

The Beggars' Songbook

Music during the Revolt in the Spanish Netherlands 1568-1648

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| 20. Recercada Ottava | Diego Ortiz (c.1510-c.1570) |

Long & Away

Karen Burciaga, Jane Hershey, Anne Legêne,
Colleen McGary-Smith, James Williamson - violas da gamba, voices
with

Michael Barrett - tenor, recorder
Dan Meyers - recorders, percussion, baritone
Matthew Wright - lute, guitar

Recorded live in concert November 1, 2014
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Program Notes

In 1555, emperor Charles V abdicated, and his son Philip II took over what were then the Habsburg Netherlands. He had no intention of honoring a 1566 petition by nobles of the Netherlands to respect their ancient rights, to lighten the tax burden and to stop the cruel Inquisition against the Protestants, sending as his answer the ruthless Duke of Alva to enforce his autocratic rule. A rebellion ensued in the humanist Netherlands, where the reformation was firmly established. An often-bloody "Eighty Years" War was finally concluded in 1648 with the Peace of Munster, which also ended the Thirty Year's War in Germany. Long before then the seven northern provinces of the Netherlands had liberated themselves from Habsburg rule and formed a powerful independent Republic, the first of its time. The **Beggars' Songbooks** (Geusen Liederen Boeckxkens) were compilations of popular political songs of the rebels, or "Geuzen". An advisor to Philip's regent had mocked the Dutch nobles as "Gueux" (French for "beggars") when they delivered their petition. The nobles assumed this name with pride. Clandestine Geuzen songs were distributed in cheap broadsheet. Many were bawdy, rough, virulently anti-Catholic and anti-Spanish. Their many verses told of historical events such as the long siege of Leyden, the vicious sacking of Antwerp, or the victory at Bergen op Zoom. There were religious songs, mocking songs, fighting songs and songs describing heroic deeds, all set to the most popular melodies of the time. The best known of the compilations appeared in the 1570s.

This program draws on these songs, as well as many found in Adriaen Valerius' *Nederlandtsche Gedenck-Clanck* (Commemorative Sound of the Netherlands) of 1626, a history of the war interspersed with numerous songs, published after the author's death. Valerius was a notary and alderman at Veere and officer of the local amateur literary society, such as were found all over the Netherlands. While Valerius incorporates a few popular Geuzen songs in his book, he appears to have written most of the song texts himself. They are more high-minded and contemplative, written retrospectively, as commentary on events past. Valerius also set his texts to existing popular melodies, drawing upon folk songs, dance tunes and well known compositions from all over Europe. Among his sources, direct or indirect, are Pierre Guédron, Giovanni Gastoldi, John Dowland, Robert Jones, Peter Phillips, and Thomas Morley's *First Booke of Consort Lessons*. Common practice was to name the melody of songs but not write it down. In this respect the *Gedenck-Clanck* is an exception, for it not only gives music notation for all the songs, but also provides lute and cittern tablature. The lute tablatures apparently were not meant as accompaniment, but rather as independent compositions, and in fact were not even written by Valerius. A closer look reveals many discrepancies between the song notations and the lute melodies. Probable sources for the lute tablature are books by Emanuel Adriaenssen, Joachim van der Hove and Nicholas Vallet, which all appeared in print between 1584 and 1616.

