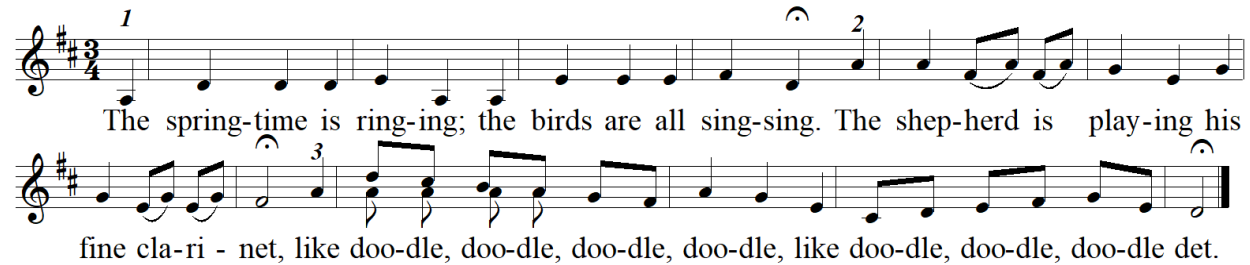


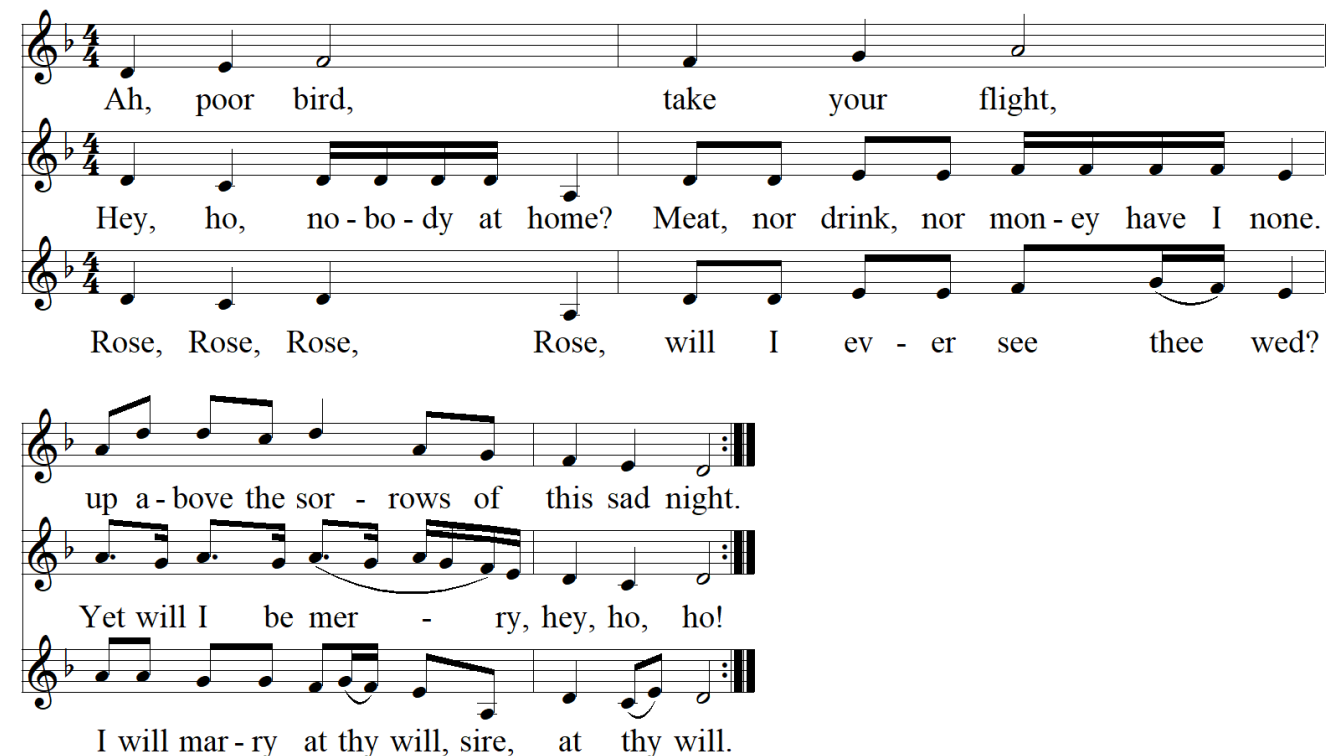
## 1 april 'samen zingen'



(traditional uit Gambia 'wees gegroet reiziger')



