

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

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

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-