The opening of our program sets the stage of the conflict. The stately Spanish **Paduana del Re** represents the proud Spanish Court. The great blind organist and composer Antonio de Cabezón was in service of Queen Isabella since 1526, and appointed músico de la cámara to Charles V in 1538, as well music teacher of Prince Felipe and his sisters. He accompanied Felipe on travels abroad where his variation techniques (divisions or *diferencias*), such as those heard in **La Dama le Demanda**, influenced many composers such as Tallis and Byrd. Most of Cabezón's numerous compositions were published posthumously by his son Hernando in *Obras de música para tecla, arpa y vihuela* (1578). On the opposing side, we have **Wilhelmus van Nassouwe**, the best known of the Geuzen songs and the national anthem of the Netherlands. The song hails Prince William of Orange, the foremost noble in the Netherlands, as the savior of the country and leader of the Revolt. Born the oldest son of the Protestant Duke of Nassau, but having grown up in the Catholic Brussels court of Charles V from the age of 11, he was the emperor's favorite. His open character, relative religious tolerance and easy temperament made him no friend of the closed-minded Philip. The recorder divisions are from *Der Fluyten Lusthof* (1644) by the blind carillonist of Utrecht, Jacob van Eyck.

Tielman Susato's **Bataille** and part of Flecha's **La Guerra** illustrate the conflict with battle music contemporary to these events. *Las Ensaladas de Flecha* were published long after his death, in 1581, by his nephew and namesake Matheo Flecha. They must have enjoyed great popularity in their day, having survived in many different sources. In his ensaladas Flecha frequently used quotations in Castilian, Catalan and Latin, and mixed his own melodies with those of others. The four-part canon **Neemt mij in der hand** on the title page of the *Gedenck-clanck* invites the reader to open the book and find out what's inside:



Neemt mij in der hand / Hoort in 't koort verklaren / Wat ons hier in 't Land / Al is wedervaren.

Valerius' patriotic **Merck toch hoe sterck**, still a popular Dutch folk song, describes the unsuccessful siege of Bergen op Zoom by Ambrosio Spinola in 1622. It mockingly puns on the names of the Spanish army officers: Velasco (vlas/flax), and Cordua (kruien/pushing a wheelbarrow). Valerius names the melody as "Comedianten dans", perhaps because it was brought overseas by English "jigg" comedians who offered a combination of theatre, dance and music for the common folk. The tune is better known as "What if a day", and as such exists in many versions; it has been attributed to Thomas Campion. **Och Mensch!** is Valerius' interpretation of Job 14:1, 2: "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Valerius inserts this song into his narrative of the death of Philip II in 1598, on which he comments with a devout poem stating that the Netherlands had reason to bemoan the day Philip was born, and with the Latin text *Mors sceptrā ligonibus aequat* (Death makes sceptres and hoes equal). He piously stops short of celebrating Philip's death, but chooses the jaunty courante **La Vignonne** to set this serious text. This very popular tune traveled all over Europe under widely diverse spellings of its name. We include versions for solo lute by Vallet and for 5-voice consort by Brade, who included it (unnamed, no. XXXII,) in his *Newe lustige Volten, Couranten* (1621). The next two pieces are true Geuzen songs, both echoing the toast "Vive le Gueux!" that the Dutch noble rebel Hendrik van Brederode issued at a banquet, three days after the famous derisive comment which inspired the name. It became a rallying cry of the Revolt. The author of **Slaet op den trommele** (± 1566), Ahrendt Dirkszoon Vos, was originally a Catholic priest in De Lier. He was burned at the stake in 1577 for iconoclastic activities such as stripping his church of images after becoming a Protestant and writing this song.

Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck was the organist at the Oude Kerk in Amsterdam. The city had become reformed in 1578, which meant that from the time he got the job in 1580 until his death in 1622 he was a civil servant employed by the city, which owned the organs in the church. The official state church was strictly Calvinist, and as such did not allow the organ to be played during the church service. Sweelinck's job was probably to give concerts twice a day. He was famous all over Europe as a teacher, and as such had a strong influence on the northern German organ school. **Psalm 130** (Du fond de ma pensée) appeared in his celebrated 1604 collection *50 Pseaumes de David*. The texts came from the French metrical Psalter of Marot and Bèze, French being the preferred language of the educated well-to-do burghers for whose private enjoyment these compositions were intended. The book is dedicated to the burgomasters and aldermen of Amsterdam and to a number of Calvinist merchants of the city, who may have been members of the amateur music society that Sweelinck led.

