John Coprario

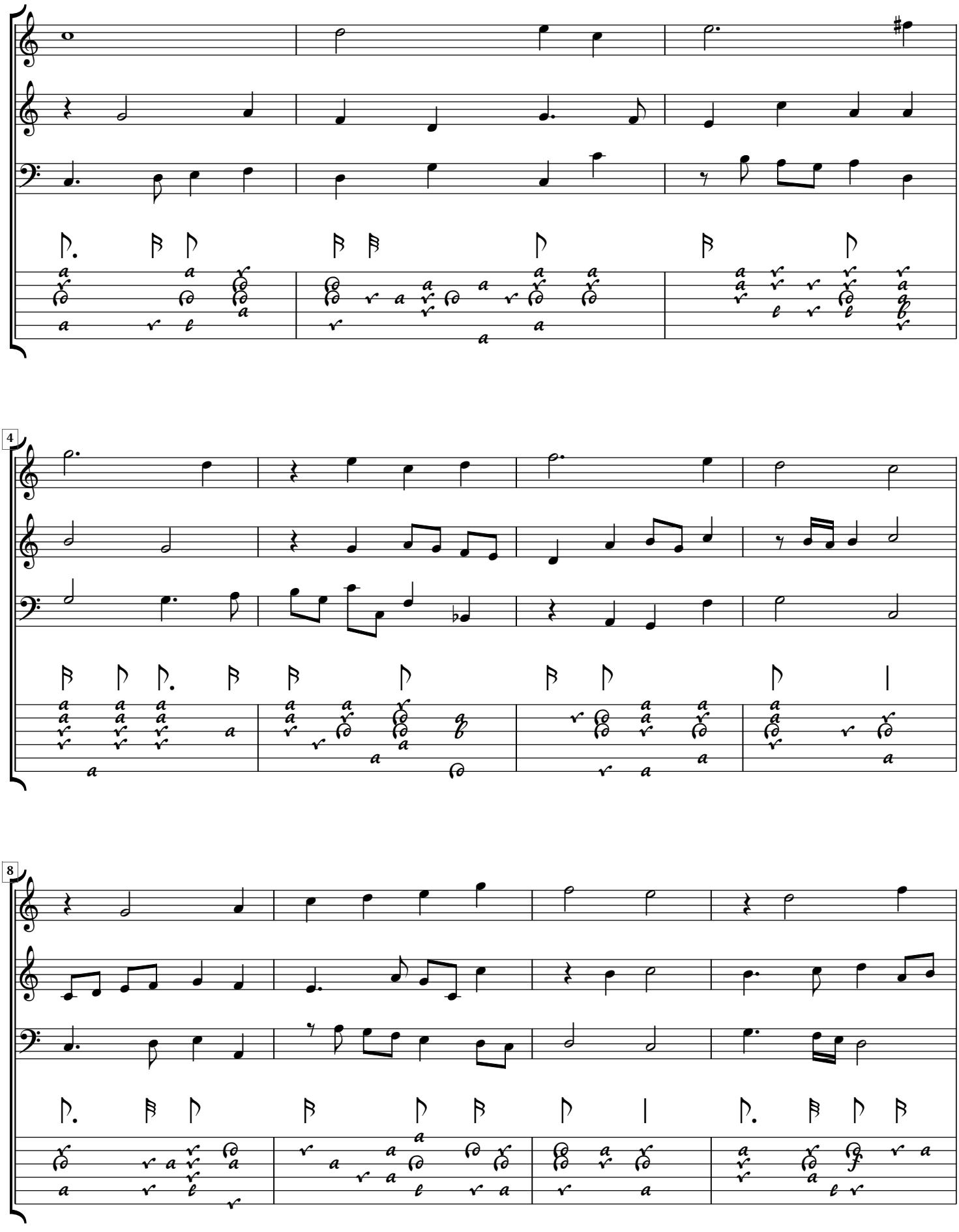
Funerall teares

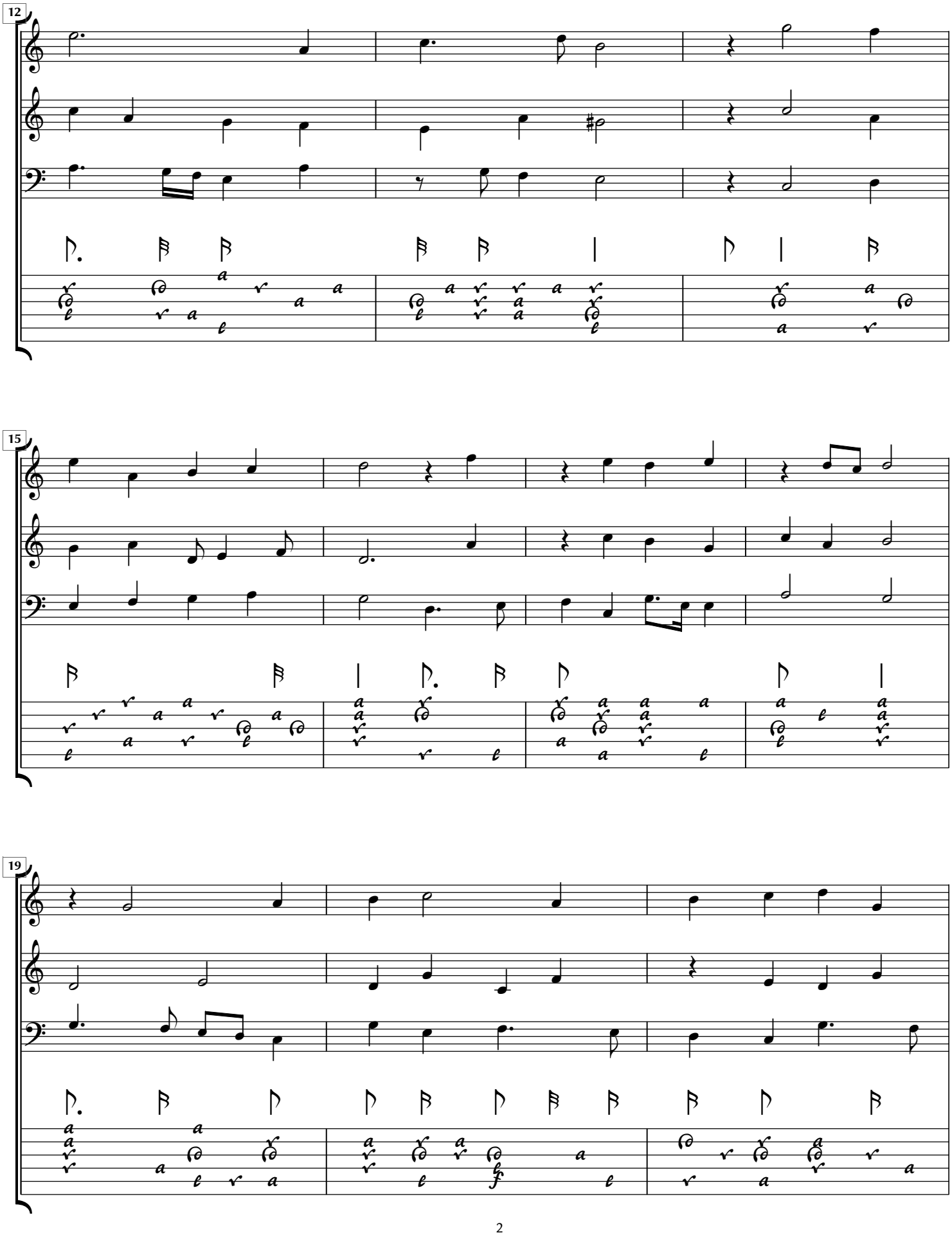
For the death of the Right Honorable the Earle of Devonshire.
Figured In seaven songes whereof sixe are so set
forth that the wordes may be exprest by a
treble voice alone to the Lute and Base Viole, or else
that the meane part may bee added, if any shall
affect more fulness of parts.
The Seaventh is made in the form of a Dialogue, and can
not be sung without two voyces.

Invented by John Coprario Pius pié

At London
Printed by John Windet the Assigne of William Barley, for
John Browne, and are to be sold at his shop in S. Dunstons
Churchyeard in Fleet Street. 1606.

