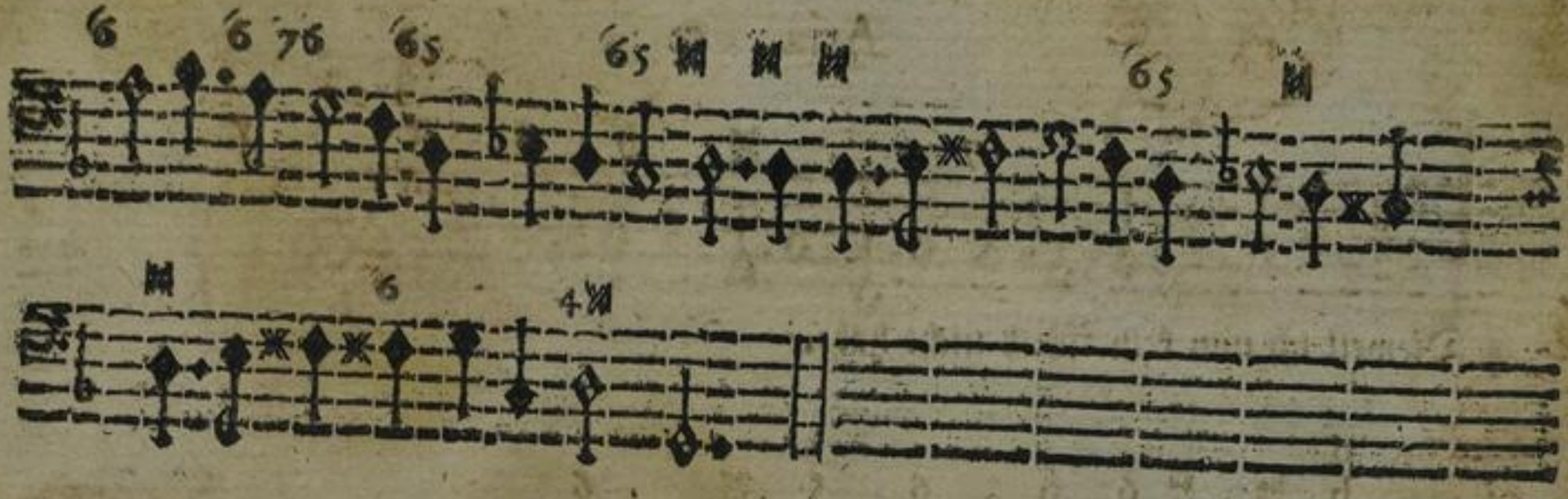
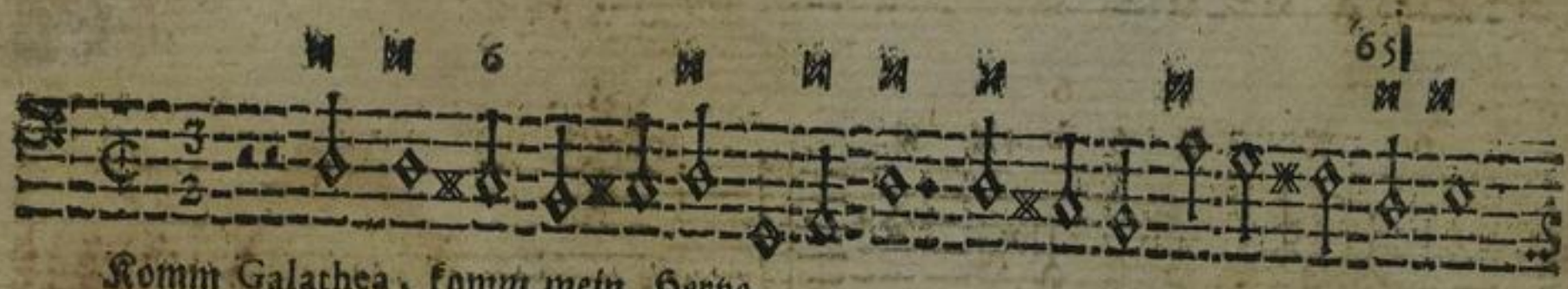
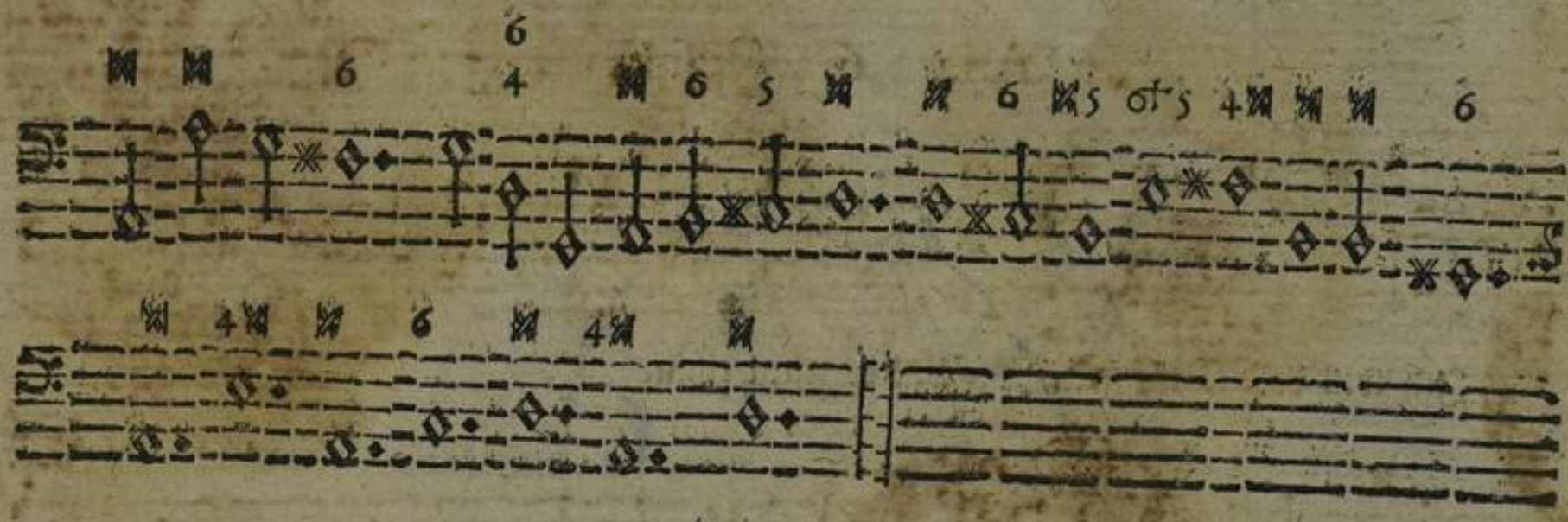