In 1581 Philip II placed a bounty on the head of Prince William of Orange, which prompted the Plakkaat van Verlatinghe, the Dutch declaration of independence. After two earlier attacks on the Prince's life, he was fatally shot in 1584 in his home, the Prinsenhof in Delft, by French bounty hunter Balthasar Gérard. His dying words are said to have been: "Mon Dieu, ayez pitié de mon âme, mon Dieu, ayez pitié de ce pauvre peuple" (My God, have pity on my soul; my God, have pity on this poor people). His murder threw all of the Netherlands into deep mourning. His young son Maurice took over as leader of the Revolt. Valerius chose the mournful Engelsche Fortuyn (Fortune my Foe) for the melody of his lament on the death of William of Orange, **Stort trainen uit**. Made famous by John Dowland, it is heard here with William Byrd's divisions on **Fortune** for keyboard from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book arranged for viol consort.

Painter, theologian and poet Dirk Raphaelszoon Camphuysen's *Stichtelyke Rymen* (Devotional Rhymes) was one of the most popular of the hundreds of songbooks, oftentimes collector's items with richly varied typography and engravings that appeared during the Dutch golden age. The first of its forty editions appeared in 1624. In accordance with its title, the tone of the book is thoroughly edifying. First appearing twenty years after Camphuysen's death, the **Pavaen Lachrimae a4 Duodecimi Toni**, his setting of Dowland's famous Lachrimae, may have been his only musical composition. Giovanni Gastoldi's *Balletti a tre voci* and *Balletti a cinque voci* (1591, 1594) were uncommonly popular in the Netherlands and were reprinted there long

after they had gone out of fashion elsewhere. The first Dutch edition of the *Balletti* appeared in 1628, two years after the *Gedenck-clanck* was published. Valerius seems to have had gained early access to the *Balletti* when he was finishing his book; the songs for which he used melodies from the *Balletti* all appear toward the end of the *Gedenck-clanck*, and he added Gastoldi's original bass lines to all the songs. Our program includes his "La Sirena" (**Heer als ik denck**) and "Sonatemi un balletto" (**Des Hemels Licht**) among others. The recorder divisions you hear in Heer are once again by Jacob van Eyck. These texts perhaps reflect a longing for the more peaceful atmosphere of the Truce years, which ended just three years before Valerius' death in 1624.

We close our program with a wave to the departing Spanish with Ortiz's **Recercada ottava**. His *Trattado de glosas* of 1553 is a detailed treatise on the practice of playing divisions on the viol, and this piece uses the bass line "La Folia." Of Spanish descent, Ortiz was master of music at the court of the Spanish viceroy at Naples. The Spanish lost the war, but their musical contributions are among the finest of the era.

—Anne Legêne, 2014

Karen Burciaga, 2020

Wilhelmus van Nassouwe

Ben ick van Duytschen bloet,
Den Vaderlant getrouwe
Blyf ick tot in den doet:
Een Prince van Oraengien
Ben ick vrij onverveert,
Den Coninck van Hispaengien
Heb ick altijt gheeert.

In Godes vrees te leven
Heb ick altyt betracht,
Daerom ben ick verdreven
Om Landt om Luyd ghebracht:
Maer God sal mij regeren
Als een goet Instrument,
Dat ick zal wederkeeren
In mijnen Regiment.

Lydt u myn Ondersaten
Die oprecht zyn van aert,
Godt sal u niet verlaten
Al zijt ghy nu beswaert:
Die vroom begheert te leven
Bidt Godt nacht ende dach,
Dat hy my cracht wil gheven
Dat ick u helpen mach.

Niet doet my meer erbarmen
In mijnen wederspoet,
Dan dat men siet verarmen
Des Conincks Landen goet,
Dat van de Spaengiaerts crencken
O Edel Neerlandt soet,
Als ick daer aen ghedencke
Mijn Edel hert dat bloet.

