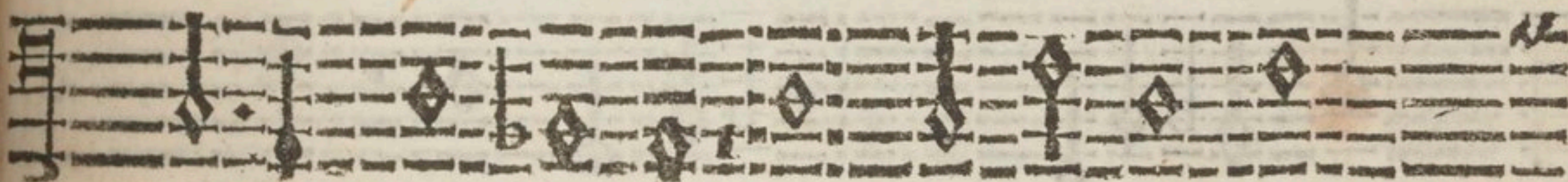
Het Morgen Gebedt.

Stem : Psalm 9.

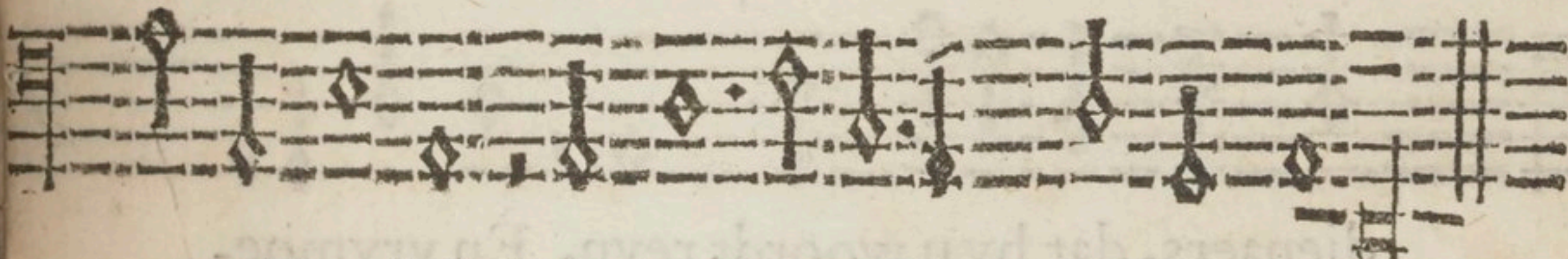
Idem.



Heerlick en bestendigh Licht ! O Sonne



van ons swack gesicht ! O Schepper van dees



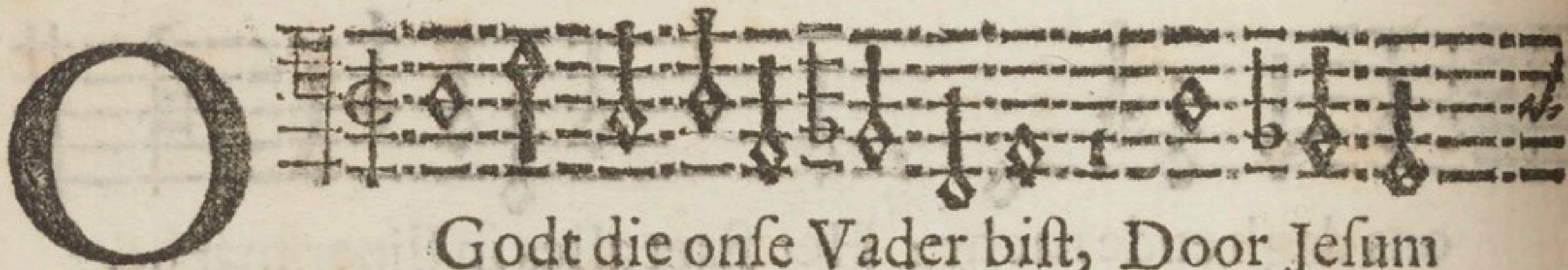
groote Ronde ! Wy dancken u uyt 's herten gronde.

L

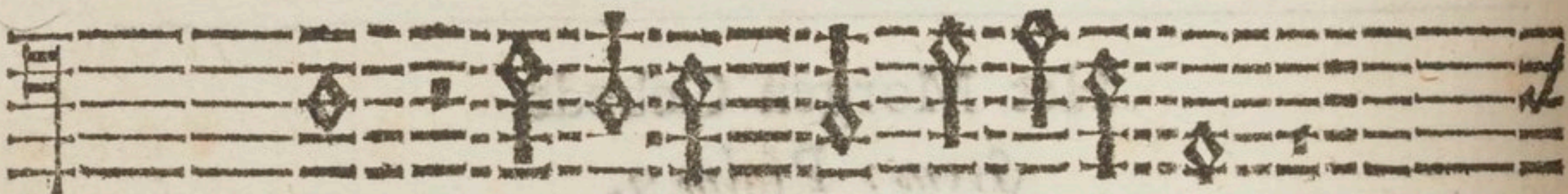
Bassus.

Een kort Gebedt voor de Predicatie, door
JAN UYTENHOVE.

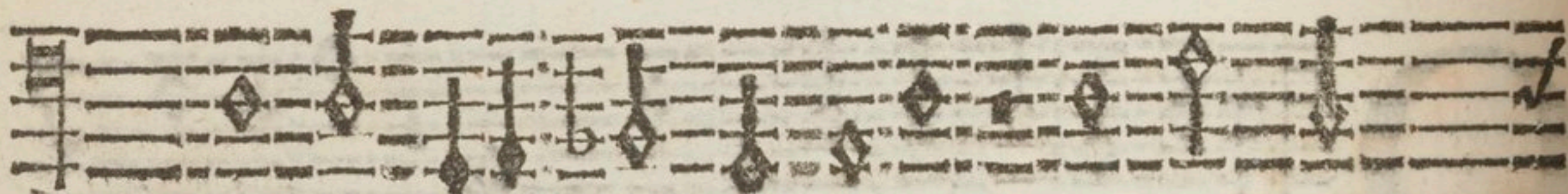
Idem.



