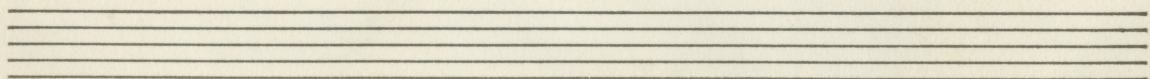
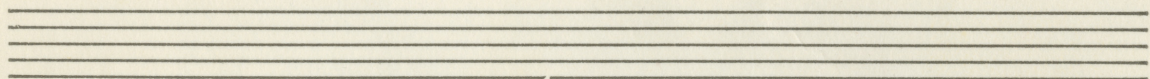
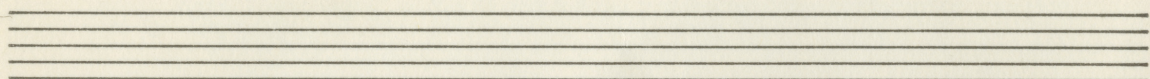
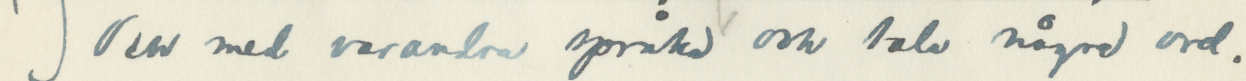
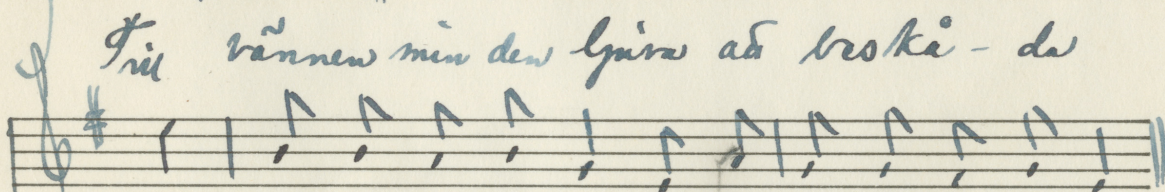
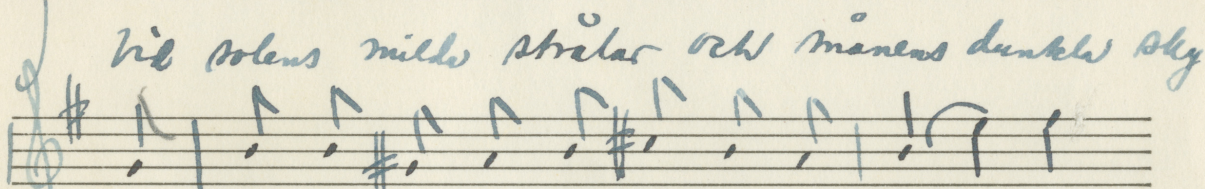
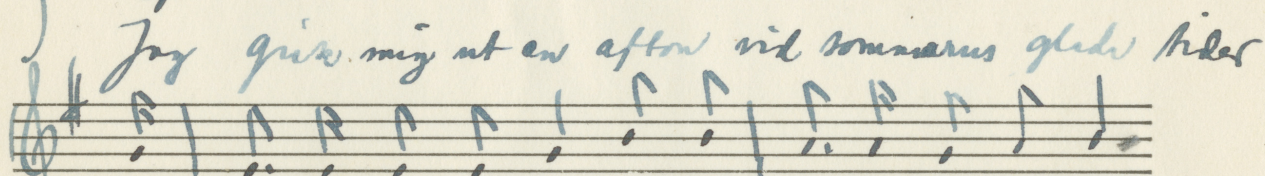
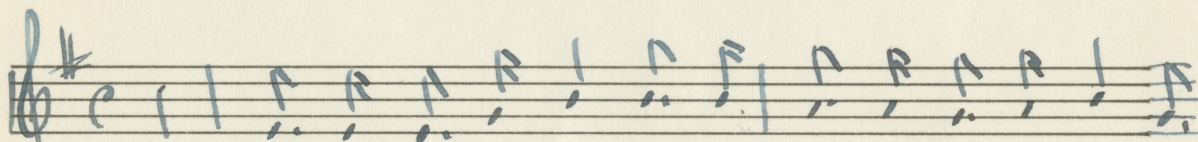
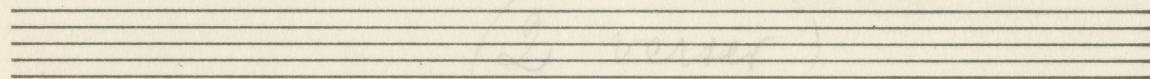
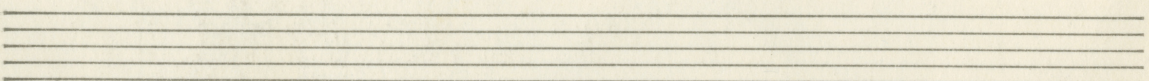
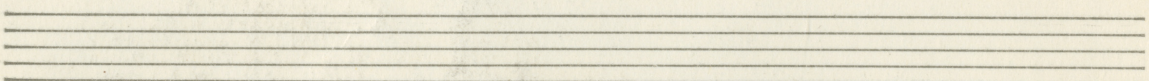
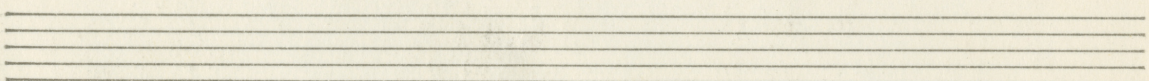
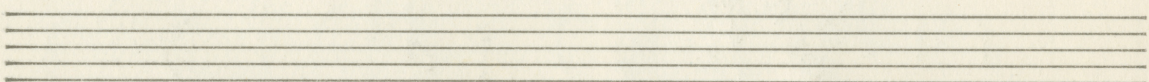
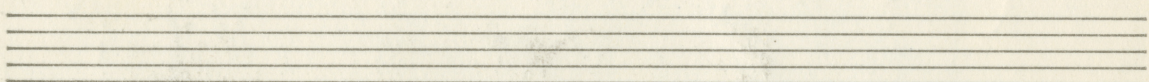
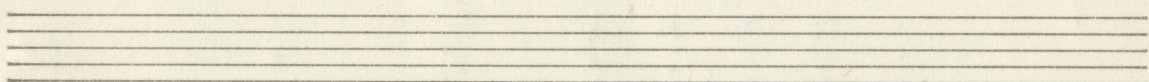
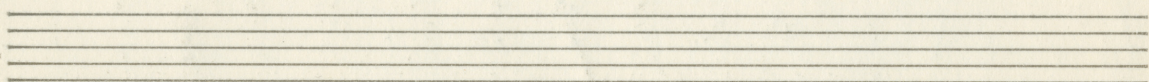
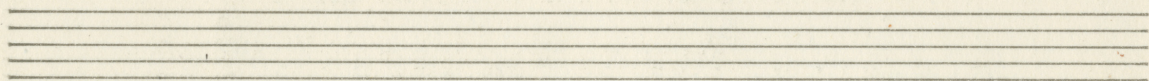


And Kajsas Kungs
Perus.



113.

Jag gick mig ut en afton vid sommaras
 Vid solens milda strålar och ^{glada} tidens
 Till vänner min den ljusa ad bekäda
 Och med varandra sprida och talu några ord.

I rummet jag inträder till flickans viloläger
 In farlig sorg mig träffade så ömt mitt
 Loo vänner min en främmande ^{lyster} brast
 De smekte varandra med trohet och med dygd.