Mijn schilt en myn betrouwen
Zyt ghy (o God myn Heer!)
Op u soo wil ick bouwen;
Verlaet my nemmermeer:
Op dat ick vroom mach blyven,
U Dienaer t'aller tyt,
De tyranny verdryven,
Die menigh hert doorsnyt.

William of Nassau

Am I, of German blood.
Loyal to the fatherland
I will remain until I die.
A prince of Orange
Am I, free and fearless.
The king of Spain
I have always honored.

To live in fear of God
I have always attempted.
Because of this I was ousted
Bereft of my land and my people.
But God will direct me
Like a good instrument,
So that I may return
To my domain.

Hold on, my subjects,
Who are honest by nature.
God will not abandon you
Even though you are now in despair.
He who desires to live piously,
Pray to God day and night,
That He will give me strength
That I may help you.

Nothing makes me pity as much
in my adversity
as to see the impoverishing
Of the good lands of the King
That you are molested by the Spaniards,
O Noble Netherlands sweet,
When I think of that,
My Noble heart bleeds.

My shield and my trustworthy support
Art thou, oh God, my Lord.
I will rely on you
Never to leave me.
That I may faithfully remain
Your servant at all times
And drive away the tyranny
That is cutting through so many hearts.

La Guerra [excerpt]

¡Viva!, ¡viva nuestro Capitán!
Fa la la la... Topetop...
¡Sus! poned l'artillería
de devotos pensamientos
con guarda de mandamientos
démosle la batería.
Las trincheras bien están,
hazia acá esse tiro grueso!
Oh que tiene tan gran peso
que no le derribarán!
Bien está, ponedle fuego,
y luego, luego... Bom, bom
Peti, pató, bom bom...
Suelte la arcabuzería, Tif tof, tif tof...
La muralla se derriba
por arriba
¡Sus! a entrar,
que no es tiempo de tardar,
qu'el capitán va delante
con su ropa roçegante,
ensangrentada,
nadie no vuelva la cara
¡Sus! ¡arriba! ¡Viva, viva!
Los enemigos ya huyen,
¡a ellos, que van corridos y vencidos!
¡Santiago! ¡Victoria, victoria!
*Haes est victoria quae vincit
mundum fides nostra.*

Neemt mij in der hand.

Hoort in 't kort verklaren
Wat ons hier in 't land
Al is wedervaren.

Merck toch hoe sterck nu in 't werck sich al steld,

Die 't allen tijd' so ons vrijheit heeft bestreden.
Siet hoe hij slaeft, graeft en draeft met geweld,
Om onse goet en ons bloet en onse steden.
Hoort de Spaensche trommels slaen!
Hoort Maraens trompetten!
Siet hoe komt hij trecken aen,
Bergen te bezetten.
Berg op Zoom hout u vroom,
Stut de Spaensche scharen;
Laet 's Lands boom end' sijn stroom
Trouwlijck doen bewaren!

't Moedige, bloedige, woedige swaerd
Blonck en het klonck, dat de vonken daeruijt vlogen.
Baving en leving, opgeving der aerd,
Wonder gedonder nu onder was nu boven;
Door al 't mijnen en 't geschut,
Dat men daeglijcx hoorde,
Menig Spanjaert in sijn hut
In sijn bloed versmoorde.
Berg op Zoom hout sich vroom,
't Stut de Spaensche scharen;
't Heeft 's Lands boom end' sijn stroom
Trouwlijck doen bewaren!

