

Of all the birds that I do know

John Bartlet 1604

♩ = 250



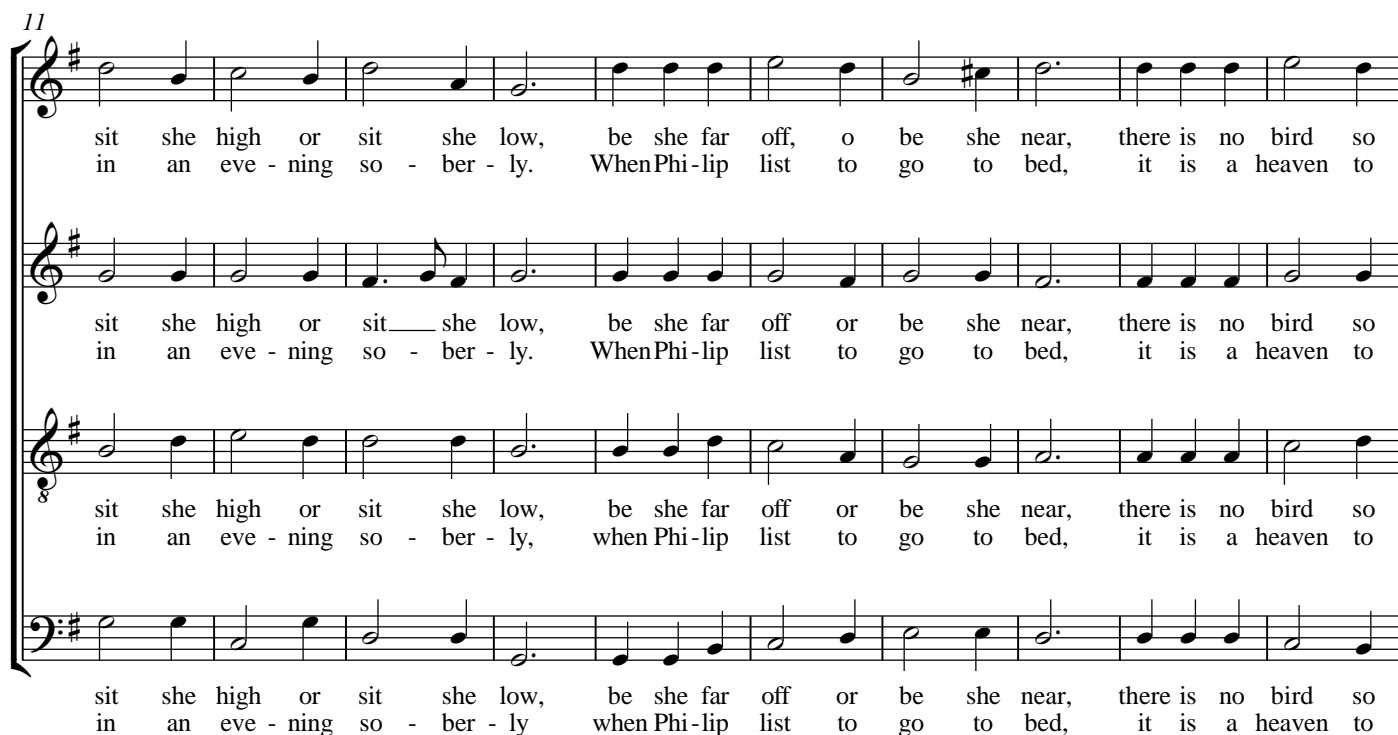
1. Of all the birds that I do know, Phi-lip my spar-row hath no peer. For
2. Come in a mor-ning mer-ri-ly when Phi-lip hath been late-ly fed; Or

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2. Come in a mor-ning me-ri-ly when Phi-lip hath been late-ly fed; Or

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2. Come in a mor-ning mer-ri-ly when Phi-lip hath been late-ly fed; Or

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sit she high or sit she low, be she far off, o be she near, there is no bird so
in an eve-ning so-ber-ly. When Phi-lip list to go to bed, it is a heaven to

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fair, so fine, nor yet so fresh as this of mine. For when she once hath felt the
hear my Phipp, how she can chirp with mer - ry lip.

air, so fine, nor yet so fresh as this of mine. For when she once hath felt the
hear my Phipp, how she can chirp with me - ry lip.

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hear my Phipp, how she can chirp with mer - ry lip.

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fit, Phi-lip will cry still: yet, yet yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.

fit, Phi-lip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.

fit, Phi-lip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.

fit, Phi-lip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.