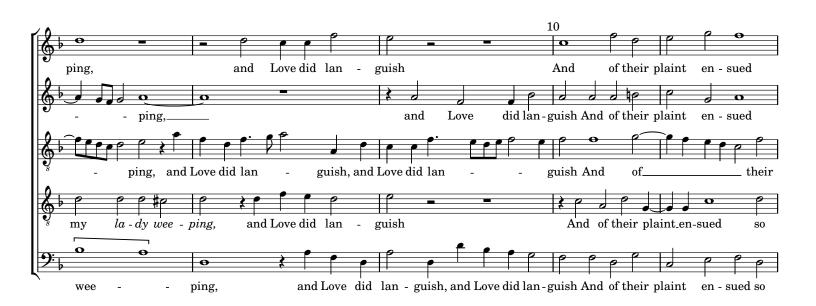
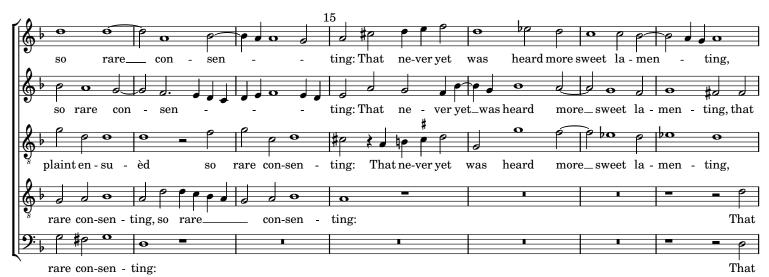
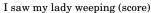
Alfonso Ferrabosco, Sr. (1543-1588) Musica Transalpina (London, 1588)