The War

Long live our captain!
Fa la la... Topetop...
Up! Deploy the artillery
Of devout thoughts
With a guard of commandments.
Send in the battery.
The entrenchments are good,
This way with the big cannon!
Oh, it is so heavy
That it cannot be overturned!
That's fine, fire it,
Quickly, quickly. Boom, boom
Peti pata, boom, boom...
Unleash the musketry, Tif tof tif tof...
The rampart is collapsing
From top to bottom.
Up! Go through,
There is no time to lose,
For the captain is in front
With his splendid garments
All bloodied.
Let no one turn back.
Up, get up there, hurrah, hurrah!
The enemy is fleeing,
After them, they are confounded and vanquished.
Santiago! Victory, victory!
*This is the victory that is won
By the faithful of this world.*

—transl. Derek Yeld/Harmonia Mundi

Take me* in hand. *the Gedenck-clanck

Hear a short explanation
Of all that has happened
Here in our country.

Notice how strongly labors
He who has so long fought against our freedom.
See how he slaves, digs and runs in violence,
To get our goods, our blood and our cities.
Hear the Spanish drums beat!
Hear Maraen's trumpets!
See how he comes marching
To beleager Bergen.
Berg op Zoom, keep faith,
Resist the Spanish hosts.
Loyally safeguard the tree and the stream
Of our country.

The courageous, bloody, raging sword
Shone and clanked so that the sparks were flying.
The earth quaked, lived, and heaved
The wondrous thunder was now under, now above.
Through all the mines and artillery,
Which was heard daily,
Many a Spaniard in his hut
Was smothered in his blood.
Berg op Zoom keeps faith,
Resists the Spanish hosts.
Loyally safeguards the tree and the stream
Of our country.

Die van Oranjen quam Spanjen aen boord,
Om uijt het velt als een helt 't geweld te weeren;
Maer also dra Spinola 't heeft gehoord,
Trekt hij flux heen op de been met al sijn heeren.
Cordua kruijd spoedig voort,
Sach daer niet te winnen,
Don Velasco liep gestoord:
't Vlas was niet te spinnen
Berg op Zoom hout sich vroom,
't Stut de Spaensche scharen;
't Heeft 's Lands boom end' sijn stroom
Trouwlijck doen bewaren!

O Mensch! denct dat ghy toch
Syt sterflyck, end'dat ja daer en boven noch,
U leven oock, is maer een roock,
En als een licht vergaende smoock,
Een blomme, die omme Licht leyt,
Verwaeyt, tot dorrigheyt,
Of oock als gras,
Dat gist'ren was,
End' morgen hooy is op den Tas.

End' of de mensch voorwaer
Schoon hadde tot 'sHeeren dag veel duysent jaer,
So kan hy, siet, toch nergens niet
De doot ontgaen waer dat hy vliet.
Daar neven dit leven, hoe bly het sy,
Is haest voorby.
Maer by den Heer
Een dag, of eer,
Is als hier duysent jaer, en meer.

Vive le geus

Ick hope dat den tijdt noch comen sal,
Dat men sal roepen overal,
Eendrachtich voor een leus,
Als Brederode met blijden gheschal:
Vive, vive le Geus!

Die edele heere van Breero soet,
Met den graaf van Nassou, dat edel bloet,
Seer ingenieus,
De grave van Culenborch metter spoet:
Vive, vive le Geus!

Dese hebben ons verlost van den cardinael,
En van de kettermeesters int generael,
Van den bisschop pompeus,
Dus roepen wy met blijde tael:
Vive, vive le Geus!

Zy hadden nae ons bloedt ghevast,
Ons goet te nemen hadden sy ghepast,
Want sy maken ons fameus
Voor den coninck; maer nu roept ontlast:
Vive, vive le Geus!

The prince of Orange came from behind
To avert the violence in the field, like a hero.
But as soon as Spinola heard it,
He quickly took flight with all his lords.
Cordua soon trundled his wheelbarrow away,
Couldn't see winning there.
Don Velasco ran away disturbed,
The flax couldn't be spun.
Berg op Zoom, keep faith,
Resist the Spanish hosts.
Loyally safeguard the tree and the stream
Of our country.

