Of All The Birds

John Bartlet

1. Of all the birds that I doe know Phi-lip my spar-row hath no peer,
2. Come in a mor-ning me-ri-ly, When Phi-lip hath beene late-ie fed,
3. She ne-ver wan-ders far a-broad, But is at home when I do call,

1. Of all the birds that I doe know Phi-lip my spar-row hath no peer,
2. Come in a mor-ning me-ri-ly, When Phi-lip hath beene late-ie fed,
3. She ne-ver wan-ders far a-broad, But is at home when I do call,

for sit she high or sit shee lowe, be she far off or bee she neere,
Or in an Eve-ning so-ber-lie, When Phi-lip list to go to bed,
If I com-maund she laies on loade, With lips, with teeth, with tong and all,

for sit she high or sit shee lowe, be she far off or bee she neere,
Or in an Eve-ning so-ber-lie, When Phi-lip list to go to bed,
If I com-maund she laies on loade, With lips, with teeth, with tong and all,

there is no bird so fayre so fine nor yet so fresh as this of mine,
It is a heaven to hear my Phippe, How she can chirpe with mer-ry lippe,
She chaunts, she cherpes, she makes such cheare, That I be-leeve she hath no peere.

there is no bird so fayre so fine nor yet so fresh as this of mine,
It is a heaven to hear my Phippe, How she can chirpe with mer-ry lippe,
She chaunts, she cherpes, she makes such cheare, That I be-leeve she hath no peere.

Of All The Birds - Page 2

52

sort,   My Phi-lip can both pricke and praunce. And if you say   but send cut phippe,
game, With-out su-supect or   je - lou - sie,   He were a churle, and knew no   good,

sort,   My Phi-lip can both pricke and praunce. And if you say   but send cut phippe,
game, With-out su-supect or   je - lou - sie,   He were a churle, and knew no   good,

61

Lord how the peate wil turne and skippe.   For when she once hath felt a fitte,
Would see her faint for lack of food.

Lord how the peate wil turne and skippe,   For when she once hath felt a fitte,
Would see her faint for lack of food.

70

Phi-lip will crie still yet yet yet yet,   yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet   yet yet.

yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,   yet, yet, yet.

Phi-lip will crie still yet yet yet yet, yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet   yet yet.

yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet   yet yet.

Of All The Birds - Page 3