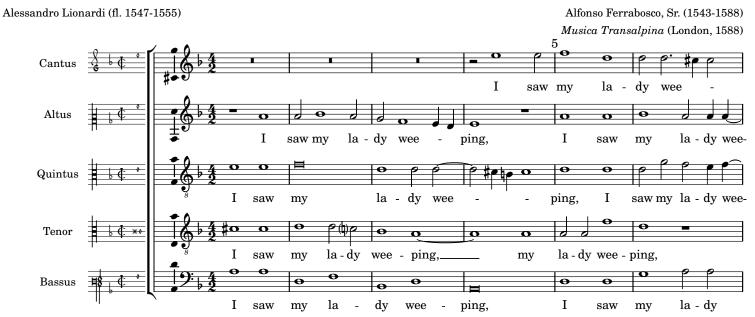
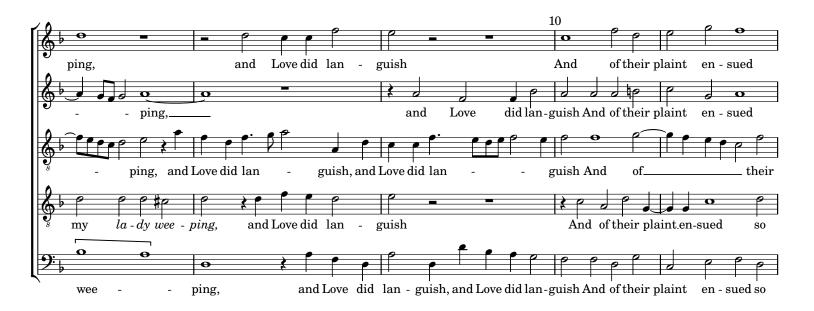
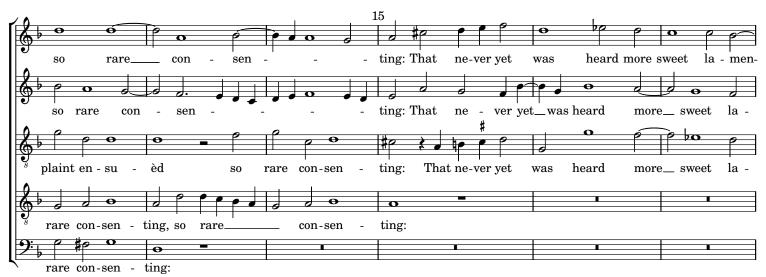
I saw my lady weeping