Oh Human! bethink that thou art mortal
And that lo, moreover,
Thy life is but smoke
And like an easily dissolving puff,
A flower, which, suffering for lack of light,
All dried up, blows away,
Or also like grass
That yesterday was,
And tomorrow will be hay on the stack.

And if a person still had a thousand years
Until the day of the Lord,
Behold, even so he could not evade death
Wherever he would flee.
Since even then this life, however joyful it may be,
Would soon be over.
But with the Lord
A day, rather,
Is like a thousand years here, and more.

Long Live the Beggar!

I hope that the time will yet come
When people everywhere will be calling out
Unanimously the rallying cry.
Like Brederode* with joyous shout:
Long live the Beggar!

The sweet noble lord of Breero
With the count of Nassau, that noble blood
Very ingenious
The count of Culenborgh in haste:
Long live the Beggar!

These [men] have freed us from the cardinal,
And from the inquisitors in general,
From the pompous bishop,
And therefore we happily call out:
Long live the Beggar!

They were thirsting for our blood,
They were planning to take over our land,
For they make us famous for the king
But call out now, freely:
Long live the Beggar!

Bisschoppen, prelaten, acht men nu niet meer,
Noch den paus met zijn valsche leer,
Zy zijn venineus,
Dus roepen wy teghen haer eer:
Vive, vive le Geus!

Verblijdt u allegader met groot jolijt,
Die den cardinael dragen de trou, te spijt,
Als sy vraghen nae de leus;
Dus seght altijt, en weest verblijt:
Vive, vive le Geus!

Slaet op den trommele van dirredomdeine,
Slaet op den trommele van dirredomdoes,
Slaet op den trommele van dirredomdeine,
Vive le Geus is nu de loes.

De Spaensche pocken, licht als sneeuw vlocken,
De Spaensche pocken, loos ende boos,
De Spaensche pocken, onder sPaus rocken,
De Spaensche pocken groeyen altoos.

De Spaensche Inquisitie, voor Godt malitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie, als draecx bloet fel,
De Spaensche Inquisitie ghevoelt punitie,
De Spaensche Inquisitie ontvalt haer spel.

De Paus en Papisten, Godts handt doet beven,
De Paus en Papisten, zijn teynden haer raet;
De Paus en Papisten, wreet boven schreven,
Ghy Paus en Papisten soect nu oflaet.

Vive le Geus! wilt christelick leven,
Vive le Geus! houdt fraye moet;
Vive le Geus! Godt behoed u voor sneven,
Vive le Geus! edel christen bloet.

Stort tranen uyt, schreyt luyde! weent en treurt!
Och't dunct my dat myn herte barst en scheurt!
O dag! o dag! o doncker droeve dag!
Wat isser al gehuyl en groot geklag!

O Nederlant! u Vorst, u Prins soo vroom!
Die daer de blom was van d'Oranjen-boom!
Die door syn deucht, u van het Spaensch gesoord
Soo heeft beschermt; leynt nu eylaes vermoord!

Gelyck de Sonn' het licht is vanden dag,
Soo oock dees Prins ons licht te wesen plag.
Die raet en daed hier by ons is geweest
Is nu ontsielt, by Gode leeft zijn geest.

Ghy vrome d'wyl dat dit soo is geschiet,
End' dattet nu kan wesen anders niet:
Vertrout op God, door 'sPrincen spruyten haest
Sal Spanjen noch verwert staen en verbaest.

People no longer respect bishops and Prelates,
Nor the Pope with his false teachings,
They are venomous,
Therefore we call out against their honor:
Long live the Beggar!

Gather together with great joy
Despite those who are faithful to the cardinal
and when they ask you for the rallying cry
say then always, happily
Long live the Beggar!

**Brederode was one of the first nobles to incite the rebellion.*

Beat the drum, diridondine,
Beat the drum, diridondoos,
Beat the drum, diridondine,
“Long live the Beggar” is now the rallying cry.

