





Royal Masonic Institution for Boys.

SEVENTY-THIRD

ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL,

FREEMASONS' HALL,

WEDNESDAY, 8th MARCH, 1871,

SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN, BART., M.P.,

R.W.Pro. G.M. of North Wales and Shropshire,  
IN THE CHAIR.

SELECTION OF MUSIC,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

Br. DONALD W KING,

P.M., No. 12.

ASSISTED BY THE FOLLOWING EMINENT ARTISTES:

MADLE. LIEBHART,

MISS JANET KING, MISSES OWEN,

MADAME THADDEUS WELLS,

AND  
Br. THOMAS YOUNG.

Br. DONALD KING, MR. CONRAD,

AND

Br. W. WINN.

HARP - - - - MR. ELLIS ROBERTS.

*Harpist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.*

PIANOFORTE - - MISSES KING.

FOR LIST OF STEWARDS SEE END OF BOOK.

Programme of Music to be Sung in  
Banqueting Hall.

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- GRACE ..... "Benedictus" ..... *Reading.*
- NATIONAL ANTHEM "God Save the Queen" ..... *Dr. Jno. Bull.*
- GLEE..... "See the Chariot at hand" ..... *Horsley*  
Madame T. WELLS, Bros. YOUNG, KING, and WINN.
- SONG..... "Little Bird, so sweetly Singing" *G. B. Allen.*  
Madlle. LIEBHART.
- FIVE-PART SONG... "Take thy Banner" ..... *Jas. Coward.*  
FULL CHOIR.
- WELSH SONG..... "Clychau Aberdyfi"  
Madame THADDEUS WELLS,  
Accompanied on the Harp by Mr. ELLIS ROBERTS.
- SONG..... "The Temeraire" ..... *J. W. Hobbs.*  
Br. W. WINN.
- GRAND MARCH (*Pianoforte*) ..... *Mendelssohn.*  
The Misses KING.
- QUARTETTE..... "Over the Dark Blue Waters" ..... *Weber.*  
(*From Oberon.*)  
Madlle. LIEBHART, Madame WELLS, Br. DONALD KING and Br. WINN.
- SONG..... "Why are we wandering here, I pray?"... *Nathan.*  
Madlle. LIEBHART.
- PART SONG... "Men of Harlech" *Harmonized by J. Barnby.*  
FULL CHOIR.
- PART SONG..... "I love my Love in the Morning" *G. B. Allen.*  
FULL CHOIR.
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THE ORDER OF THE PROGRAMME MAY BE VARIED.

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Grace.

BENEDICTUS sit Deus in donis suis,—  
Et sanctus in omnibus operibus ejus !  
Adjutorium nostrum est in nomine Domini—  
Qui fecit cœlum et terram ;  
Sit nomen Domini benedictum,  
Ex hoc nunc usque in secula seculorum, Amen.  
Ecce Reginam salvum, Domine ;  
Da pacem in Diebus nostris,  
Et exaudi nos in die  
Quocumque invocamus te. Amen.

*Reading.*

---

NATIONAL ANTHEM.....*Dr. John Bull.*

"God save the Queen."

---

GLEE..... "See the Chariot at hand.".....*Horsley.*

Madame T. WELLS, Br. YOUNG, Br. KING and Br. WINN

See the chariot at hand, here of love,  
Wherein my lady rideth!  
Each that draws is a swan, or a dove,  
And well the car love guideth.  
And as she goes, all hearts do duty  
Unto her beauty;  
And enamoured do wish,  
So they might but enjoy such a sight  
That they still were to run by her side  
Thro' swords, thro' seas, whether she would ride.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,  
Before rude hands have pluck'd it?  
Ha' you mark'd out the fall o' the snow,  
Before the soil has smutch'd it?  
Ha' you felt the wool of the beaver,  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have you melt the bud of the briar  
Or nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag o' the bee?  
O! so white, O! so soft, O! so sweet is she.

