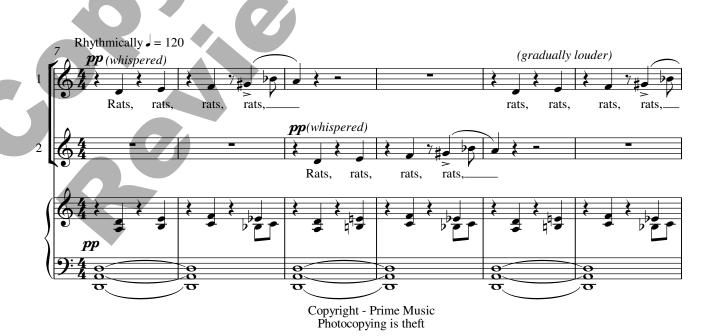
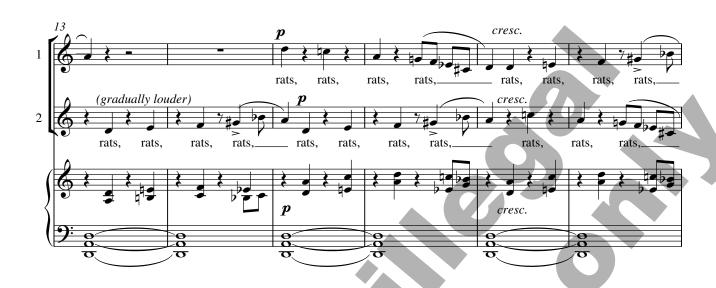
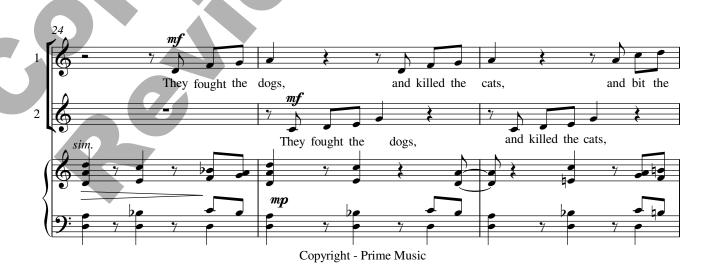
The Pied Piper of Hamelin









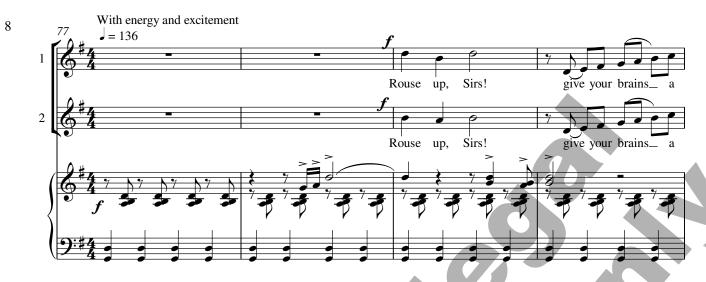




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came flocking.







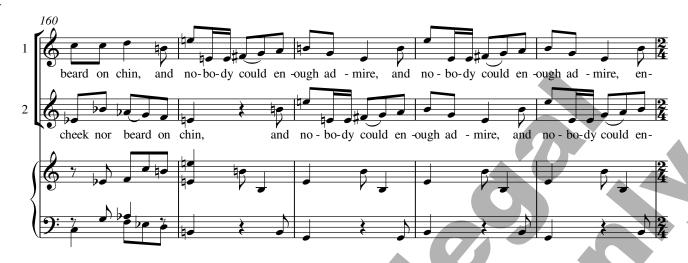
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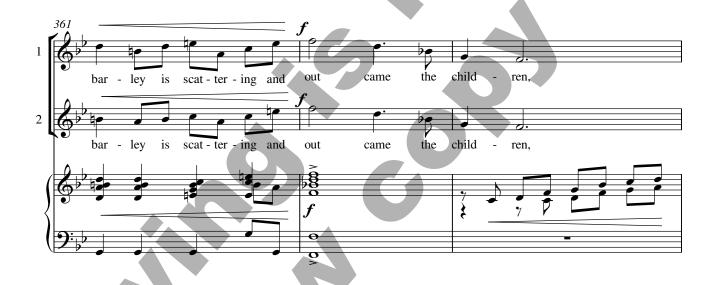


