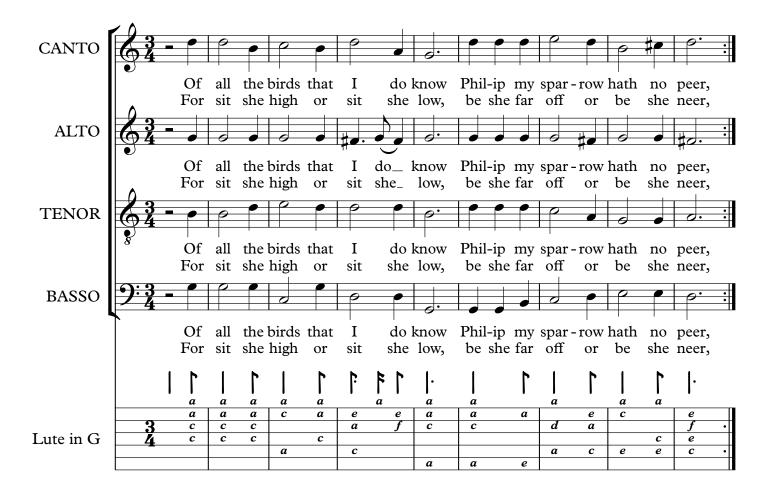
Of all the birds that I do know

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

John Bartlet







- 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...