---

SONG..... "Little bird so sweetly singing."...*G. B. Allen.*

Madlle. LIEBHART.

Little bird so sweetly singing  
In the leafy sprays above,  
Ope thy tender wings, and flying,  
Bear a message to my love;  
Utter but thy native wood-note,  
Simplest song my love shall greet,  
That she may divine the message,  
Chirp and tell her it is sweet.



Perch upon her flow'ry lattice,  
 Flirt and flutter all thy plumes,  
 Rustling, darting, hiding, peeping,  
 'Mongst the honeysuckle blooms.  
 Thou mayst tell how deep the bliss is  
 When expectant lovers meet,  
 If she chance to dream of kisses,  
 Chirp and tell her they are sweet.

FIVE-PART SONG.... "Take thy Banner."..... J. Coward.

*(Hymn of the Moravian Nuns.)*

Take thy banner, may it wave  
 Proudly o'er the good and brave,—  
 When the battle's distant wail  
 Breaks the sabbath of our vale,  
 When the clarion's music thrills  
 To the hearts of these lone hills;  
 When the spear in conflict shakes,  
 And the strong lance shivering breaks,  
 Take thy banner, take thy banner,  
 Guard it, till our homes are free!  
 Guard it, God will prosper thee.

Take thy banner, but when night  
 Closes round the ghastly fight;  
 If the vanquished warrior pow,  
 Spare him, by our holy bow,  
 By our prayers, and many tears,  
 By the mercy that endears,  
 Spare him, he our love hath shared,  
 Spare him, as thou would'st be spared.  
 Take thy banner, take thy banner,  
 Guard it, till our homes are free!  
 Guard it, God will prosper thee.

WELSH SONG..... "Clychau Aberdyfi."

Madame THADDEUS WELLS.

Os wyt tin fy ngharu i, Fel rwyffin dy garu di  
 Mal, un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump chwech  
 Meddai Clychau Aberdyfi.

Hoff gan fab yw meddu serch  
 Y ferch mae am briodi  
 Hoff gan innau yn mhob man  
 Am Morfydd Aberdyfi.

Tra bollarw trai a lli,  
 Yn fy nghalon caraf di ;  
 Mal, un, dau, tri, pedwar pump chwech,  
 Meddai Clychau Aberdyfi  
 Os y byddin wraig i mi  
 Ni flinaf f'in dy Hoffi  
 Beunydd gwnawn ym lawen hau  
 Fell Clychau Aberdyfi.

[TRANSLATION.]

"The Bells of Aberdovv."

Gwenney dear, if you love me  
 As I truly do love thee,  
 Oh when shall we two wedded be,  
     Say the bells of Aberdovv.  
 One, two, three, four, I hear them chime,  
 No longer waste your precious time,  
     Say the bells of Aberdovv.

Blythe and merry, young and gay,  
 Together truly plighted,  
 Name, oh name the happy day  
     For us to be united.

Gwenney dear, if you love me  
 As I truly do love thee,  
 Oh when shall we two wedded be,  
     Say the bells of Aberdovv.

While the tide doth ebb and flow,  
 While the sun lights all below,  
 With fond love shall my bosom glow,  
 For the Maid of Aberdovv.

Every day, and all day long,  
 With spirits gay and lightsome,  
 Still of her shall be my song,—  
 The maid so fair and brightsome.

Gwenney dear, if you love me  
 As I truly do love thee,  
 Oh when shall we two wedded be,  
     Say the bells of Aberdovv.

SONG....."The Temeraire.".....*J. W. Hobbs.*

Br. WINN.

