

# Of all the birds that I do know

No. 10 from *A Booke of Ayres with a triplicite of musicke* (1606)

John Bartlet

CANTO

Of all the birds that I do know Phil-ip my spar-row hath no peer,  
For sit she high or sit she low, be she far off or be she neer,

ALTO

Of all the birds that I do know Phil-ip my spar-row hath no peer,  
For sit she high or sit she low, be she far off or be she neer,

TENOR

Of all the birds that I do know Phil-ip my spar-row hath no peer,  
For sit she high or sit she low, be she far off or be she neer,

BASSO

Of all the birds that I do know Phil-ip my spar-row hath no peer,  
For sit she high or sit she low, be she far off or be she neer,

		↑		↑		↑		↑		↑	↑		↑		↑		↑		↑		↑
	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a	a
	a	a	a	c	a	e	e	a	a	a	e	c	e								e
	c	c	c		c	a	f	c	c		d	a									f
	c		c																		e
				a		c					a	c	e	e	c						c
								a	a	e											

Lute in G

10

S. there is no bird so fair, so fine nor yet so fresh as this of mine,

A. there is no bird so fair, so fine nor yet so fresh as this of mine,

T. there is no bird so fair, so fine nor yet so fresh as this of mine,

B. there is no bird so fair, so fine nor yet so fresh as this of mine,

Lute

<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>e</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>b</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>						<i>c</i>
			<i>e</i>		<i>a</i>						

18

S. for when she once hath felt a fit, Phil-ip will cry still

A. for when she once hath felt a fit, Phil-ip will cry still

T. for when she once hath felt a fit, Phil-ip will cry still

B. for when she once hath felt a fit, Phil-ip will cry still

Lute

<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>e</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>
<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>a</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>d</i>	<i>c</i>
<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>c</i>					<i>a</i>	
			<i>e</i>	<i>c</i>	<i>a</i>						

25

S. yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.

A. yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.

T. yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.

B. yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet.

Lute

	a	c	a	a	a	c	a	a				
e	a		a	e	a	e	a	a	e	c	e	a
a	c	a	c	c	a	c	a	c	c	a	a	c
c	c	b	c	c	c	c	b	c	c	c	c	c
			c		c			c		c		c
												a

2. Come in a morning merrily  
 When Philip hath been lately fed;  
 Or in an evening soberly,  
 When Philip list to go to bed.  
 It is a heaven to hear my Phipp,  
 How she can chirp with merry lip.

*For when she once...*

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, Phipp!  
 Lord, how the peat will turn and skip!

*For when she once...*

3. She never wanders far abroad,  
 But is at home when I do call;  
 If I command she lays on low  
 With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.  
 She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer,  
 That I believe she hath no peer.

*For when she once...*

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 she once...*