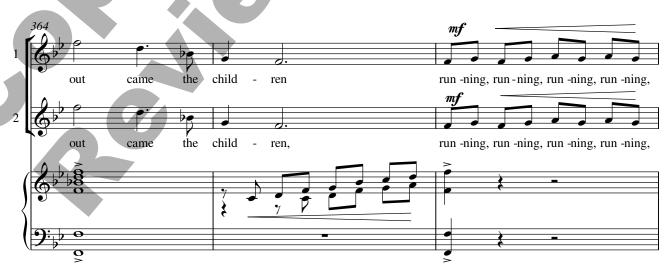
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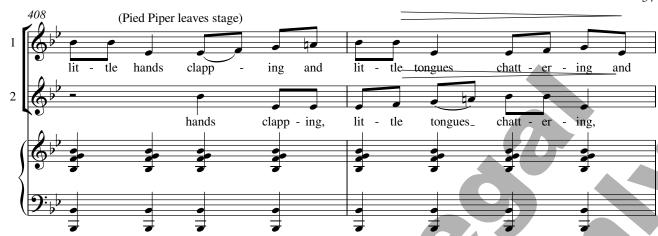
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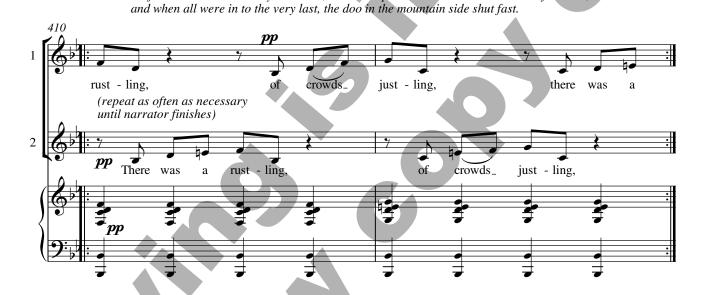
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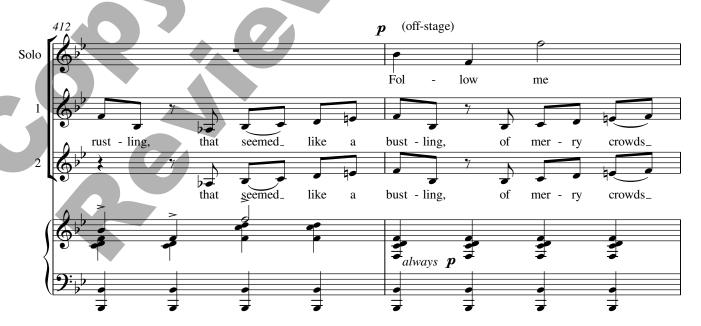


Narrator: However he turned from South to West and to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, and after him the children pressed; great was the joy in every breast.

"He never can cross that mighty top!He's forced to let the piping drop, and we shall see our children stop!"

When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side, a wondrous portal opened wide, as if a cavern was suddenly hollowed; and the Piper advanced and the children followed,

