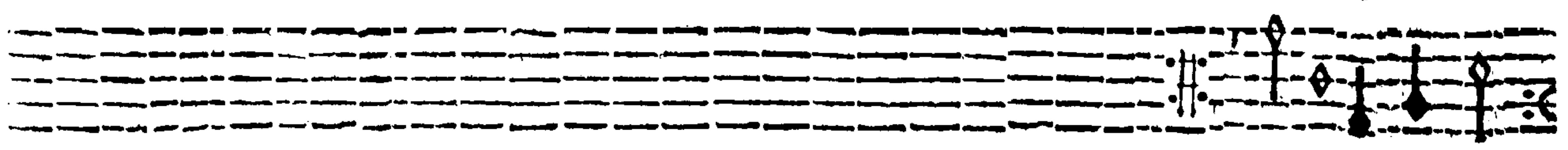


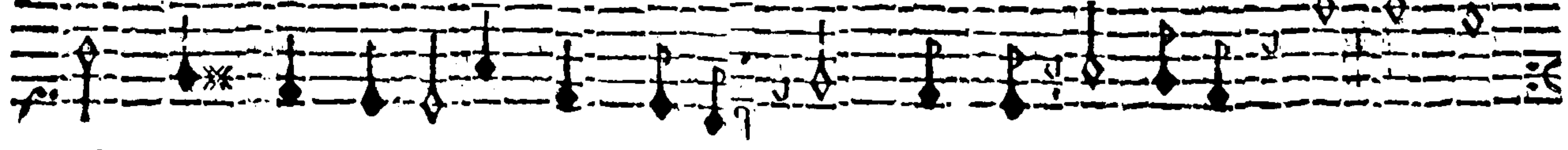
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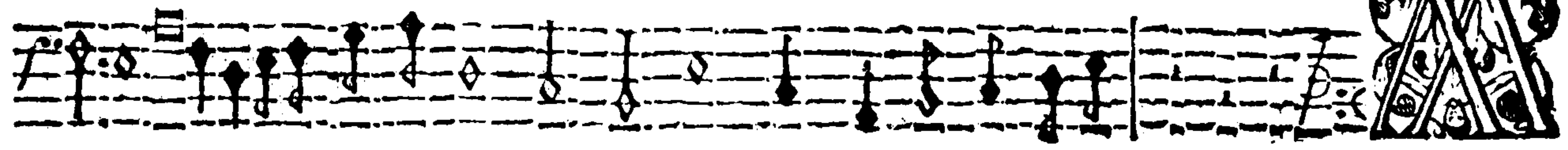
nedes bee gone, thy minde doth binde mee to no vile condition, fo doth thy truth present



while pree thee, nor too fast, too much haste maketh waite, but if thou wilt nedes wilt



Hither sunneth my swete hart my swete hart whither, ii. stay a



BASSVS

The tableture Base.