

# *Io*hn Bartlet

## A BOOKE OF A Y R E S Vvith a Triplictie of M V S I C K E

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### X. Of all the birds that I doe know

- 1 Of all the birds that I doe know,  
Philip my sparrow hath no peer,  
For sit she high or sit shee lowe,  
Be she far off or bee she neere,  
There is no birde so fayre so fine  
Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.  
For when she once hath felt the fitte,  
Philip will cry still yet yet yet
- 2 Come in a morning merily,  
When Philip hath beene latelie fed,  
Or in an Euening soberlie,  
When Philip list to go to bed,  
It is a heauen to heare my Phippe,  
How she can chirpe with merry lippe,  
For when
- 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 beleeeue she hath no peere.  
For when
- 4 And yet besides all this good sport,  
My Philip can both sing and daunce,  
With new found toyes of sundrie sort,  
My Philip can both pricke and prauince.  
And if you say but fend cut phippe,  
Lord how the peate wil turne and skippe,  
For when
- 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,  
He were a churle, and knew no good,  
Would see her faint for lacke of food.  
For when

George Gascoigne (1525?-1577)