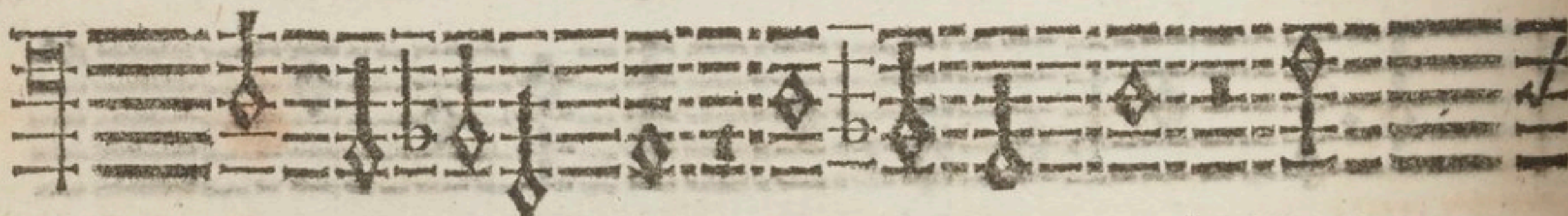
Godt die onse Vader bift, Door Jefum



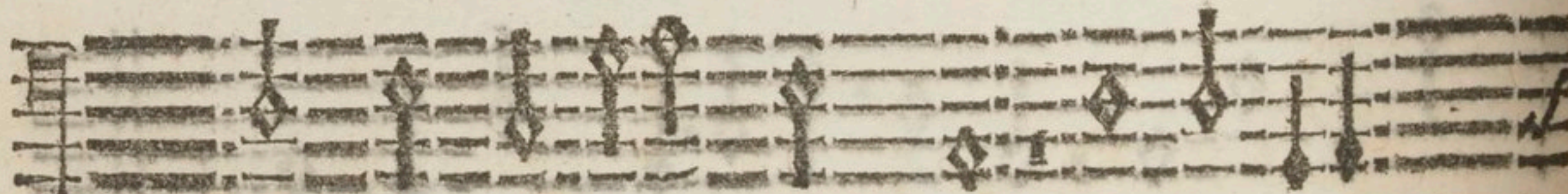
Chrift, Geeft uwen Geest ons algemeyn,



Die ons ter waerheyt leyde; Verhoort ons

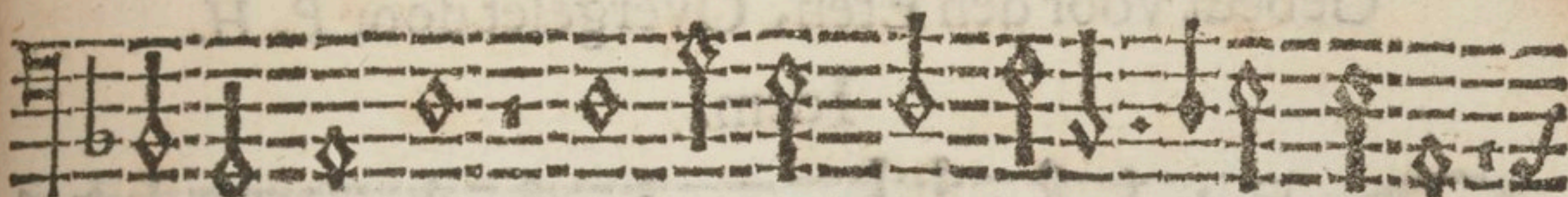


doch tot dezer ftondt, Opent den mondt Uw's

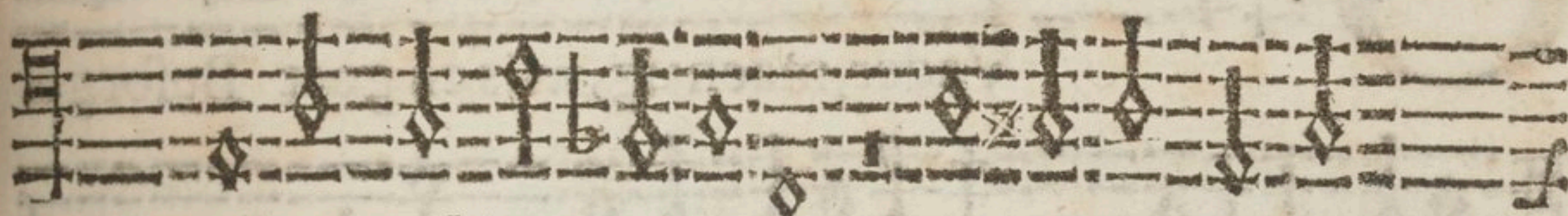


dienaers, dat hy u woordt reyn, En vrymoe-

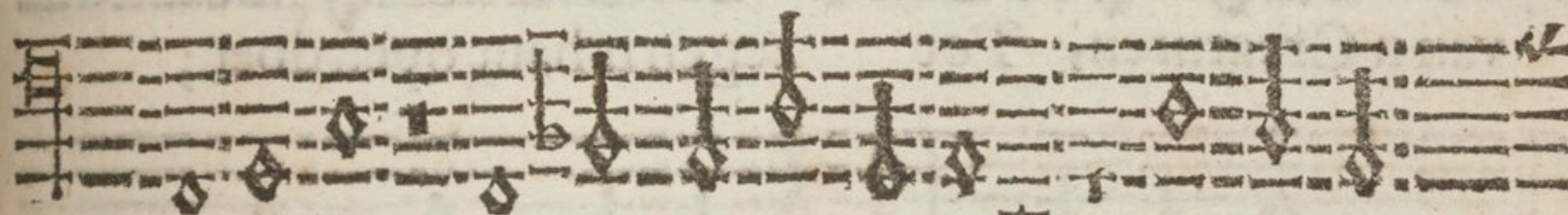
digh



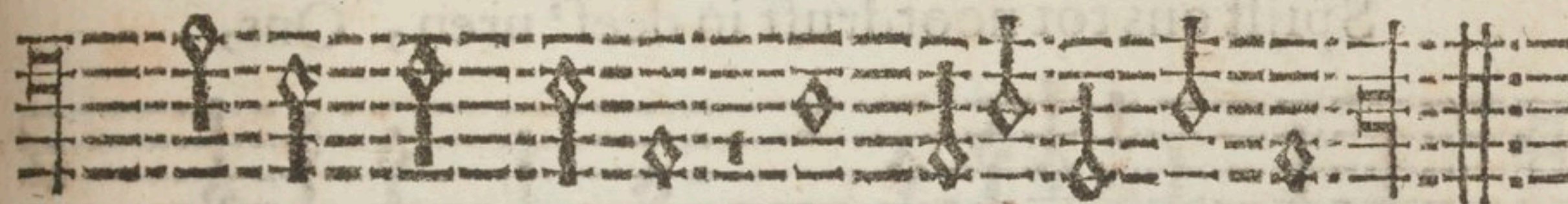
digh verbreyde: Daer toe, ô Heer gena- delick,