Prima parte

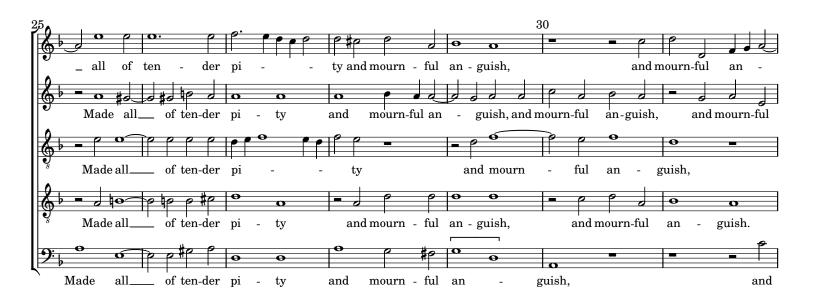


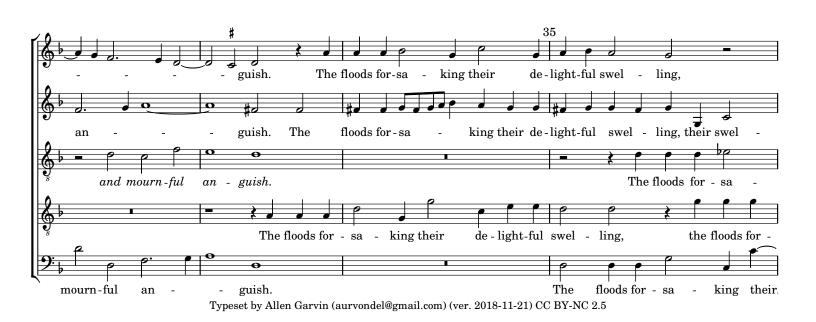


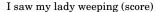


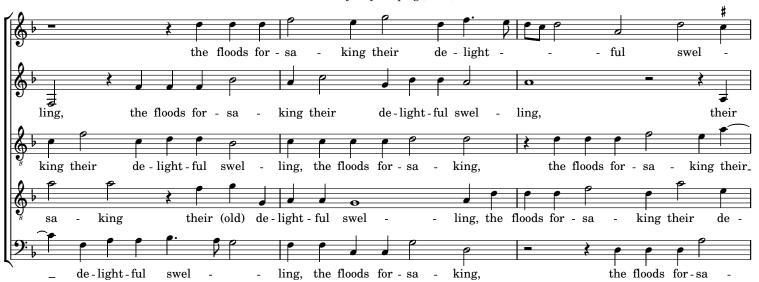


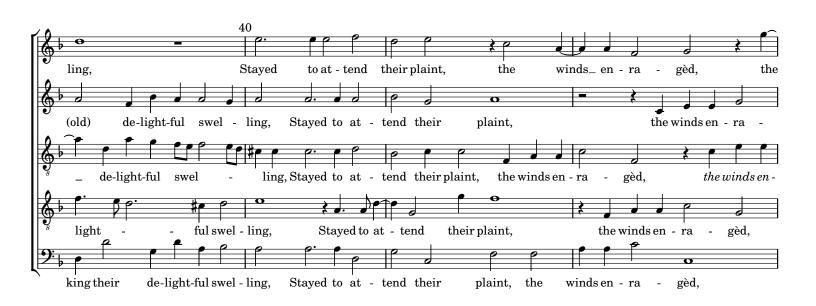


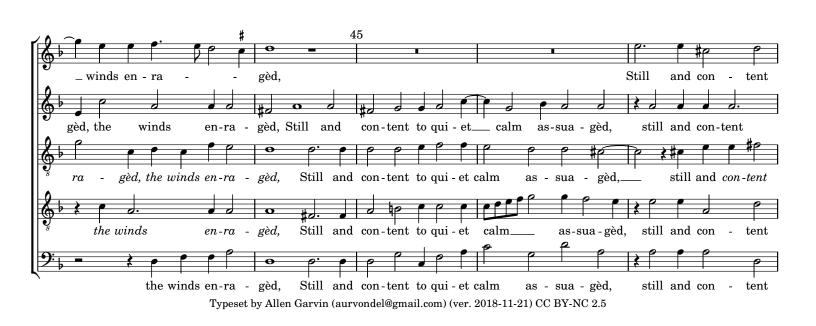


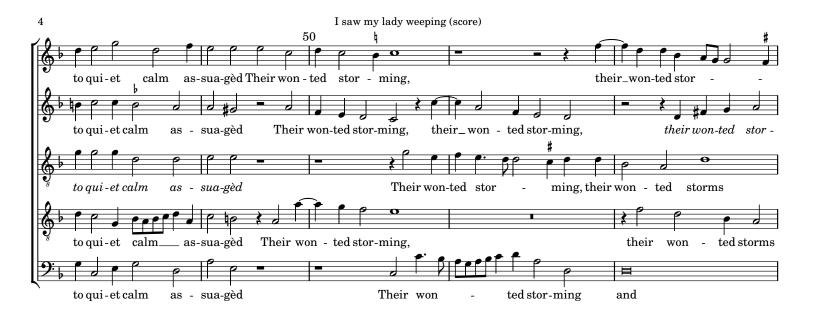


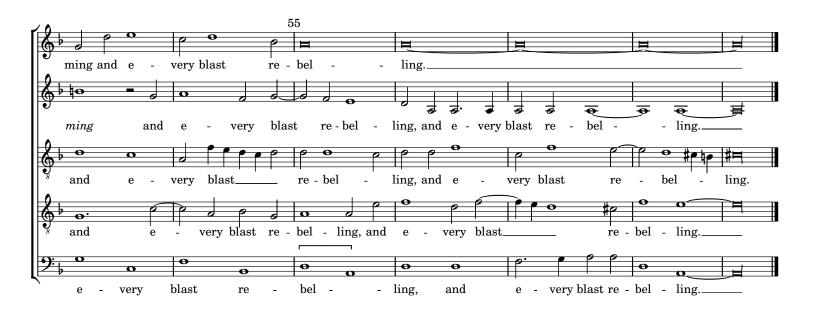




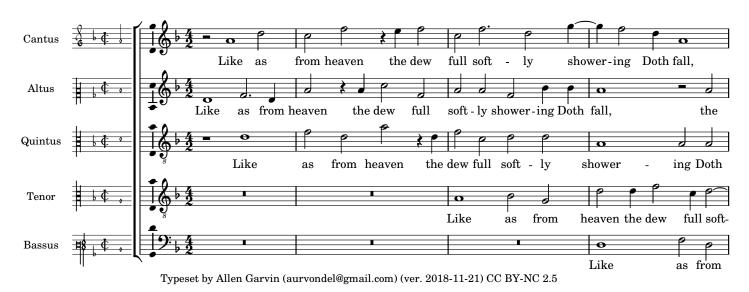


