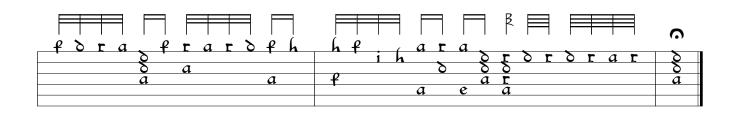
40. Als ick u vinde (Hubert Waelrant)

Emanuel Adriaenssen









When I find you with your spindle and distaff, with your fair hands and red cheeks, I find myself captured by you.