Opent onf' hert en ooren, Dat wy dat hooren



vlijtelick, En trouwelick bewaren; Op dat wy

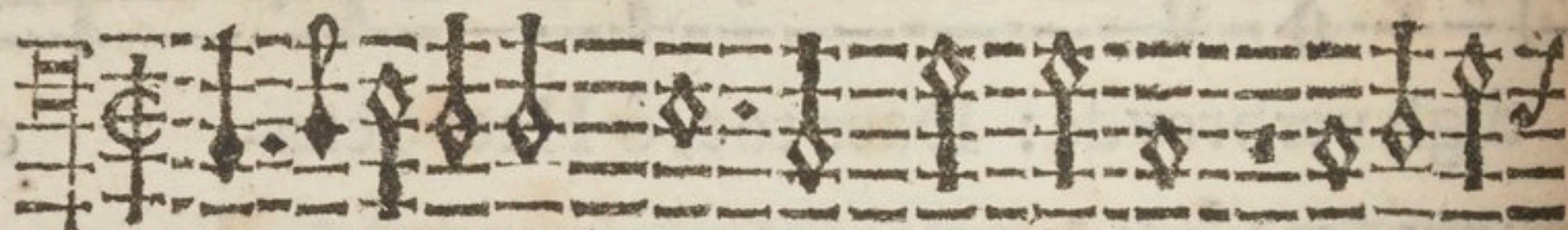


mogen vruchtbaerlick Uw' lof altijd verklaren.

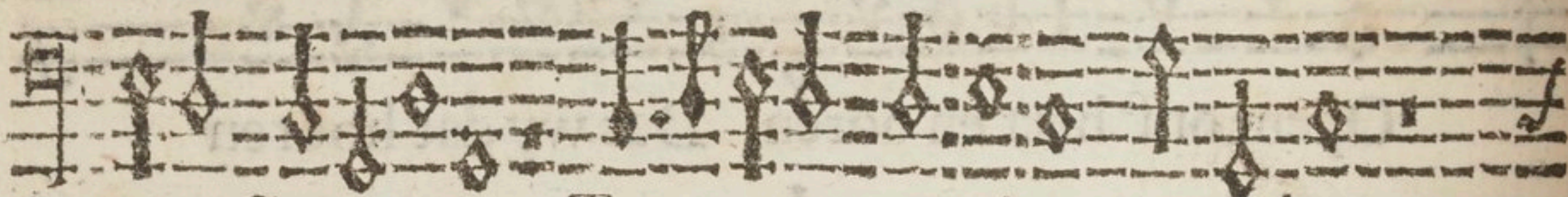
Bassus.

Gebedt voor den Eten, Overgeset door P. H.

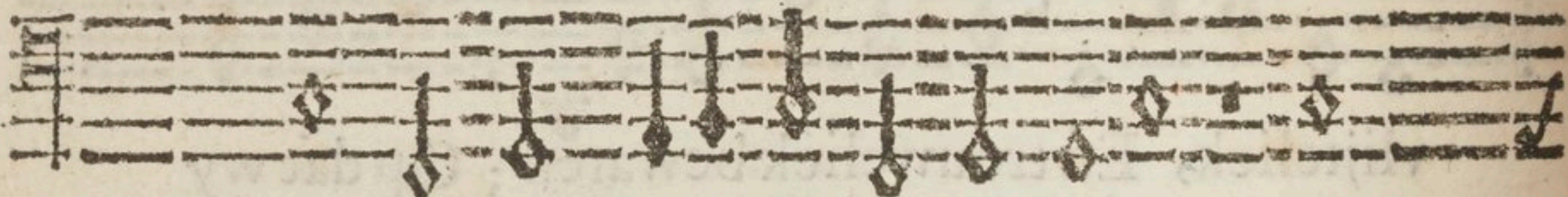
Idem.



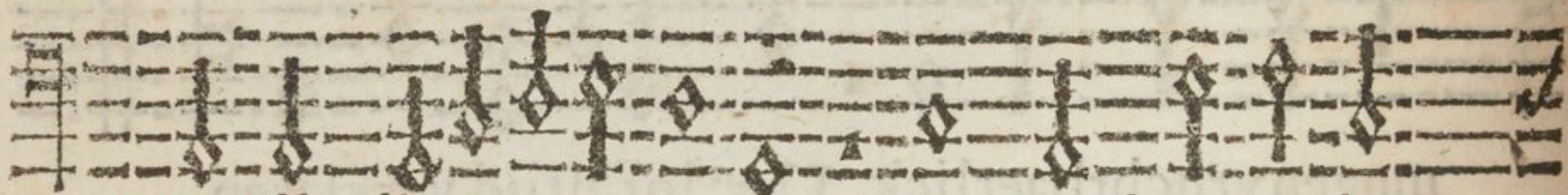
Vader, machtig, wijs en goet Beforger



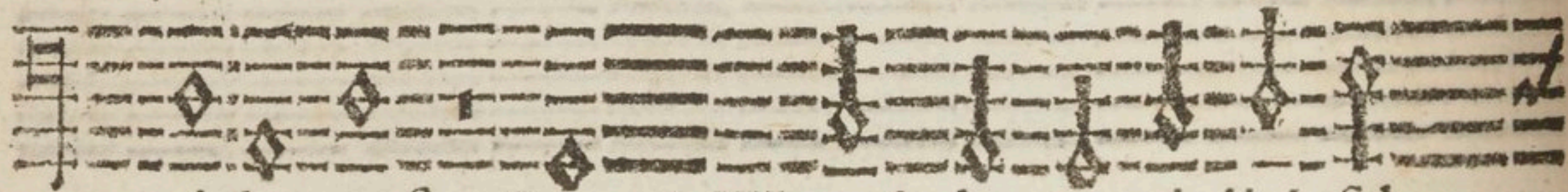
van u Creaturen, Tot zegen u hant open doet ;



