

Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

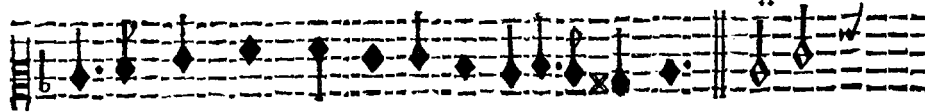
7



well fung, I make you a vow, and he is a knaue that drinketh now, Nofe,

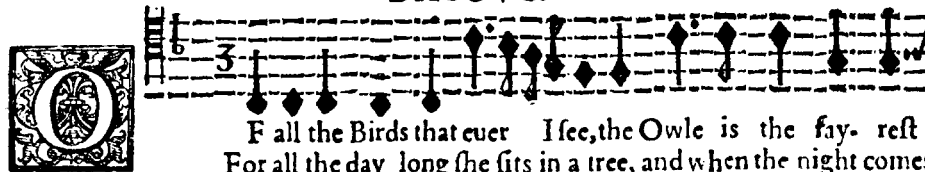


nofe, nofe, nofe, and who gaue mee this iolly red nofe? Sinamont, & Ginger,

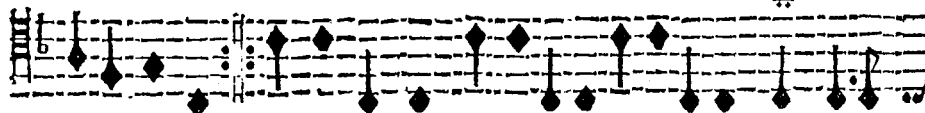


Nutmegs and Cloues, and that gaue me my iolly red nofe. Nofe, nofe :

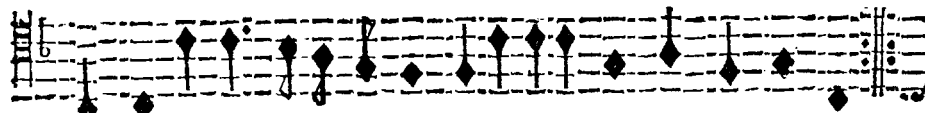
BASSVS.



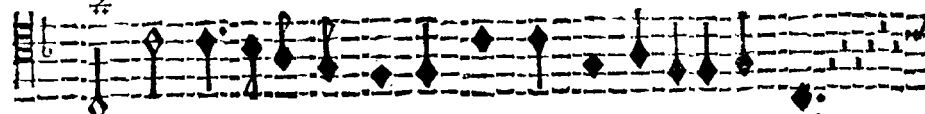
For all the Birds that euer I fee, the Owle is the fay- rest
For all the day long she fits in a tree, and when the night comes



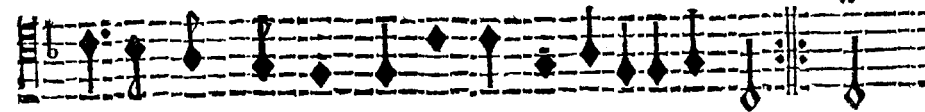
in her degree. Te whit te whow, :||: this fong is
away flies she.



well fong I make you a vow, and hee is a knaue that drincketh now.



Nofe, Nofe, Nofe, nofe, and who gaue thee that iolly red Nofe ?



Nutmegs and cloues, and that gaue thee thy iolly red Nofe. Nofe,

Here endeth the Freemens Songs. C 3