



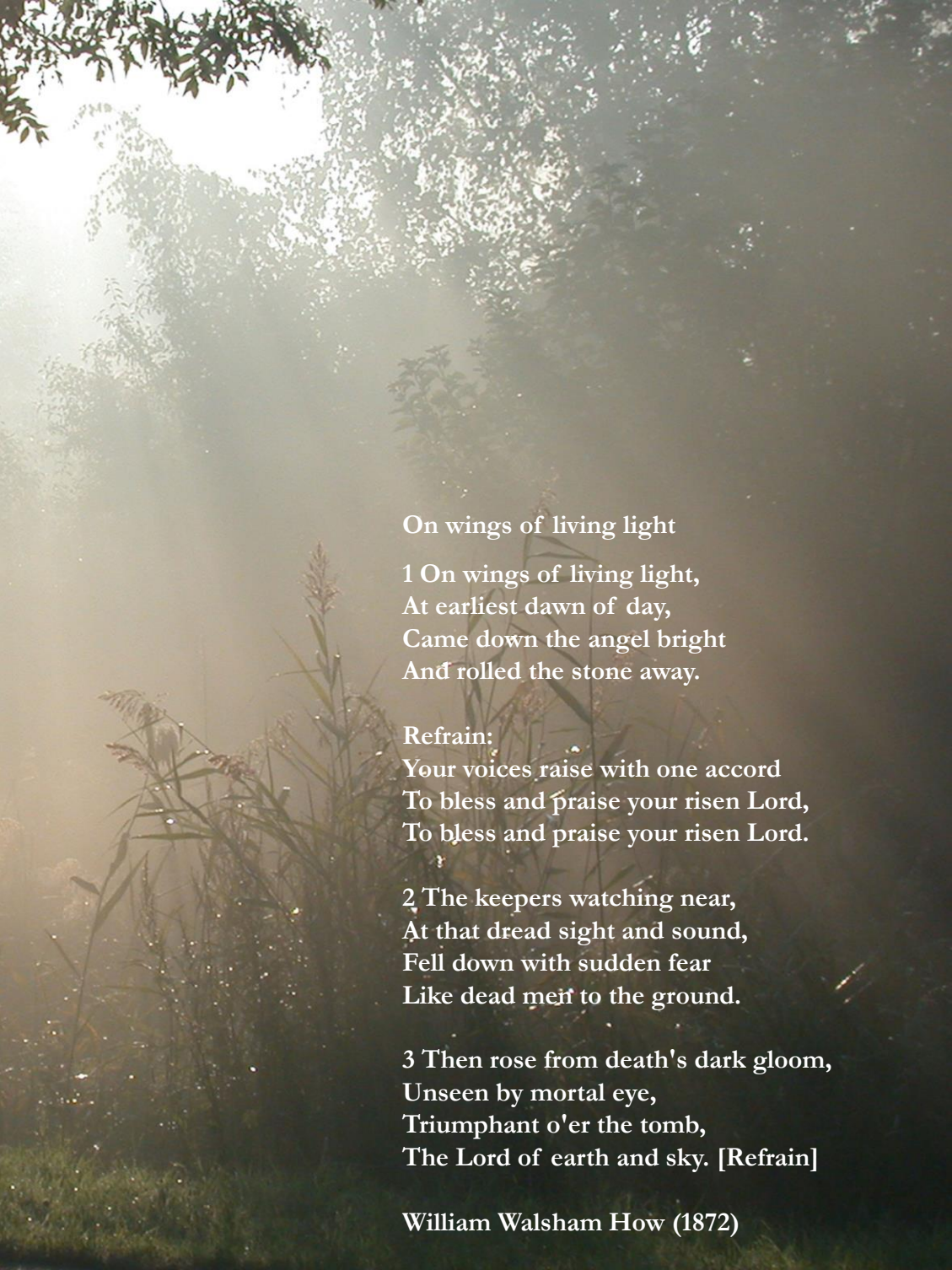
Our Song

The promise, which from age to age,
Has brought the changing seasons round;
Again shall calm the winter's rage,
Perfume the air, and paint the ground.

The virtue of that first command,
I know still does, and will prevail;
That while the earth itself shall stand,
The spring and summer shall not fail.

Dear Lord, afford our souls a spring,
Thou know'st our winter has been long;
Shine forth, and warm our hearts to sing,
And thy rich grace shall be our song.

Tekst: uit "Waiting for Spring"
John Henry Newton (1725-1807)
Muziek: Kathinka M. de Ruiter



On wings of living light

1 On wings of living light,
At earliest dawn of day,
Came down the angel bright
And rolled the stone away.

Refrain:

Your voices raise with one accord
To bless and praise your risen Lord,
To bless and praise your risen Lord.

2 The keepers watching near,
At that dread sight and sound,
Fell down with sudden fear
Like dead men to the ground.

3 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky. [Refrain]

William Walsham How (1872)