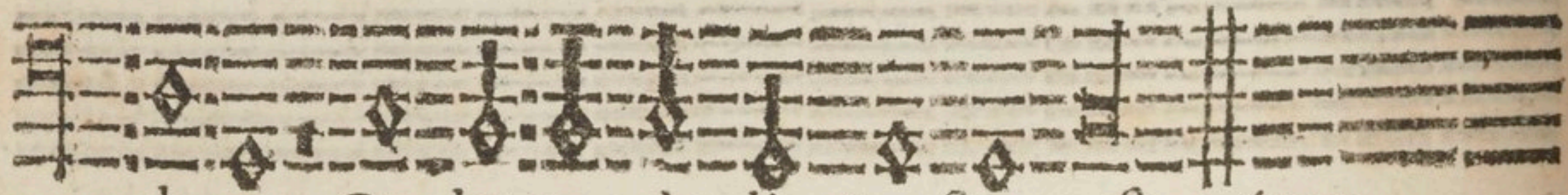
Spijst ons tot nootdrift in deef' uren , Ons,



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

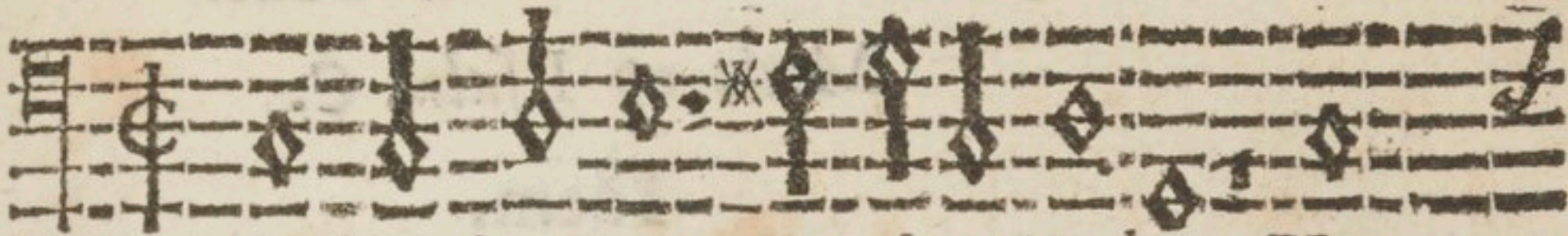


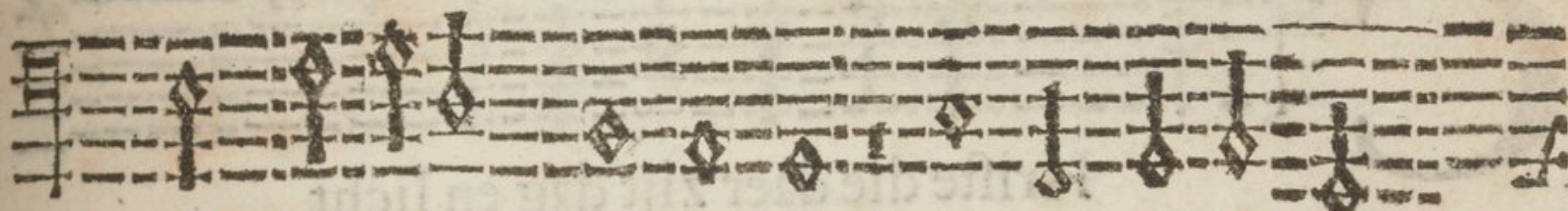
ziele meest, Door 't Woord, dat eeuwiglick sal



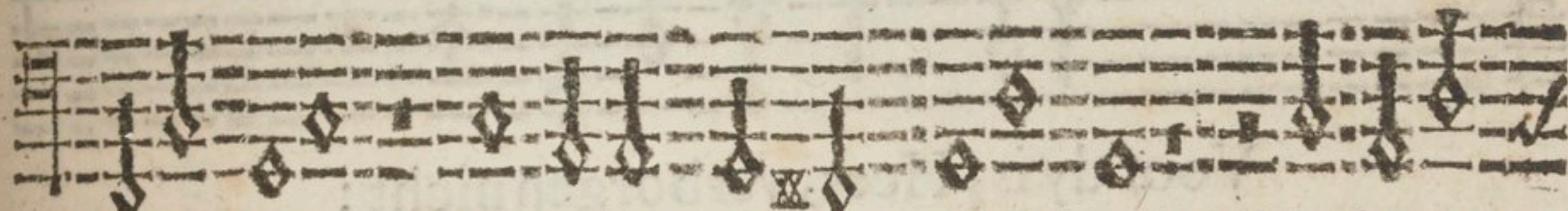
duren, Op dat u recht dien' onsen geest. Amen.

Idem.

