

I' vo piangendo

LONG vanished years with weeping I retrace,
When my heart's love I set on mortal thing,
Nor sought for heavenly flight to try my wing,
Who should have yielded no example base.
Thou who hast seen my suffering and disgrace,
Heaven's great immortal and invisible King,
Some succour to my wandering spirit bring,
And fortify its weakness through Thy grace.
That so my life in war and tempest past
May reach the port in peace; and though my way
Was perilous, sure be the goal at last.
My guide be thou through Life's remaining day,
And in Death's hour thy hand about me cast,
Thou knowest that on Thee my hopes I stay.