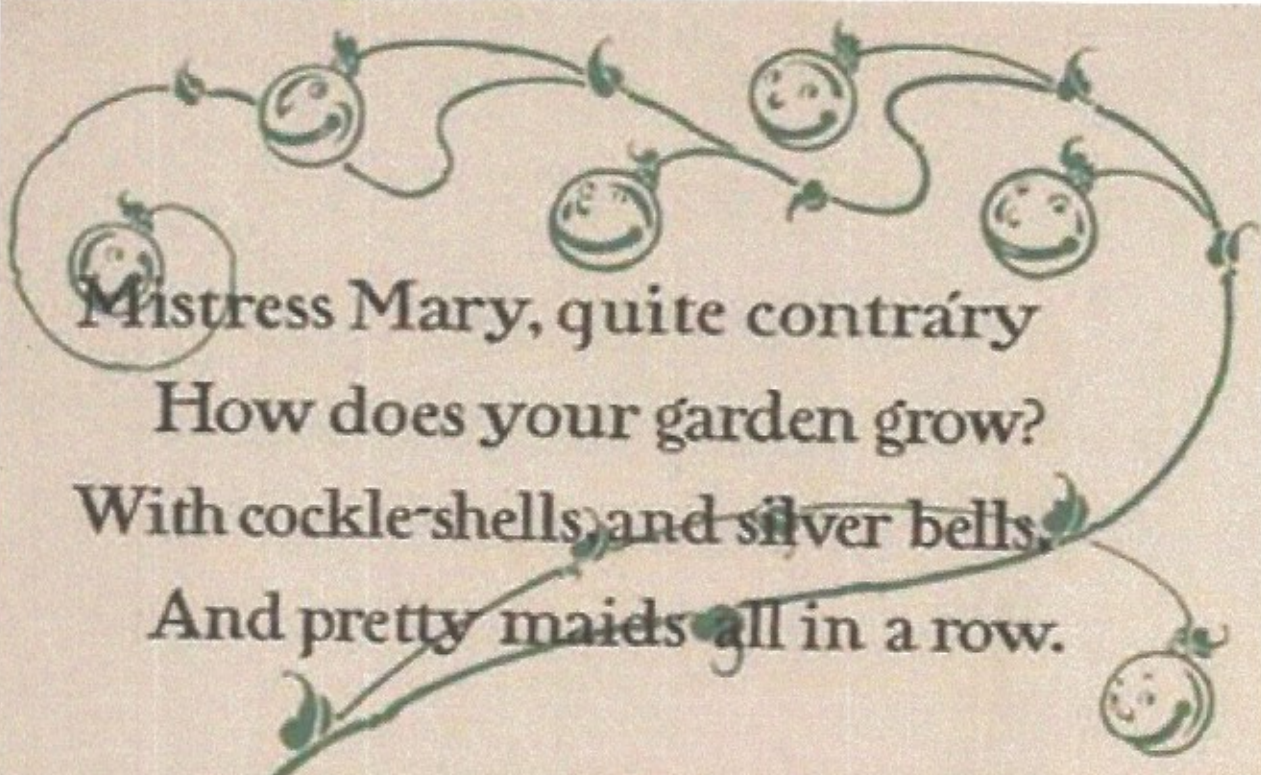
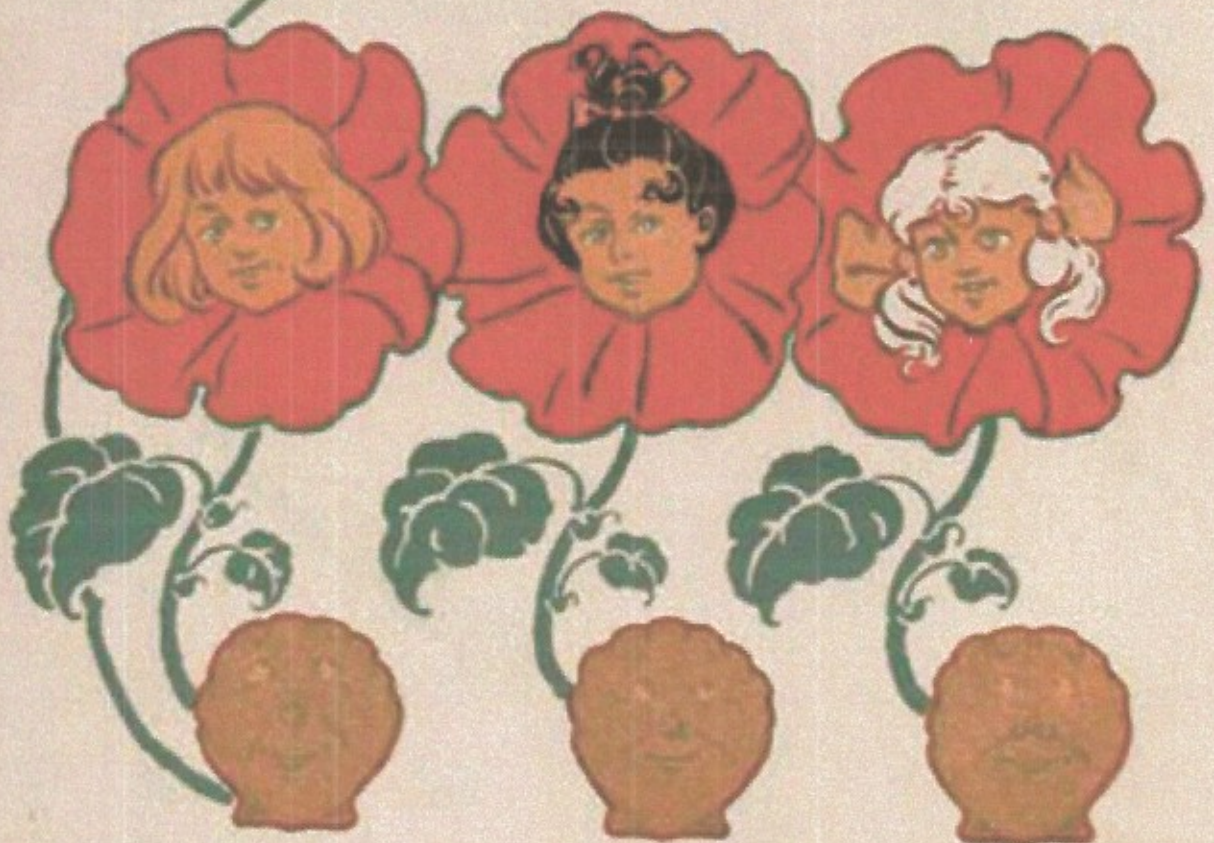




*Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockleshells
And pretty maids all in a row.*



Mistress Mary, quite contrary
How does your garden grow?
With cockle-shells, and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.



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