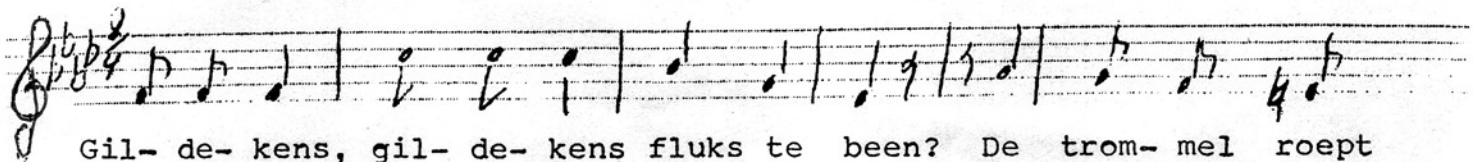
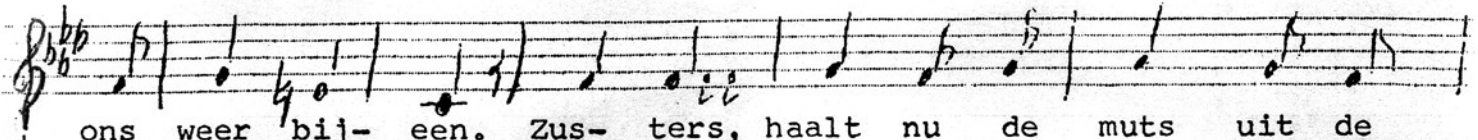


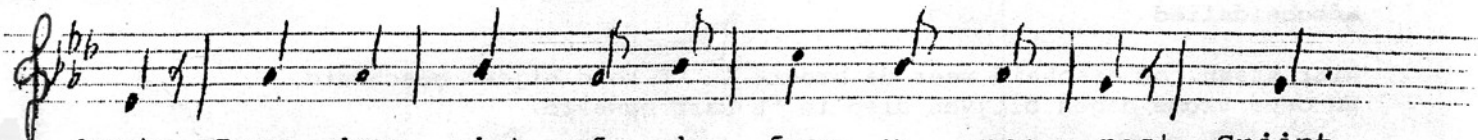
LIED VAN DE GILDE VAN SINT SEBASTIAAN



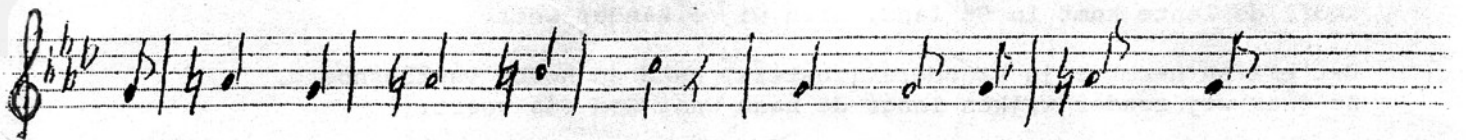
Gil- de- kens, gil- de- kens fluks te been? De trom- mel roept  
Broe-der-kens, zus- ter-kens op ten dans, en rept uw beent-



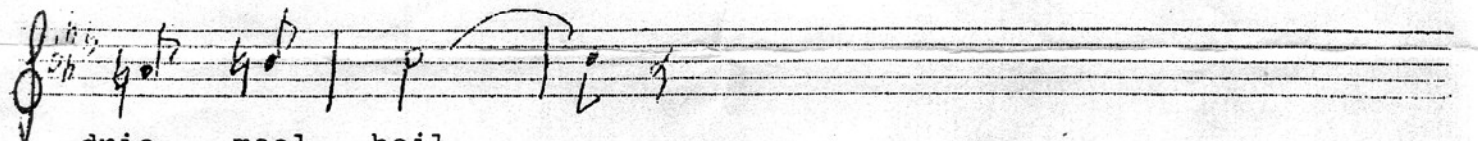
ons weer bij- een. Zus- ters, haalt nu de muts uit de  
jes, grijpt de kans. Mo- len- ma- zur- ka en dan Mieke



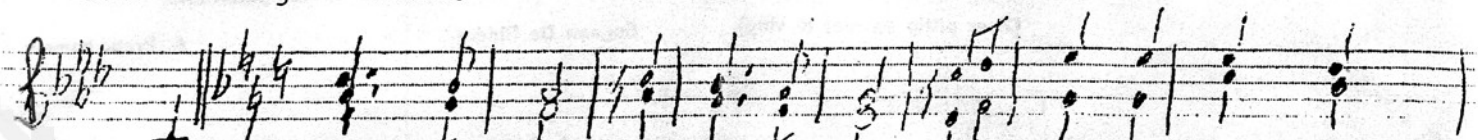
kast. Broe- ders, ziet of de faas u nog past. Grijpt  
stout. Op de vloer, zo- wel jong, zo- wel oud. Zij



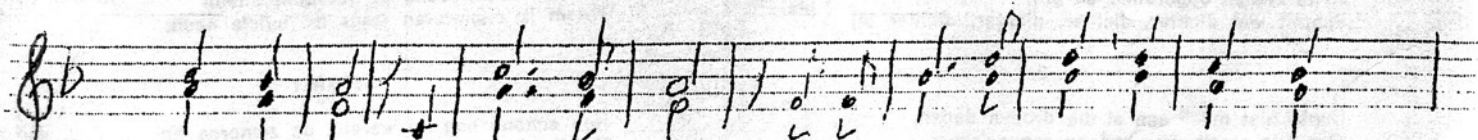
uw boog en richt uw pijl. Le- ve de ko- ning  
aan zij- de, arm in arm. 't Houdt on- ze vriend- schap



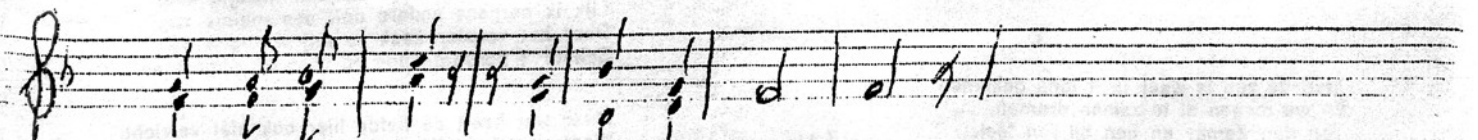
drie- maal heil.  
eeu- wig warm.



Ref. Door vriend- schap één, in lief en leed, ge- stand den eens ge-



zwo- ren eed. 'Zo scha- ren w'ons om de gil- de- vaan van on- zen



hei- li- gen Sint Se- bas- ti- aan.

