Hans Jacobi

Ljocht

voor orgel

I. Waar blijf ik met dat licht
van mij, van jou, wanneer het vallen, weg in
het onverhoeds onnoemelijke begint?
(Hans Andreus)

II. O, then began the tempest to my soul...
(William Shakespeare)

III. Mar as de klok begjint te lieden – sa riist it foar my op –
Soe der dochs net wat trilje kinne yn dy oare stompen en
spitskes, sa't hja fier yn it rûn my kundich wienen? *
(Obe Postma)

**** Maar als de klok begint te luiden - zo doet het zich mij voor -***
zou er toch niet iets kunnen trillen in die andere torens en
spitsen, zoals ze ver in het rond mij bekend waren?

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van mij, van jou, wanneer het vallen, weg in
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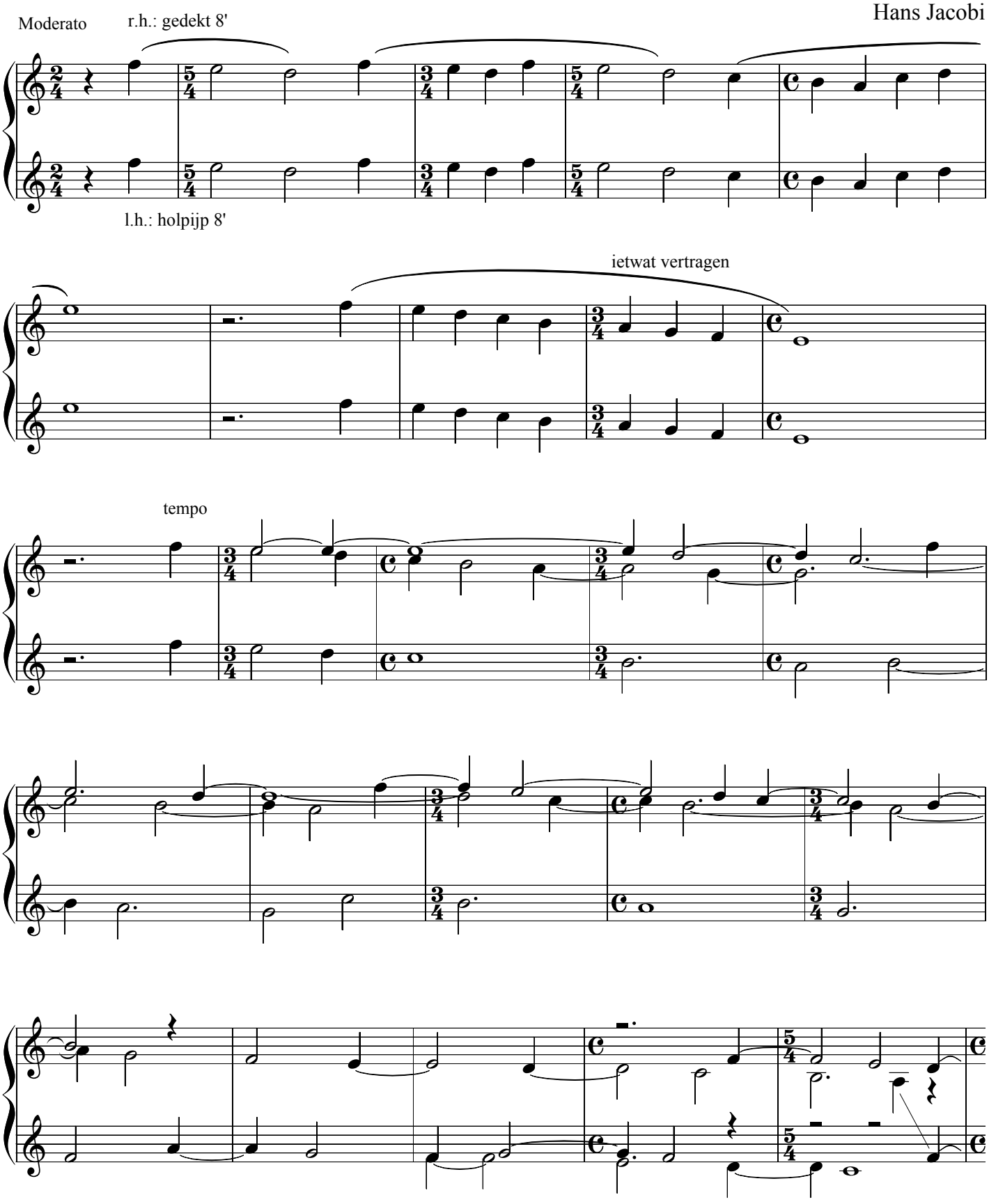
(Hans Andreus)

