



Sweet Suffolk Owl

Thomas Vautor (1590-1625)

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Sweet, sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou sing'st 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 sing'st a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo, te whit, te whoo.