Oft thou hast

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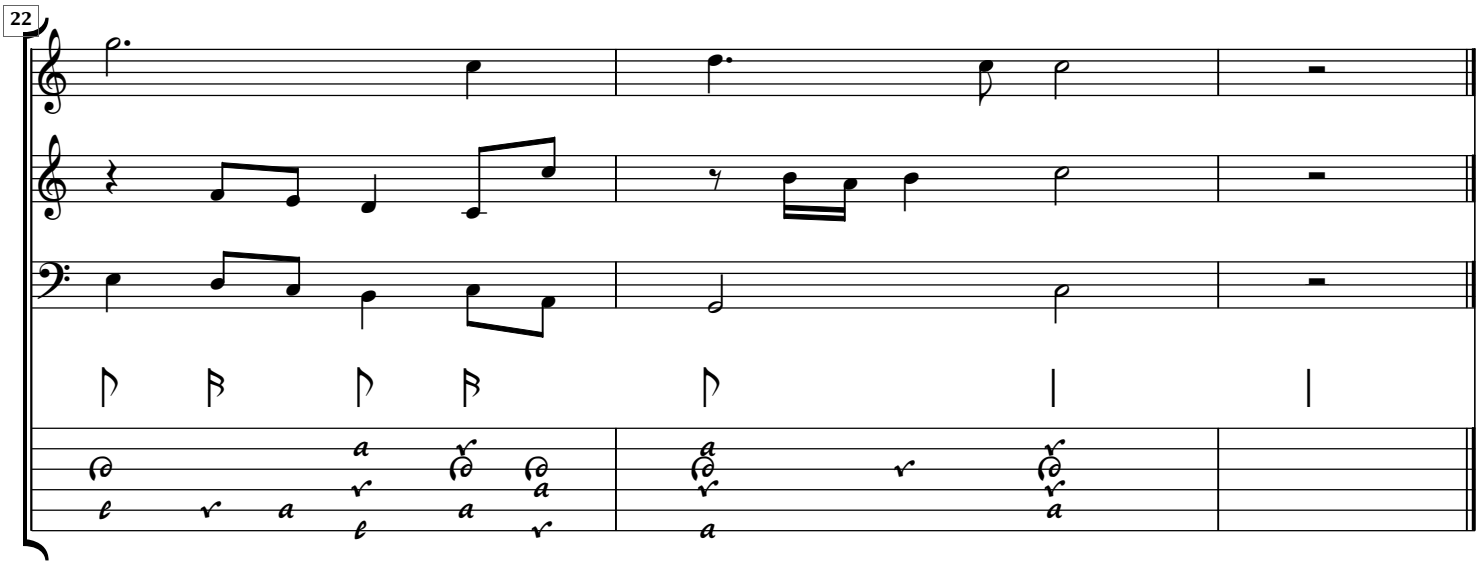
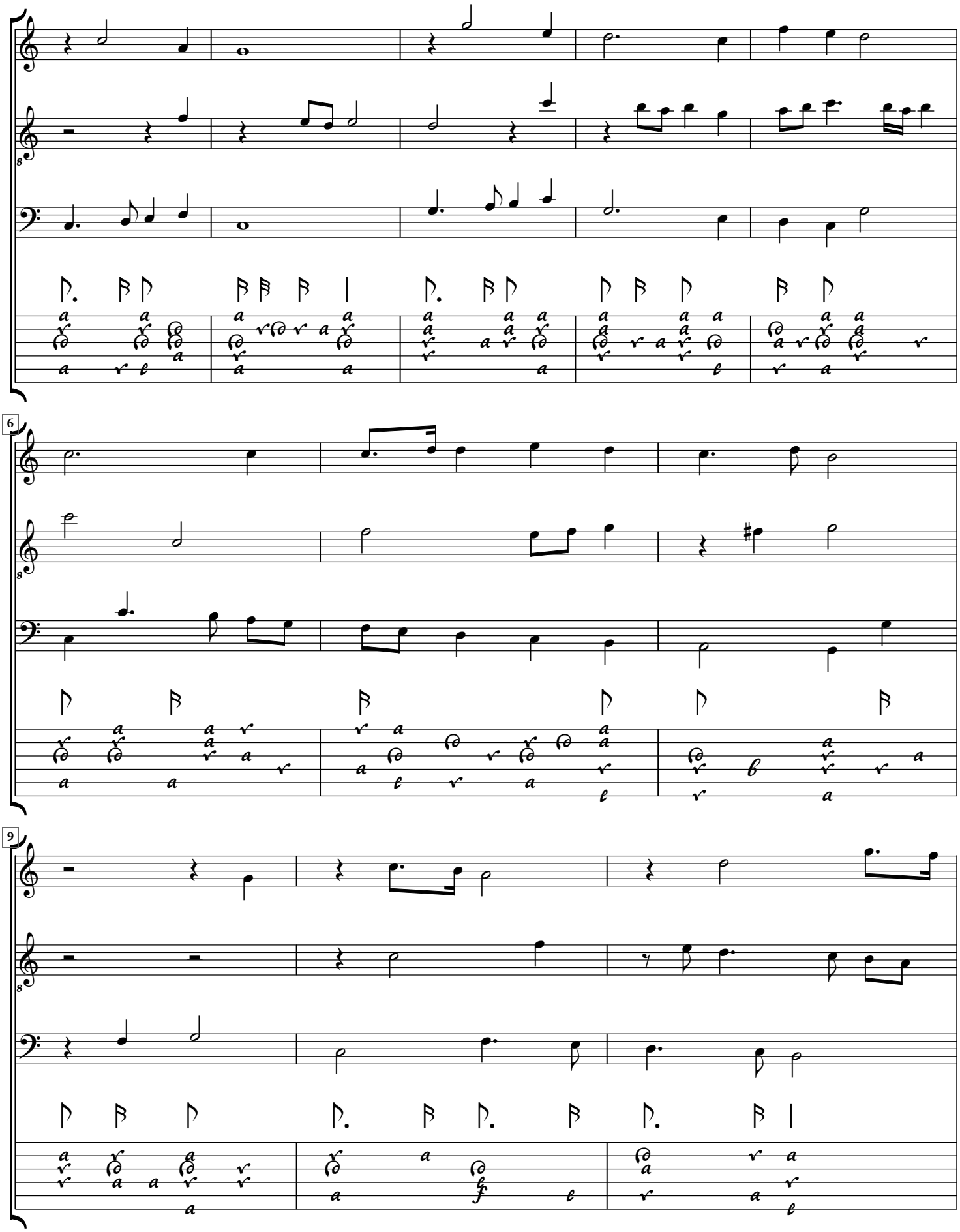
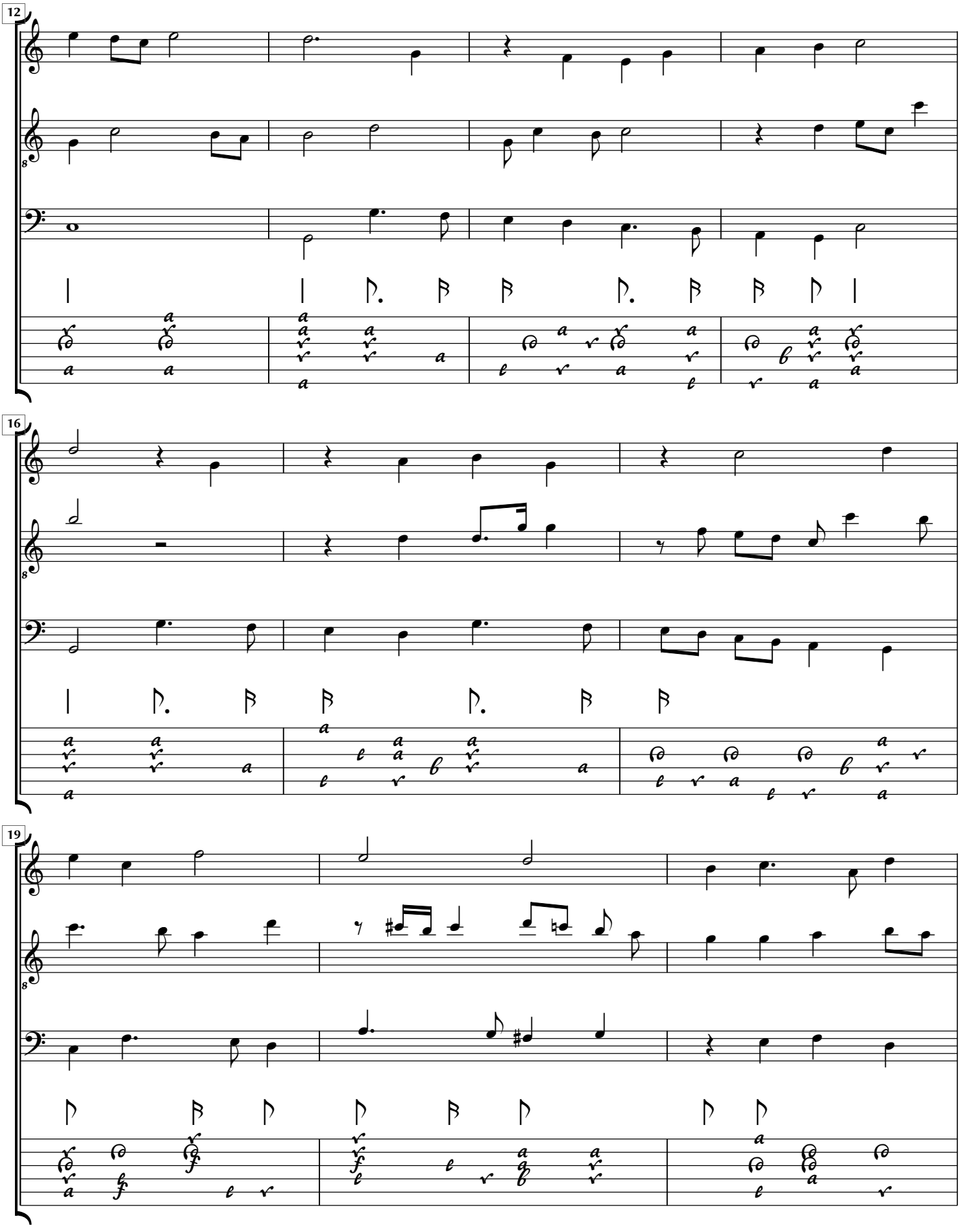


Oft thou hast with greedy ear,
Drunk my notes and words of pleasure.
In affection's equal measure,
Now my songs of sorrow hear.
Since from thee my griefs do grow,
Whom alive I priz'd so dear:
The more my joy, the more my woe.

Music, though it sweetens pain,
Yet no whit impairs lamenting:
But in passions like consenting,
Makes them constant that complain:
And enchants their fancies so,
That all comforts they disdain,
The more my joy, the more my woe.

