

John Coprario

FVNERAL  
*TEARES*

1606

*VI. Deceitfull fancy why deludst thou me.*

Deceitfull fancy why deludst thou me.  
The dead aliue presenting ?  
My ioyes faire image caru'd in shades I see,  
O false yet sweet contenting ?  
Why art not thou a substance like to me ?  
Or I a shade to vanish hence with thee ?

2 Stay gentle obiect, my sence still deceiue,  
With this thy kind elusion :  
I die through madnes if my thoughts you leaue;  
O strange ? yet sweet confusion ?  
Poor blisselesse hart that feels such deepe annoy,  
Only to loose the shadowe of thy ioy.