

# For Peace

(The Confessions of St. Augustine)

Huub Oosterhuis, after  
St. Augustine: Confessions 10:27  
Translation by Tony Barr

Antoine Oomen

**INTRO:** (♩ = 80-88)

Piano

**REFRAIN:**  
SATB Choir (unison):

*p*

Far too late \_ have I be - gun to love \_ you;

**All:**

beau - ty, you are so old \_ and yet so new. Far too late \_ have I be -

*poco f*

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gun to love \_ you; beau - ty, you are so old \_\_\_ and yet so new.

**VERSE 1: Choir**

Soprano

*mf*

Alto  
1. Far too late have I be - gun to love you; you

Tenor

Bass *mf*

*mf* *simile*

1. were there with-in me, I was out - side, and I sought you, see-ing

1. blind - ly just be - yond my - self; and poured a - way like

1. wa - ter, I took flight from you and I was lost, sur -

*f*

*cresc.* *f*

*p*

1. round - ed by such beau - ty which is not you. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

*dim.*

*p*

**REFRAIN:**

Choir (unison):

*p*

Far too late \_ have I be - gun to love \_ you; beau - ty, you are so old \_

All:

\_\_\_\_\_ and yet so new. Far too late \_ have I be - gun to love \_ you;

*poco f*

## VERSE 2: Choir

*f* (unison)

beau - ty, you are so old — and yet so new. 2. Then you called and cried

*f sub.*

2. a - loud to me, break - ing thro' the si - lence of my deaf - ness.

*meno f*

2. Dazz - ling bright - ness, you ap - peared to me, and at once you put

*meno f*

*poco rit.*

2. to flight my blind - ness.

*poco rit.*

S *mp a tempo*

A

2. Draw - ing deep, I smell your fra - grant pres - ence; still I gasp for breath and long for

T

B *mp*

*mp a tempo*

*simile*

2. you. Since I tast - ed you, I on - ly thirst and hun - ger af - ter you.

*f*

*f*

*cresc. ....*

*f*

2. How, with a sim - ple touch, your fire con-sumes me. Now my heart, a -

*v*

2. flame and blaz - ing, leaps to you for peace. \_\_\_\_\_

*p*

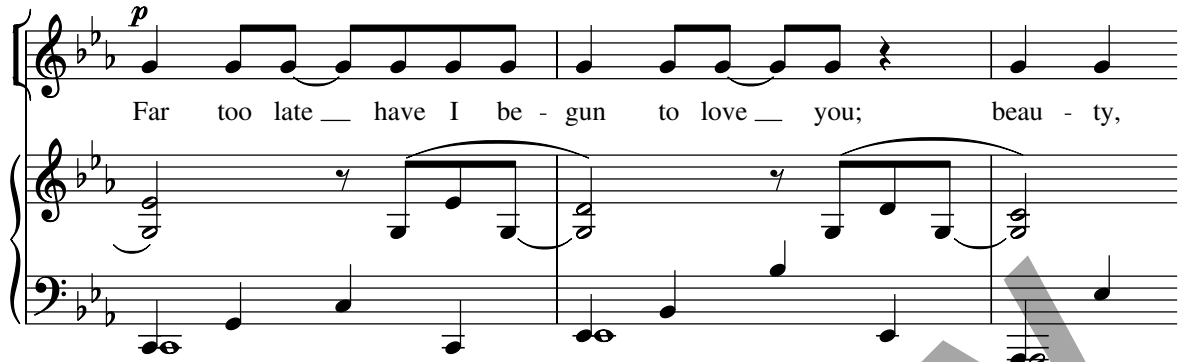
*dim.*

*p*

REFRAIN:

Choir (unison):