Hans Jacobi



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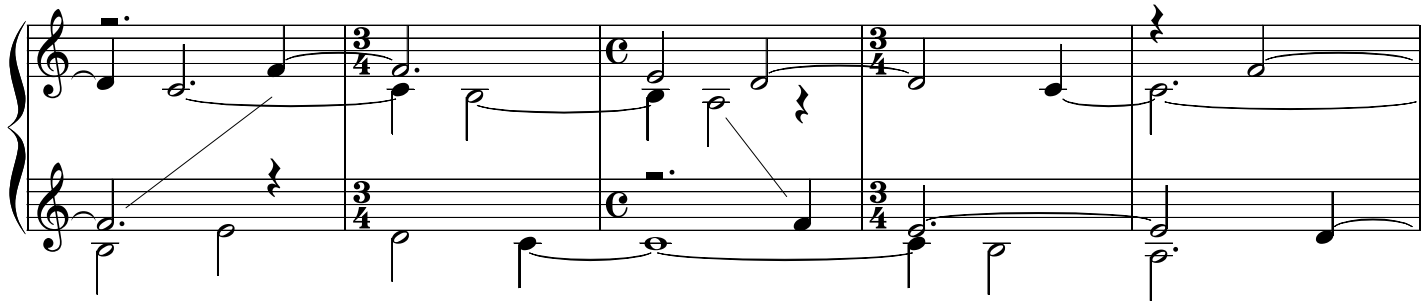

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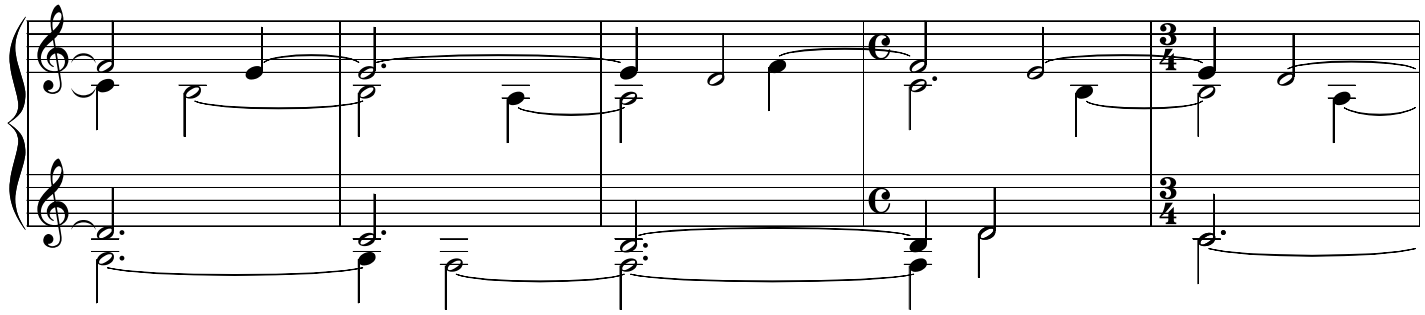

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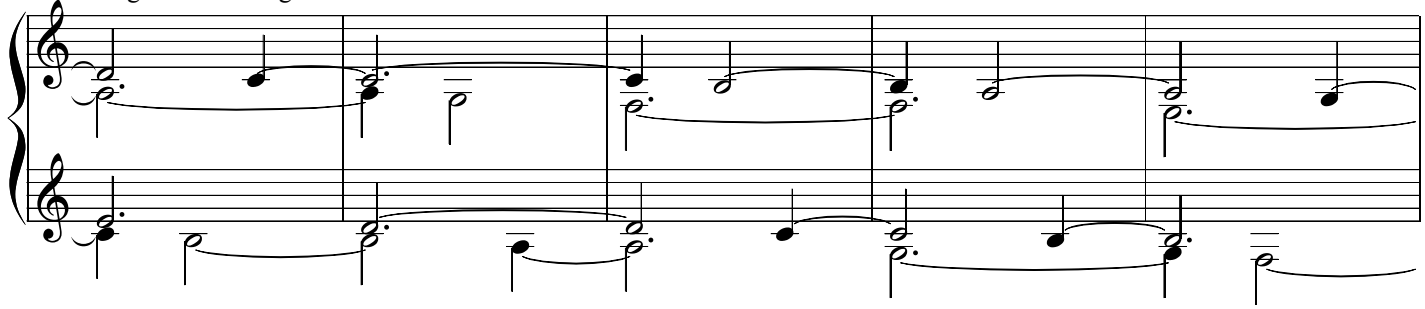