"She was the second ship in Nelson's Line at the battle of Trafalgar, and having little provisions or water on board, she was what sailors call 'flying tight,' so as to be able to keep pace with the fast-sailing Victory. When the latter drew upon herself all the enemy's force, the Temeraire tried to pass her, to take it in her stead, but Nelson himself hailed her to keep astern. The Temeraire cut away her scudding sails and held back, receiving the enemy's fire into her bows without returning a shot. Two hours later, she came out with an enemy's seventy-four ship on each side of her, both her prizes, one lashed to her mainmast and the other to her anchor."—*Vide "Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Gallery."*

Behold! how changed is yonder ship,  
The wreck of former pride;  
Methinks I see her, as of old—  
The glory of the tide—  
As when she came to Nelson's aid,  
The battle's brunt to bear,  
And nobly sought to lead the van,  
The brave old Temeraire.

When sailors speak of Trafalgar,  
So famed for Nelson's fight,  
With pride they tell of her career,  
Her onward course, her might.  
How, when the victory was won,  
She shone triumphant there,  
With noble prize on either side,  
The brave old Temeraire.

Our friends depart and are forgot,  
As time rolls fleetly by;  
In after years none, none are left  
For them to heave a sigh;  
But hist'ry's page will ever mark  
The glories she did share,  
And gild the sunset of her fate,  
The brave old Temeraire.

GRAND MARCH (*Pianoforte*),.....*Mendelssohn.*

Misses KING.



QUARTETT....." Over the Dark Blue Waters.".....*Weber.*  
(From *Oberon*.)

Madlle. LIEBHART, Madam T. WELLS, Br. DONALD KING, and  
Br. WINN.

Over the dark blue waters,  
Over the wide, wide sea!  
Fairest of Araby's daughters,  
Say, wilt thou sail with me. Say!  
Were there no bounds to the water,  
No shore to the wide sea,  
Still fearless would Araby's daughter  
Sail on through life with thee!  
On board then while the skies are light  
And friendly blows the gale,  
Our hearts are as true as our bark,  
And bright our hopes as its sunlit sail!

BALLAD... "Why are you wand'ring here, I pray?"... *Nathan.*

Madlle. LIEBHART.

"Why are you wand'ring here, I pray?"  
An old man asked a maid one day.  
"Looking for poppies so bright and red,  
Father," said she, "I'm hither led."  
"Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,  
"Poppies, 'tis known to all who rove,  
Grow in the field, and not in the grove,  
Grow in the field, and not in the grove."  
"Tell me again," the old man said,  
"Why are you loit'ring here, fair maid?"  
"The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,  
Father," said she, "I'm come to hear."  
"Fie, fie!" she heard him cry,  
"Nightingale's all, so people say,  
Warble by night, and not by day,  
Warble by night, and not by day."

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,  
When Lubin jumped o'er the style hard by;  
The sage look'd grave, the maid more glum,  
Lubin, he twiddled his finger and thumb:  
"Fie, fie!" was the old man's cry,  
"Poppies like these I own are rare,  
And of such nightingale's songs beware,  
And of such nightingale's songs beware."

## FOUR-PART SONG... "March of the Men of Harlech."

## FULL CHOIR.

Men of Harlech! in the hollow,  
 Do ye hear, like rushing billow,  
 Wave on wave that surging follow,  
 Battle's distant sound?  
 'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,  
 Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,—  
 Be they knights, or hinds, or yeomen,  
 They shall bite the ground!  
 Loose the folds asunder,  
 Flag we conquer under!  
 The placid sky now bright on high  
 Shall launch its bolts in thunder!  
 Onward! 'tis our country needs us.  
 He is bravest, he who leads us!  
 Honour's self now proudly heads us!  
 Cambria, God, and Right!

Rocky steeps and passes narrow  
 Flash with spear and flight of arrow,  
 Who would think of death or sorrow?  
 Death is glory now!  
 Hurl the reeling horsemen over!  
 Let the earth dead foemen cover!  
 Fate of friend, of wife, of lover  
 Trembles on a blow!  
 Strands of life are riven;  
 Blow for blow is given,  
 In deadly lock, or battle shock,  
 And mercy shrieks to heaven!  
 Men of Harlech! young or hoary,  
 Would you win a name in story!  
 Strike for home, for life, for glory!  
 Cambria, God, and Right!