Aria 2.



Komm Galathea, komm mein Hertze.



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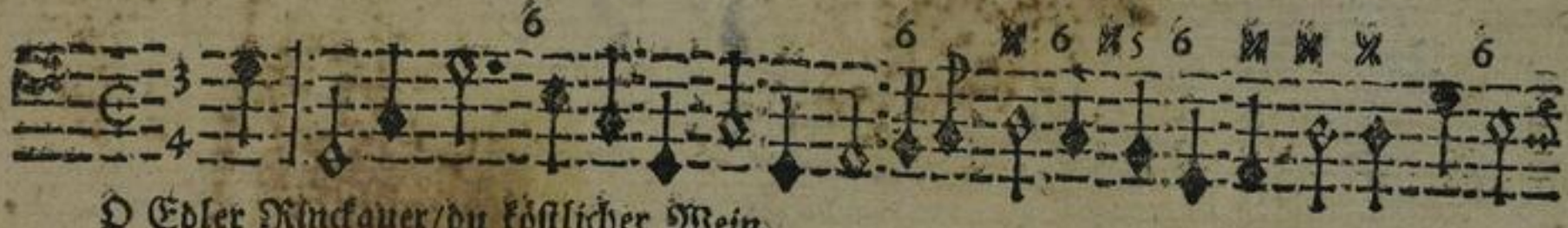
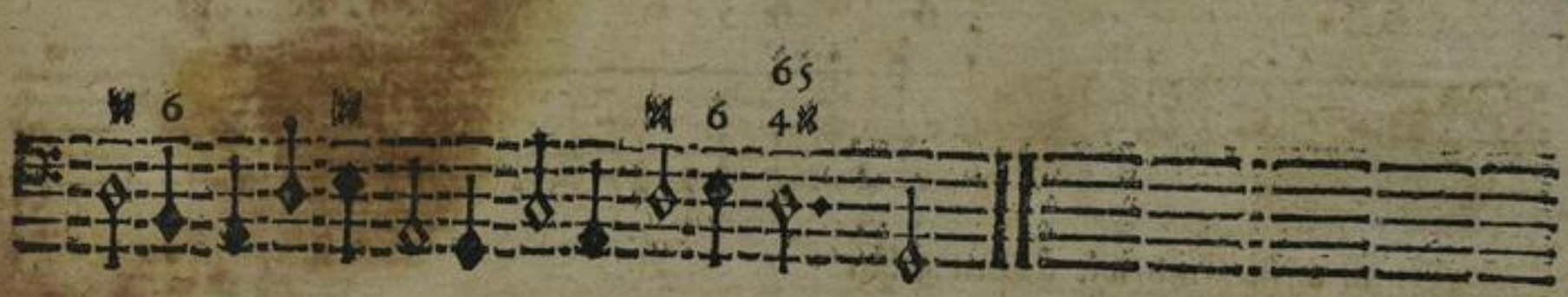