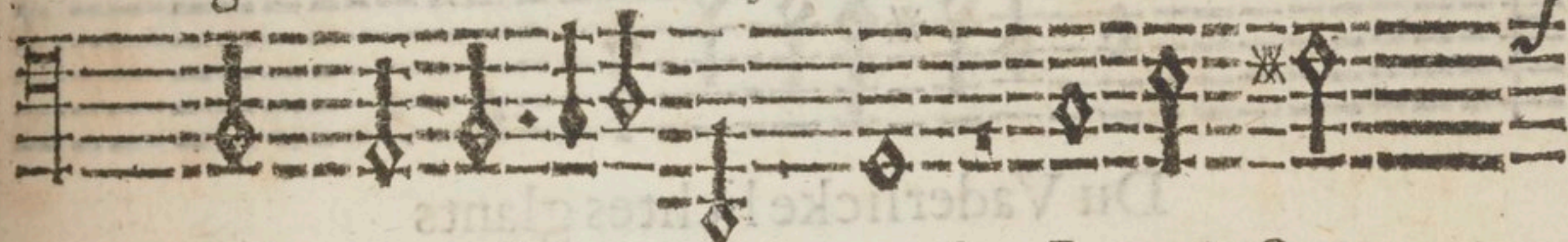
W  Y dancken u eeuwige Vader, Van



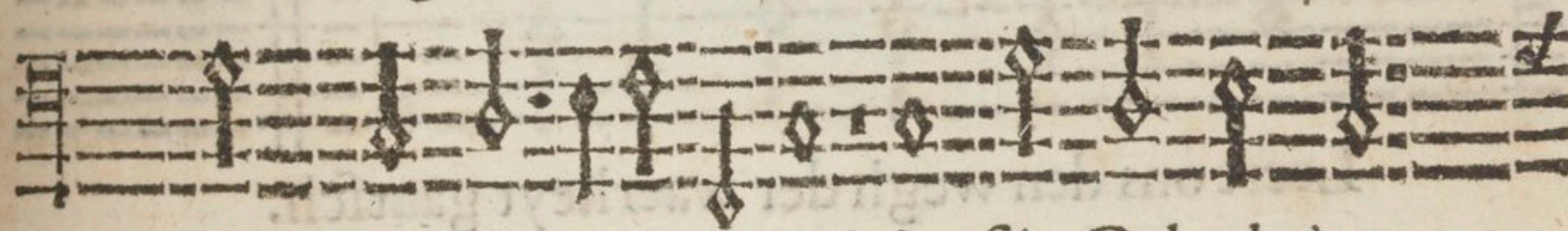
uw' weldaden vroeg en laet, Ons buygende voor



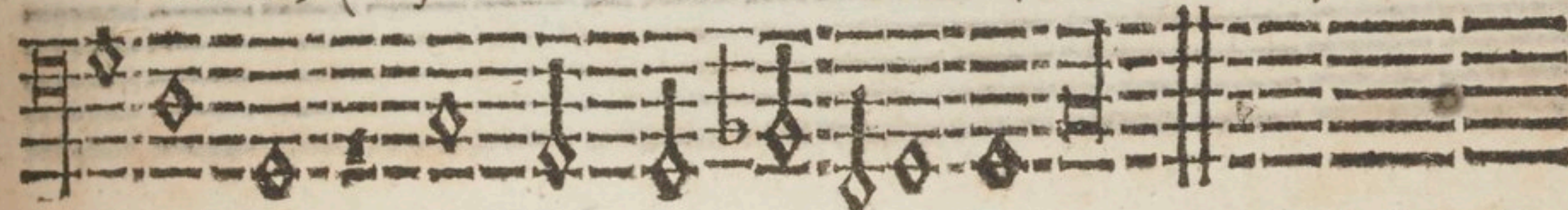
u te gader : Misdeden wy door overdaedt, Het is ons



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



naem, (wy bid- den u Met sijn Gebedt,) na



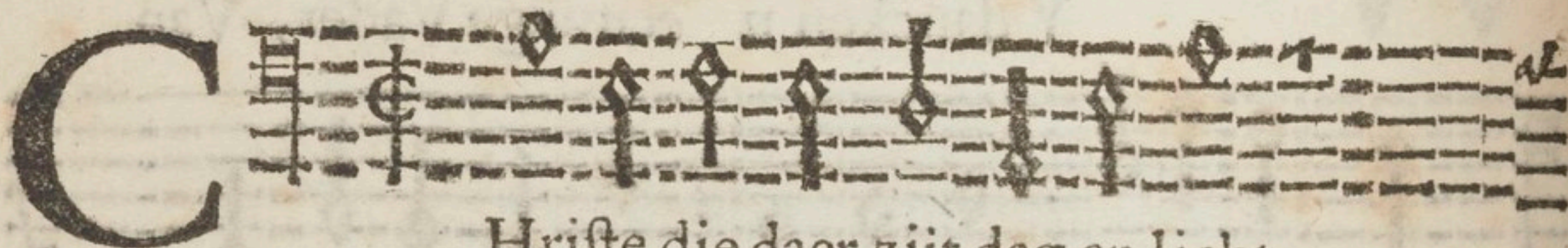
uwen raedt, Verhoort ons uyt genaden nu. Onse Vader, &c.

Bassus.

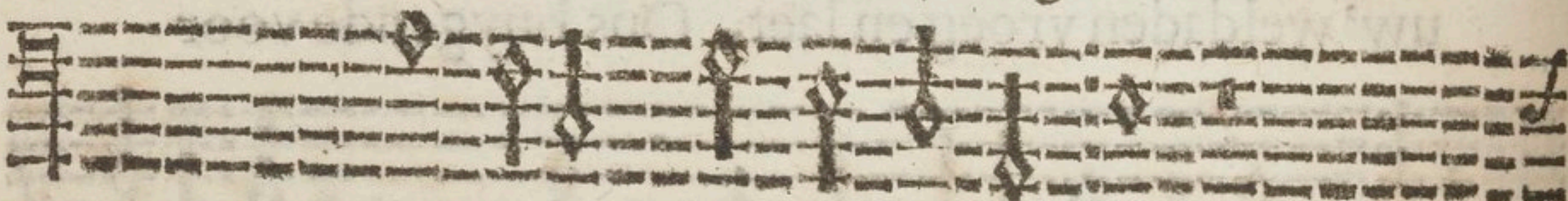
Het Avondt Gebedt.

Mede op Psalm C.

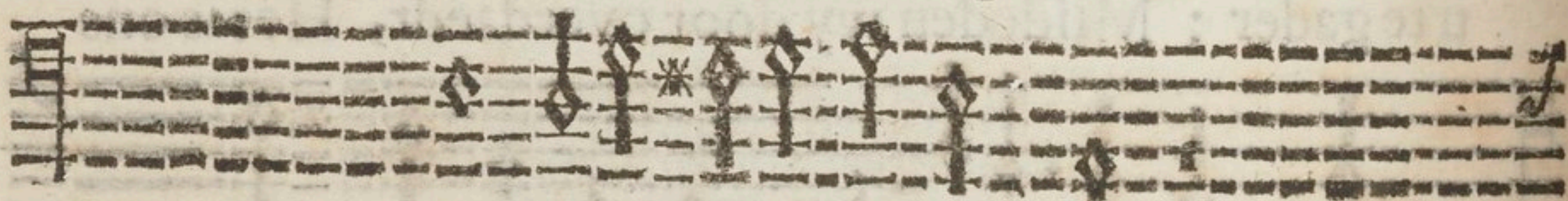
Idem.



