

OF ALL THE BIRDS

John Bartlet (fl. 1606–10)

Sop.  5 10

1. Of all the birds that I do know, Phil - ip my spar - row hath no peer; For
 2. Come in a morn - ing mer - ri - ly, When Phil - ip hath been late - ly fed, Or
 3. She ne - ver wand - ers far a - broad, But is at home when I do call, If
 4. And yet, be - sides all this good sport, My Phil - ip can both sing and dance; With
 5. And to tell truth he were to blame, Hav - ing so fine a bird as she To

Alto 

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Sop.  15 20

sit she high or sit she low, Be she far off or be she near, There is no bird so
 in an eve - ning so - ber - ly, When Phil - ip list to go to bed, It is a heav'n to
 I com - mand she lays on load, With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all She chants, she chirps, she
 new - found toys of sun - dry sort My Phil - ip can both prick and prance. And if you say but
 make him all this good - ly game With - out sus - pect or jeal - ous - y, He were a churl and

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BARTLET, Of all the birds – 2

Sop.  25 30

fair, so fine, Nor yet so fresh as this of mine; For when she once hath felt a fit,
 hear my Phip How she can chirp with mer - ry lip;
 makes such cheer That I be - lieve she hath no peer;
 'Fend cut, Phip', Lord, how the peat will turn and skip!
 knew no good, Would see her faint for lack of food;

Alto 

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Sop.  35

Phil-ip will cry still: 'Yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.'

Alto 

Phil-ip will cry still: 'Yet, et. yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.'

Tenor 

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Bass 

Phil-ip will cry still: 'Yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.'