

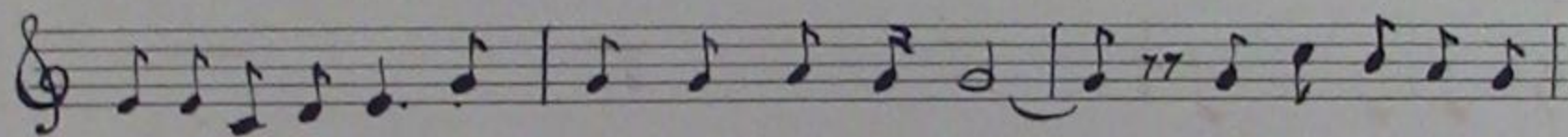
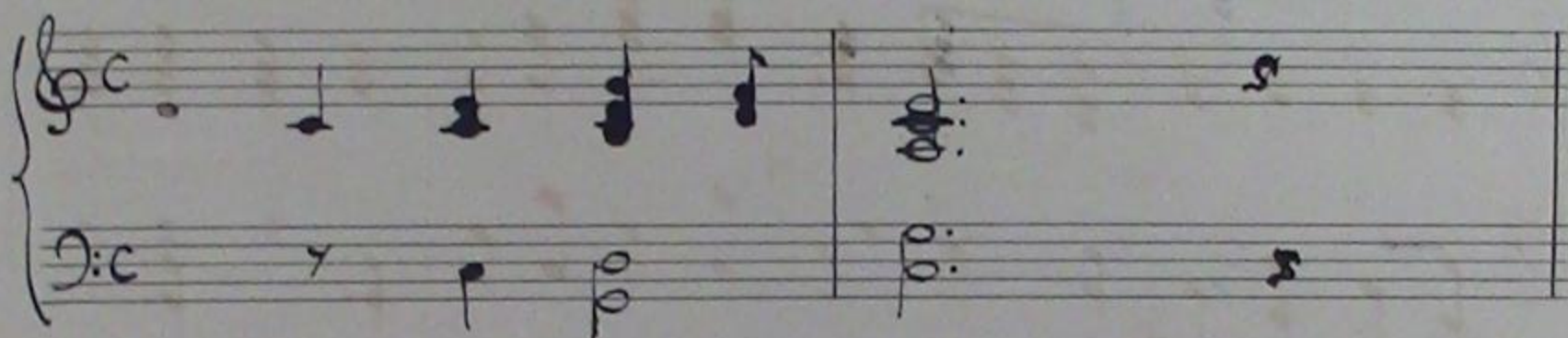
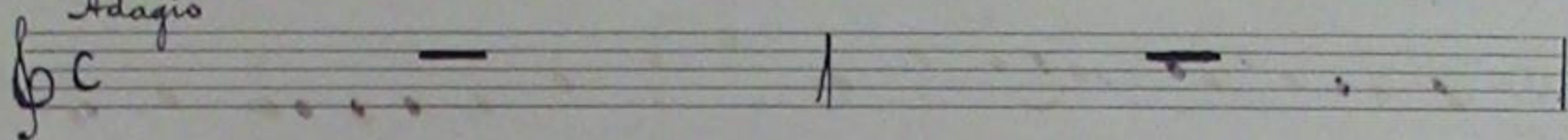
Onze lieve Vrouw.

