

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, be-ing 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 em-phasis,



sang O - ri - a - nas prai - ses, sang O - ri - anas prai - ses, whilst the ajoyning



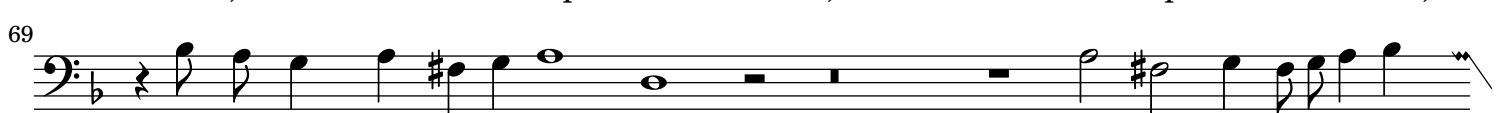
woods with their me - lo - dy, their me - lody, did en - tertain their sweet, did en - ter -



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.