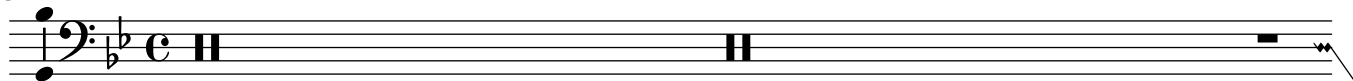


Bassus

1 2 3 4 ⑤



Gently she trode the flowres, the flowres, Gently she trode the flowres, and they as gently



kist her tender feet, the birds in their best language bad her welcome, wel-



come, being proud that O-ri-a-na heard their song: the clove foot Sa-tires singing,



made Mu-sick to the Faunes a daun-cing, and both together with an emphasis,



sang O-ri-a-nas prai-ses, sang O-ri-a-nas prai-ses, whilst the a-joy-ning



woods with their me-lody, their me-lody, did en-tertain their sweet, did en-ter-



tain their sweet, their sweet har-mony, Then sang the sheperds 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,



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



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