Vidi pianger Madonna

Part one

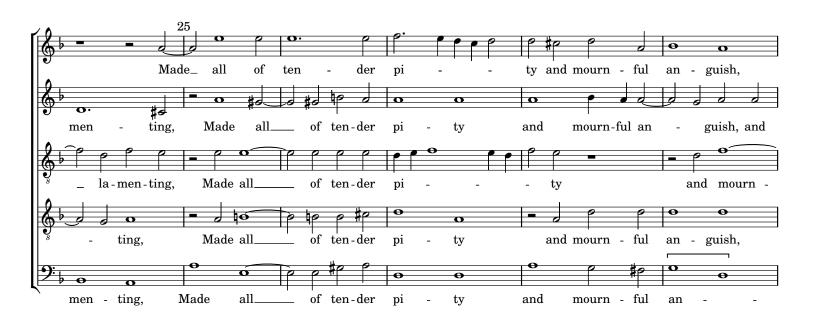


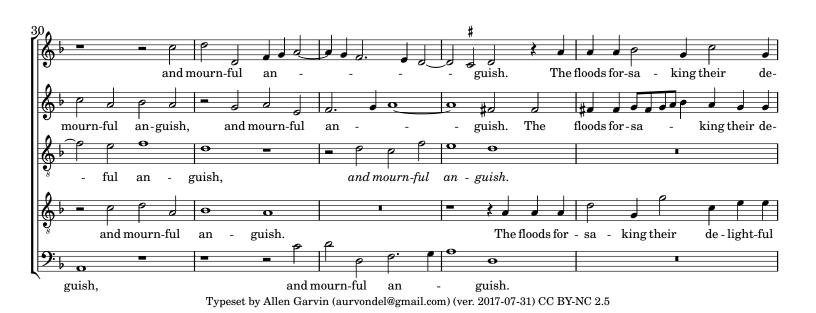


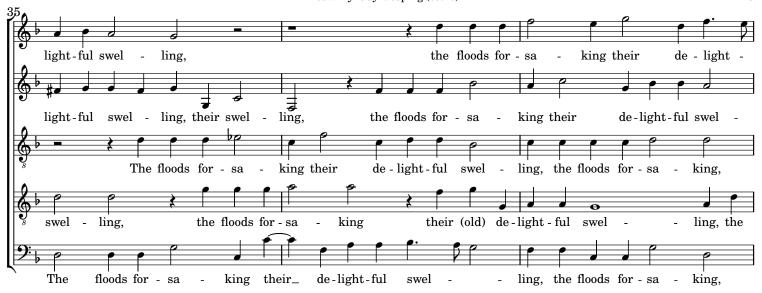


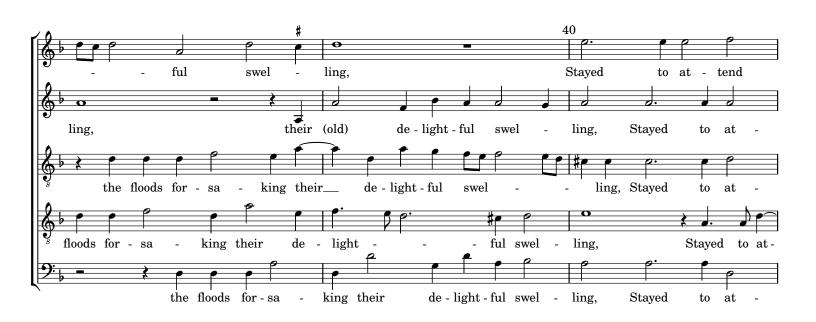
Typeset by Allen Garvin (aurvondel@gmail.com) (ver. 2017-07-31) CC BY-NC 2.5

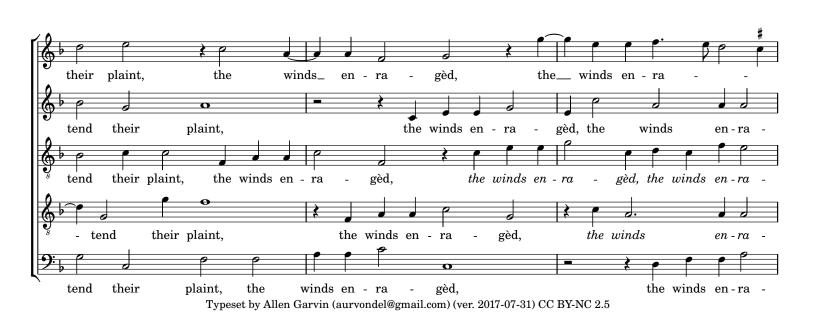


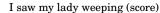


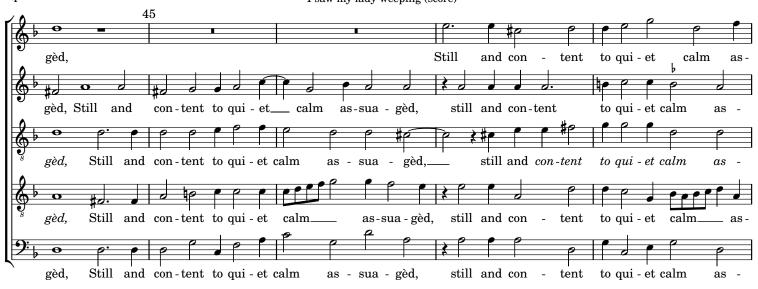


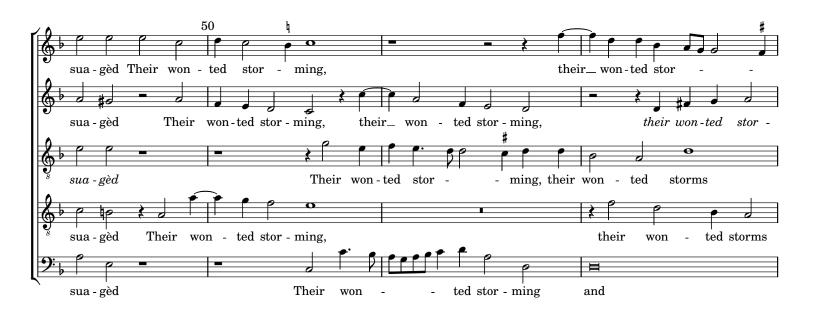


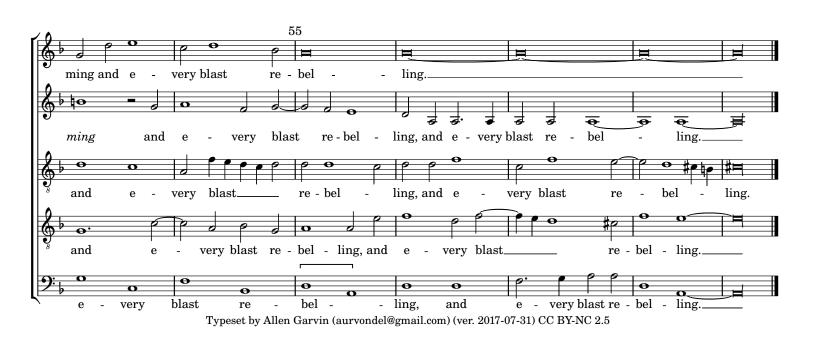












I saw my lady weeping, and Love did languish And of their plaint ensued so rare consenting: That never yet was heard more sweet lamenting, Made all of tender pity and mournful anguish. The floods forsaking their delightful swelling, Stayed to attend their plaint, the winds enraged, Still and content to quiet calm assuaged Their wonted storming and every blast rebelling.