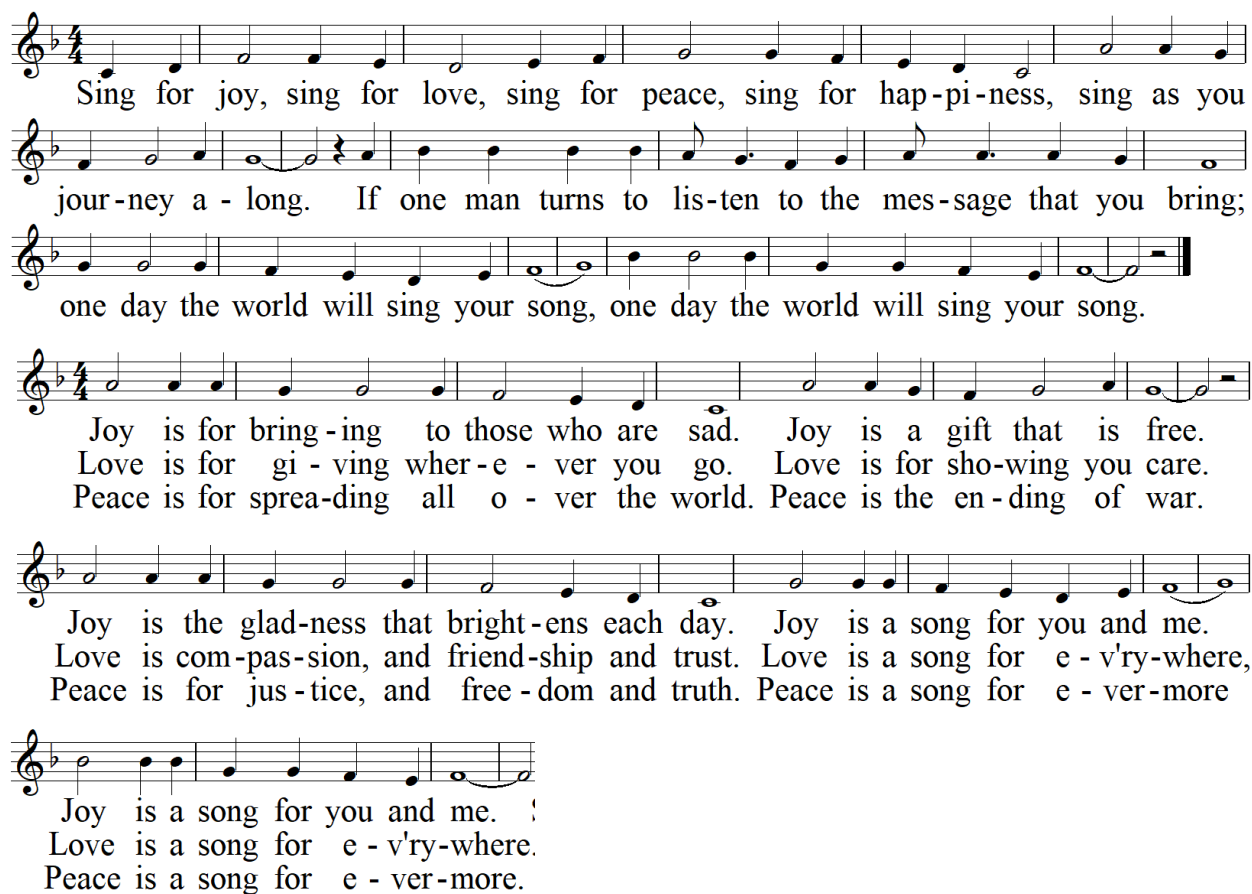
(Afrikaanse traditional 'mooi meisje, huil niet')



**Amor** (5x) hermanos ninjos musica amor. Ama todos como hermanos, musica es amor.  
(Liefde broeders/zusters. Muziek is liefde. Heb allen lief zoals je je naasten liefhebt.)

**Come come away** (2x) this is a very fine springtime day. Come come away, come away.

**Peace**, shalom, salamaleikum (3x) vrede wens ik jou.



Sing for joy, sing for love, sing for peace, sing for hap-pi-ness, sing as you  
 jour-ney a - long. If one man turns to lis-ten to the mes-sage that you bring;  
 one day the world will sing your song, one day the world will sing your song.

Joy is for bring-ing to those who are sad. Joy is a gift that is free.  
 Love is for gi-ving wher-e-ver you go. Love is for sho-wing you care.  
 Peace is for sprea-ding all o-ver the world. Peace is the en-ding of war.

Joy is the glad-ness that bright-ens each day. Joy is a song for you and me.  
 Love is com-pas-sion, and friend-ship and trust. Love is a song for e-v'ry-where,  
 Peace is for jus-tice, and free-dom and truth. Peace is a song for e-ver-more

Joy is a song for you and me. !  
 Love is a song for e-v'ry-where.  
 Peace is a song for e-ver-more.

**When I am** down, and, oh, my soul, so weary  
 When troubles come, and my heart burdened be  
 Then, I am still and wait here in the silence  
 Until you come and sit awhile with me

You raise me up, so I can stand on mountains  
 You raise me up to walk on stormy seas  
 I am strong when I am on your shoulders  
 You raise me up to more than I can be

**Deep the silence** 'round us spreading all through the night.  
 Dark the path that we are treading all through the night.  
 Still the coming day discerning by the hope within us burning.  
 To the dawn our footsteps turning all through the night.

Star of faith the dark adorning all through the night.  
 Leads us fearless t'wards the morning all through the night.  
 Through our hearts be wrapt in sorrow, from the hope of dawn we borrow  
 promise of a glad tomorrow all through the night.

