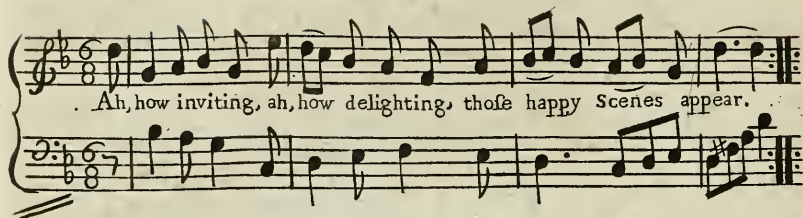
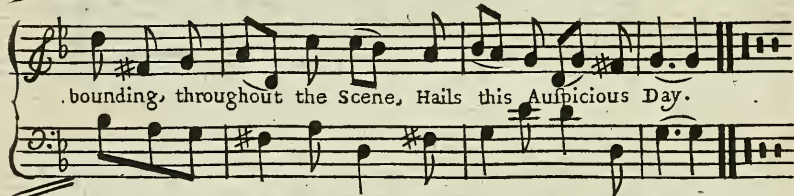
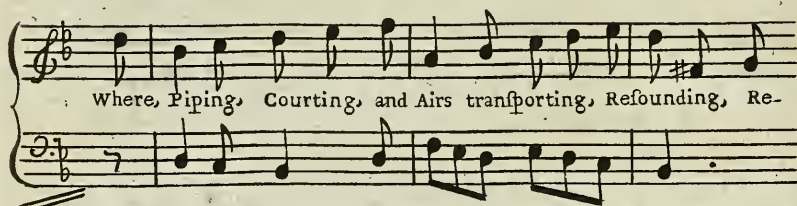


Sung in the FESTIVAL.



Where, Joy and Pleasure,
The moments measure,
And Banish gloomy Fear.



Each Pair appearing,
With Air Endearing,
So loving,
Improving,
The Blissful Scene,
Hails this Auspicious Day.

FLUTE.

