

John Coprario

FVNERAL  
*TEARES*

1606

*I. Oft thou hast*

Oft thou hast with greedy eare,  
Drunke my notes and wordes of pleasure;  
In affections equall measure,  
Now my songs of sorrow heare.  
Since from thee my griefes doe grow,  
Whom aliue I pris'd so deare :  
The more my ioy, the more my woe.

2 Musicke though it sweetens paine  
Yet no whit empires lamenting:  
But in passions like consenting,  
Makes them constant that complaine:  
And enchantes their fancies so,  
That all comforts they disdaine,  
And flie from ioy to dwell with woe.