

John Coprario

FVNERAL
TEARES

1606

V. My ioy is dead, and cannot be reuiu'de.

My ioy is dead, and cannot be reuiu'de.
Fled is my ioy, and neuer may returne :
Both of my ioy, and of my selfe depriu'de,
Far from all ioy I sing, and singing mourne.
O let no tender hart or gentle eare
Partake my passions, or my plainings heare.

2 Rude flintie breastes that neuer felt remorse,
Hard craggy rocks that death and ruine loue,
Those onely those my passions shall enforce,
Beyond their kind, and to compassion moue.
My griefe shall wonders worke, for he did so
That causde my sorrowes, and these teares doth owe.