

Of all the birds that e - ver I see. The owl is the fair - est in her de - gree: For

all the day long she sits in a tree, And when the night comes, away flies she: Te whit te whoo! to

whom drinkst thou? Sir Knave, to you. This song is well sung I make you a vow, And

he is a knave that drink - eth now: Nose, nose, jol - ly red nose! And who gave thee that

jolly red nose? Cin - na - mon, gin - ger, nut - mugs and cloves, And that gave me my jol - ly red nose.