Humour say what mak'st thou here

Humour say what mak'st thou here, In the pre-
O, I am as heavy as earth, Say then who
Mirth, then, is drowned in sorrow's brim, Oh, in sorrow's

Soprano I

Alto

Tenor

Bass

S I

S II

A

T

B

sense of a Queen,
is Humour now.
row all things sleep,

James Gibb editions
Humour say what mak'st thou here - Dowland

John Dowland
(1563-1626)
Thou art a heavy leaden
Why then 'tis I am drowned in
In her presence all things

ceit in humour seen:
I as well as thou,
things sink to the deep,

ceit in humour seen:
I as well as thou, Why then 'tis I am drowned in
things sink to the deep, In her presence all things

ceit in humour seen: Thou art a heavy leaden
I as well as thou, Why then 'tis I am drowned in
things sink to the deep, In her presence all things

mood, woe, smile.

Humour is invention's food: But never Humour
No, no wit is cherished so,

mood, Hu-mour is in-ven-tion's food: But ne-ver Hu-mour
woe, No, no wit is cher-ished so,

mood, Hu-mour is in-ven-tion's food: But ne-ver Hu-mour
woe, No, no wit is cher-ished so,

mood, Hu-mour is in-ven-tion's food: But ne-ver Hu-mour
woe, No, no wit is cher-ished so,