

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

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of my self de-priv'd, far from all joy I and
 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-

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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

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

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.