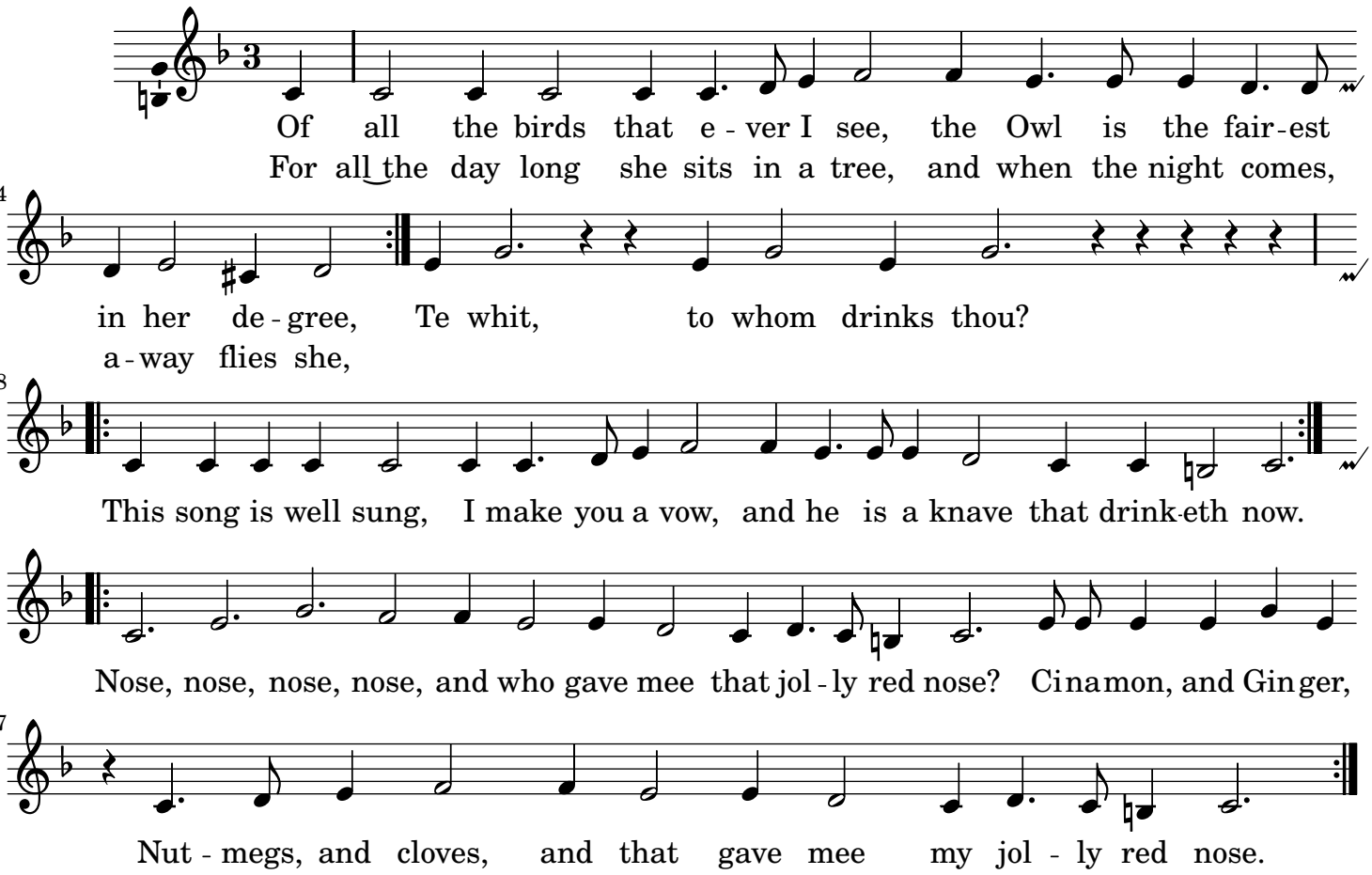
TENOR.


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 whit, to whom drinks 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 mee that jol - ly red nose? Cinamon, and Ginger,
Nut - megs, and cloves, and that gave mee my jol - ly red nose.