The Spanish pox, light as snow flakes,
The Spanish pox, good for nothing,
The Spanish pox, under the skirts of the Pope,
The Spanish pox, they keep on growing.

The Spanish Inquisition, a maliciousness before God,
The Spanish Inquisition, fierce as dragon's blood,
The Spanish Inquisition is feeling her punishment
The Spanish Inquisition's game is over.

The Pope and Popish, God's hand makes them quake
The Pope and Popish are at their wit's end.
The Pope and Popish, cruel beyond words
You Pope and Popish, seek forgiveness and desist.

Long live the Beggar! live like a Christian,
Long live the Beggar! keep courage fine;
Long live the Beggar! May God keep you from being slain,
Long live the Beggar! noble Christian blood.

Shed tears, cry loudly, weep and mourn!
Oh, it seems to me that my heart cracks and tears!
Oh day! Oh day! Oh dark and sad day!
What crying and great lamenting there is!

O Netherlands! Your ruler, your Prince so devout,
Who was the blossom of the Orange tree,
Who by his virtue has so protected you from the Spanish sort,
now, alas, lies murdered.

Just like the Sun is the light of the day
So was this Prince our light
He who was with us here with council and deed
Is now lifeless, his spirit lives with God.

You faithful, now that it has thus happened,
And it cannot be otherwise,
Trust in God. Soon, by the Prince's offspring, will Spain
Be attacked and surprised.

Heer! als ick denck aen't goet

Dat ghy ons menschen doet,
 Sonderling, Dan ontspringen myn leden,
 Met een verheugt gemoet.
 Merckt eens o menschen aen!
 Wat God al heeft gedaen
 Voor een werck,, Aen syn Kerck, Om met vreden
 Hier t'zynen dienst te gaen.

De kleyne maectt God groot,
 De groote hy verstoot,
 End' hy maectt Dat weer raeckt In het leven,
 Die daer by na was doot.
 Sijn oog op alles siet,
 Hy lijd den trotsen niet,
 Oock hoe seer Hy in eer Is verheven,
 'tStaet al in sijn gebiet.

Gelukkig is de man
 Die dit al mercket an,
 End' in druck End' geluck t' Allen dagen
 Sich Christ'lyck houden kan.
 End' stadig overlegt
 Des Alderhoogsten recht;
 End' sich voort Naer Gods woort Soeckt te dragen,
 Als een getrouwen knecht.

Wat heeft God wond're daden

Tot aller tyd gedaen?
 Wat heeft de mensch genaden
 Steets vanden Heer ontfanen?
 Wat doet hy voor ons land,
 Al goeds aen allen kant,
 Door syne stercke hand?
 Hy geeft ons inder yl
 Oock victori,
 Tot syn glori
 Selfs op de kust Brasyl.

De schepen quamen varen
 Door't grondeloose veld
 Der blaeuwe water-baren,
 Van storm en wind gequeld;
 Maer hebben ongeschend
 Haer swaren loop geend,
 En flocx de Bay berend,
 Daer nae te Salvador
 In gelooopen,
 'tStont al open.
 Danckt God den Heer hier voor.

Wat hebt ghy in genomen
 Een wel gelegen plaets,
 En wat een schat bekomen,
 O Nederlantsche maets.
 Siet onse God en Heer
 Smyt Spanjen voor ons neer;
 Geeft hem alleen de eer,
 En dient hem oock altyd
 Met u handel ende wandel;
 Op dat ghy seker zyt.

Lord! When I think of the good

That you do for us people,
 Then singularly, my joyous heart jumps
 With happiness.
 O people, do take notice!
 Of all the work that God has done
 For his Church, so that we may
 Attend his service here in peace.

God makes the small great
 And the great he casts off,
 And he can call back to life
 Him who was near death.
 He keeps his eye on everything
 And does not tolerate the proud,
 However high he may be elevated in honor.
 It is all written in his commandments.

