

2. Thou pretty bird

John Danyel

Thou pret- ty bird, how do I see thy sil- ly state and mine ag- ree.

For thou a pri- so- ner art; so is my heart. Thou sing'st to her and so do I ad- dress my

mu- sic to her ear, that's mer- ci- less. But here- in doth, here- in doth

the dif- fer- ence lie: that thou art grac'd, so am not I. Thou, sing- ing,

liv'st, sing- ing, sing- ing, sing- ing, liv'st, and I must, sing- ing, die, but die.

1) Note one 1/2 note higher in orig.