

Sweet Suffolk Owl

a poem attributed to an anonymous author

set to music by various composers Richard Hundley

in the 20th Century Thomas Vautor

inomas vauto

in the 17th Century

book assembled by

Emily Leatha Everson Gleichenhaus

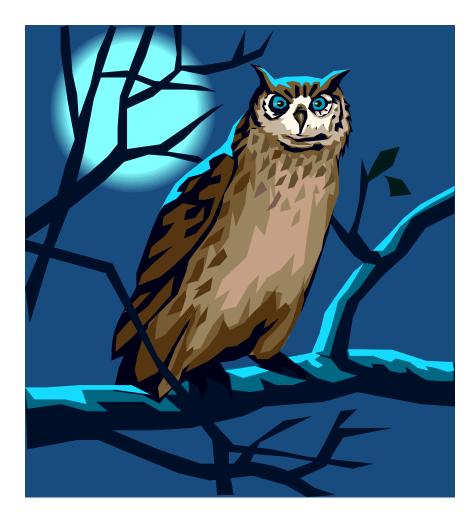
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Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight With feathers like a lady bright,



Thou singest alone, sitting by night,



Te whit, te whoo, te whit, te whoo.



Thy note, that forth so freely rolls, With shrill command the mouse controls



And sings a dirge for dying souls,



Te whit, te whoo, te whit, te whoo.