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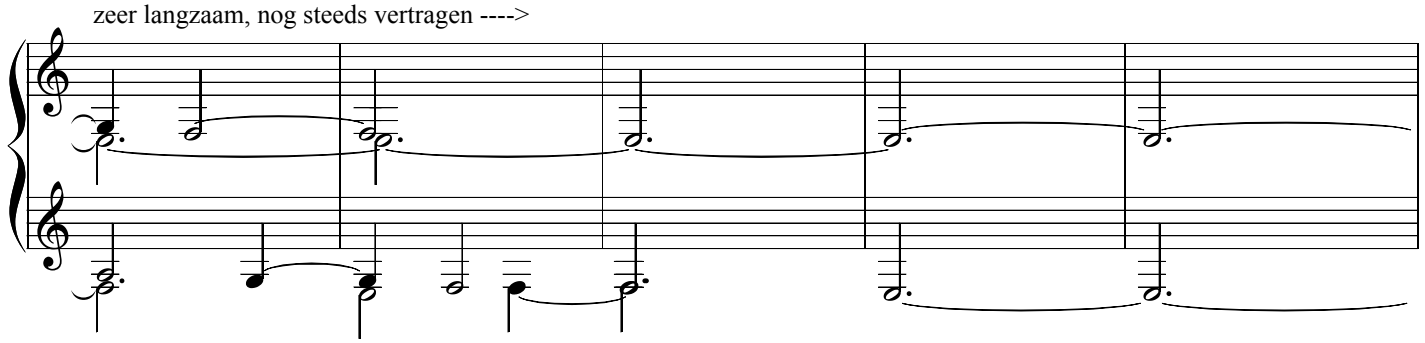

