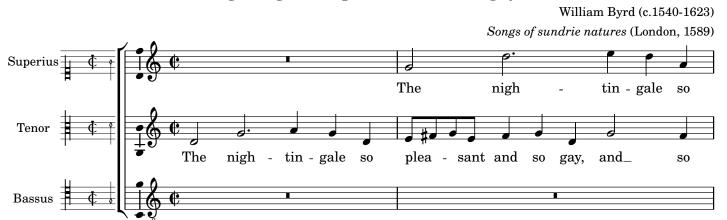
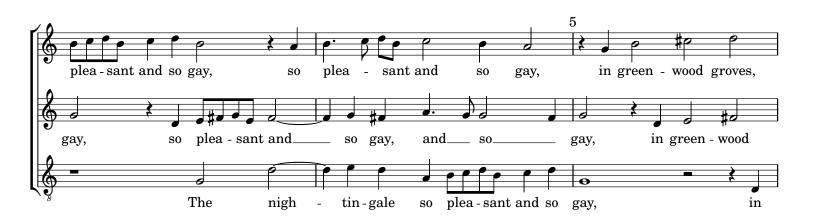
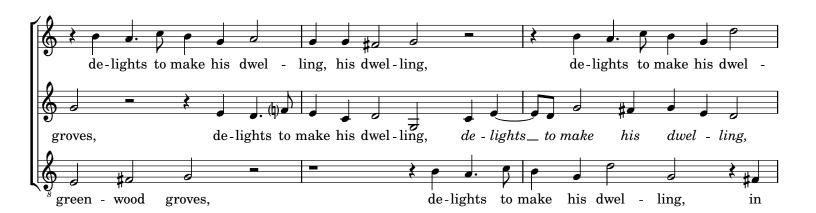
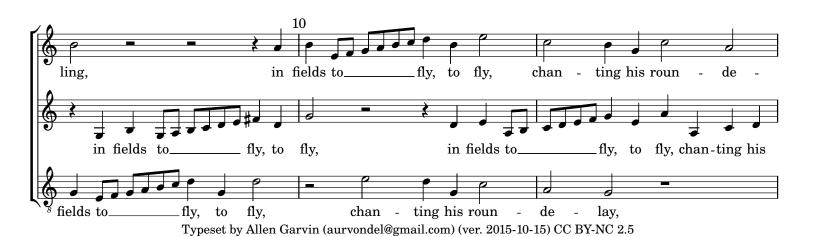
The nightingale so pleasant and so gay

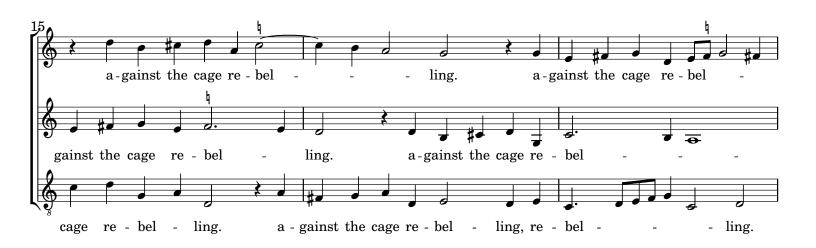


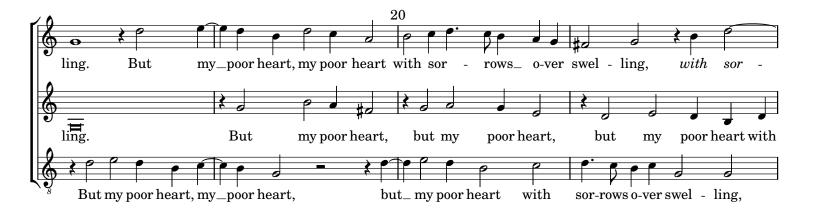


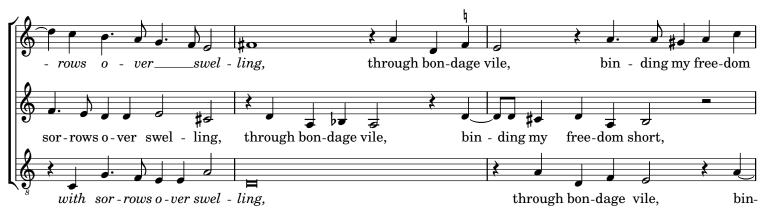






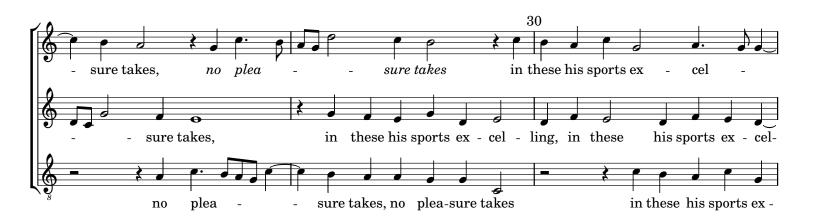


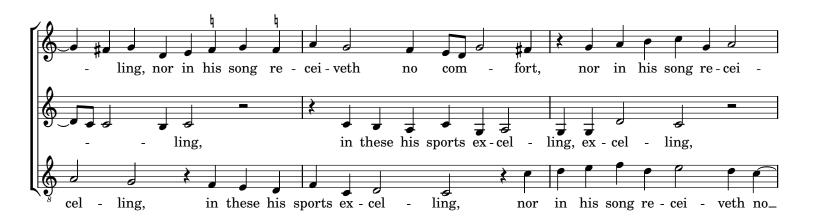




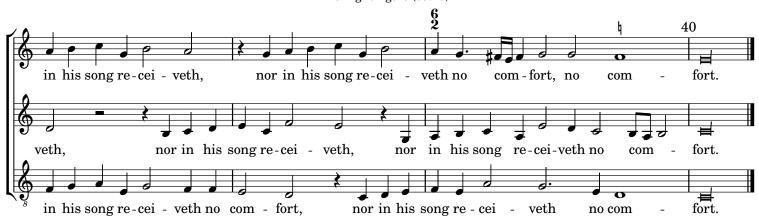
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The nightingale so pleasant and so gay, in greenwood groves, delights to make his dwelling, in fields to fly, chanting his roundelay, at liberty, against the cage rebelling.

But my poor heart with sorrows over swelling, through bondage vile, binding my freedom short, no pleasure takes in these his sports excelling, nor in his song receiveth no comfort.