

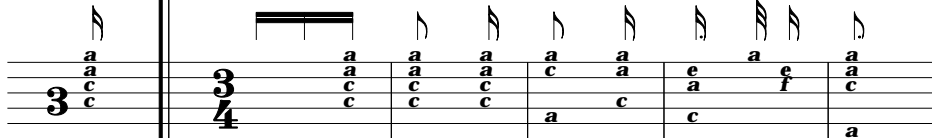
JOHN BARTLET, "OF ALL THE BIRDS"  
 (A Booke of Ayres, 1606, no. 10)

Canto  5  
 Of all the birds that I do know  
 For sit she high or sit she lowe,

Alto   
 Of all the birds that I do know  
 For sit she high or sit she low,

Tenor   
 Of all the birds that I do know  
 For sit she high or sit she low,

Basso   
 Of all the birds that I do know  
 For sit she high or sit she low,

Lute   
 3 4  
 a a a a a a e a a  
 c c c c c c a f c  
 c c c c c c a c a

Realization of Lute Tablature 

10  
 Phil- ip my spar - row hath no peer, there is no birde so fayre so fine  
 be she far off or be she neere

Phil- ip my spar - row hath no peere there is no birde so faire so fine,  
 be she far off or bee she neere

phil- ip my spar - row hath no peere there is no bird so faire so fine,  
 be shee far off or bee she neere,

phil- ip my spar - row hath no peere, there is no bird so faire, so fine  
 be she far off or bee she neere,

  
 a a a a a a a  
 c a d e c e f . e e e d c c a a  
 c a c e c e c . c c c a e a c a  
 a e a c e e c . c c c a e a c a



Bartlet, "Of all the birds", p. 2

15 20

nor yet so fresh as this of mine, for when she once hath felt a fitte,  
 nor yet so fresh, as this of mine, for when she once hath felt a fit,  
 nor yet so fresh as this of mine, for when she once hath felt a fit,  
 nor yet so fresh as this of mine, for when she once hath felt a fit,

a	a	a	a	c	a	c	e	e	e	a	e	a	c	a
c	c	c	c	b	c	a	a	a	a	c	a	a	a	c
c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	c	e	c	c	a

25 30

Phil - ip will crie still yet yet yet yet, yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet,  
 Phil - ip will crie still, yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet,  
 phil - ip will crie still yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet,  
 phil - ip will crie still yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet yet

a	a	a	a	a	a	a	c	a	e	a	a	a	c	a	a	a	a
a	a	a	a	c	a	e	a	a	a	e	a	a	e	a	a	e	a
c	c	c	c	d	a	e	a	c	a	e	a	a	e	a	e	c	e
c	c	c	c	a	c	c	b	c	c	c	c	b	c	c	c	c	a

2. Come in a morning merily,  
When Philip hath beene latelie fed,  
Or in an Euening soberlie,  
When Philip lift to go to bed,  
It is a heauen to heare my Phippe,  
How she can chirpe with merry lippe,  
For when [&c.]
3. She neuer wanders far abroad,  
But is at home when I do call,  
If I commaund she laies on loade,  
With lips, with teeth, with tong and all,  
She chaunts, she cherpes, she makes such cheare,  
That I beleuee she hath no peere,  
For when [&c.]
4. And yet besides all this goodsport,  
My Philip can both sing and daunce,  
With new found toyes of sundrie sort,  
My Philip can both pricke and prounce.  
And if you say but fend cut phippe,  
Lord how the peace wil turne and skippe,  
For when [&c.]
5. And to tel truth he were to blame,  
Hauing so fine a bird as she,  
To make him all this goodly game,  
Without suspect or ielousie,d prounce.  
He were a churle, and knew no good,  
Would see her faint for lacke of food.  
For when [&c.]