

3. Of all the birds that I do know

Words by George Gascoigne (c.1534–77)

JOHN BARTLET
(fl. 1606–10)

[Light and lively]

SOPRANO
ALTO

1. Of all the birds that I do know Phil - ip my
2. Come in a morn - ing mer - ri - ly, When Phil - ip
3. She ne - ver wand - ers far a - broad, But is at

TENOR
BASS

7

spar - row hath no peer; For sit she high, or sit she
hath been late - ly fed, Or in an eve - ning so ber -
home when I do call, If I com - mand she lays on

14

low, Be she far off, or be she near, There is no
- ly, When Phil - ip list to go to bed, It is a
load, With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all She chants, she

20

bird so fair, so fine, Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.
heaven to hear my Phippe, How she can chirp with mer - ry lip,
chirps, she makes such cheer, That I be - lieve she hath no peer;

27

For when she once hath felt a fit, Phil - ip will cry still:

34

yet,

yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.

yet, yet,

4. And yet besides all this good sport,
 My Philip can both sing and dance,
 With new found toys of sundry sort,
 My Philip can both prick and prance,
 And if you say but 'fend cut, Phip',
 Lord, how the peat will turn and skip,
 For when . . .

5. And to tell truth he were to blame,
 Having so fine a bird as she,
 To make him all this goodly game,
 Without suspect or jealousy;
 He were a churl, and knew no good,
 Would see her faint for lack of food;
 For when . . .