

# Of all the birds

John Bartlet

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Of all the birds that I do know, Phil- ip my  
 Come in a morn- ing mer- ri- ly, When Phil- ip  
 She nev- er wan- ders far a- broad; But is at  
 And yet be- sides all this good sport, My Phil- ip  
 And to tell truth he were to blame, Hav- ing so

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spar- row hath no peer, For sit she high or sit she  
 hath been late- ly fed, Or in an ev'n- ing so- ber-  
 home when I do call, If I com- mand, she lays on  
 can both sing and dance, With new- found toys of sun- dry  
 fine a bird as she, To make him all this good- ly

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 d e a r e e e r r r r r a e e  
 a r e e r r r r r a r r

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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  
 sort My Phil- ip can both prick and prance. And if you  
 game, With- out sus- pect or jea- lou- sy, He were a

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bird so fair, so fine, Nor yet so fresh as this of mine,  
 heav'n 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,  
 say but fend cut, Phippe, Lord, how the peate will turn and skip,  
 churl, and knew no good, Would see her faint for lack of food.

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

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

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