

Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

TREBLE.

F all the birds that e-uer I see, the Owle is the fayrest
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes

in her de gree, Te whow, fir knaue to thou, this song is well sung,
away flies she,

I make you a vow, and he is a knaue that drinketh 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, nofe :

TENOR.

F all the birds that e-uer I see, the Owle is the fayrest
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes

in her de-gree, Te whit, to whom drinks thou. this song is
a-way flies she,