XIII. What is our life?
Cantus

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618


text:
What is our life? our life? a play of passion,

Our mirth the musicke of division, of division,

Where we are drest for this short Comedy,

That sits and markes still who doth act amiss,

Our graves, our graves, that hide us from the searching Sun,

When the play is done, the play is done, Are like drawn curtain when the play is done,
cur-taynes when the play is done, Thus march we play-ing, thus march we play-ing,

Thus march we play-ing to our latest rest, Thus march wee play-ing, Thus march wee play-ing to our latest rest, Thus march we play-ing to our latest rest, One-

ly we dye, we dye in earnest that’s no jest. We dye in earnest, that’s no Jest.
XIII. What is our life?
Quintus

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618
Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

What is our life? a play of passion, a play of passion,

What is our life? What is our life? What is our life? a
play of passion, Our mirth the musicke of division, Our mirth the musicke of division,

Our mothers wombes the tyring houses be,

Heaven the judicious sharpe spectator is, Heaven the judicious sharpe spectator is,

That sits and markes still who doth act amisse, That sits and markes still who doth act amisse,

Our graves, that hide us from the

searching Sun, that hide us from the searching Sun, Are like drawn curtanys
when the play is done, Are like drawn cur-taynes when the play is done,

Are like drawn cur-taynes when the play is done, Thus march we play-
ing, thus march we play-ing, Thus march we play-ing to our lat-
est rest, Thus march we play-ing, Thus march we play-ing to our lat-
est rest, One-ly we dye in ear-nest, that’s no jest, in ear-
est, that’s no jest.
XIII. What is our life?

Altus

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618

Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

What is our life? a play of passion, of passion,

What is our life? A play of passion,

Our mirth the musicke, the musicke of division,

Our mirth the musicke of division,

Our mirth the musicke of division,

Our mothers wombes, our mothers wombes the tyring, the tyring houses be,

Where we are drest, are drest for this short Comedy,

Heaven the Judicious sharpe spectator, spectator is,

That sits and markes, that sits and markes, still who doth act a-misse, that sits and markes markes still
who doth act a-misse, Our graves, that hide us from the searching
Sun, Are like drawn cur-taynes when the play is done, when the play is done,
when the play is done, is done, are like drawn cur-taynes when the play is done, the
play is done, Thus march we playing, thus march we playing, Thus march we playing
Thus march we playing, Thus march we playing to our latest rest, thus march we
play- ing to our latest rest, thus march we playing to our latest rest, One-ly we
dye in earnest, that’s no jest. we dye in earnest, that’s no jest.
XIII. What is our life?
Tenor

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618  Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

What is our life? a play of passion,

a play of passion, What is our life? a play of passion, What

is our life? a play of passion, Our mirth the musicke of di- visi-

on, Our mirth the musicke of divi- sion, Our mothers wombes, our mo - thers wombes,

the tyr- ing hous- es be, Where we are drest for this short Com- dy, short Com-

dy, Spec- ta- tor is that sits and markes, That sits and markes still who doth act a-

misse, still who doth act a- misse, that sits and markes still who doth act a- miss, Our graves,
that hide us from the searching Sunne, from the searching Sunne, the searching Sunne, Are

like drawn cur-taynes, drawne cur-taynes when the play is done, the play is
done, Are like drawn cur-taynes when the play is done, Thus march we play-ing,

Thus march we play-ing, Thus march we play-ing, Thus march we play-ing to our latest rest, thus

march we play-ing to our latest rest, thus march we play-ing, Thus march we play-ing

to our latest rest, One-ly we dye, we dye in earnest, that’s no jest.
XIII. What is our life?
Bassus

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618

What is our life? a play of passion, What is our life? our life? a play of passion, Our mirth the musicke of division, of division, Our mirth the musicke of division,

Our mothers womb the tyring houses be, Where we are drest, are drest for this short Comedy, Heaven the Judicious sharpe spectator is,

That sits and markes who doth amisse, That sits and markes still who doth act amisse.

still who doth act amisse, Our graves, that hide, that hide us from the searching Sunne, Are like drawn curtaynes when the play is done, when the
Thus march we playing to our latest rest, our latest rest, our latest rest.

Thus march we playing, thus march we playing to our latest rest, our latest rest, our latest rest.

One-ly we dye in earnest, that’s no jest, no jest.