

Of all the birds

John Bartlet
(vor 1606 - 1610)

Of all the birds that I do know, Phi-lip my spar-row hath no peer.
Come in a morn-ing mer-ri-ly When Phi-lip hath been late-ly fed;
She ne-ver wan-ders far a-broad, But is at home when I do call;

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She ne-ver wan-ders far a-broad, But is at home when I do call;

9

For sit she high or sit she low, Be she far off or be she near,
Or in an eve-ning so-ber-ly, When Phi-lip list to go to bed.
If I com-mand she lays on low, With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.

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There is no bird so fair, so fine, Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.
 It is a heav'n to hear my Phipp, How she can chirp with mer - ry lip.
 She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer, That I be - lieve she hath no peer.

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 She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer, That I be - lieve she hath no peer.

For when she once hath felt the fit, Phi-lip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet,

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yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet. For yet.

yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet. For yet.

yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet. For yet.

8 yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet. For yet.

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