O Sweet Flower

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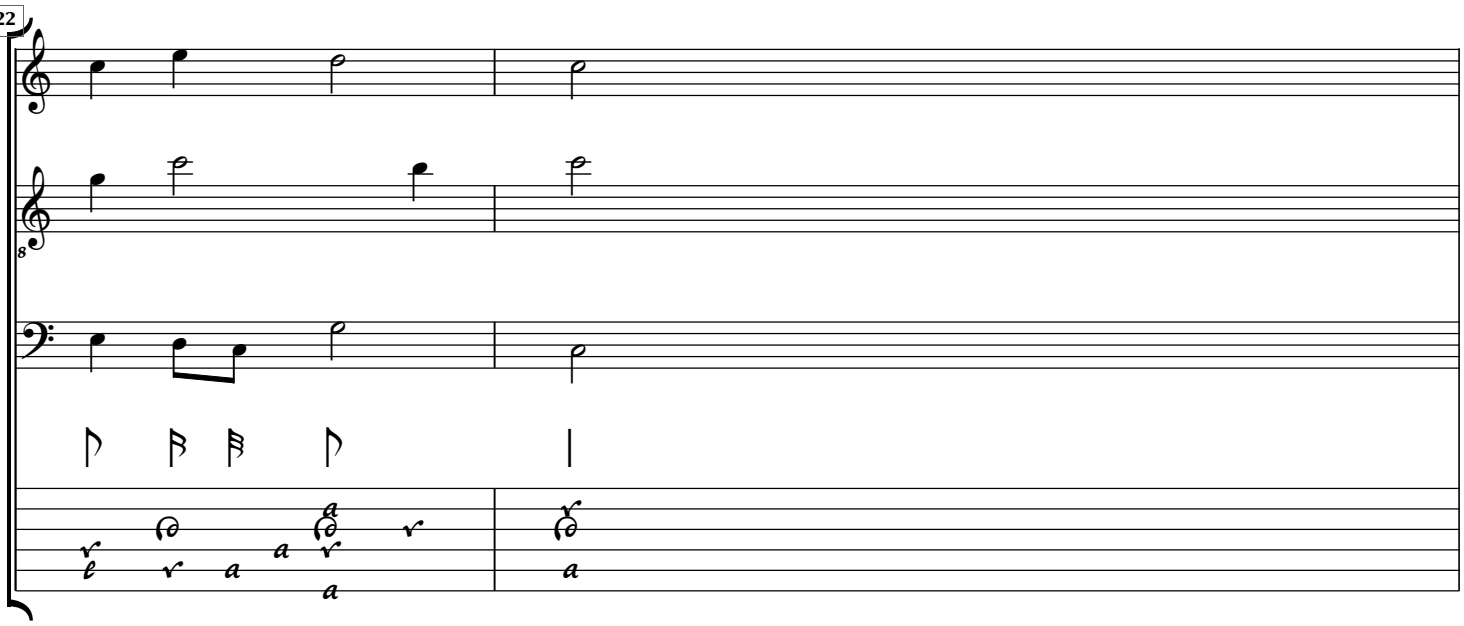
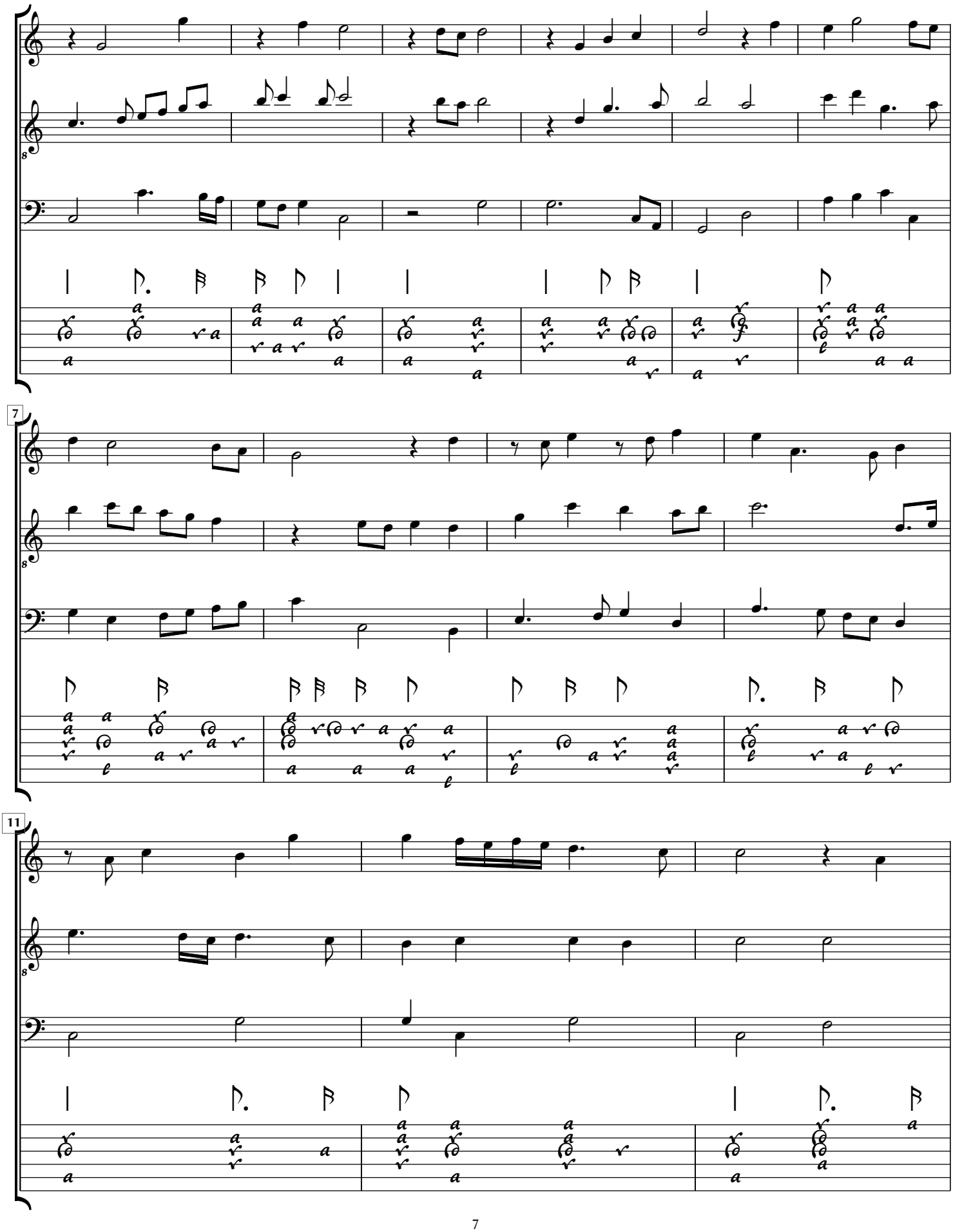
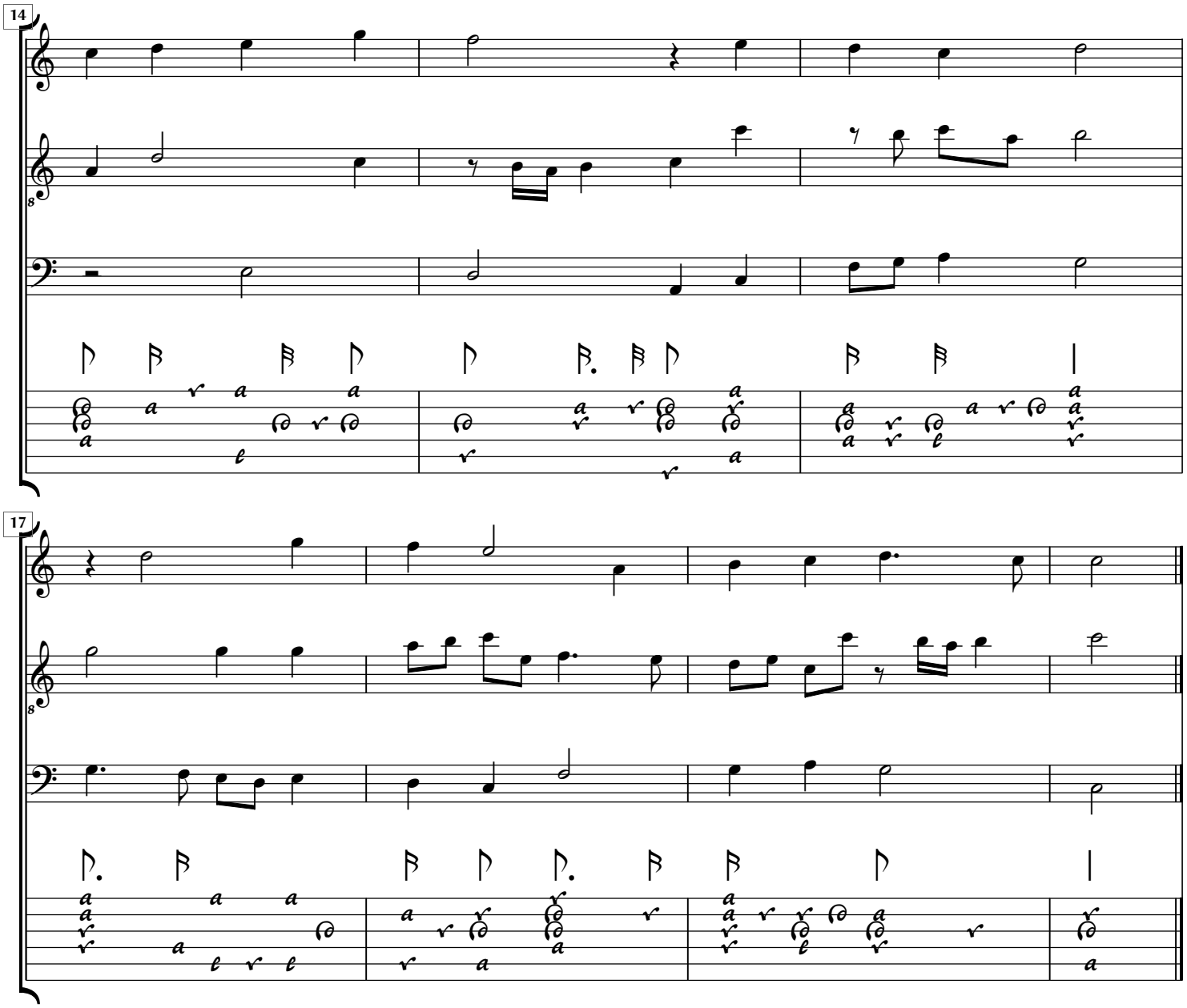


O sweet flower, too quickly fading,
Like a winter sunshine day:
Poor pilgrim tir'd in the midway,
Like the earth itself half shading.
So thy picture shows to me,
But only the one half of thee.

