Humor say what mak'st thou here

#22 from The Second Book of Songs or Ayres

John Dowland

Mirth, then, is drowned in sorrow's brim, Oh, in the presence of a Queene, who is Humor now. I am inclined to the light's things, No, no fool the light's things.
In her presence -
Why then 'tis I
Thou art a hea-

b r

mirth, hu-mor I as well as thou,
swim, hea-vy things sink to the deep,

b r

dear, all conceit in hu-mor seen:

b r

mirth, hu-mor I as well as thou,

b r

swim, hea-vy things sink to the deep,

b r

dear, all conceit in hu-
mirth, hu-mor I as well as thou,

b r

swim, hea-vy things sink to the deep,

b r

dear, all conceit in hu-
mirth, hu-mor I as well as thou,

b r

swim, hea-vy things sink to the deep,
Humor yet was true, but that, but that, but that,