

Of all the birds

John Bartlet
(vor 1606 - 1610)

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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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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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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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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.

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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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. For yet.

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

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