Happy is the man
 Who takes this to heart
 And who is able to keep himself always Christian
 Under pressure as well as on days of happiness.
 And who steadily considers
 The Almighty's justice;
 And who seeks to behave himself according to God's
 word, like a faithful servant.

What wondrous deeds has God

Forever done?
 What mercy has mankind
 Received from the Lord?
 What good does He do
 Everywhere for our country
 By his strong hand?
 He gives us quickly
 Even victory
 To His glory
 Even on the coast of Brazil.

The ships came riding
 Through the bottomless field
 Of the blue waves,
 Tortured by storm and wind;
 But, unharmed, they ended
 Their difficult journey
 And swiftly entered the Bay
 There near Salvador
 Running in easily,
 As it was already open.
 Thank the Lord God for this.

What a well-situated place
 You have captured,
 And what a treasure you have gotten,
 O Dutch mates!
 See, our Lord God
 Smote Spain for us.
 Give honor only to Him,
 And serve him always
 In your wheeling and dealing
 So that you will be secure.

Och dat de mensch den Heer
Gehoorzaam waer altyt,
Syn woort, syn wet en Leer
Ter herten naem'met vlyt,
't Quaet liet, en 't goede dee,
En trachte na de vree!
't Benoude, Hert soude,
So't woude,
Gods segening ontfaen,
En seker slapen gaen.

Des Hemels licht,
Doet ons bericht,
Van Godes lof en eer.
End' d'hooge locht,
Die d'aerd'bevocht,
Van 't hantwerc van-den Heer.
D'een dag na d'ander ryst,
End'Godes wond'ren pryst,
De nare donck're nacht
Ons zyne macht
En groote wysheyt leert,
Waer dat m'hem keert.

Haar stems geschal wordt overal,
De wereld door verbreid.
Daar inne God
Een hutte tot
Dat groot licht heeft bereid;
't Welk altijd loopt en rent
Van 't een toot 't ander end,
Gelijck een machtig held
Die'm willig stelt
Zijn weg met ene draf,
Te lopen af.

't Verguld gewelf,
De sterren zelf,
Het klare maneschijn,
De winden en de wateren
Ons onderwijzers zijn.
Hoor 't vliegend klein gediert',
Hoe zoet het tiereliert
En hoe de vis zich houdt,
Zeer menigvoud,
In 't grondeloze meer
Tot Godes eer.

Des Heren wet,
Zijnd' onbesmet,
Verkwikt de vromen zeer,
Die daarnaar doet,
Zal 't grootste goed,
Ontvangen van de Heer:
Maar die zijn woord versmaên,
Moedwillig wederstaan,
Zal God ternederslaan
En doen vergaan,
Want daar en is geen kwaad,
Dat God zo haat.

Oh if mankind were always
Obedient to the Lord,
And diligently took to heart his word,
his law and teachings,
Left off evil, and did good,
and strove for peace!
The fearful heart
would then
receive God's blessing
and go to sleep securely.

The light of the Heavens
Tells us of
God's praise and honor,
And the high sky,
Which waters the earth
Of the Lord's handiwork.
One day after another rises
And praises God's miracles,
The unpleasant dark night
Teaches us His might
And great wisdom,
When one turns to Him.

Her resounding voice
Is heard throughout the world
In which God has prepared
A shelter for
That great light,
Which always goes and runs
From one end to the other
Like a mighty hero
Who obediently
Follows his route
At a canter.

The golden dome,
The stars themselves,
The clear moonlight,
The winds and the waters,
Are our teachers.
Hear the winged small creatures
How sweetly it warbles
And how the fish thrives
In multitudes
In the bottomless sea
To God's honor.

The Lord's law,
Being spotless
Does much to uplift the faithful.
Whoever follows it
Will receive the greatest good
From the Lord.
But they who spurn his word
And purposefully defy it
God will smite
And make perish.
For there is no evil
Which God hates as much.