O dear joy, too swiftly flying
From thy love's enchanted eyes:
Proud glory spread through the vast skies,
Earth of more than earth envying:
O how wondrous hadst thou been,
Had but the world thy whole life seen.

O th'unsure hopes of men

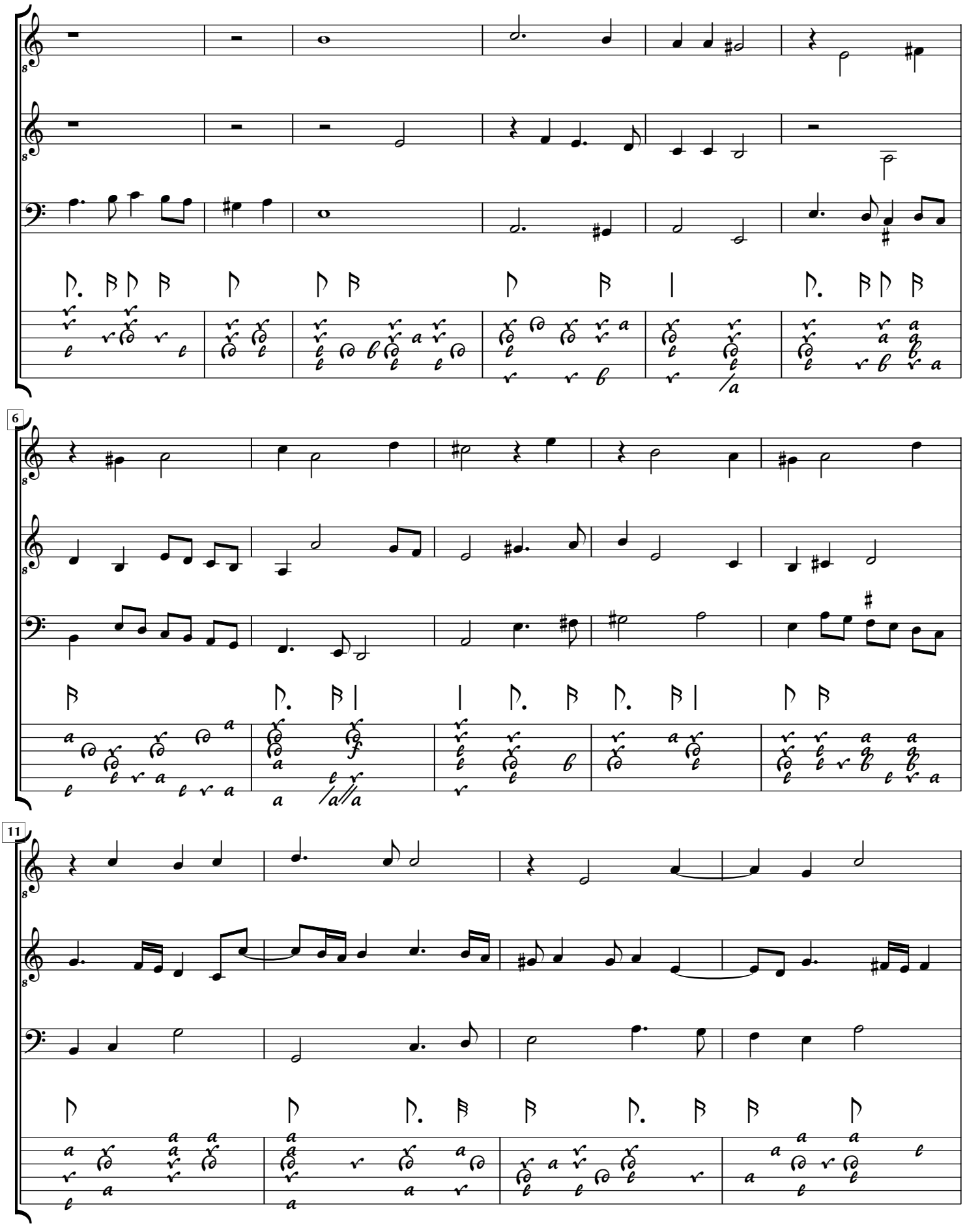


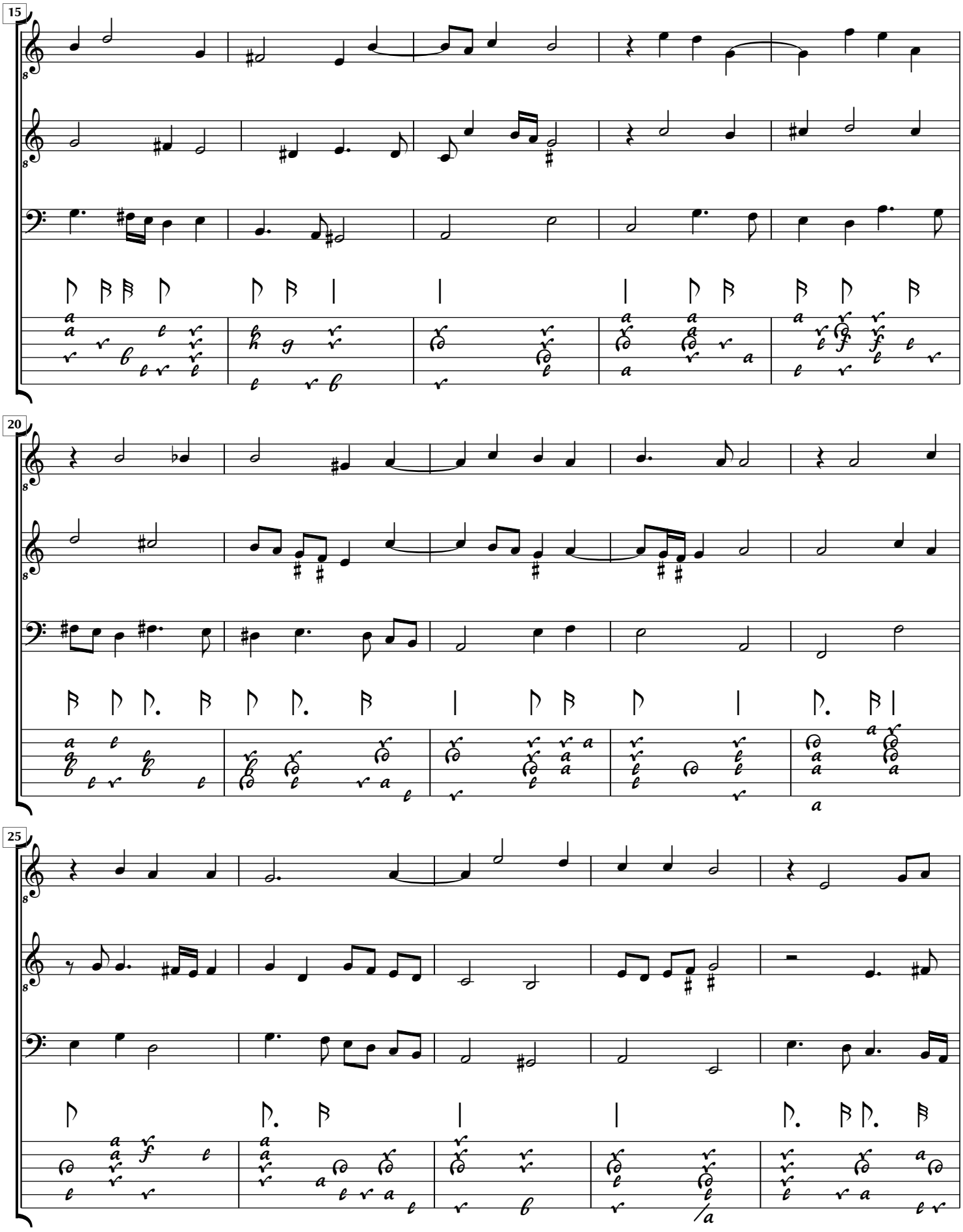


O th'unsure hopes of men!
The brittle state,
The vain contentions that unluckily,
Oft in midst of the race fall ruinate.
And in their course long overwhelméd be,
And swallow'd up ere they the port could see.

O women's fruitless love!
Unquiet state!
Too dear affections, that despitefully,
E'en in their height of bliss prove desolate!
And often fall far from all hope of joy,
Ere they have time to dream on their annoy.

