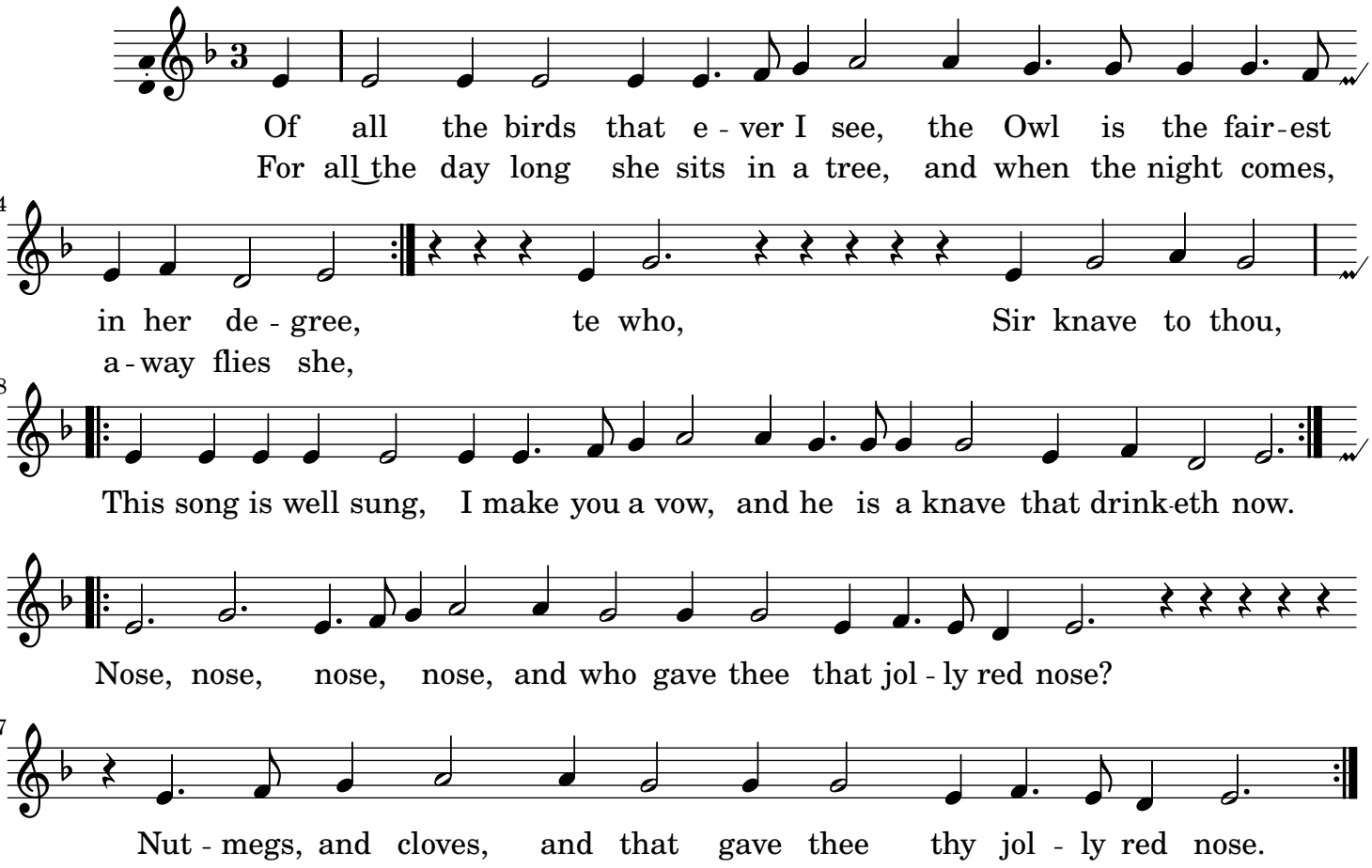
TREBLE.


Of all the birds that e - ver I see, the Owl is the fair - est
For all the day long she sits in a tree, and when the night comes,
in her de - gree,
te who,
Sir knave to thou,
a - way flies she,
This song is well sung, I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drink-eth now.
Nose, nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose?
Nut - megs, and cloves, and that gave thee thy jol - ly red nose.