Of All the Birds





Of all the birds that I do know Philip my sparrow hath no peer, For sit she high or sit she low, Be she far off or be she near There is no bird so fair so fine Nor yet so fresh as this of mine, For when she once hath felt a fit Philip will cry still yet, yet,yet. Come in a morning merrily,
When Philip hath been lately fed,
Or in an evenging soberly
When Philip list to go to bed,
It is a heaven to hear my Phippe,
How she can chirp with merry lip,
For when she once hath felt a fit,
Philip will cry still yet, yet, yet.