

The Owl

D G

1. Of all the birds that ever I see, The
 2. The lark in the morn ascendeth on high And
 3. There's many a brave bird boasteth a while, And

D Em D

owl is the fairest in her degree. For
 leaves the poor owl to sob and to sigh; And
 proves himself great, let Providence smile, Be

(D) G

all the day long she sits in a tree, And
 all the day long the owl is asleep, While
 hills and bevalies all covered with snow, The

D Em A D

when the night cometh, away flies she.
 little birds blithely are singing, cheep! cheep!
 poor owl will shiver and mock with Ho! Ho!

(D) G D

To - - whit! To - - who! says she, To - - who!

(D) G

Cinamon, ginger, nutmegs and cloves, My

D G A7 D

heart's with the owl where ever she goes.