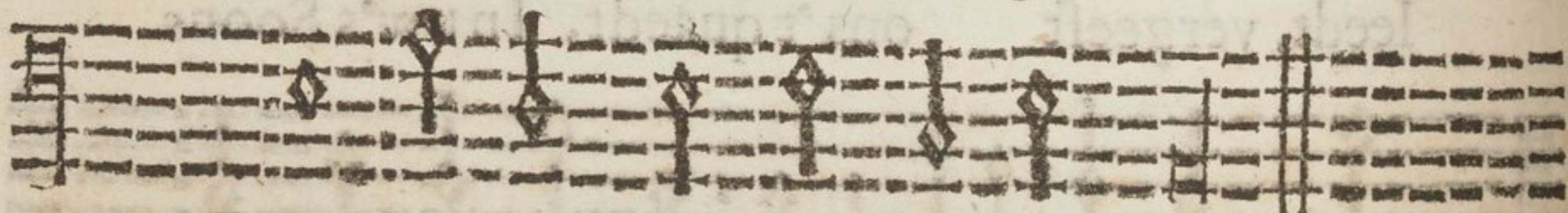
Hriste die daer zijt dag en licht



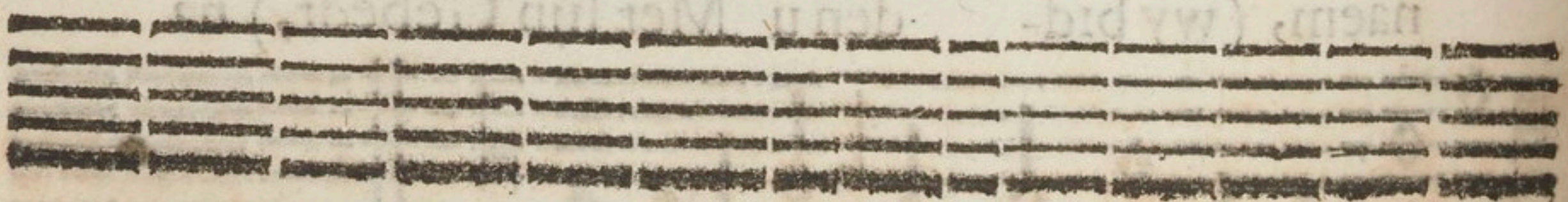
Voor dy is, Heer, verborgen nicht :



Du Vaderlicke lichtes glants



Leert ons den wegh der waerheyt gantsch.



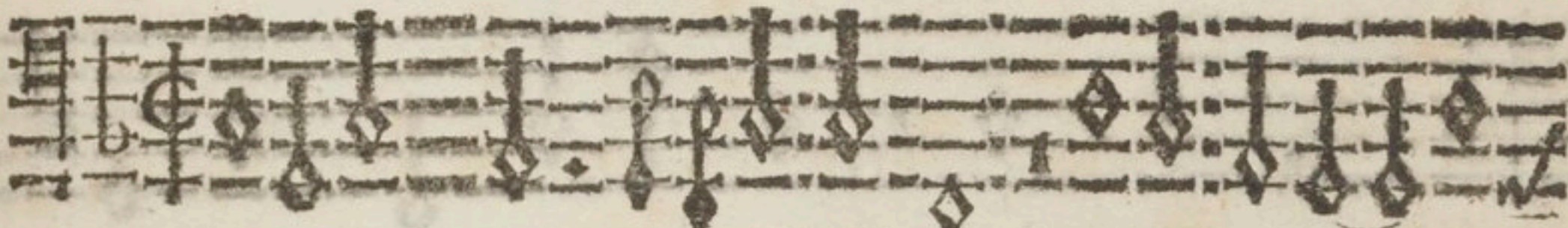
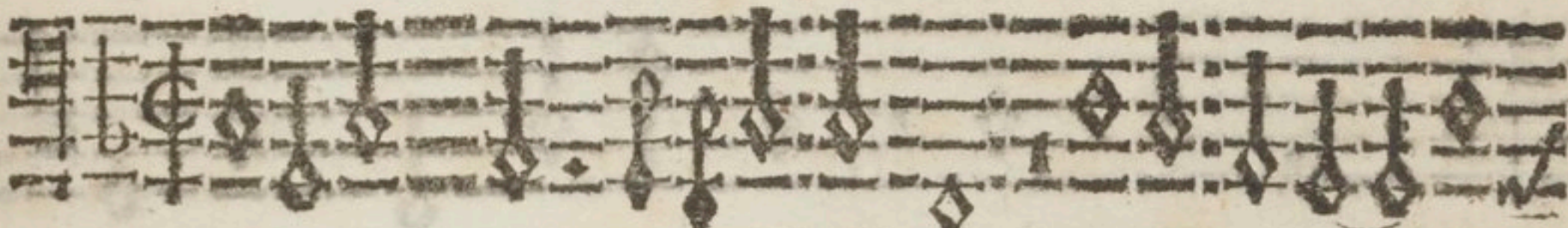
Een Eygen Geschrift

D A V I D S,

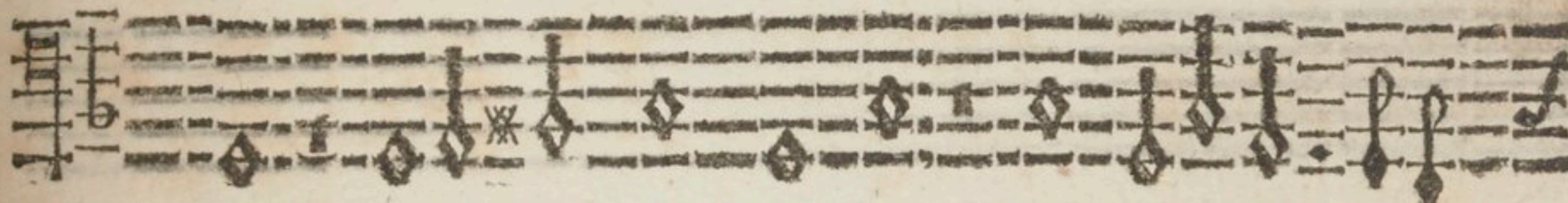
Boven 't getal der 150. Psalmen, uyt de Grieecke Bybels in
Nederduytschen Dichte gestelt, door

