

# Cantus



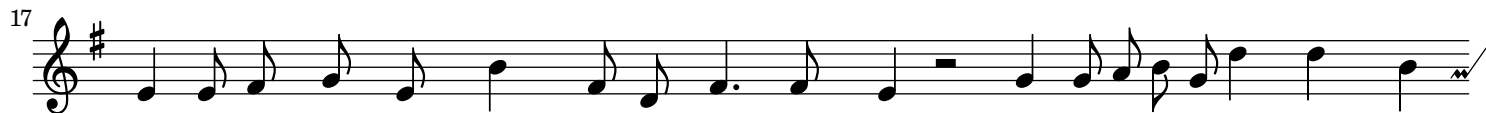
Light - ly she whipped o're the dales, o're the dales,



o're the dales, o're the dales, mak-ing the woods proud, mak-ing the



woods proud with her pre-sence, with her pre - sence,



Gent-ly she trode the flowres, gently trode the flowres Gent-ly trode the flowres



and they as gent-ly kist her ten-der feet, The birds in their best lan -



guage bad her wel-come, be-ing proud that O - ri-a - na heard their song: The clove foot



Sa-tires sing-ing, made Mu-sick to the Faunes a daun - cing, and both to-ge-ther



with an em-pha-sis, sang O - ri-a-nas prai - ses, sang O - ri-a-nas prai-ses, sang



O - ri-a-nas prai-ses, whilst the a - joyn - ing woods with me - lo-dy, with me - lo-dy, with



me - lo-dy, did en - tertain their sweet sweet harmony, sweet har - mo-ny.




Then sang the she-perds and Nimphes of Di - a - na, the Nimphes of



Di - a - - - na, the Nimphes of Di-a - na, the Nimphes of



Di - a - - na, Long live faire O - ri - a - na, Long live faire O - ri - a - na,

78    
 Long live faire O-ri - a - na, Long live faire O - ri - a - na,

86    
 Long live faire O - ri - a - na, faire O-ri-

93    
 a - na, faire O - ri a - na.