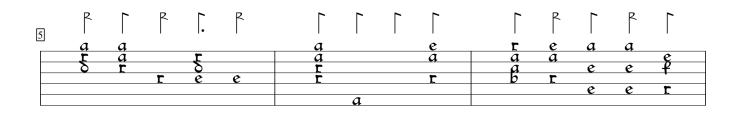
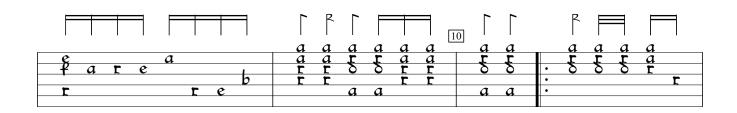
54. Vola, vola pensier (Jacob Regnart)

Emanuel Adriaenssen









Wing, wing my thought from out my breast. Fly swiftly to that lovely girl, my bright star. Tell her gently, lovingly: Here is my heart.