In darkness let me dwell

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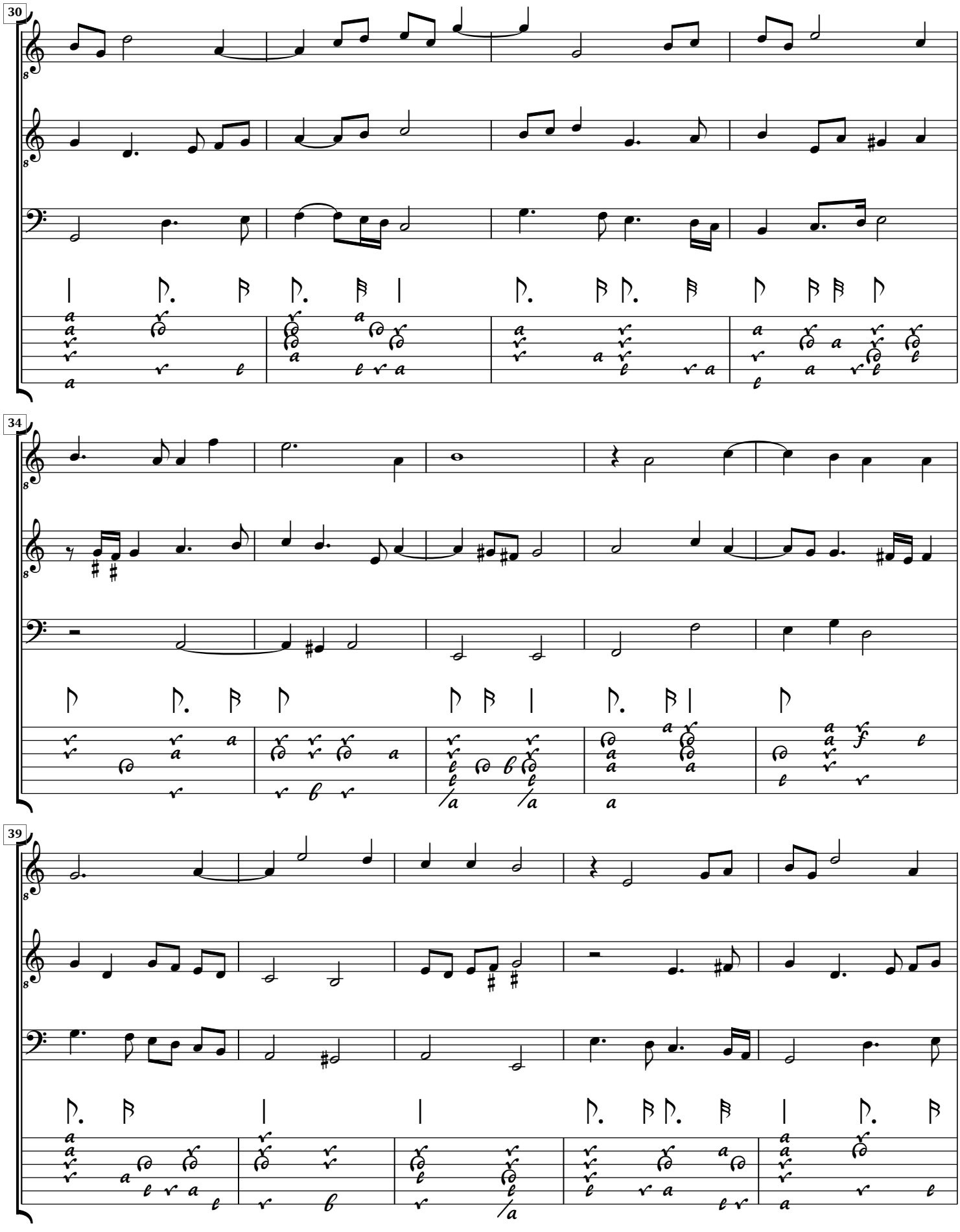
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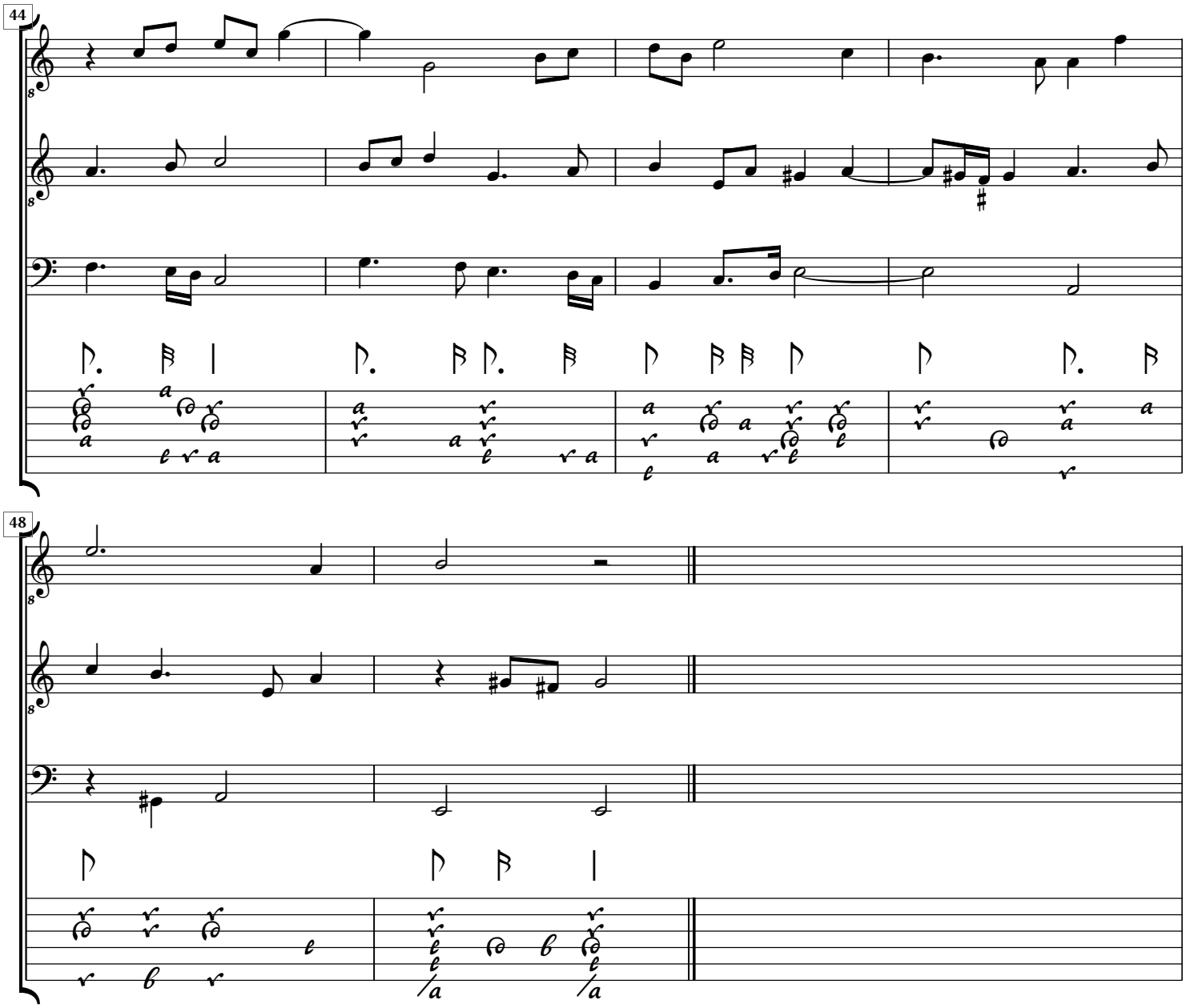
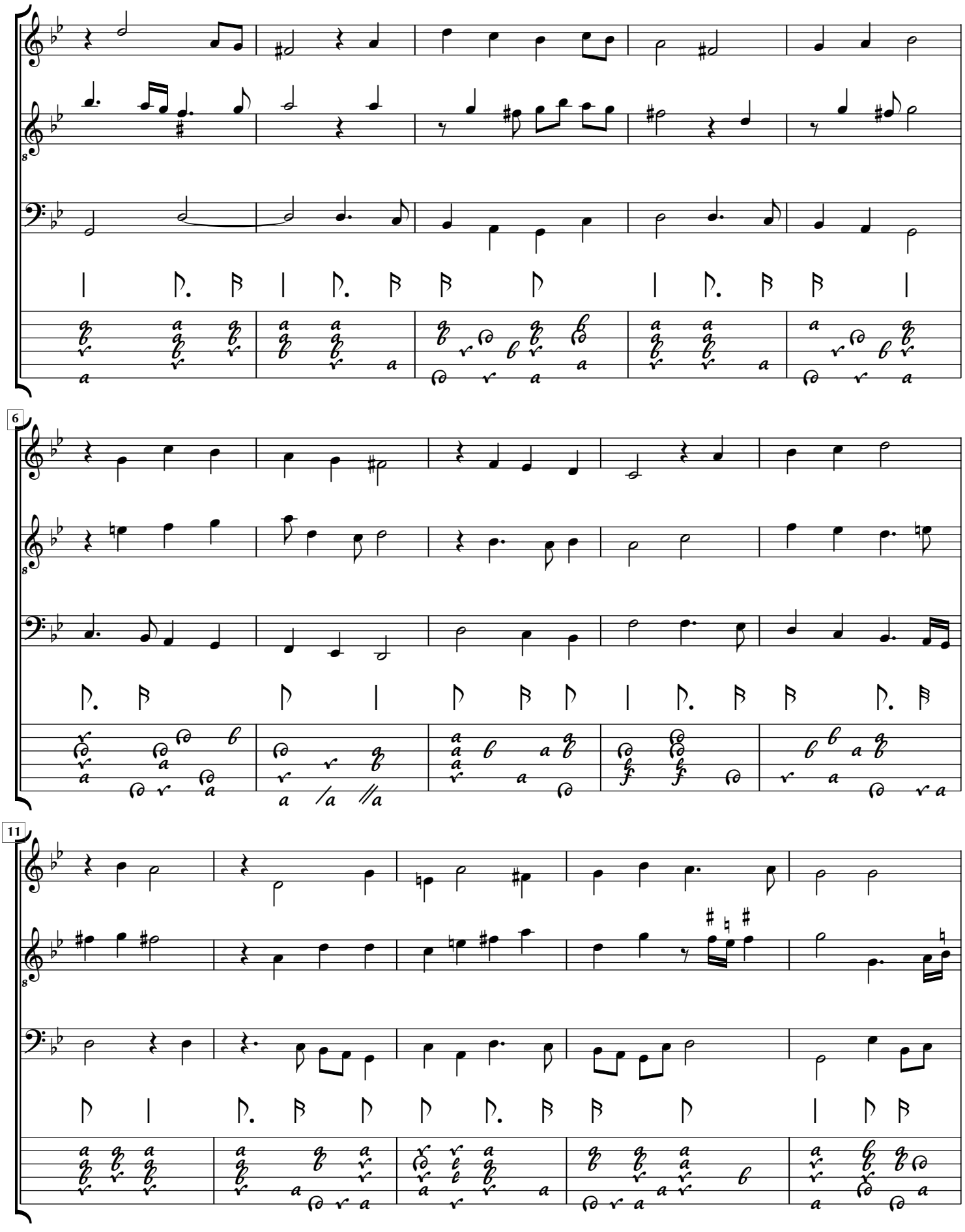
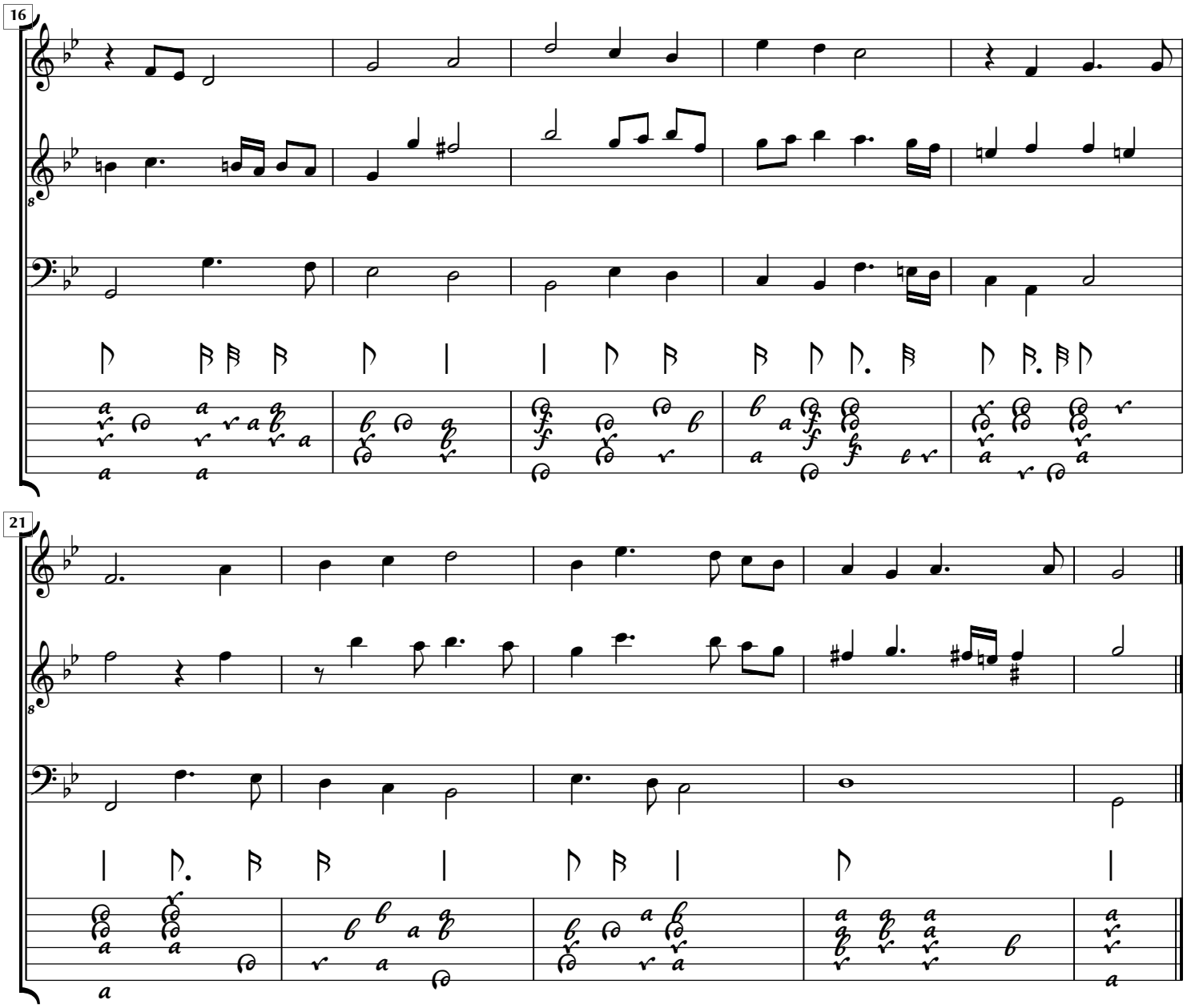


