

## Tobacco, Tobacco

Text by an anonymous poet

Set by *Tobias Hume* (c1569–1645) [Br]

**Tobacco,**      **tobacco,**  
[tə.'bæk.o:ʊ    tə.'bæk.o:ʊ]

**Sing**      **sweetly**      **for**      **tobacco!**  
[sɪŋ      'swit.li      fɔɹ      tə.'bæk.o:ʊ]

Tobacco is like love, o love it.  
For you see I will prove it.

Love maketh lean the fat men's tumour,  
So doth tobacco.  
Love still dries up the wanton humour,  
So doth tobacco.  
Love makes men sail from shore to shore,  
So doth tobacco.  
'Tis fond love often makes men poor  
So doth tobacco.  
Love makes men scorn all coward fears,  
So doth tobacco.  
Love often sets men by the ears,  
So doth tobacco.

Tobacco, tobacco,  
Sing sweetly for tobacco!  
Tobacco is like love, o love it.  
For you see I will prove it.

---

The entire text to this title with the complete  
IPA transcription is available for download.

*Thank you!*

