XIII. What is our life?
Cantus

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618
Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

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

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

Our mirth the musicke of division, of division,

Our mother's wombes the tyring houses be, Where we are drest for

this short Comedy, Heaven the judicious sharpe spectator is,

That sits and markes still who doth act a-misse, That sits and markes still

who doth act a-misse, Our graves, our graves, that hide us from the

searching Sun, Are like drawn curtaines when the play is done,
When the play is done, the play is done, Are like drawn cur-taynes

when the play is done, Thus march we playing, thus march we playing,

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

playing to our latest rest, Thus march we playing 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 musick of division, Our mirth the musick of division,

Our mothers wombs the tyring houses be,

Heaven the Judicious sharpe spectator is, Heaven the Judicious sharpe spectator is, That sits and markes still who doth act a-misse, That sits and markes still who doth act a-misse, Our graves, that hide us from the
searching Sun, that hide us from the searching Sun, Are like drawn curtain

when the play is done, Are like drawn curtain when the play is done,

Are like drawn curtain when the play is done, Thus march we playing,

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

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

rest, Only we dye in earnest, that’s no jest, in earnest, that’s no jest.
XIII. What is our life?
Altus

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618

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 amiss, 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

playing 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 music of division, Our mirth the music of division, Our mothers wombes, our mothers wombes,

the tyring houses be, Where we are drest for this short Comedy, short Comedy,

Speculator 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-misse,
Our graves, that hide us from the search-ing Sunne, from the search-ing Sunne, the

search-ing Sunne, Are like drawne 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 lat-est rest, 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, we dye in ear-nest, that’s no jest.
XIII. What is our life?
Bassus

Walter Raleigh 1552-1618
Orlando Gibbons 1583-1625

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 wombes 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 a-misse, That sits and markes still who doth act a-misse,

still who doth act a-misse, Our graves, that hide, that hide us from the search-ing Sunne, Are like drawn cur-taynes when the play is done, when the
Thus march we playing to our latest rest, our latest rest,

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

Rest, Only we dye in earnest, that's no jest, no jest.