

Of All the Birds

John Bartlet

$\text{♩} = 120$

Cantus

Of all the birds that I do know, Phil - lip my
 Come in a mor - ning mer - ri - ly, when Phi - lip
 Her feath - ers are so fresh of hue, And so well

Altus

Of all the birds that I do know, Phil - lip my
 Come in a mor - ning mer - ri - ly, when Phi - lip
 Her feath - ers are so fresh of hue, And so well

Tenor

Of all the birds that I do know, Phil - lip my
 Come in a mor - ning mer - ri - ly, when Phi - lip
 Her feath - ers are so fresh of hue, And so well

Bassus

Of all the birds that I do know, Phil - lip my
 Come in a mor - ning mer - ri - ly, when Phi - lip
 Her feath - ers are so fresh of hue, And so well

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spar - row hath no peer, for sit she high or sit she low;
 hath been late - ly fed; or in an eve - ning so - ber - ly,
 pruned e - ve - ry day: She lacks no oil, I war - rant you,

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 pruned e - ve - ry day: She lacks no oil, I war - rant you,

be she far off or be she near. There is no bird so fair, so
 when Phi - lip list to go to bed it is a heav'n to hear my
 To trim her tail both trick and gay. And though her mouth be some-what

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 To trim her tail both trick and gay. And though her mouth be some-what

fine, nor yet so fresh as this of mine. For when she once hath
 Phipp, how she can chirp with mer - ry lip. be - side.

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felt the fit: Phil - lip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,



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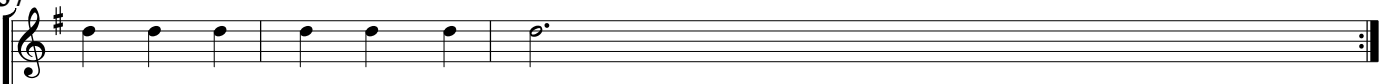


felt the fit: Phil - lip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,

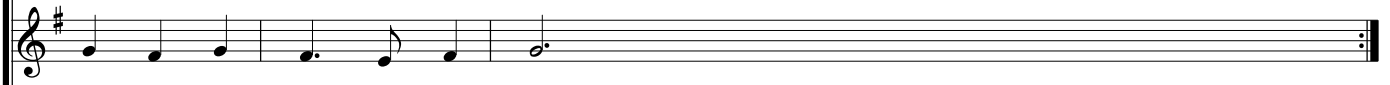


felt the fit: Phil - lip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,

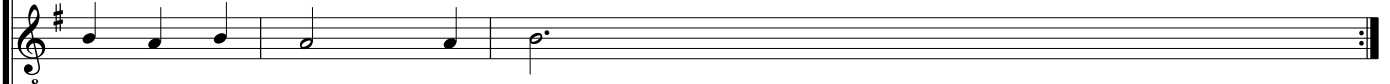
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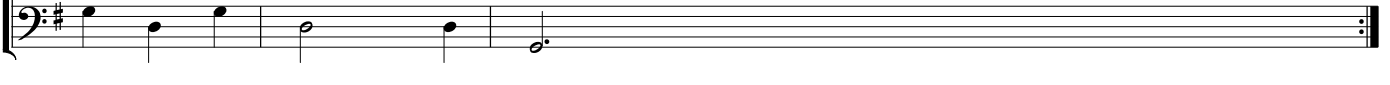
yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,



yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,



yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,



yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet,