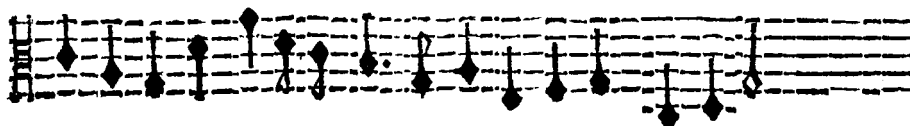


## Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.



And then came in fir Cranion,  
with legs so long and many a one.

2 And said Ioue speede Dame Flye, Dame Flye,  
marry you be welcome good Sir quoth she:  
The Master humble Bee hath sent me to thee,  
to wit and if you will his true loue be.

3 But shee said nay, that may not be,  
for I must haue the Butterflye:  
For and a greater Lord there may not be.  
But at the last consent did shee.

4 And there was bid to this wedding,  
all Flyes in the field and Wormes creeping:  
The Snaille she came crawling all ouer the plaine,  
with all her ioly trinckets at her traine.

5 Tenne Bees there came all clad in Gold.  
and all the rest did them behold:  
But the Thonbud refused this fight to see.  
and to a Cow-plat away flies shee.