D. ABRAHAM vander MEER.

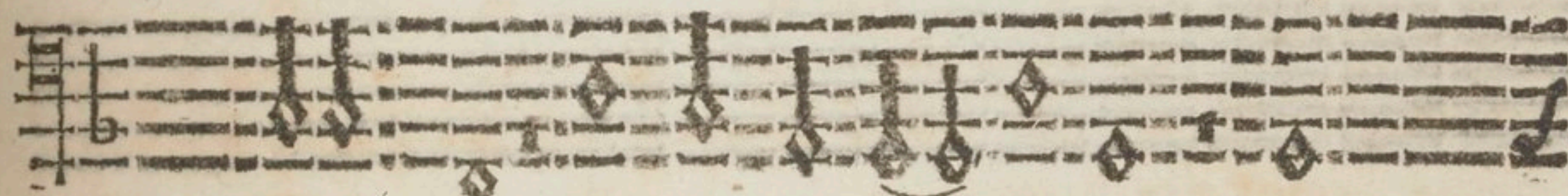
Stem : Psalm 19.

A  

Ls ik noch Jon- geling, Geachtet seer ge-



ring, By mijne broeders was, End' dagelicks

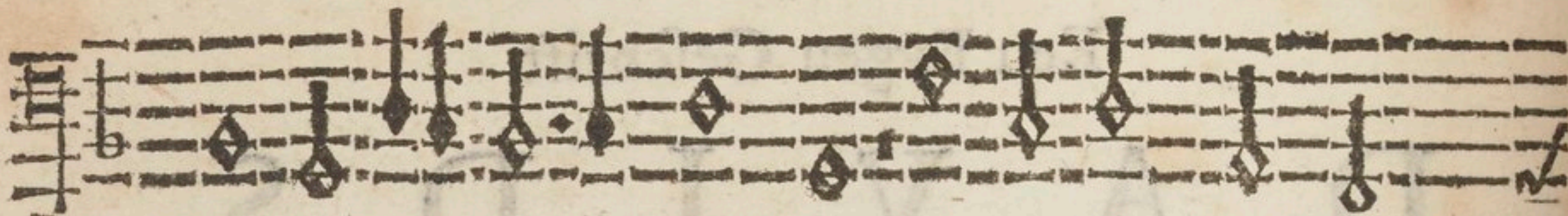


nam waer, De schapen hier en daer Gaen

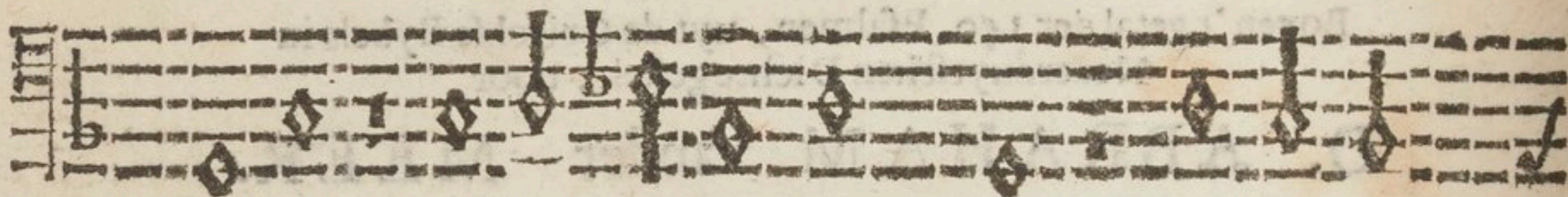


weydend' in het gras : Terwijl en 't vee nu at,

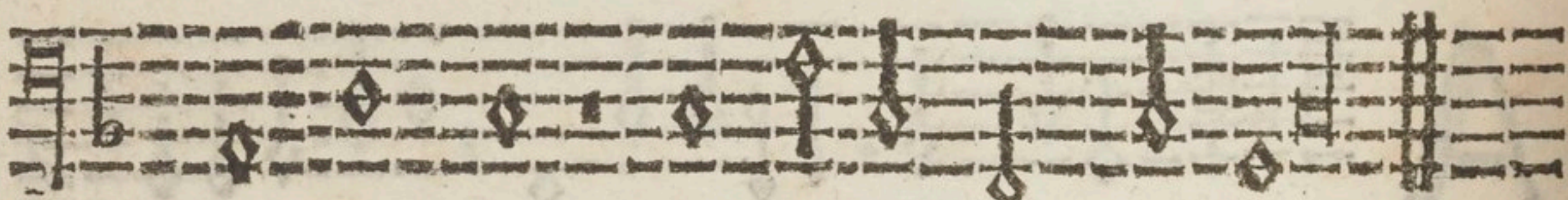
Ick



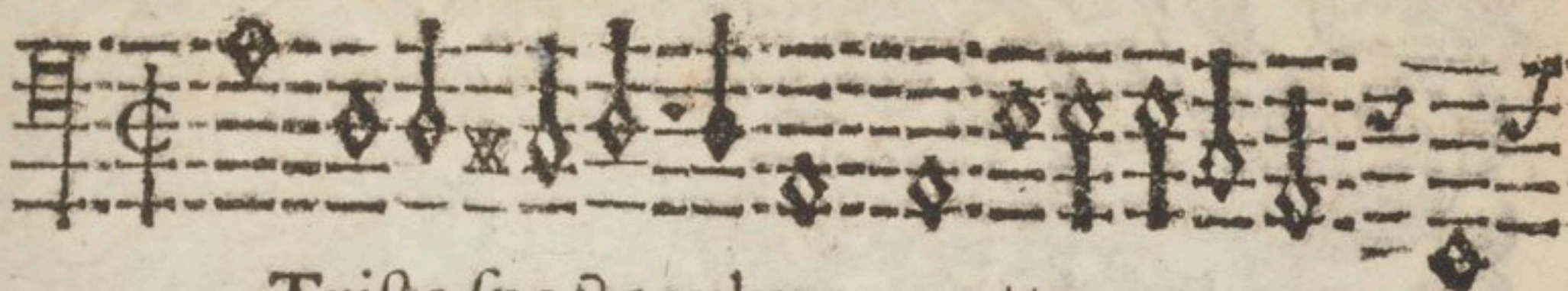
Ick in de scha- duw' sat, En loofde God den



