



Vrijzinnige Zeeliedenhulde

Maandag 13 april 2009

De Centrale Vrijzinnige Raad, het Vrijzinnig Leidsend Centrum Oostende en de moreel consulent voor de zeevisserij nodigen iedereen uit op de zevende vrijzinnige herdenkingsplechtigheid ter ere van de op zee gebleven zeelieden.

De vrijzinnige herdenkingsplechtigheid gaat door op **maandag 13 april 2009** om 09.30 uur in "De Geuzetorre" in de Kazernelaan 1 te Oostende en wordt opgeluisterd door zanger en gitarist Bruno Deneckere.

Het volledige programma ziet er zo uit:

Vanaf 9 uur 15 :
Samenkomst in "De Geuzetorre"

Om 9 uur 30 stipt :
Start vrijzinnige herdenkingsplechtigheid

Omstreeks 10 uur 30:
Hulde aan monument MIGO (Visserijschool)

Vanaf 10 uur 45 :
Vertrek met de bus naar het Petrus-en Paulusplein, waar stoetsgewijs wordt opgestapt naar het Monument der Zeelieden bij de Visserskaai voor de bloemenhulde, ingericht door de stad Oostende

Omstreeks 11 uur 45 :
Vertrek met bus naar Stadhuis voor receptie (enkel voor genodigden)

THREE FISHERS
(tekst Charles Kingsley)

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
 lout into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who lov'd him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tow'r
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the show'r,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown.
 But men must work, and women must weep,
 Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep;
 And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come back to the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

IN YOUR LOVING ARMS
(Bruno Deneckere)

The nights are cold and lonely
The days are pretty much the same
But I can do with only
The sweet sound of your name

Well an ocean lies between us
But the truth it will not hide
It even might relieve us
from all our loving on the side

Well I promise I will never
Do you any harm
Can I lie forever
In your loving arms

I cannot assure you
That I will love you 'till the day I die
But I got four words for you
I will surely try

Well I promise I will never
Do you any harm
Can I lie forever
In your loving arms

FISHERMAN'S BLUES
(Mike Scott , Steve Wickham)

I wish I was a fisherman
tumbling on the seas
far away from dry land
and its bitter memories
casting out my sweet line
with abandonment and love
no ceiling bearing down on me
save the starry sky above
with Light in my head
and you in my arms

I wish I was the brakeman
on a hurtling, fevered train
crashing headlong into the heartland
like a cannon in the rain
with the beating of the sleepers
and the burning of the coal
counting the towns flashing by
in a night that's full of soul
with Light in my head
and you in my arms

I know I will be loosened
from the bonds that hold me fast
that the chains all hung around me
will fall away at last
and on that fine and fateful day
I will take me in my hands
I will ride on the train
I will be the fisherman
with Light in my head
and you in my arms