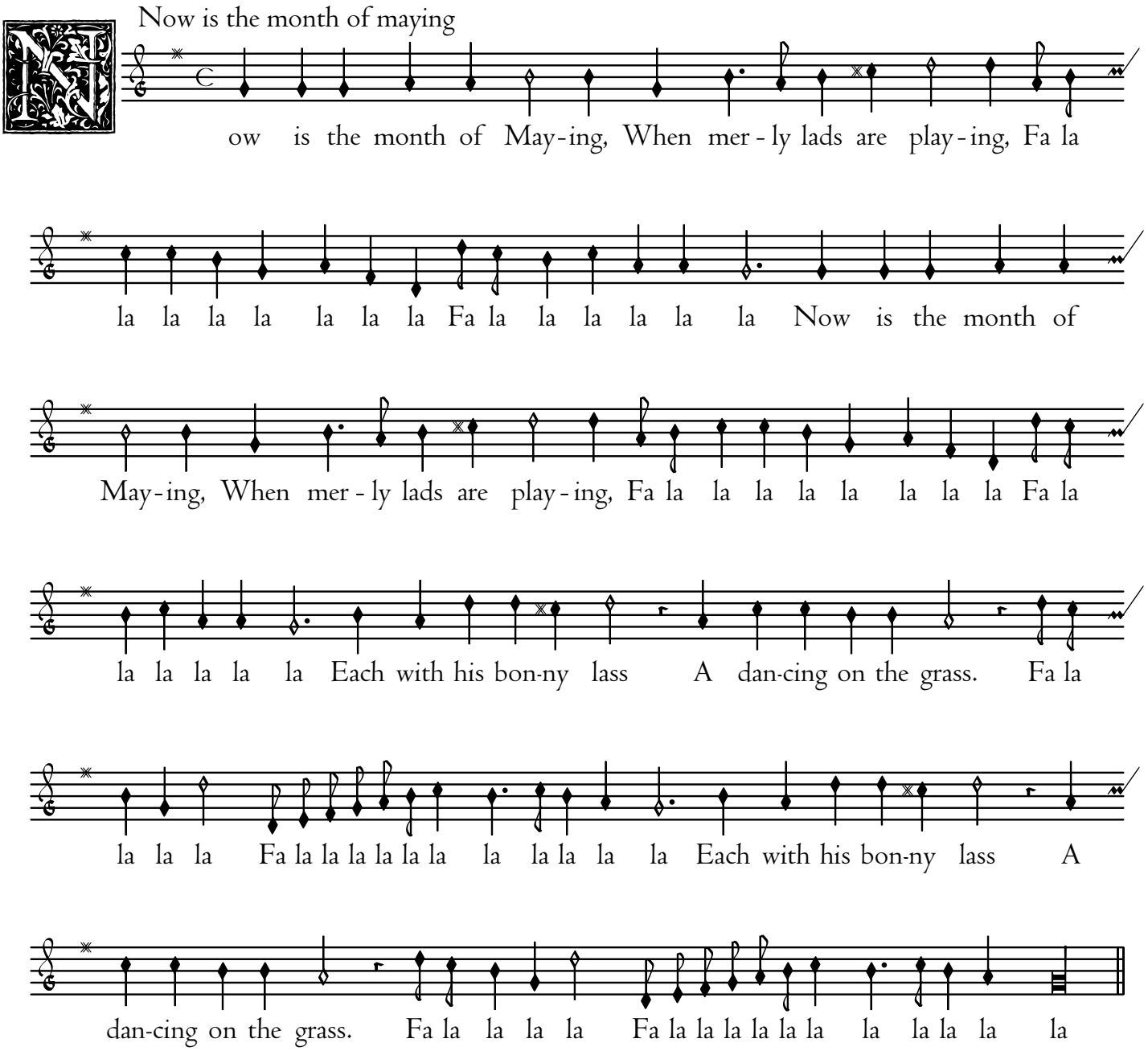
CANTUS



2. The spring clad all in gladness
Doth laugh at Winter's sadness, Fa la
And to the Bagpipe's sound,
The nymphs tread out their ground. Fa la

3. Fie then, why sit we musing,
Youth's sweet delight refusing? Fa la
Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
Shall we play barley - break? Fa la

Gravé avec LilyPond (2.16.0) par Bernard Meylan