V. B. 4 18

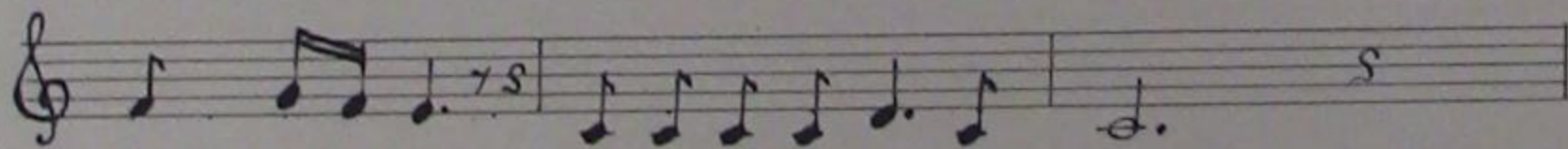
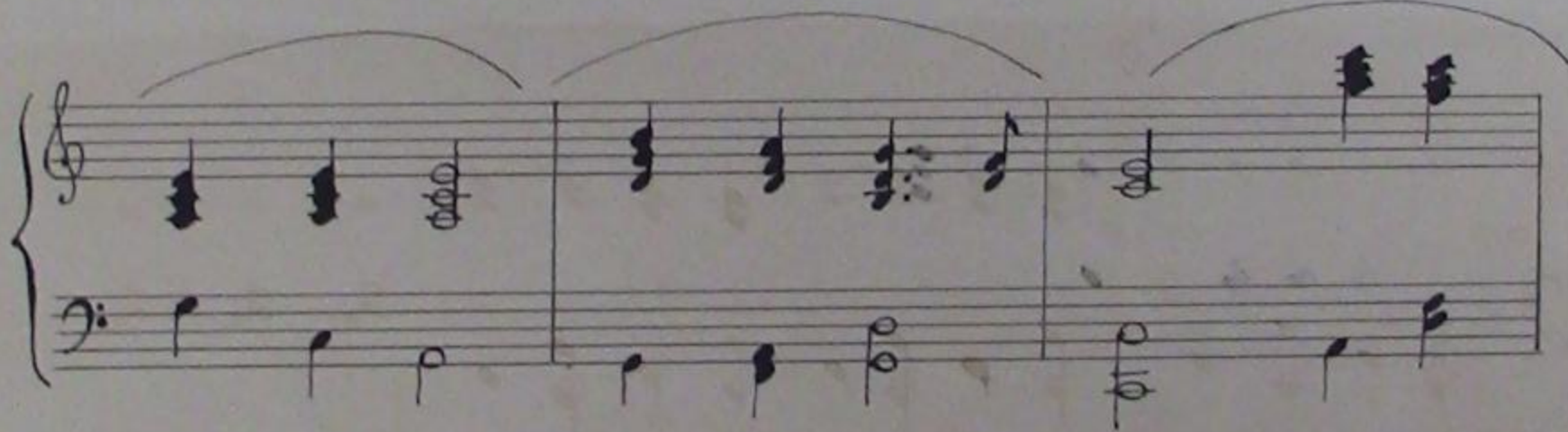
Oude tekst.

Adagio

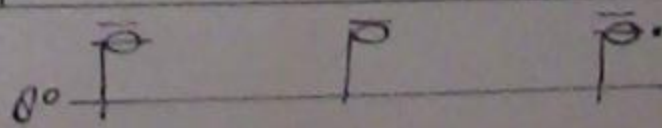
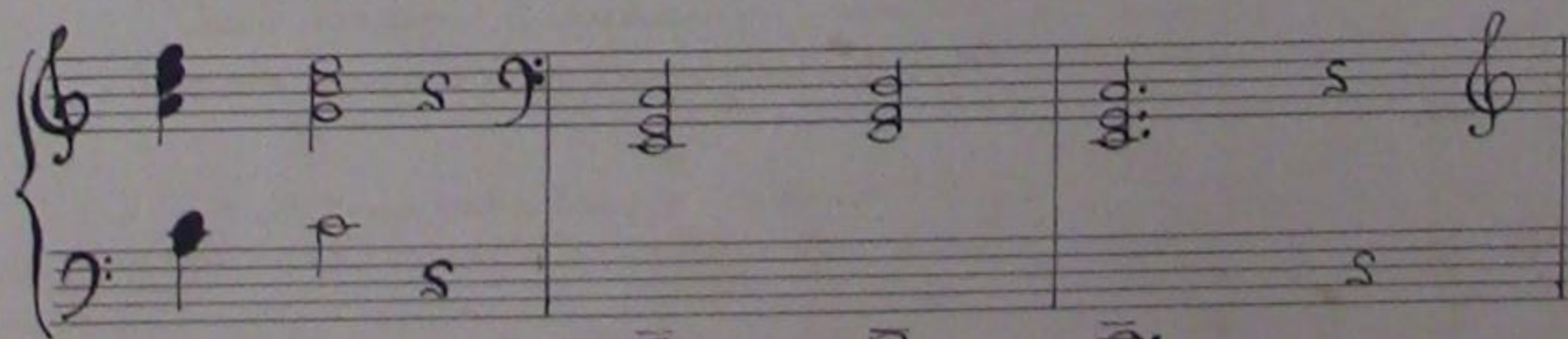
René de Clercq



