

Of all the birds that e- ver I see, The owl is the fairest in her degree; 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 drinketh now:

Nose, nose, jol - ly red nose! And who gave thee that jolly red nose?

Cinnamon, gin - ger, nutmegs and cloves, And that gave me my jol - ly red nose.