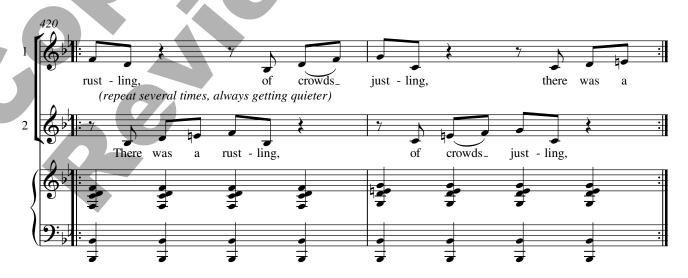




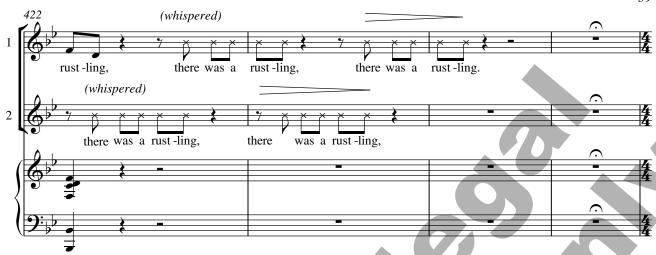
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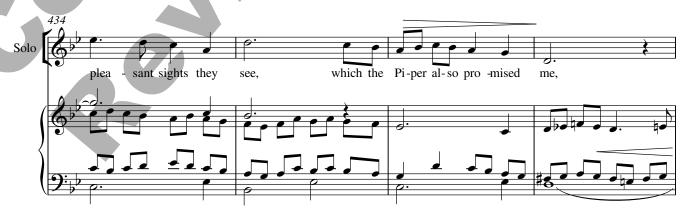


Narrator: Did I say all? No! One was lame, and could not dance the whole way.

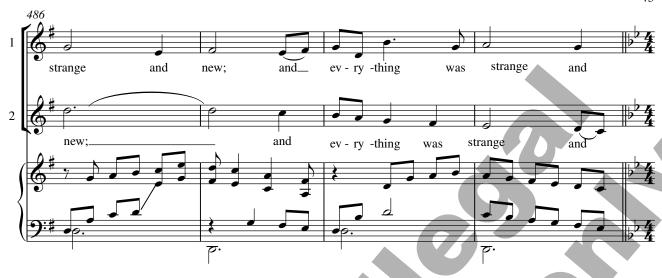
And in after years, if you would blame his sadness, he was used to say.







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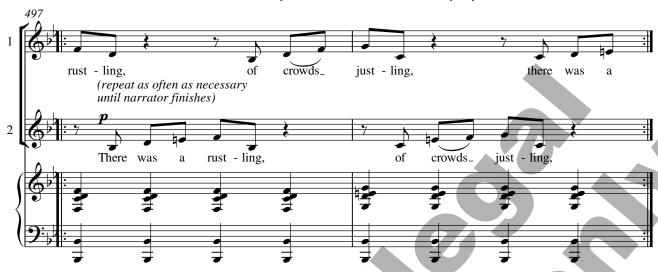




Narrator: But when they saw twas a lost endeavour, and Piper and dancers were gone forever the place of the children's last retreat, they called it, the Pied Piper's Street - where anyone playing on pipe or tabor was sure for the future to lose his labour. Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern to shock with mirth a street so solemn; but opposite the place of the cavern they wrote the story on a column.



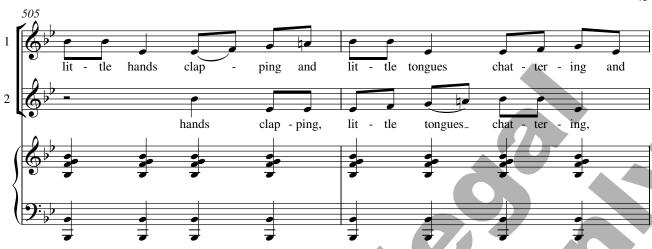
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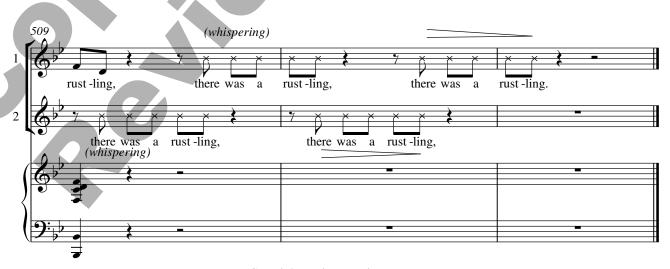




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