

# 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,

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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,

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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.



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sort, My Phi-lip can both pricke and prounce. 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.

70

Philip 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.  
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yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.