FOUR-PART SONG. .... G. B. Allen.

"I love my love in the Morning."

FULL CHOIR.

I love my love in the morning,  
 For she like morn is fair,  
 Her blushing cheek  
 Its crimson streak,  
 It clouds her golden hair ;  
 Her glance, its beams so soft and kind  
 Her tears, its dewy show'rs ;  
 And her voice the tender whisp'ring wind  
 That stirs the early bow'rs.  
 Oh ! I love my love, &c.

*I love my love in the morning,  
 I love my love at noon,  
 For she is bright  
 As the Lord of Light,  
 Yet mild as Arcum's moon ;  
 Her beauty is rose-bosom's snare,  
 Her faith my fest'ring shroud,  
 And I will love my aching one  
 Till even the sun shall fade.  
 Oh ! I love my love, &c.*

I love my love in the morning,  
 I love my love at even,  
 Her smile's soft play  
 Is like the ray  
 That lights the western heaven.  
 I lov'd her when the sun was high,  
 I lov'd her when he rose ;  
 But best of all when evening's sigh  
 Was murmuring at its close.  
 Oh ! I love my love, &c.

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Selection of Music to be Sung in the  
Drawing Room.

- DUETT (*Pianoforte*) Overture to Masanniello ..... *Auber.*  
The Misses KING.
- NEW SONG ..... "Sing, Sweet Bird" ..... *Gans.*  
Madlle. LIEBHART.
- FOUR-PART SONG "O, Hush Thee, my Baby" ..... *Sullivan.*  
FULL CHOIR.
- SERENADE... "I arise from Dreams of Thee" ... *C. Salaman.*  
Br. DONALD KING.
- CANZONE..... "Ben e Kiddleo" ..... *Randegger.*  
Madlle. THALDEUS WELLS.
- FOUR-PART SONG "Sir Knight, oh whither away" ... *Macirone.*  
FULL CHOIR.
- SONG..... "I love but Thee" ..... *T. Moore.*  
Br. THOS. YOUNG.
- SCOTCH SONG... "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town"  
Madlle. LIEBHART.
- DUO PIANOFORTE..... "Qui Vive" ..... *Gans.*  
The Misses KING.
- NEW SONG... "The Yeoman's Wedding" *PrincePoniatowski.*  
Br. W. WINN.
- GLEE..... "Sleep, Gentle Lady" ... *Sir H. R. Bishop.*

THE ORDER OF PROGRAMME MAY BE VARIED.

DUETT (*Pianoforte*)... "Overture to Masaniello," .... *Auber*

The Misses KING.

SONG (*New*)..... "Sing, sweet Bird." ..... *W. Ganz.*

Madlle. LIEBHART.

Sing, sweet bird, and chase my sorrow,  
 Let me listen to thy strain ;  
 From thy warblings I can borrow  
 That which bids me hope again.  
 Hover still around my dwelling,  
 There is pleasure where thou art ;  
 While thy tale of love thou'rt telling,  
 Say, who can be sad at heart ;  
 Morn, and noon, and dewy even,  
 Anxiously for thee I'll wait ;  
 Come thou chorister of heaven,  
 Cheer a soul disconsolate.  
 So shall Time fond thoughts awaken,  
 Joy once more shall live and reign ;  
 And the harp so long forsake,  
 Yield its dulcet notes again.

PART SONG... "O, Hush Thee, my Babie." .... *A. Sullivan.*

Sung by full Choir.

O, hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,  
 Thy mother a lady both gentle and bright ;  
 The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,  
 They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,  
 It calls but the warders that guard thy repose,  
 Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,  
 Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O, hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come  
 When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum.  
 Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,  
 For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.



SERENADE... "I arise from Dreams of Thee."....C. Salaman

Br. DONALD KING.

