

5. My joy is dead

John Coprario

Canto

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

Alto

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

b b a f | a b a | a b a | d e b |
r a d r a | r r | r a d r 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

b b a b | a b a | a r a b b d | d f |
d r a a r b | a | d a a | a | a

[20]

let grief no shall ten-won- der ders heart work, or for gen-he gentle ear did so

let grief shall won-der heart or gen-tle ear, or gen-tle ear
grief shall won-ders work, shall won-ders work, for he did so

[25]

par- take my pas- sions or my plain- ings hear.
that caus'd my sor-rows, and these tears doth owe.

par- take my pas- si- ons or my plain- ings hear.
that caus'd my sor-rows, and these tears doth owe.