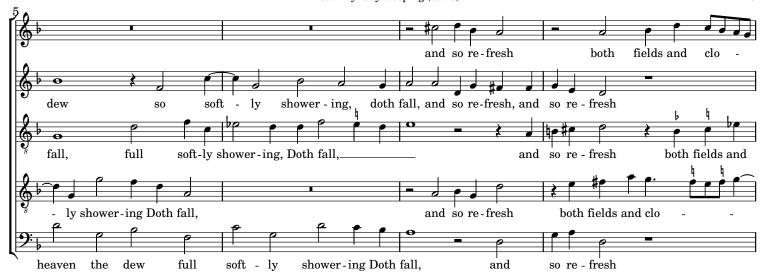


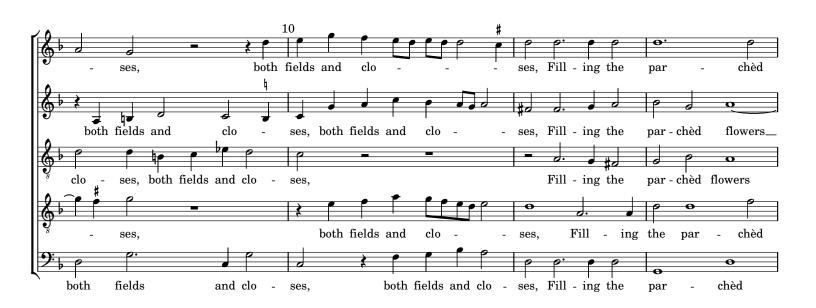


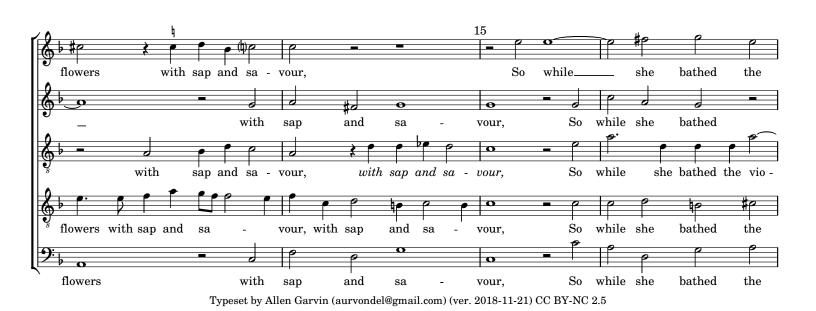




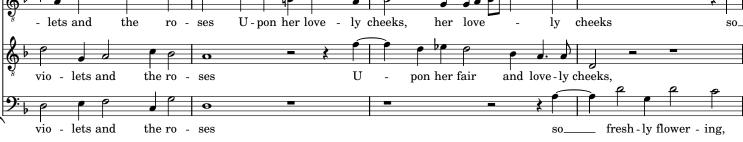


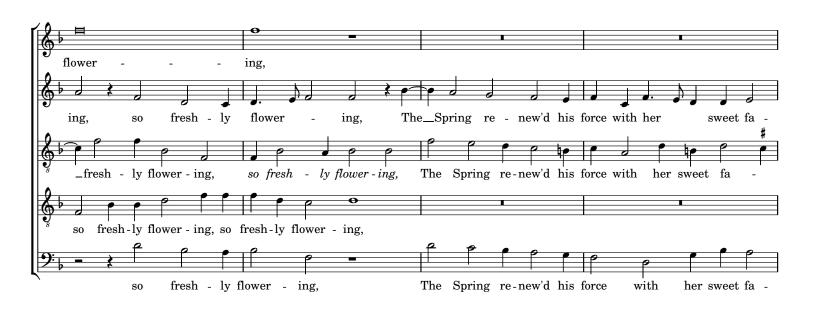




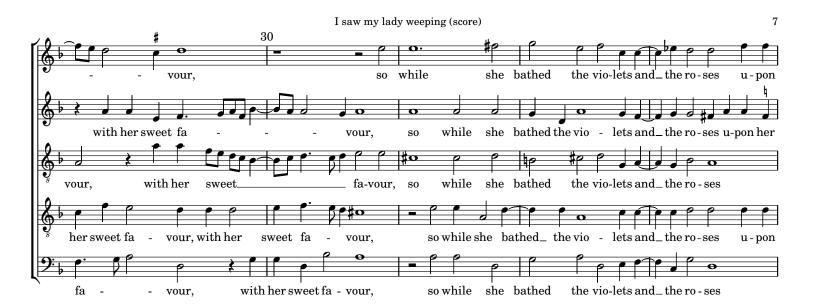


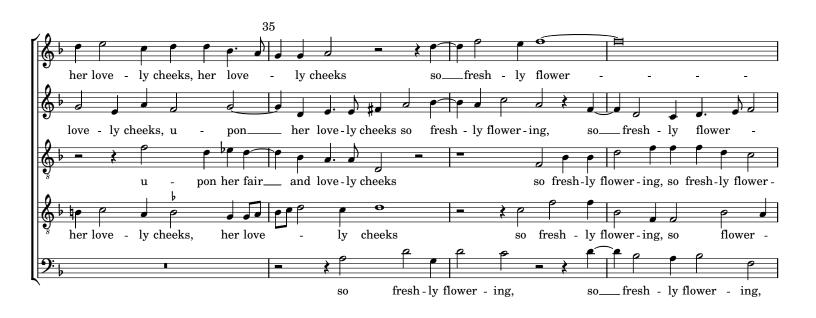


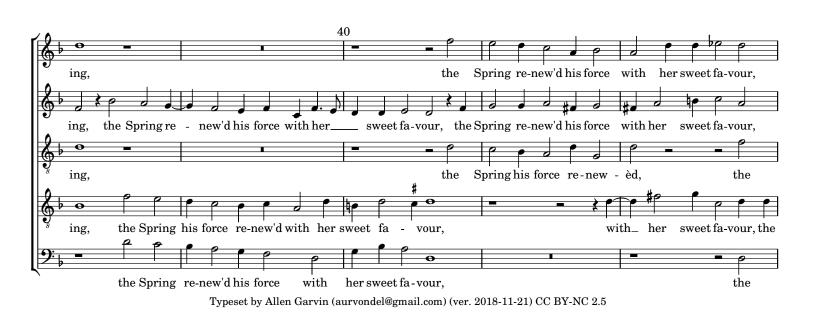


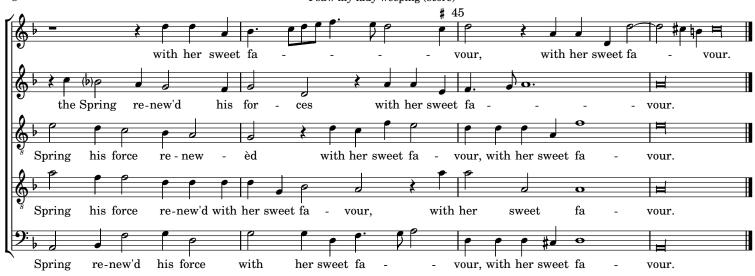












Prima parte

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.

Seconda parte

Like as from heaven the dew full softly showering
Doth fall, and so refresh both fields and closes,
Filling the parched flowers with sap and savour,
So while she bathed the violets and the roses
Upon her lovely cheeks so freshly flowering,
The Spring renewed his force with her sweet favour.