

5. My joy is dead

John Coprario

Canto

My joy is dead and can- not be re- viv'd; fled
Rude flin- ty breasts, that ne- ver felt re- morse; hard

Alto

My joy is dead, is dead and can- not be re- viv'd; fled
Rude flin- ty, flin- ty breasts, that ne- ver felt re- morse; hard

Basso

Lute

5

is my joy and ne- ver may re- turn; both of my joy and
crag- gy rocks, that death and ru- in love; these, on- ly these my

is my joy and ne- ver may re- turn; both of my joy and
crag- gy rocks, that death and ru- in love; these, on- ly these my

Lute

10

of my- self de- priv'd, far from all joy I
pas- sions shall en- force, be- yond their kind, and

of my- self de- priv'd, far from all joy I sing, and
pas- sions shall en- force, be- yond their kind, and to com-

Figured Bass:
 b b a p | a a a | a a a | r r a
 r a o r a | r r r | r a o r a | a r r a

15

sing, and sing- ing mourn. O let no ten- der heart, O
to com- pas- sion move. My grief shall won- ders work, my

sing- ing mourn. O let no ten- der heart, O
pas- si- on move. My grief shall won- ders work, my

Figured Bass:
 a a a | a | a a a | a r a b b o | a p
 o r a a r b | r | r r r | r a r o | r p

