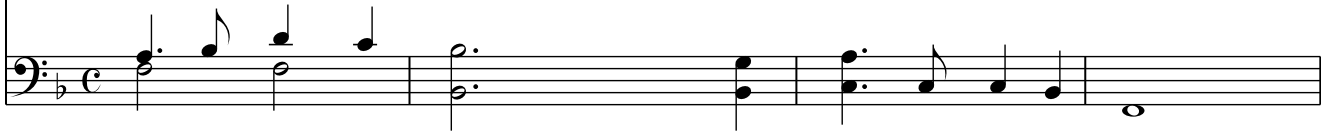




Ah! the syghes that come fro' my heart, They grieve me passing sore: Syth



I must fro' my love de part, Fare - well my joye for e - ver - more.