O Edler Rinckauer/du köstlicher Wein.



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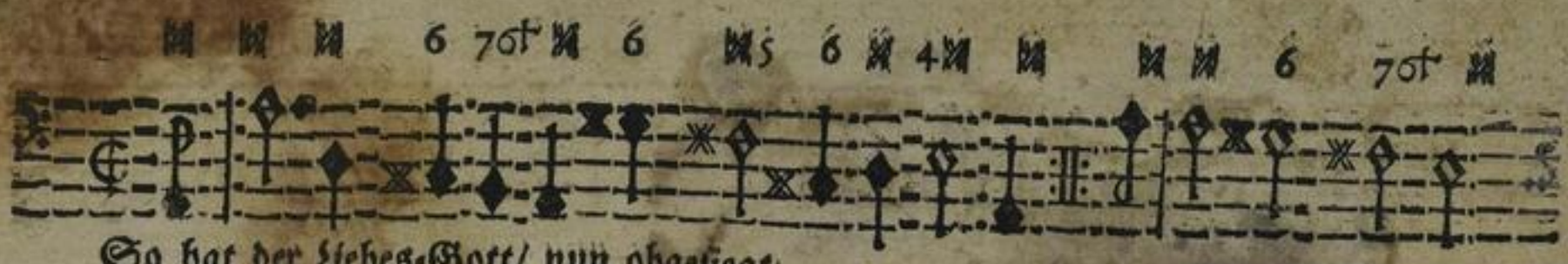
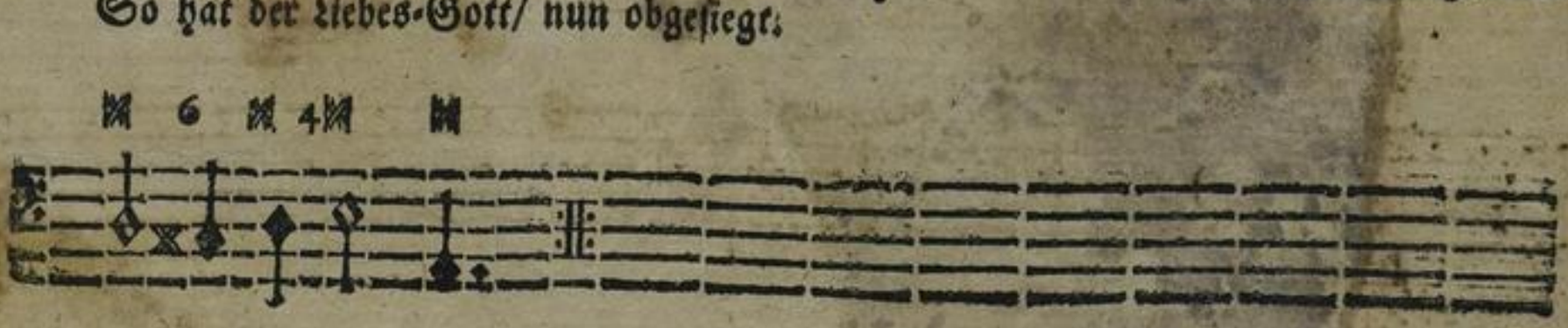
So hat der Liebes-Gott/ nun obgesiegt.