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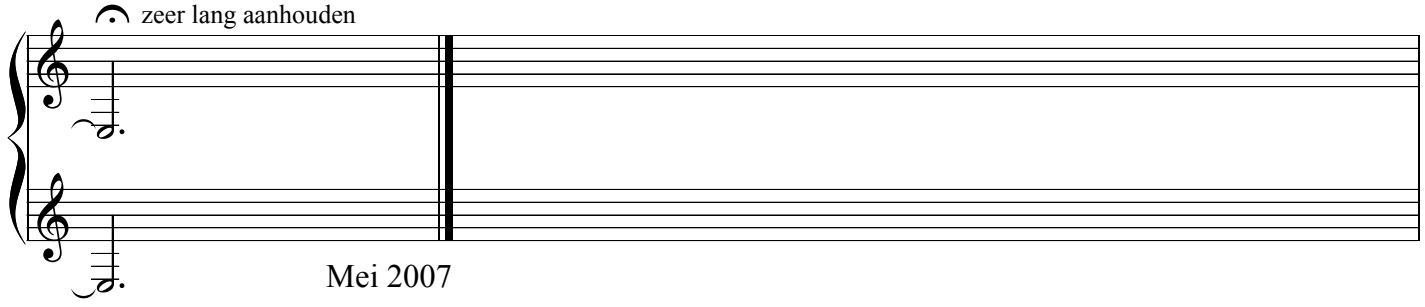