In darkness let me dwell; the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair, to bar all cheerful light from me;
The walls of marble black, that moist'ned still shall weep;
My music, hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.
Thus, wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tomb,
O let me dying live, till death doth come, till death doth come.

My dainties grief shall be, and tears my poison'd wine,
My sighs the air, through which my panting heart shall pine:
My robes my mind shall suit exceeding blackest night,
My study shall be tragic thoughts, sad fancy to delight.
Pale ghosts and frightful shades shall my acquaintance be:
O thus, my hapless joy, I haste to thee, I haste to thee.

My joy is dead

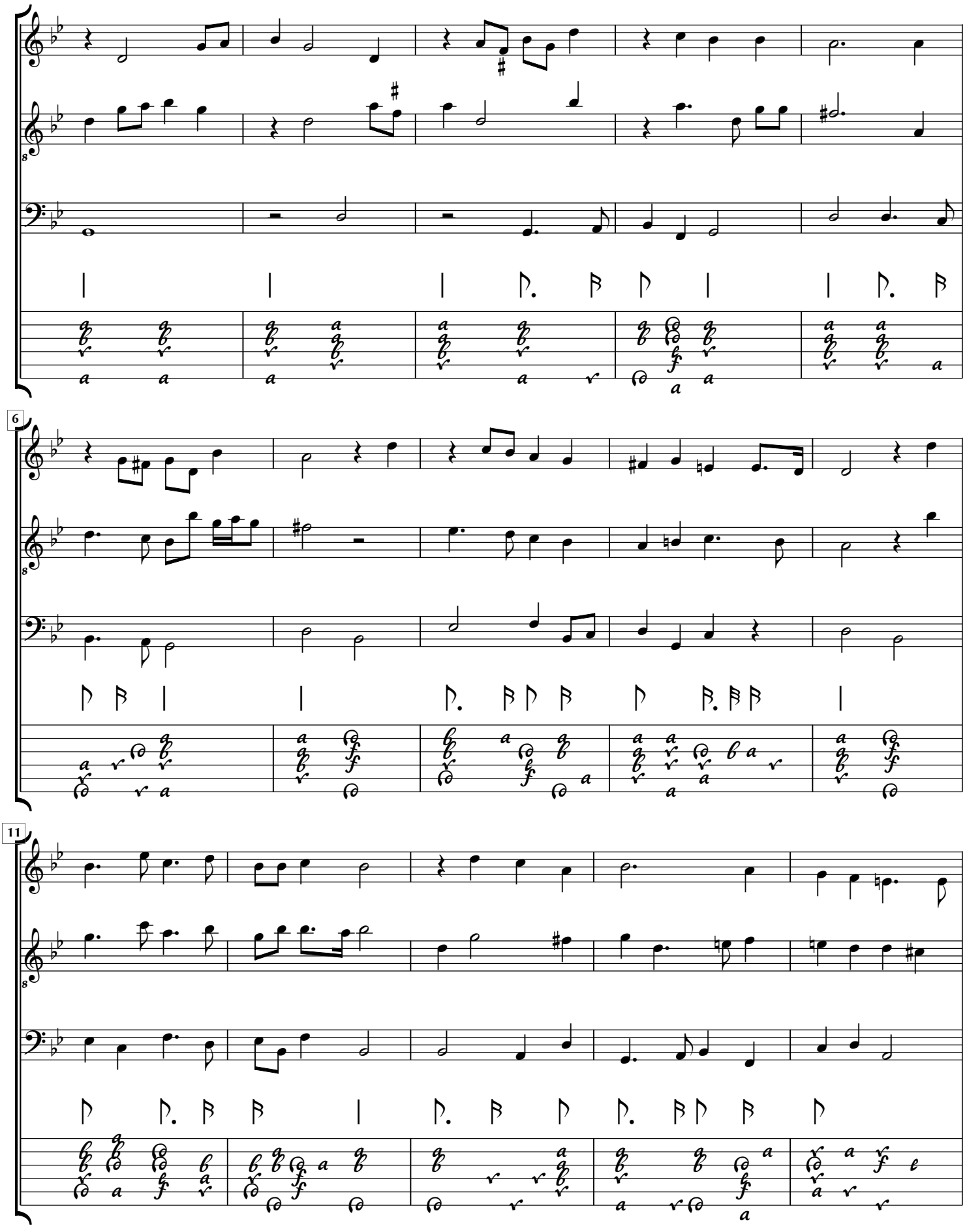


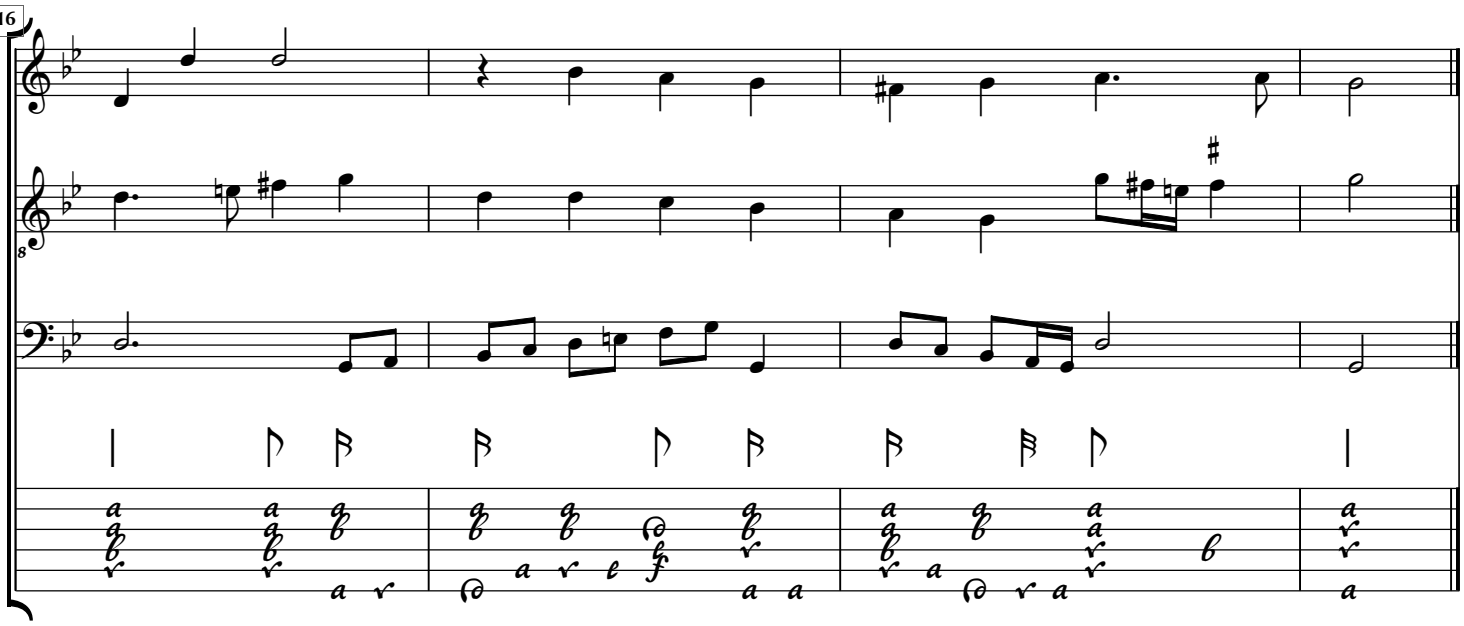


My joy is dead, and cannot be reviv'd,
Fled is my joy and never may return;
Both of my joy and of myself depriv'd,
Far from all joy I sing, and singing mourn.
O let no tender heart or gentle ear
Partake my passions or my plainings hear.

Rude, flinty breasts, that never felt remorse;
Hard craggy rocks, that death and ruin love;
These, only these my passions shall enforce,
Beyond their kind, and to compassion move.
My grief shall wonders work, for he did so
That caus'd my sorrows, and these tears doth owe.