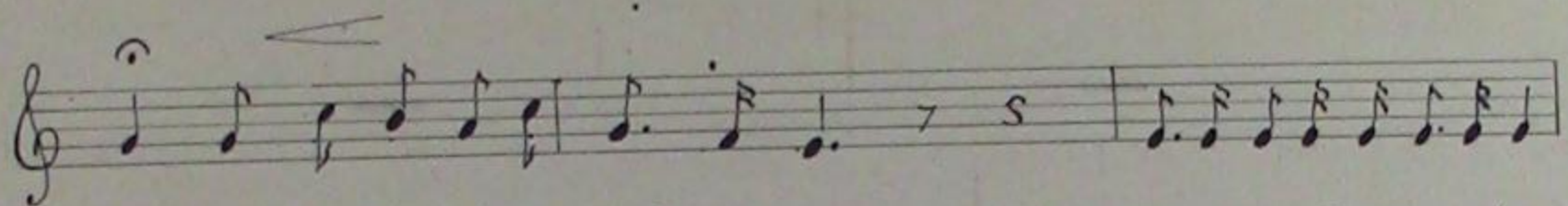
Onze lieve vrouw zat op haar hoog altaar Haar lieve Zone



kwam bij haar: Lieve moe-der slaapt gij daar?

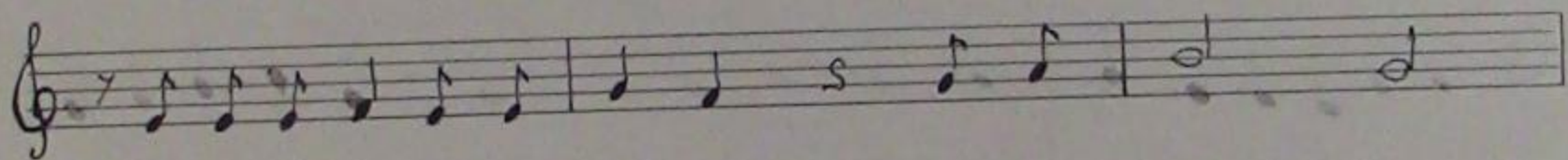
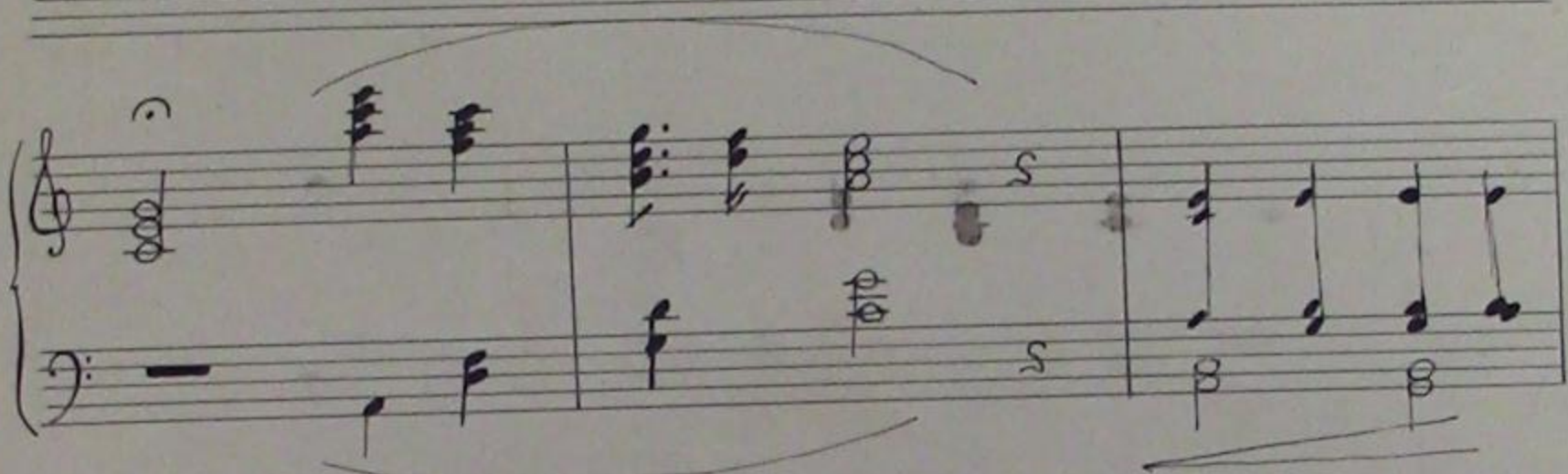






Neen, mijn lie-ve zoon, ken sla-pe niet

Maar ik heb deren nacht gedroomd



Dat gij ge-stor-ven be-gra-ven

en ver-re-zen