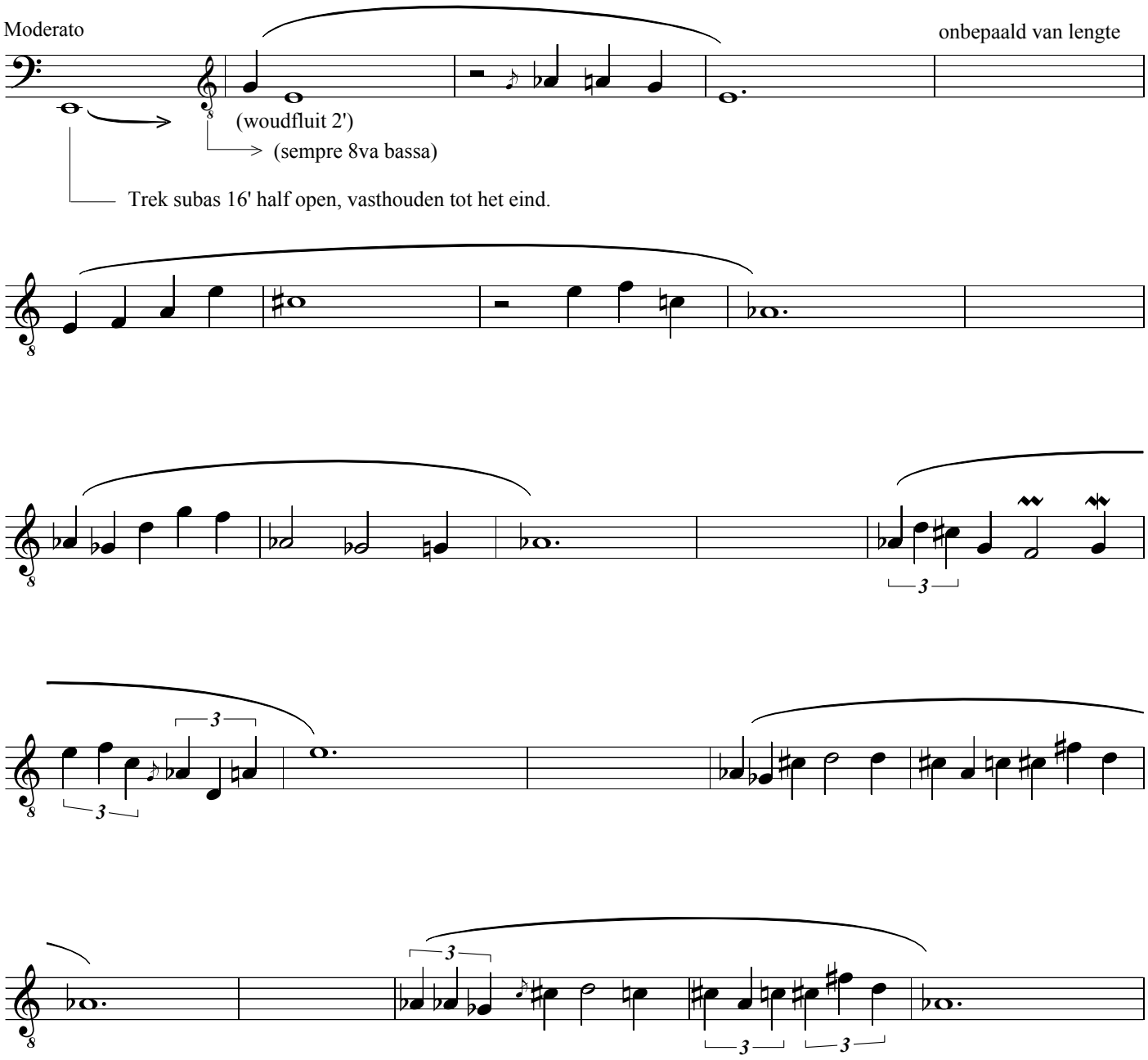
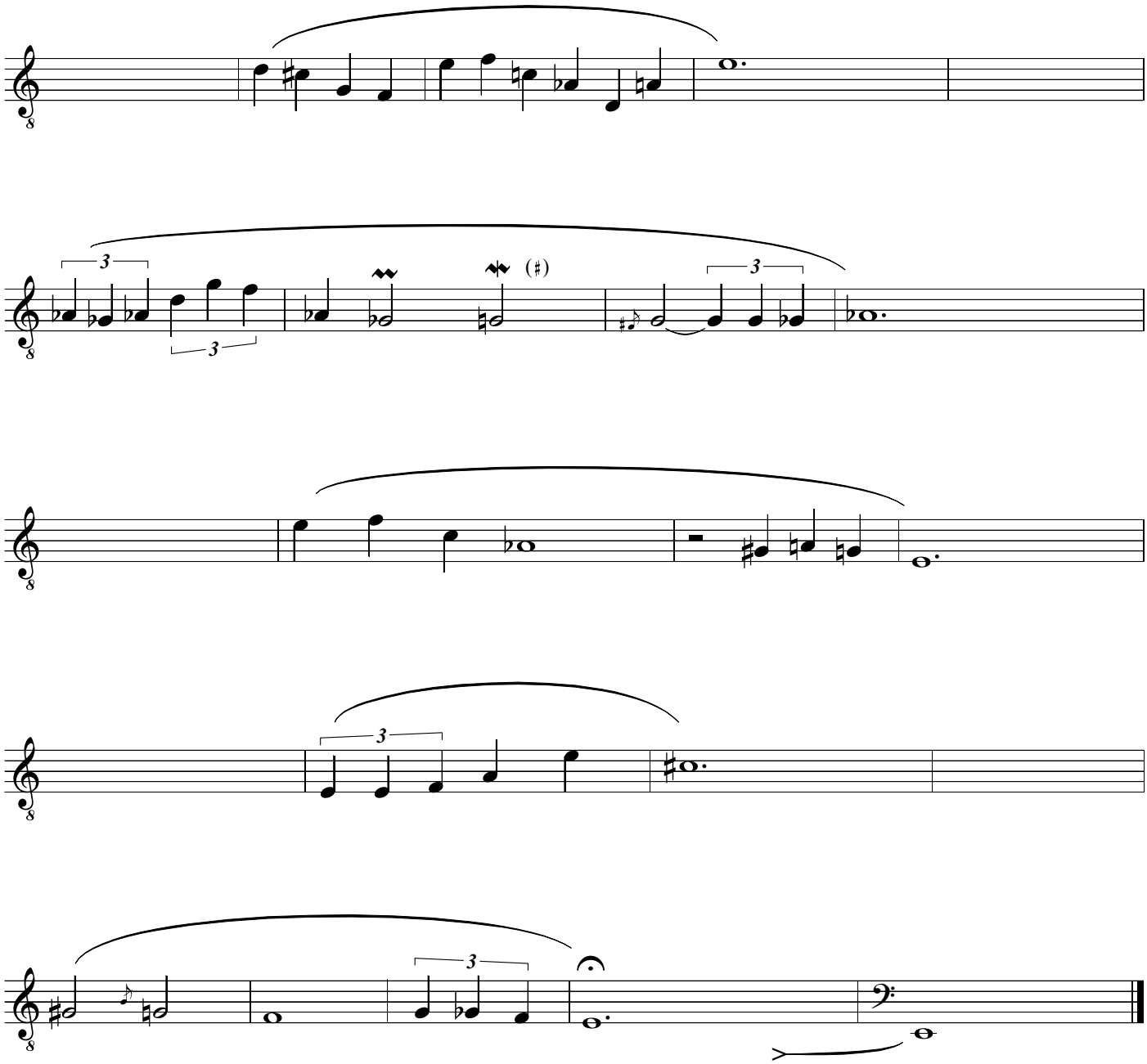


