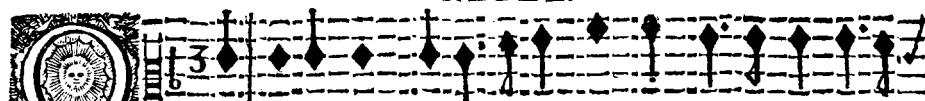
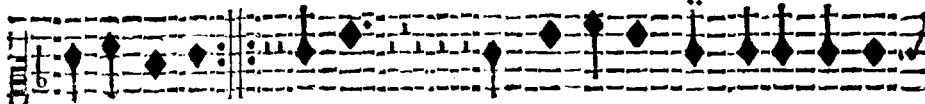


Freemens Songs of 3. Voices.

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



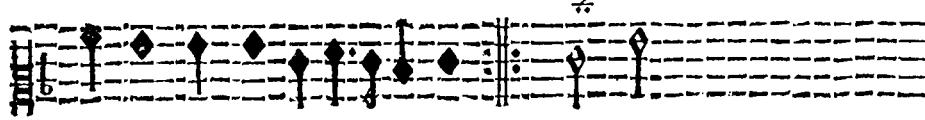
in her de gree, Te whow, sir knaue to thou, this song is well sung,
away flies she,



I make you a vow, and he is a knaue that drinketh now. Nose, nose, nose,



nose, and who gaue thee that iolly red nose ? Nutmegs and cloves,

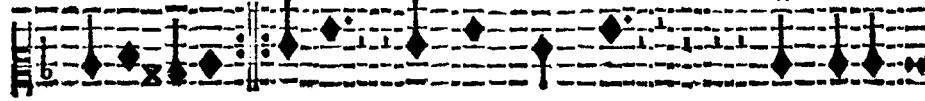


and that gaue thee thy iolly red nose. Nose, nose :

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,