

# Sint Maarten

## Zingen van Sint Maarten



**HOUVAST  
OP SCHOOL**

### WERKBLAD

#### Lied: Sint Martinus Bisschop

Sint Martinus Bisschop,  
roem van alle landen.  
Dat wij hier met lichtjes lopen  
is voor ons geen schande.  
Hier woont een rijk man  
Die ons wel wat geven kan  
Veel zal hij geven,  
Lang zal hij leven.  
Zalig zal hij sterven,  
De hemel zal hij erven.

#### Lied: Saint Martin

Saint Martin, Saint Martin, he lived long ago,  
In days of the glorious Empire of Rome.  
His heart was forgiving his courage was strong,  
as Martin the soldier rode bravely along.  
My duty says Martin, lies here with my sword  
*To honour my country, my kingdom and Lord 2x*

The ways of a soldier bring valour and fame,  
And battle brings glory and vict'ry the same.  
So ride on Saint Martin, a long way from home,  
And ride on Saint Martin, a soldier from Rome.  
My duty says Martin, lies here with my sword  
*To honour my country, my kingdom and Lord 2x*

As soldier by soldier they passed him on by,  
The beggar looked up with a sorrowfull eye.  
When Martin, Saint Martin, then looked to the ground  
And there in the shadows the beggar he found.  
For shame now, said Martin, there's nothing I own  
*To offer this poor man, all frozen with cold. 2x*

Then Martin, Saint Martin, he hung his head low,  
For riches and money, he'd nothing to show  
No food, no refreshment, to give this old man  
Who knelt down before him and held out his hand  
This beggar, said Martin, lies frozen and bare  
*This cloak of my back is my one gift to share. 2x*