Mei 2007

II. O, then began the tempest to my soul...
(William Shakespeare)

Hans Jacobi





2 juli 2006, Mei 2007

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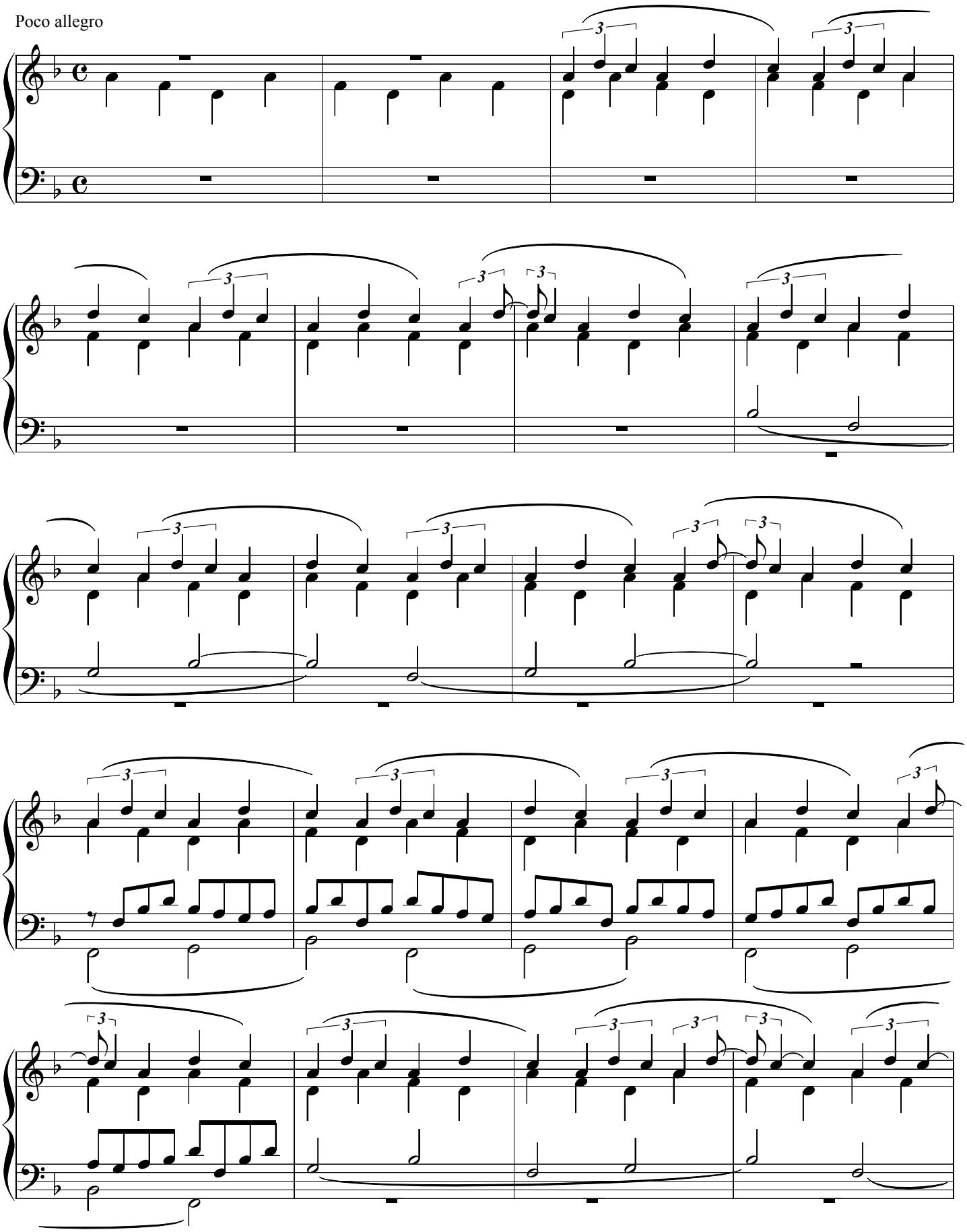
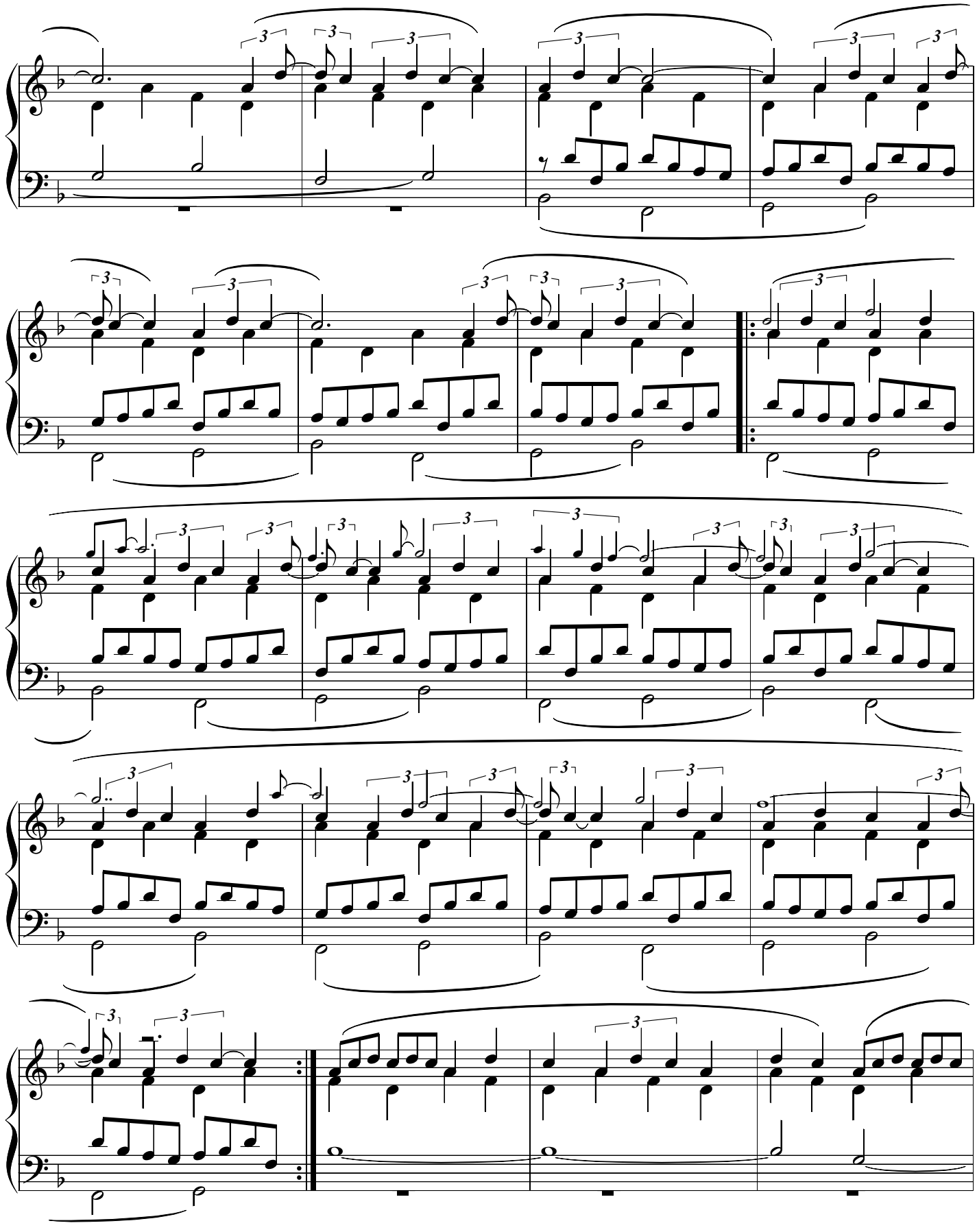
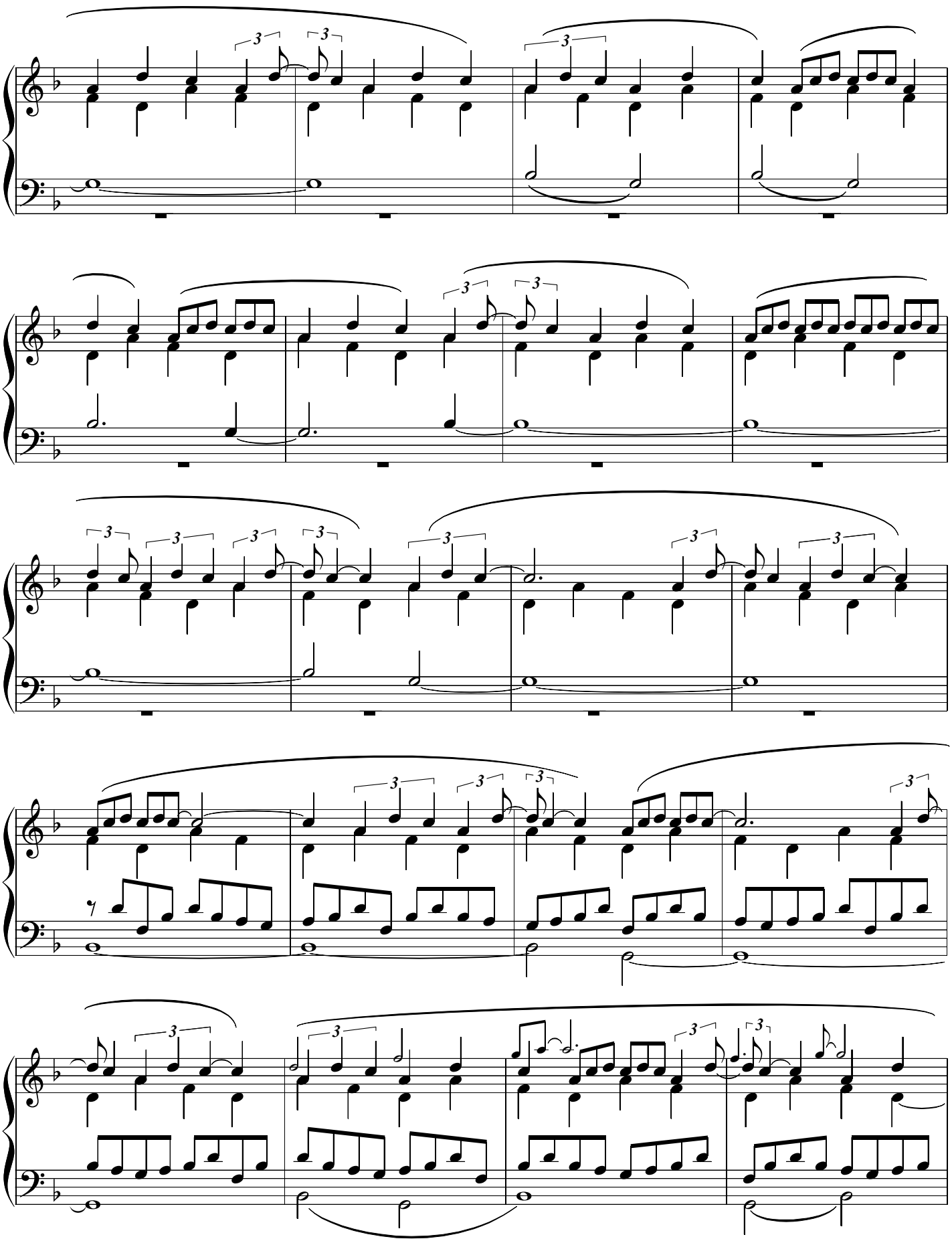
(Obe Postma)

