

5. My joy is dead

John Coprario

Canto

My joy is dead and cannot be re-viv'd; fled
Rude flin-ty breasts, that never felt re-morse; hard

Alto

My joy is dead, is dead and cannot be re-viv'd; fled
Rude flin-ty, flin-ty breasts, that never felt re-morse; hard

Lute

5

is my joy and never 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 never 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-

Lute

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

20

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

let no ten- der heart or gen- tle ear, or for 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.