

The Owl

The musical score is written on seven staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is simple and repetitive, with lyrics written below each staff. The lyrics are: "Of all the birds that ev - er 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 com - eth, a - - way flies she. To - - whit! To - Who! says she, To - Who! Cin - a - mon, gin - - ger, nut - megs and cloves, And bran - dy gave me my jol - ly red nose." The score ends with a fermata over the final note.

Of all the birds that ev - er 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 com - eth, a - - way flies she.
To - - whit! To - Who! says she, To - Who!
Cin - a - mon, gin - - ger, nut - megs and cloves, And
bran - dy gave me my jol - ly red nose.

Of all the birds that ever I see,
The owl is the fairest in her degree.
For all the day long she sits in a tree,
And when the night cometh, away flies she.

Chorus

To-whit! To-who! says she, To who!
Cinnamon, ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And brandy gave me my jolly red nose.

The lark in the morn ascendeth on high
And leaves the poor owl to sob and to sigh;
And all the day long, the owl is asleep,
While little birds blithely are singing, cheep! cheep!

There's many a brave bird boasteth awhile,
And proves himself great, let Providence smile,
Be hills and be vallies all covered with snow,
The poor owl will shiver and mock with Ho! Ho!