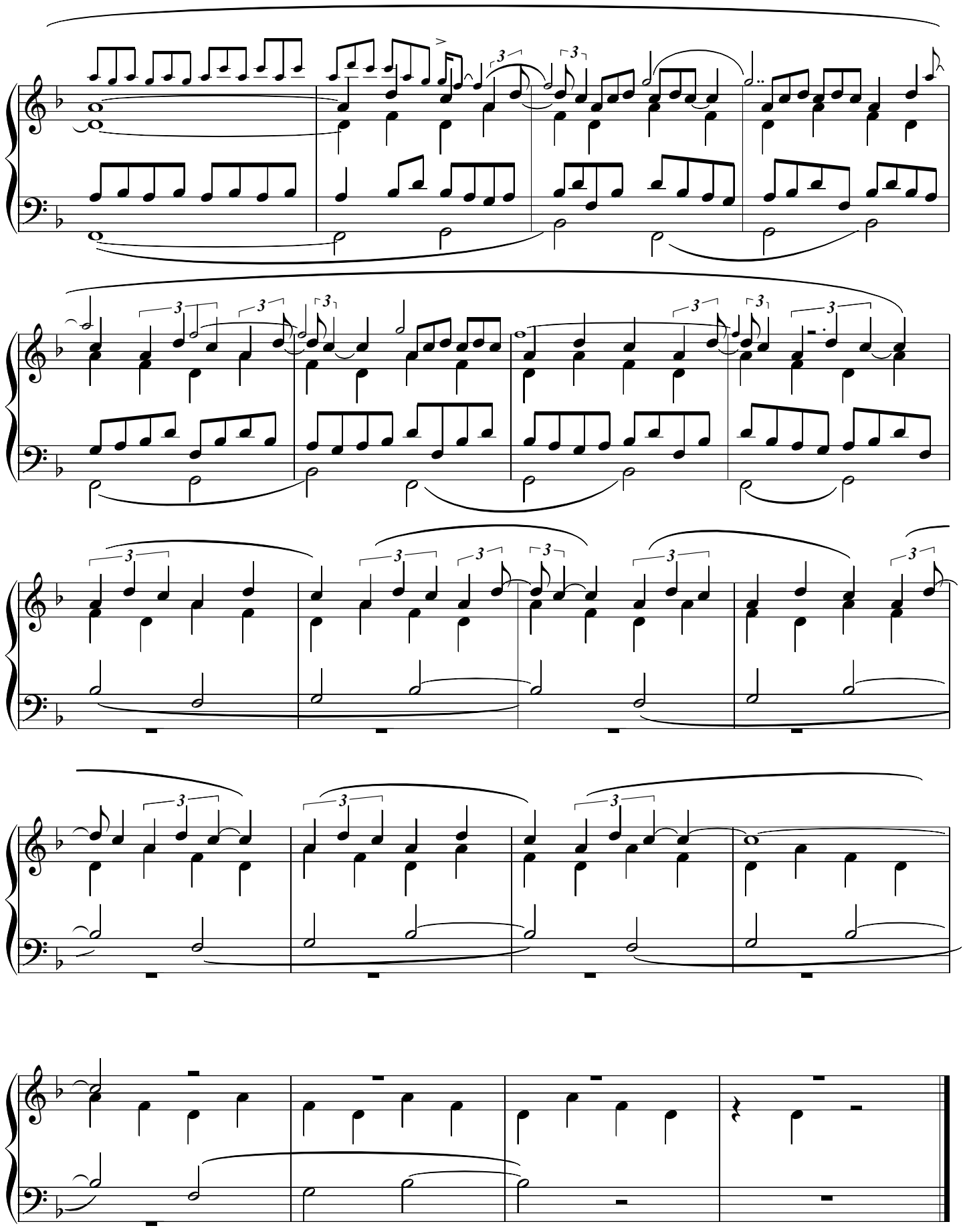
Hans Jacobi

Poco allegro









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