*p*  
Far too late — have I be - gun to love — you; beau - ty,



All:  
you are so old — and yet so new. Far too late — have I be -

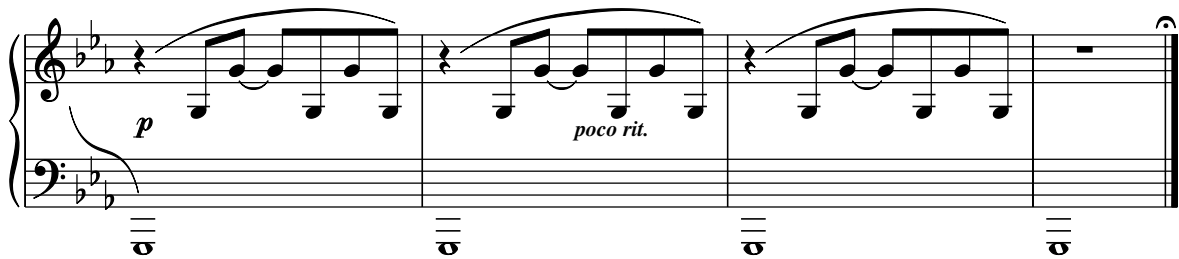
*poco f*



gun to love — you; beau - ty, you are so old — and yet so new.



*p* *poco rit.*



# For Peace

(The Confessions of St. Augustine)

FLUTE

Antoine Oomen

INTRO: (♩ = 80-88)

REFRAIN:

VERSE 1:

REFRAIN:

VERSE 2:

REFRAIN:

# For Peace

(The Confessions of St. Augustine)

OBOE

Antoine Oomen

INTRO: (♩ = 80-88)      REFRAIN:

4      4

VERSE 1:

REFRAIN:

4

VERSE 2:

8

REFRAIN:

4

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## Assembly Edition

**FOR PEACE**  
(*The Confessions of St. Augustine*)

Huib Oosterhuis, after  
St. Augustine: *Confessions* 10:27  
Translation by Tony Barr Antoine Oomen

REFRAIN: Choir, All repeat

Far too late \_\_\_ have I be - gun to love \_\_\_ you;  
beau - ty, you are so old \_\_\_ and yet so new. Fine

VERSES: Choir

1. Far too late have I begun to love you;  
you were there within me, I was outside,  
and I sought you, seeing blindly just beyond myself;  
and poured away like water,  
I took flight from you and I was lost,  
surrounded by such beauty which is not you. **(to Refrain)**
2. Then you called and cried aloud to me,  
breaking through the silence of my deafness.  
Dazzling brightness, you appeared to me,  
and at once you put to flight my blindness.  
Drawing deep, I smell your fragrant presence;  
still I gasp for breath and long for you.  
Since I tasted you, I only thirst and hunger after you.  
How, with a simple touch, your fire consumes me.  
Now my heart, aflame and blazing, leaps to you for peace. **(to Refrain)**

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## Performance Notes

Augustine was born in North Africa in 354. He rejected his Christian upbringing to flirt with the popular heresy *Manichaeism*. Due to the prayers of his mother Monica, he eventually fled to Italy, where he met Ambrose of Milan in 383. Baptized in 387, he returned to Africa to found a monastery. He became the popular bishop of Hippo in 395, dedicating his life to fighting heresies and reforming liturgy. He began as the youthful reprobate hopping from bar to brothel, with no sense of direction; he became the old man at peace, serenely reflecting in the security of his cloister. He threw away his youth with no thought for beauty or value, and then suddenly discovered the God of surprises. The encounter with the ever-present yet elusive One he described in *Confessions* (400). His great passion was to meet his newfound friend face to face. Life is not long enough to discover the true beauty which is always God. Augustine died peacefully in 430 aged 76.

Oosterhuis describes God as a friend and playmate, constantly walking and talking with us. God breaks into our lives for the fun of it, to make our living the better. Every breath we breathe is the power and presence of God. Oomen's setting reflects the joy of Augustine's conversion. It is a song of thanksgiving. Having found God, nothing else matters. This reflective piece may be sung at communion or in response to the word. In Advent, we seek the God of Christmas peace. In Lent, we follow the God who makes all things new. During the year, we are constantly reminded that the true source of all peace and justice is the newly-kindled friendship with God. This *shalom* is the peace of discovering that life makes sense with the Risen Lord here among us.

—Tony Barr