Of all the birds that I do know

George Gascoigne (1539 - 1577)  John Bartlet (fl. 1610)

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There is no bird so fair, so fine, Nor yet so fresh as this of
It is a heaven to hear my Phipp, How she can chirp with mer-
She chants, she makes such cheer, that I believe she hath no

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For when she once hath felt the fit, Philip will

For when she once hath felt the fit, Philip will

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Mine; lip, peer.

Mine; lip, peer.

Mine; lip, peer.

Mine; lip, peer.

Cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.