I arise from dreams of thee  
 In the first sweet sleep of night,  
 When the winds are breathing low  
 And the stars are burning bright.  
 I arise from dreams of thee,  
 And a spirit in my feet  
 Hath led me who knows how  
 To thy chamber window, sweet,—  
 A spirit hath led me to thee.  
 The wand'ring airs they faint  
 On the dark the silent stream,  
 The champak odours fail  
 Like sweet thoughts in a dream,  
 The nightingale's complaint  
 It dies upon her heart,  
 As I must on thine beloved as thou art.  
 The gentle dew of sleep  
 Are falling on thine eye,  
 And I alas must weep,  
 Thou know'st not from nigh;  
 My cheek is cold and wan,  
 My heart beats loud and fast,  
 Oh! press it to thine own,  
 Or it will break at last.  
 A spirit hath led me to thee.

CANZONE....."Ben e Ridicolo.".....Randegger.

Madame THADDEUS WELLS.

Ben e ridicolo  
 Quel cor geloso  
 Che il dubbio ascoso  
 Serba per se,  
 L'alma dischiudalo  
 Tosto se dubita,  
 E cura subita trovera in me.  
 Che affatto caudido  
 In seu ricovero  
 Ne alcuu rimprovero  
 Turba mia fe.

Ah! no, tra, la, la, la,

Amor volubile  
 Querela e tace  
 È guerra e pace  
 Alterna ognor.  
 Amore stabile  
 Fermo nel credere,  
 Con! dubbu ledere  
 Non osa il cor.  
 E in seno candido  
 S'egli na ricovero  
 Non è mai povero,  
 Di vera fè.  
 Ah! no, tra, la, la, la.

PART SONG.....C. M. Macirone

"Sir Knight, Sir Knight, oh! whither away."

(*Sintram's Song.*)

Sir Knight, Sir Knight, oh! whither away,  
 With thy snow white sail, o'er the foaming spray;

Sing heigh, sing ho, for the land of flow'rs.  
 Too long have I trod upon ice and snow;

I seek the bowers where roses bloom;  
 Sing heigh, sing ho.

He steer'd on his course by night and day  
 Till he cast his anchor in Naples bay.

Sing heigh, sing ho, for the land of flow'rs.  
 There wandered a lady upon the strand,

Her fair hair bound with a golden band.  
 Sing heigh, sing ho.

"Hail to thee, hail to thee, lady bright,  
 Mine own shalt thou be ere morning light."

Sing heigh, sing ho, for the land of flow'rs.

"Not so, Sir Knight," the lady replied,

"For you speak to the Margrave's chosen bride."  
 Sing heigh, sing ho.

Then came the young Margrave, bold and brave,  
 But low was he laid in a grassy grave.

Sing heigh, sing ho for the land of flow'rs.  
 And then the fierce Northman joyously cried

"Now shall I possess lands, castle, and bride."

Sing heigh, sing ho, for the land of flow'rs,  
 Sing heigh, sing ho.

SONG....."I Love but Thee.".....T. Moore.

Br. YOUNG.

If, after all, you still will doubt and fear me,  
 And think this heart to other loves will stray,  
 If I must swear, then, lovely doubter, hear me,  
 By ev'ry dream I have when thou'rt away,  
 By ev'ry throb I feel when thou art near me,  
 I love but thee!

By those dark eyes, where light is ever playing,  
 Where love in depth of shadow holds his throne,  
 And by those lips, which give whatever thou'rt saying  
 Or grave or gay a music of its own—  
 A music far beyond all minstrel's playing,—  
 I love but thee!

By that fair brow, where innocence reposes,  
 As pure as moonlight sleeping upon snow,  
 And by that cheek, whose fleeting blush discloses  
 A hue too bright to blemish this world below,  
 And only fit to dwell on Eden's roses,  
 I love but thee!

SCOTCH SONG... "Within a Mile o' Edinburgh Town."

Madlle. LIEBHART.

