

5. My joy is dead

John Coprario

Canto

My
Rude
joy is dead and can- not be re- viv'd; fled
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

Lute

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

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-

Funeral Teares (1606), #5. Encoded and edited by Sarge Gerbode.

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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
 δ r a a

 a f b a
 δ δ a a

 a r a b r a b
 a r a δ δ

 g f
 r δ

20

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

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

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

 δ b b a f
 δ δ e r a r δ

 δ r δ
 a

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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.

 δ b b a
 δ δ a

 δ δ
 a δ

 δ δ
 a δ

 δ δ
 a δ

 δ δ
 a δ