Deceitful fancy

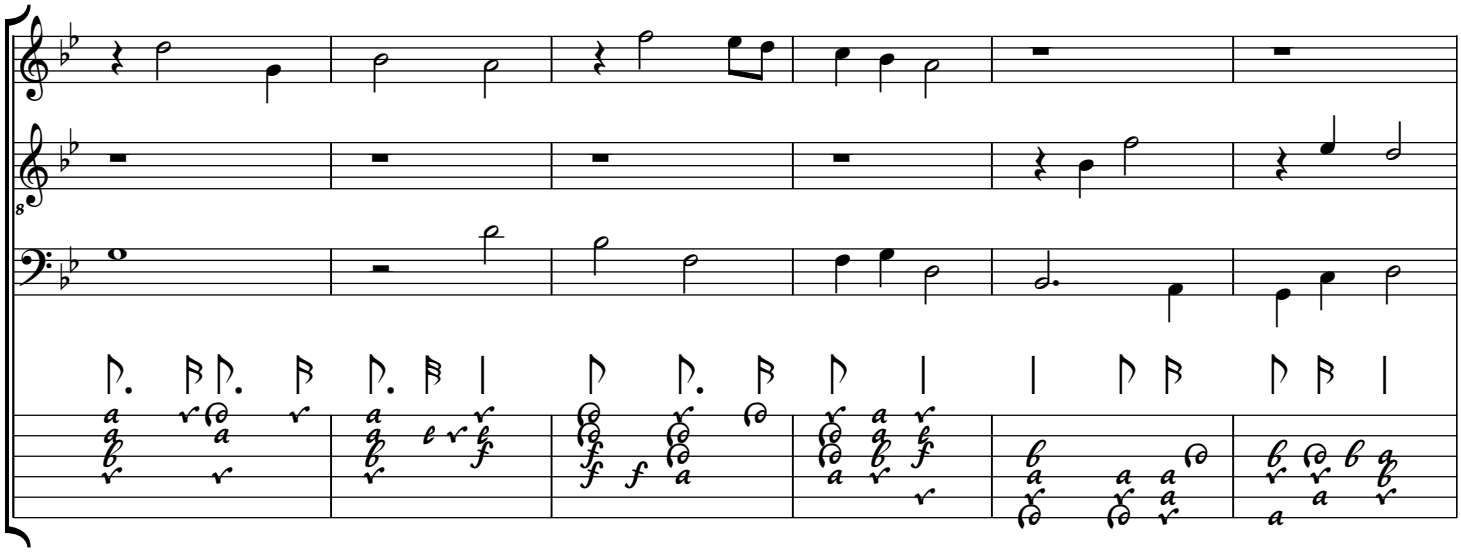


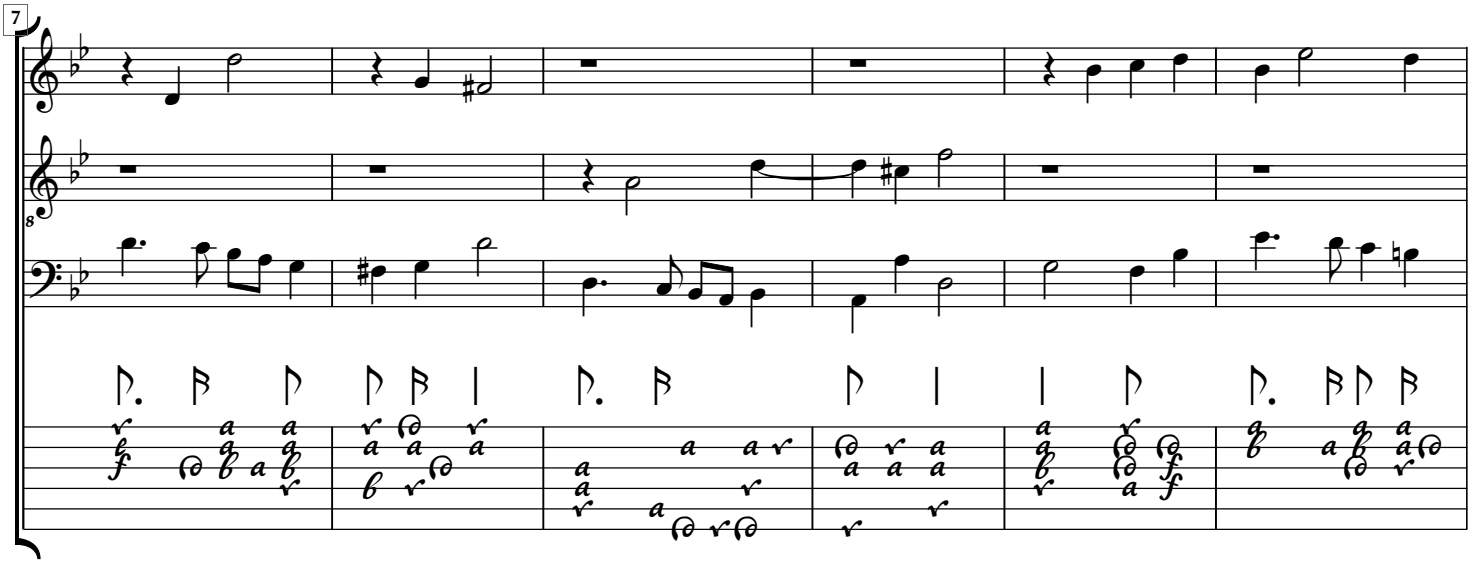


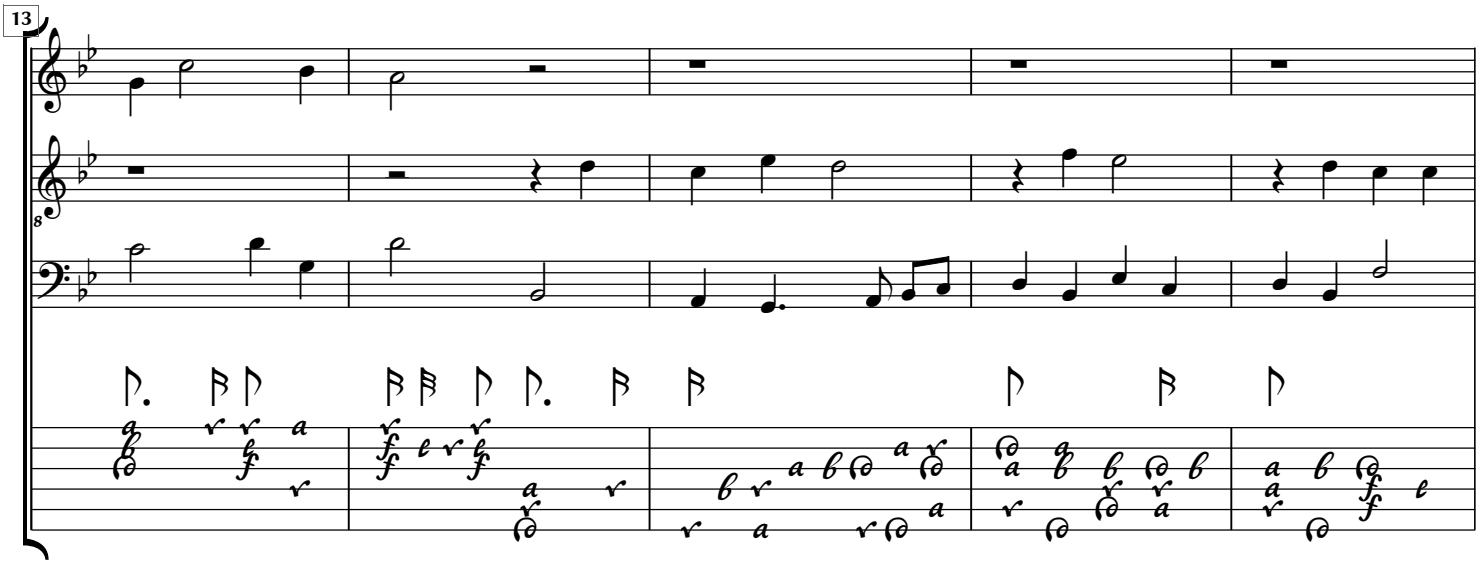
Deceitful fancy, why delud'st thou me,
The dead alive presenting?
My joy's fair image carv'd in shades I see:
O false, yet sweet contenting!
Why art not thou a substance like to me,
Or I a shade to vanish hence with thee?

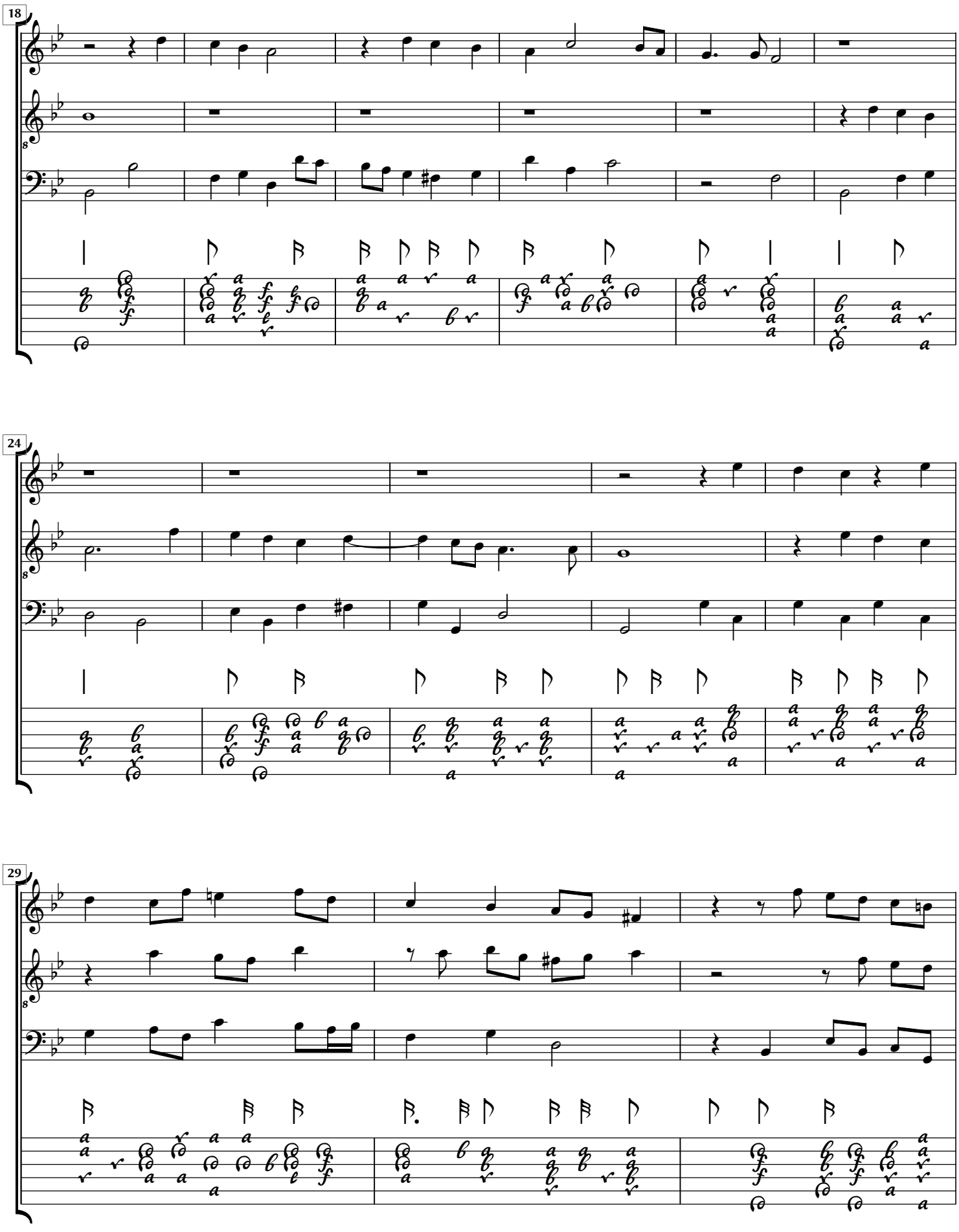
Stay gentle object, my sense deceive,
With this thy kind illusion:
I die through madness if my thoughts you leave;
O strange, yet sweet confusion!