Within a mile o' Edinburgh town,  
 In the rosy time of the year,  
 Sweet flow'rets bloom'd, and the grass was down,  
 And each shepherd woo'd his dear.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,  
 Woo'd sweet Jenny, making hay;  
 The lassie blushed, and frowning cried,  
 "No, no, it will not do;  
 I canna, canna, wunna, wunna,  
 Munna buckle to,"

Young Jockey was a wag that never would wed,  
 Tho' lang he had followed the lass;  
 Contented she earn'd and did eat her brown bread,  
 And blithely turned up the grass.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and gay,  
 Woo'd sweet Jenny, making hay;  
 Yet still she blushed, and frowning cried—  
 "No, no, it will not do;  
 I canna," &c., &c.

But when he vow'd he would make her his bride,  
 Though his flocks and herds were but few,  
 She gied him her hand, and a kiss beside,  
 And vow'd she'd for ever be true.  
 Bonny Jockey, blithe and free,  
 Won her heart right merrily;  
 At church she no more frowning cried—  
 "No, no, it will not do;  
 I canna," &c., &c.

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DUO PIANOFORTE....."Qui Vibe".....Ganz.  
 The Misses KING.

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NEW SONG.....*Prince Poniatowski.*  
 "The Yeoman's Wedding."  
 B. WINN.

Ding dong, ding dong, I love the song,  
 For it is my wedding morning,  
 And the bride so gay, in fine array,  
 For the day, will be now adorning.  
 Tho' I've little wealth but sovereign health,  
 And am only a yeoman free,  
 When heart joins hand, there's none in the land  
 Can be richer in joys than we.  
 Ding dong, ding dong,  
 We'll gallop along,  
 All fears and doubting scorning,  
 Through the valley we'll haste,  
 For we've no time to waste,  
 As this is my wedding morning.

Ding dong, ding dong, my steed hie on,  
 For the church will soon be filling;  
 They must not wait, for were we late  
 They'd deem the groom unwilling.  
 The sun is high in the morning sky,  
 And the lark o'er our heads doth sing  
 A bridal song as we gallop along  
 Keeping time to the bells as they ring.

GLEE..... "Sleep, Gentle Lady."....*Sir A. R. Bishop.*

Sleep, gentle lady, the flowers are closing,  
 The very waves and winds reposing;  
 Oh! may our soft and soothing numbers  
 Wrap thee in sweeter, softer slumbers!  
 Peace be around thee, lady bright,  
 Sleep while we sing, 'Good night, good night.'

*Bro. Donald W. King,  
 Conductor and Professor of Singing,  
 48, Woburn Place, Russell Square.*



## ROYAL MASONIC INSTITUTION FOR BOYS.

73RD ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL.

WEDNESDAY, 8th MARCH, 1871.

## Board of Stewards.

PRESIDENT.

W. Bro. JAMES MASON, P.G.S.B. P.M. No. 144.

VICE-PRESIDENTS.

V.W. Bro. Rev. C. J. Martyn	P.G.Ch., W.M.	1224
W. " Maurice, Rev. Lyttleton Henry Powys	P.G. Chap. Surrey	416
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" Adlard, Walter	Dist. G.W. Punjab, P.M.	782
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" Milson, C., junr.	P. Pro. G.W. Somerset, P.M.	51
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" Young, Henry	P.G. Steward, W.M.	50
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" Hart, John	P. Pro. G.W. Surrey, P.M.	21
" Ware, Frederick	P.G. Reg. S. Wales, E. Div., P.M.	916
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" Potts, John	Pro. G. Sup. Works, Oxford	
" Wyndham, Charles W.	Pro. G. Sup. Works, Dorset	
" Wordsworth, Capt.	P. Pro. G. Sup. Works, W. Yorks.	
" Day, Henry	P. Pro. G. Sup. Works, W. Yorks.	
" Inskip, Edward Thomas	Pro. G. Purv., Wilts, P.M.	
" Jowett, Thomas	Pro. G. Purv. Herefordshire	140
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HON. TREASURER.

W. Bro. FREDERICK ADOLPHUS PHILBRICK, V.P., W.M. 18, Chap. No. 12.

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