

Of All the Birds That I Do Know

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

John Bartlet (1565-1620)
Arr. Dean Shannon 2012
Transcribed Jo-Ann Sheffer
SCA THL Siri Toivosdotter

$\text{♩} = 80$ A

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

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10

For sit she high or sit she low, Be she far off or be she near,
 Or in an eve - ning so - ber - ly, When Phil - ip list to go to bed.
 If I com - mand she lays on low, With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.
 With new found toys of sun - dry sort, My Phil - ip can both prick and prance.
 To make him all this good - ly game With - out sus - pect or jeal - ous - y;

For sit she high or sit she low, Be she far off or be she near,
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19

B

There is no bird so fair, so fine Nor yet so fresh as this of mine,
 It is a heav'n to hear my Phipp, How she can chirp with mer - ry lip.
 She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer, That I be - lieve she hath no peer.
 And if you say but: "Fend cut, Phipp!" Lord, how the peat will turn and skip!
 He were a churl and knew no good, Would see her faint for lack of food.

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27 C

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

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

Repeat C the Last Time Through

34

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.

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 yet.

Repeat C the Last Time Through