Poor blissless heart, that feels such deep annoy,
Only to lose the shadow of thy joy!

Foe of mankind





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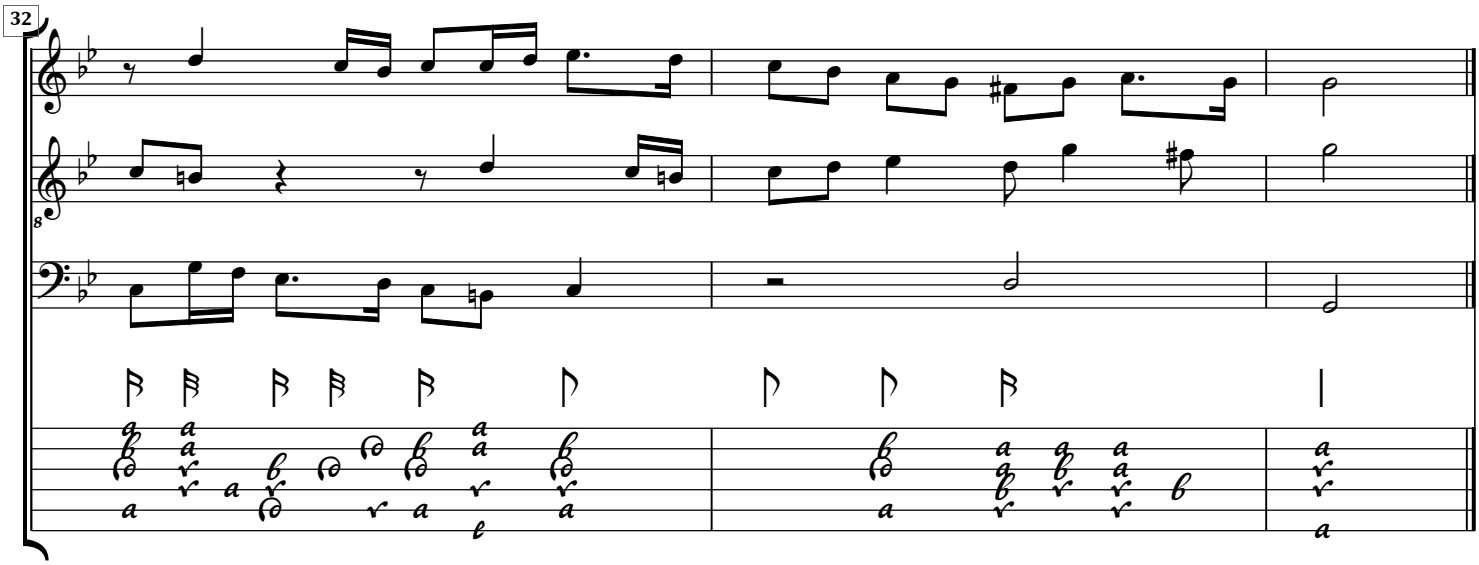

Foe of mankind, why murd'rest thou my love?
Forbear, he lives!
Oh where? Oh where?
In heav'n above.
Poor wretched life that only lives in name!
Man is not flesh but soul, all life is fame.
That is true fame which living men enjoy;
That is true life which death cannot destroy.
Live ever through thy merited renown,
Fair spirit, shining in thy starry crown.