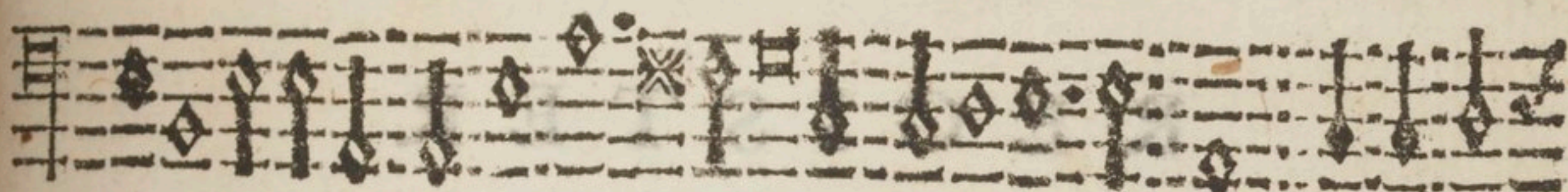
Heere ; Een Instrument ick wracht, Daer op ick



dan voortbracht Des Alderhooghtens eere.

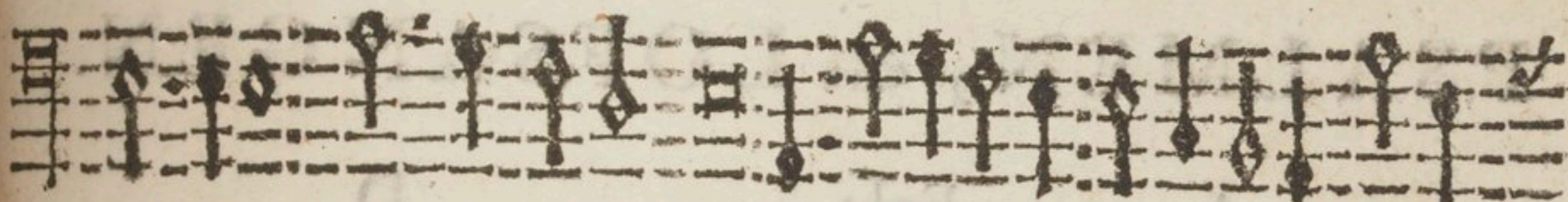


Triste spectaculum, ://:

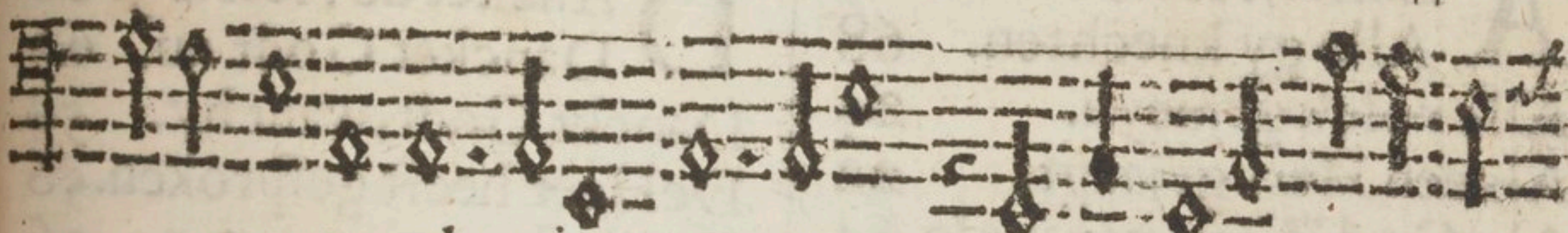


://:

O crudele supplicium, Mortetur-

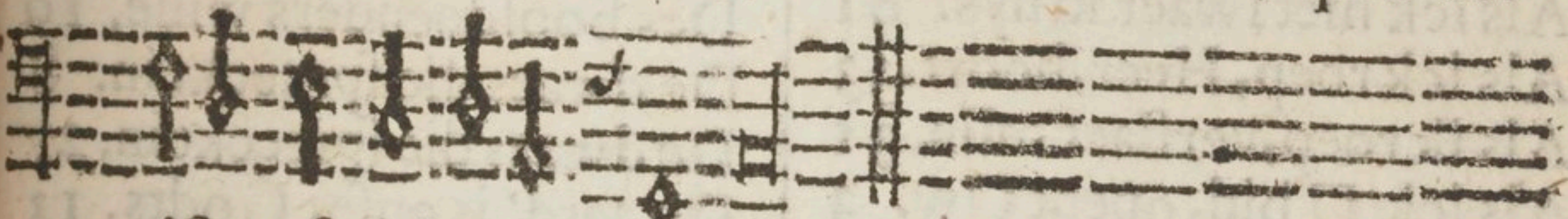


pissima condemnatur Iesus, ululate, ululate, ://:



gentes, plangite, ://:

& clamate, quia oc-



cifus est Salvator noster.



REGISTER

aller

PSALMEN, en LOFSANGEN.

A

Fol:

D

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

B

B Ewaert my, Heer. 9
B Bewaert ô Heer, m. 14

D Ancket de Heer. a 5. 60
D Dancket Godt nu. 69
D Danckt Godt, want hy.. 54
D De Heer heeft gesproken. 56
D Den lof en prijs. a 5. 56
D Des boosdoenders wille. 19
D De dwaes die spreeckt in. 8
D De dwaes die spreeckt in. 27
D De aerd' is onses Godts. 13
D De Hemelen seer klaer. 10
D De Heyd'neu zijn in uw'. 40
D Die in Godes bewaring'. 46
D De Koning sal seer zijn. 11
D Die niet en gaet. 1

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

En Koning is de Heer. 49
Een yeder moet tot. 53

G

Gedenckt doch des. 67
Gelooft zy God m. 73
Geluckfalg is de mensch. 60
Gy hebt my, Heer. a 5. 70
Gy Herder Israëls wilt. 41
Gy hemelsche creaturen. 75
Gy Heydenen looft t'sae. 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 Iudea seer wel. 39
God is mijn licht, 'twelk. 14

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

H

Heer, die my dus lang. 45
Heer, die ons hebt. 31
Heer, ick wil u uyt 's hert. 5
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